



## Über dieses Buch

Dies ist ein digitales Exemplar eines Buches, das seit Generationen in den Regalen der Bibliotheken aufbewahrt wurde, bevor es von Google im Rahmen eines Projekts, mit dem die Bücher dieser Welt online verfügbar gemacht werden sollen, sorgfältig gescannt wurde.

Das Buch hat das Urheberrecht überdauert und kann nun öffentlich zugänglich gemacht werden. Ein öffentlich zugängliches Buch ist ein Buch, das niemals Urheberrechten unterlag oder bei dem die Schutzfrist des Urheberrechts abgelaufen ist. Ob ein Buch öffentlich zugänglich ist, kann von Land zu Land unterschiedlich sein. Öffentlich zugängliche Bücher sind unser Tor zur Vergangenheit und stellen ein geschichtliches, kulturelles und wissenschaftliches Vermögen dar, das häufig nur schwierig zu entdecken ist.

Gebrauchsspuren, Anmerkungen und andere Randbemerkungen, die im Originalband enthalten sind, finden sich auch in dieser Datei – eine Erinnerung an die lange Reise, die das Buch vom Verleger zu einer Bibliothek und weiter zu Ihnen hinter sich gebracht hat.

## Nutzungsrichtlinien

Google ist stolz, mit Bibliotheken in partnerschaftlicher Zusammenarbeit öffentlich zugängliches Material zu digitalisieren und einer breiten Masse zugänglich zu machen. Öffentlich zugängliche Bücher gehören der Öffentlichkeit, und wir sind nur ihre Hüter. Nichtsdestotrotz ist diese Arbeit kostspielig. Um diese Ressource weiterhin zur Verfügung stellen zu können, haben wir Schritte unternommen, um den Missbrauch durch kommerzielle Parteien zu verhindern. Dazu gehören technische Einschränkungen für automatisierte Abfragen.

Wir bitten Sie um Einhaltung folgender Richtlinien:

- + *Nutzung der Dateien zu nichtkommerziellen Zwecken* Wir haben Google Buchsuche für Endanwender konzipiert und möchten, dass Sie diese Dateien nur für persönliche, nichtkommerzielle Zwecke verwenden.
- + *Keine automatisierten Abfragen* Senden Sie keine automatisierten Abfragen irgendwelcher Art an das Google-System. Wenn Sie Recherchen über maschinelle Übersetzung, optische Zeichenerkennung oder andere Bereiche durchführen, in denen der Zugang zu Text in großen Mengen nützlich ist, wenden Sie sich bitte an uns. Wir fördern die Nutzung des öffentlich zugänglichen Materials für diese Zwecke und können Ihnen unter Umständen helfen.
- + *Beibehaltung von Google-Markenelementen* Das "Wasserzeichen" von Google, das Sie in jeder Datei finden, ist wichtig zur Information über dieses Projekt und hilft den Anwendern weiteres Material über Google Buchsuche zu finden. Bitte entfernen Sie das Wasserzeichen nicht.
- + *Bewegen Sie sich innerhalb der Legalität* Unabhängig von Ihrem Verwendungszweck müssen Sie sich Ihrer Verantwortung bewusst sein, sicherzustellen, dass Ihre Nutzung legal ist. Gehen Sie nicht davon aus, dass ein Buch, das nach unserem Dafürhalten für Nutzer in den USA öffentlich zugänglich ist, auch für Nutzer in anderen Ländern öffentlich zugänglich ist. Ob ein Buch noch dem Urheberrecht unterliegt, ist von Land zu Land verschieden. Wir können keine Beratung leisten, ob eine bestimmte Nutzung eines bestimmten Buches gesetzlich zulässig ist. Gehen Sie nicht davon aus, dass das Erscheinen eines Buchs in Google Buchsuche bedeutet, dass es in jeder Form und überall auf der Welt verwendet werden kann. Eine Urheberrechtsverletzung kann schwerwiegende Folgen haben.

## Über Google Buchsuche

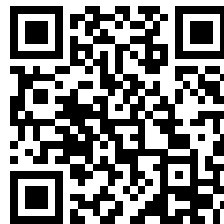
Das Ziel von Google besteht darin, die weltweiten Informationen zu organisieren und allgemein nutzbar und zugänglich zu machen. Google Buchsuche hilft Lesern dabei, die Bücher dieser Welt zu entdecken, und unterstützt Autoren und Verleger dabei, neue Zielgruppen zu erreichen. Den gesamten Buchtext können Sie im Internet unter <http://books.google.com> durchsuchen.

---

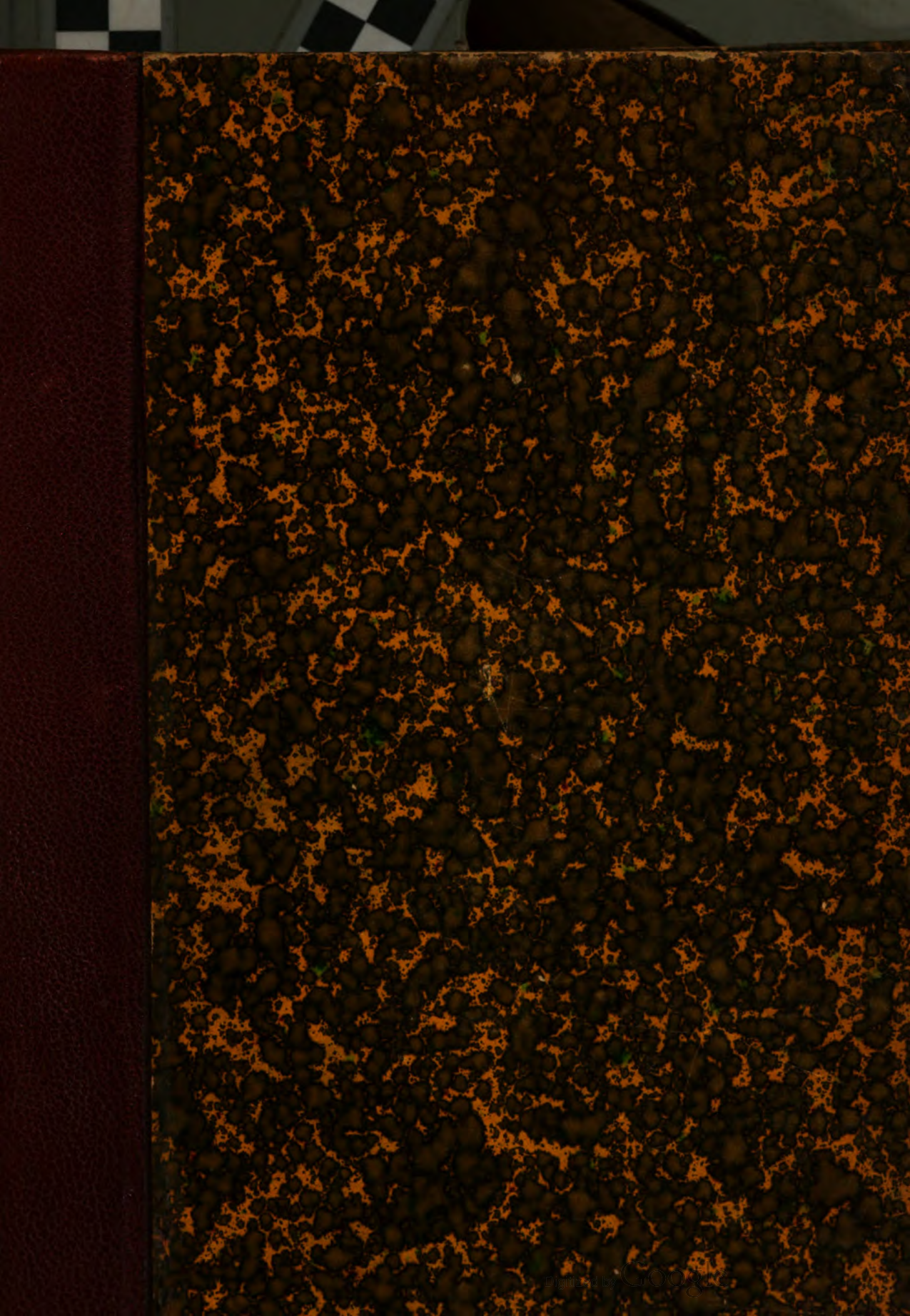
This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

Google<sup>TM</sup> books

<https://books.google.com>







THE LIBRARY OF



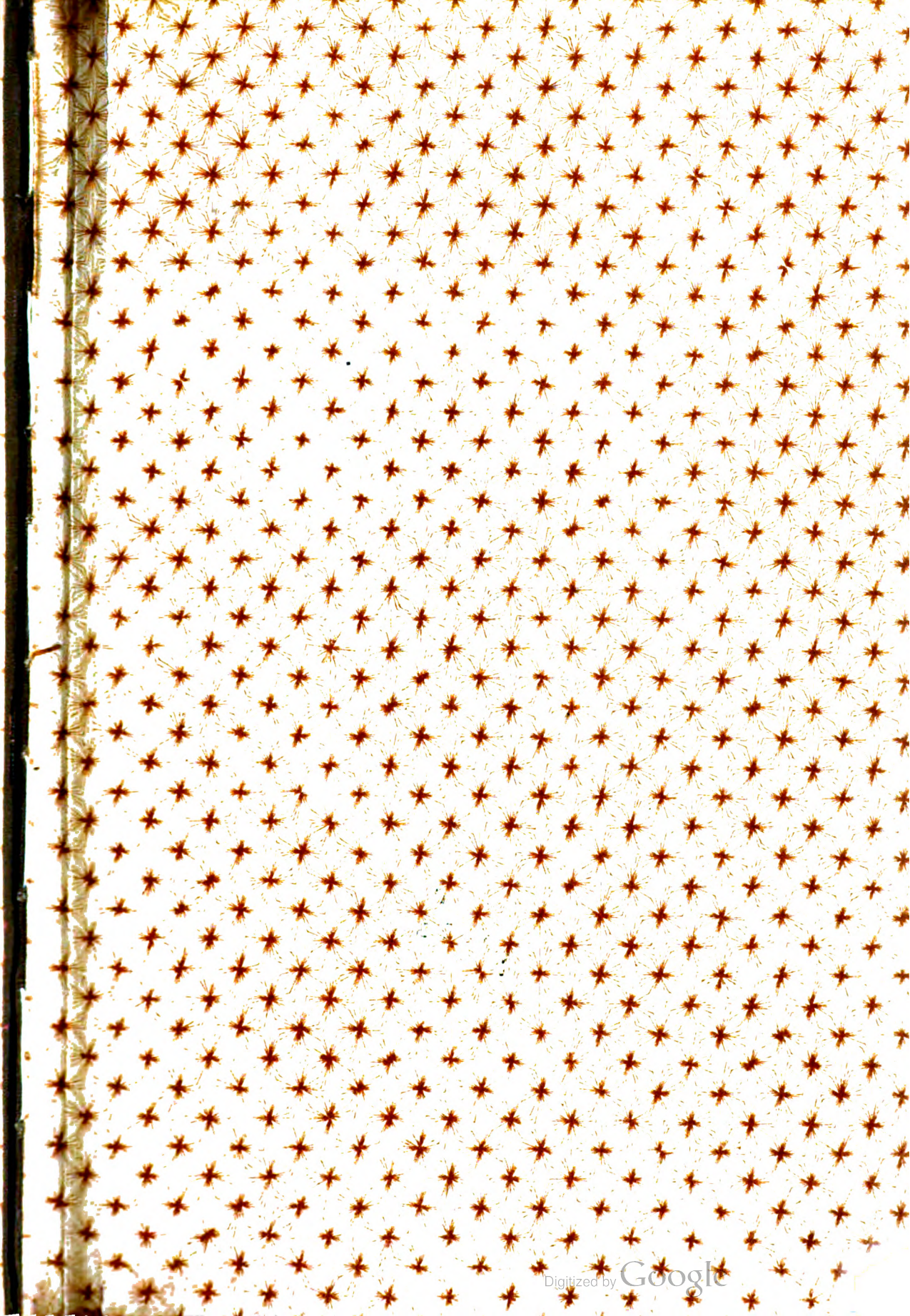
PERIODICAL ROOM

CLASS  
BOOK

050

g C 355











# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR LITERATURE

*Science and Arts*





# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR LITERATURE

*Science and Arts*

1895



W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED

LONDON & EDINBURGH

Edinburgh :  
Printed by W. & R. Chambers, Limited.

1293 V M  
1293 V M  
1293 V M



## INDEX.

Familiar Sketches and Essays.		Page			Page
Angling Idyl, an,		398	Five o'clock Tea,		688
Books published by Subscription,			I want You,		832
on,		193	Ici-bas,		624
Castle Dangerous,		433	If Thou wert False,		464
Chautauqua,		470	Indifference,		480
Chinee Town, Calcutta,		289	Long Ago,		384
Doubles,		513	Love and Fame,		416
Dunnottar Castle,		577	Lullaby, a,		336
Easter in Russia,		145	Memories,		320
Future, in the,		209	Moorland Reverie, a,		352
Gentle Art of Bookbinding, the,			Murmur, a,		160
By Violet Chambers Tweeddale,		449	Novelist, the,		720
Humours of Newspaper Enter-			Old Love-song, an,		176
prise, the,		423	Other Room, the,		96
Humours of the House of Com-			Queen, a,		656
mons, the,		183	Reconciled,		528
Irrepressibles. By Mrs Lynn			Roman Camp, on a,		272
Linton,		593	Sail, Little Boat,		240
Landes, a Day in the. By Charles			Sailing Away,		80
Edwards,		257	Sands of Time, the,		752
Languages, on the Learning of,		236	Sick Man's Dream, the,		592
Mallorca, Try. By Alan Walters,		428	Smokedrift,		400
Médoc and its Wines, the,		609	Soliloquy, a,		512
'M.P.',		545	Sonnet—For a Picture,		672
'Mystery Play' in the Black			" I dreamt last Night,		64
Country,		401	" Old Thoughts,		736
Newspaper Obituaries,		353	" With Love's uncertain		
Nicotiana,		143	Strife,		560
Novel, the Modern,		262	St Monans, Fife,		816
Pastime and Business,		801	Street Sycamore, to a,		704
Peking: Before and Behind the			Summer Night, a,		544
Walls,		225	Two Springs,		192
Politeness,		113	Unseen, the,		16
Scottish Auburn, a. By P. Ander-			Upland and the Downhill, the,		432
son Graham,		753	Valley of Lysians, the,		800
Sleep, some Aspects of,		167	Wanting,		256
Two per Cent.,		321	Wild-flowers,		368
Upsala. By Charles Edwards,		473	Wind Voices,		576
When are We old?		305	With the Past,		32
Winter Shore, the,		641	With Thee,		48
Poetry.			Popular Science.		
After many Years,		784	Bananas,		517
Afternoon Tea, at,		448	Barometers, Living,		714
As it hath been, so shall it be,		208	Citric Acid,		405
Bachelor of Forty-five, a,		224	Cordite and its Manufacture,		495
Bachelor's Consolations, a,		288	Cotton-seed Oil,		612
Between the Sizes,		608	Death from Snake-bite in India,		390
Coming of the May, the,		304	Ginseng,		359
Country Lane, a,		640	Illumination, New Methods of,		582
Dawn,		112	Indian Survey, The Great,		151
Dial at Night, the,		144	Ivory,		726
Dreamer, the,		496	Lentils, about,		102
Everlasting Summer,		128	Lepidoptera, the Habits and		
			Tastes of. By Charles J. Mans-		325
			Luffa, the. By Professor Car-		
			mony,		800
			Mirage,		31
			Mirrors, Ancient and Modern,		122
			Paper, Soluble,		22, 286
			Plants and Animals, Suspended		
			Vitality in,		38
			Platinum, the Metal,		703
			Poisons and their Antidotes,		155
			Poultry Farming,		241
			Queer Friend, my,		223
			Rhubarb,		375
			Simian Cousins, our,		750
			Snake-taming. By Dr Arthur		
			Stradling,		203
			Strawberry Culture,		216
			Submarine Warfare,		198
			Taka Koji,		454
			Tarantula-killer, the,		15
			United States North Atlantic		
			Pilot Chart,		437
			THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS—		
			Adams, Professor Couch,		409
			Advertising on Public Roadways,		272
			Air, Rarefaction of,		270
			Alms-distributor, Automatic,		477
			Aluminium, Production of,		270, 619
			Aluminium Cooking Utensils,		765 bis
			Angling in London Lakes,		331
			Animals, Senses of,		62
			Antarctic Expedition, Cook's,		333
			" Peary's,		830
			Antarctic Regions,		617
			Anti-toxic Serum in Diphtheria,		127
			Antyphlog for Snake-bite,		478
			A'gor,		206, 330
			Babcock Cycle,		61
			Battery, Primary,		208
			Beavers in Germany,		61
			Benedictine Liqueur,		559
			Berlin Exhibition,		411
			Billiard Balls of Steel,		125
			Bird-wearing, a Protest against,		271
			Black-lamp,		206
			Blackwall Tunnel,		330
			Boat-propulsion by Electric Motor,		831
			Brick and Sandstone, Waterproof-		
			ing,		410
			Brick-dust Mortar,		127
			British Association Meetings,		683
			Cannibals and their Customs,		766
			Cannon, a Leather,		618
			Cannons in Japanese War,		126
			Carriage Cleaner, Air-driving,		127
			Carriages, Motor-propelled,		683, 829
			Challenger Expedition, Work of the,		208
			Church struck by Lightning,		127
			Cider-making,		271
			Cigar-making Machine,		331
			Cisterns, Dirty,		127
			Clocks in Glasgow, Public,		831
			Clover in New Zealand,		829
			Collisions at Sea,		766
			Colour Music,		558
			Colour-producing Organisms,		476

## THE MONTH—continued.

	Page
Combustion, Spontaneous, . . .	270
Compressed-gas Cylinders, . . .	332
Cork Industry in Catalonia, . . .	272
Cotton-yarn, Artificial, . . .	559
Decimal Currency, British, . . .	619
Derelicts, . . .	559
Diphtheria, Diagnosis of, . . .	60
Disinfectant, a cheap, . . .	270
Dogs' Ears and Tails, Cutting, . . .	207
Dollar, a British, . . .	619
Dover Cliffs, Erosion of, . . .	207
Dunbar Fish Hatchery, . . .	125
Earthquakes, British, . . .	558
Egg-trade of Swatow, . . .	618
Egyptian Excavations, . . .	685
Electric Accident caused by a Rat, . . .	127
Electric Glow-lamp does not burn, . . .	125
Electric Motors on War-ships, . . .	765
Electric Railway between Derby and Ashbourne, . . .	684
Electric Railway in Isle of Man, . . .	684
Electrocution, . . .	61
Electro-motors, Advantages of, . . .	60
Epping Forest, . . .	410
Explosions in Electric Light Mains, . . .	332
Falls of Foyers, . . .	270, 619
Falls of Niagara, . . .	270, 331, 619
Fish, Immature, . . .	125
Fish and their Surroundings, . . .	127
Flowers, Discoloration of dried, . . .	126
Fog-signalling Apparatus, . . .	477
Food-products Adulteration, . . .	765
Fountain Pen, Clark's, . . .	207
France, Drinking Habits of, . . .	198
Fruit Preservation, . . .	61
Gas-burners, Automatic, . . .	558
Gas-burners, Incandescent, . . .	476, 558
Gases, New Uses of, . . .	618
Gold-leaf, Electric, . . .	61
Guns, Quick-firing, . . .	704
Gutta-percha, Extracting, . . .	558
Helium, . . .	330
Horseless Carriages, . . .	477
Horse's Foot, Structure of the, . . .	409
Human Body, Weight of, . . .	126
Humble-bee and Red Clover, . . .	829
Hydrogen, Liquefaction of, . . .	411
Ice-creams, Dangers in, . . .	126
Iceland, Insects in, . . .	831
Iguanodon, Cast of the, . . .	411
Infectious Diseases Notification, . . .	272
Japan, University of, . . .	126
Japanese Lacquer, . . .	478
Japanese Lacquer, Brush for, . . .	478
Jury-men in America, . . .	684
Kew Gardens, Hardy Seeds from, . . .	127
Kirkstall Abbey, . . .	766
Lamp for burning Acetylene, . . .	411
Lamp-posts, Street, . . .	619
Languages, Learning Foreign, . . .	831
Leprosy, a Cure for, . . .	830
Lighthouses and Light-vessels, . . .	207, 410
Electrical Communication with—	
Lightning Conductors, . . .	684
Lightning Photographs, . . .	411
Liquid Air, Bodies in, . . .	208
Luminous Advertisements, . . .	60
Maxin Gun, . . .	557
Medical Antiquities, . . .	613
Meteorites, . . .	269
Meteorology in United Kingdom, . . .	683
Metrical System recommended, . . .	558
Mice and Humble-bees, . . .	826
Milk Churns, Measuring of, . . .	765
Milk-supply of Towns, . . .	559
Moon, Photographs of the, . . .	683
Mortars, Trial of, . . .	126
Musical Pitch, . . .	619
Myxœdema, Treatment of, . . .	330
Nicaraguan Canal, . . .	766, 831
Nickel Steel, . . .	684
Optical Glass, . . .	830
Oysters and Mushrooms, . . .	410
Paint-sprayer, . . .	478
Paper as Sail-cloth, . . .	477
Paper-pulp, Uses of, . . .	559
Paving Block, Ardagh's, . . .	206
Pearls found in Canada, . . .	830
Peat as a Gas-producer, . . .	831
Photograph Blocks for Printing-press, . . .	331
Photograph of a Cat's Fall, . . .	125
Photographic Exhibition in Imperial Institute, . . .	61
Photogravure, Prizes for, . . .	270

## THE MONTH—continued.

	Page
Platino-type Photography, . . .	206
Pneumatic Boat, the Layman, . . .	478
Pneumatic Tubes, Frozen, . . .	412
Postal Exchange for small Sums, . . .	477
Post-office Carriage of Agricultural Produce, . . .	767
Pulveriser, the Niagara, . . .	767
Pyramidal Railway, . . .	618
Rabbit Pest Exterminator, . . .	128
Railway-carriage Seat, Wire, . . .	61
Railway-carriage Window, Pape's, . . .	557
Railway Carriages in 1833, . . .	477
Railway Racing, . . .	683
Railway Station Indicator, . . .	127
Rats and Cats, Cold-proof, . . .	60
Resuscitation when apparently killed by Electricity, . . .	61
Rice as a Food, . . .	207
Road Skate, a new, . . .	684
Roman Antiquities in Britain, . . .	411, 832
Royal Photographic Society's Exhibition, . . .	766
Royal United Service Institution, . . .	
Museum of the, . . .	333
Salmon Poaching, . . .	830
Saturn's Rings, . . .	410
Screw-propeller, Limit of the, . . .	478
Sea, Pastures of the, . . .	206
Sea-water for London, . . .	59
Selborne Society, Objects of the, . . .	476
Ships, Pipe Ventilators in, . . .	330
Ships' Bottoms, Coppering, . . .	271
Ship's Indicator, a Telegraphic, . . .	207
Shot-holes in Ships, Closing, . . .	559
Snake-bite, Remedies for, . . .	478
Soap-bubbles, Frozen, . . .	411
Soda and Chlorine, Electrically produced, . . .	208
Steam-lifeboat, a, . . .	765
Steam-pipes, Covering, . . .	60
Steel, Arsenic in, . . .	409
Steel, Tempering, . . .	332
Stone-seasoning, . . .	567
Tea-leaves as Food for Poultry, . . .	206
Telegraphing without Wires, . . .	332
Teynham Church Door, . . .	332
Thunder-storms of Madras, . . .	620
Trans-Siberian Railway, . . .	207, 830
Trees, Minerals in, . . .	60
Trees and Electric Currents, . . .	831
Tuberculosis, . . .	411
Vanilla, . . .	829
Vehicle, a new, . . .	61
Velocipede and Dog Taxes in France, . . .	61
Violets, Trade in, . . .	272
Voting Machines, . . .	60, 331, 477
Warble-fly, Destruction by the, . . .	126
Water-pipes and Boiler Explosions, . . .	271
Water-pipes and Salt-strewing, . . .	271
Weights and Measures, British, . . .	270, 558
White's Natural History of Selborne, . . .	476
Window-cleaning, Safe, . . .	331
Wood, Preserving, . . .	332
Wood-pulp, . . .	271

## Tales and Other Narratives.

Accra, a Tale of, . . .	254
Age of Hearts, the, By J. S. Fletcher, . . .	620
ADVENTUROUS WEEK, an. By Chas. Edwardes, 625, 646, 664, 680	
ANGEL OF THE FOUR CORNERS, the. By Gilbert Parker—	129, 154, 168, 186
Awkward Fix, an. By John Mackie, . . .	733
'Blackfoot': a True Story, . . .	124
BOMBARDIER, the. By Gilbert Parker, . . .	481, 506, 519
CAPTAIN MORATTI'S LAST AFFAIR, the. By S. Levett Yeats, . . .	417, 440, 456, 471
Captious Critic, a. By Fred. M. White, . . .	45

	Page
Cassie Quin's Atonement. By Guy Boothby, . . .	383
CHRONICLES OF COUNT ANTONIO, the. By Anthony Hope, . . .	
I. How Count Antonio took to the Hills, . . .	1, 19
II. Count Antonio and the Traitor Prince, . . .	35, 52
III. Count Antonio and the Prince of Mantivoglia, . . .	68, 82
IV. Count Antonio and the Wizard's Drug, . . .	98, 114
V. Count Antonio and the Sacred Bones, . . .	134, 147
VI. Count Antonio and the Hermit of the Vault, . . .	163, 179
VII. Count Antonio and the Lady of Rilano, . . .	195, 211
VIII. The Manner of Count Antonio's Return, . . .	227, 243
Cousin Charley, . . .	265
Daphne. By Guy Boothby, . . .	572
Departure from Tradition, a. By Rosaline Masson, . . .	524, 536
ELECTRIC SPARK, an. By G. Manville Fenn, . . .	
I. At Full Tide, . . .	273
II. One Cloud cleared, . . .	291
III. A Vile Bargain, . . .	307
IV. Uncle and Nephew, . . .	324
V. The Light that would not burn, . . .	342, 355
VI. A Poor Consoler, . . .	358
VII. The Black Shadow, . . .	372
VIII. The Shadow darkens, . . .	387
IX. Opposite Poles, . . .	403
X. Two Pulses, . . .	404, 422
XI. Black Darkness, . . .	435
XII. Too Late! Too Late! . . .	451
XIII. A Sudden Blow, . . .	467
XIV. Foreign Policy, . . .	486
XV. A Discovery, . . .	500
XVI. In Temptation, . . .	501
XVII. The Reward of Merit, . . .	514
XVIII. The Spreading of a Net, . . .	531
XIX. An Ice, . . .	548
XX. Humble Pie, . . .	565
XXI. Miss Bryne verges, . . .	579
XXII. Edge against Edge, . . .	580
XXIII. Brant strikes first Blow, . . .	595
XXIV. A Defender in Despair, . . .	611
XXV. Two Pairs of Foul Hands, . . .	631
XXVI. Mr Hamber has Company, . . .	642
XXVII. The Hour of Success, . . .	659
XXVIII. Tempter and Temptress, . . .	675
XXIX. The Rendezvous, . . .	694
XXX. Mental Dust, . . .	696
XXXI. Brant's Mad Joys, . . .	706
XXXII. A Hair of the Dog that bit, . . .	723
XXXIII. In the Lion's Mouth, . . .	739
XXXIV. Full Light, . . .	756
FINGER OF HANKIN, the. By C. J. Cutcliffe Hyne, . . .	769, 787
Forged Madonna, the. By R. M. Strong, . . .	774, 793, 809
Gentleman Jerry, . . .	460
GOVERNANCE AT GREENBUSH, the. By E. W. Hornung—	74, 89, 104, 119
Green Rushes, O! By S. Bar- ing-Gould, . . .	604
Hester, . . .	93
His Advocate. By George G. Farquhar, . . .	779
HIS HIGHNESS'S PLAYTHINGS. By Headon Hill, . . .	689, 710
How the Man-eater was killed, . . .	490

How the Town was saved, . . .	Page 541
Irish Rajah of Hariāna, the, . .	635
Katie, . . .	333
Legend of Prince Maurice, a, . .	7, 23
By H. A. Bryden, . . .	
Longest Trek on Record, the, . .	395
By H. A. Bryden, . . .	
Men in Stone, the, By C. J. . .	157
Cutcliffe Hyne, . . .	319
My First Raven, . . .	
My First Shipwreck, By R. C. . .	366
Dowie, . . .	189, 199
My Mysterious Client, . . .	
MYSTERY OF PILGRIM GRAY, the, .	218, 232, 249, 259
By Thomas St E. Hake—	
MYSTERY OF THE GOLDEN	
LLAMA, the, By E. J. Roche	561, 585, 600, 614
Surraige, . . .	
Night in a Rat-trap, a, . . .	62
Old Ben's Bargain, . . .	173
Prince Rupert's Emerald Ring, . .	300
PROOF POSITIVE, By David	
Christie Murray, . . .	716, 728, 742
Recollections of Captain Wilkie, .	40, 57
the, By A. Conan Doyle, . . .	
Reminiscences of the Umbeyla	
Campaign, By W. Forbes	812
Mitchell, . . .	
RICHARD MAITLAND—CONSUL	
Story II, By L. T. Meade and	278, 295, 314, 327
Professor Robert K. Douglas—	
Rise and Fall of Religion at Dux-	
bury Swamp, the, By William	533
Atkinson, . . .	
Runga's Revenge, By Mrs	
Frank Penny, . . .	685
Safely Deposited, By S. Ponder, .	412
Sally, By L. T. Meade, . . .	652
'Seven-up' Blaine's Conversion—	804, 820
Story in Embroidery, a, By	
H. Murray Gilchrist, . . .	826
Story of Lee Ping and the	
'Stork that lives a Thousand	
Years,' By Guy Boothby, . . .	426
Trinidad Treasure, the, and how	
it was found, By C. J. Cut-	108
cliffe Hyne, . . .	
Two Market-days at Cumber-	
thwaite, By Sarah Selina	760
Hamer, . . .	
UNAUTHORISED INTERVENTION,	
an, By David Lawson John-	337, 360, 377, 392, 406
stone, . . .	
Vicar of Wrockley, the, By	
John Stafford, . . .	747

**Miscellaneous Articles of Instruction and Entertainment.**

Aconite Collectors on the Singa-	445
lilas, . . .	
Advertising Curiosities, . . .	311
Alien Immigrants—Strangers	
within our Gates, . . .	344
Angling, a New Departure in the	
Honest Art of, . . .	221
Argentina, Social Life in, . . .	731
Artels: Co-operation in Russia,	
By Edith Sellers, . . .	705
Atlantic Pilot Chart, United	
States North, . . .	437
Auctions and Knock-outs, . . .	777

Auk Gossip, Great, . . .	Page 493
Australian Brumbe Horses, . .	702
Australian Industry, a Neglected,	645
Avon, the Dockisation of the	
River, . . .	138
Baltic and North Sea Ship-canal,	
the, . . .	247
Bananas, . . .	517
Bank of Scotland, the Bi-cen-	
tenary of the, . . .	369
Banking in Ireland, . . .	442
Barometers, Living, . . .	714
Bertram's 'Memories of Books,'	
&c., . . .	17
Bi-centenary of the Bank of Scot-	
land, the, . . .	369
Bird-life in an Inland Parish of	
Southern Scotland, . . .	77
'Biribi,' By John Dill Ross, . .	140
Black Country, a 'Mystery Play'	
in the, . . .	401
Blasts, some Famous, . . .	79
Blondin, . . .	282
Bookbinding, the Gentle Art of,	
Books published by Subscription,	449
on, . . .	193
Brass Men, the Rising of the, . .	737
British History, a Lost Page of,	
British South Africa, the Kaffirs	317
in, . . .	574
Brumbe Horses, Australian, . .	702
Bulgaria—the Youngest of the	
Nations, . . .	385
Bülow—a Gossip about Pianists,	
Bundle of Paradoxes, a, . . .	744
Burna, Holidays in, . . .	650
Burns Biography, a Century of,	
Butter Supply, our, . . .	509
Calcutta—Chinee Town, . . .	817
Calcutta, Rain-gambling in, . .	740
Carriages, Horseless, . . .	289
Carrying-trade of the World, the,	
Carstairs Electric Light-railway,	360
the, . . .	563
Castle Dangerous, . . .	533
Cavalry on the Line of March, .	400
Century of Burns Biography, a,	
Chambers's Journal, some not-	433
able Beginners in, . . .	616
Chancery, Unclaimed Fortunes	
in, . . .	817
Charles II.—a Lost Page of	
British History, . . .	33
Chautauqua, . . .	230
Chinee Town, Calcutta, . . .	317
Coal of the World, the, . . .	470
Citric Acid, . . .	470
Civil Service, the Home, . . .	289
Civil Service Abroad, . . .	628
Clothing, Winter, . . .	405
Colony, our Oldest, . . .	404
Commercial Travelling in India,	
Competitors in Dairy Produce,	504
our, . . .	708
Congo, the Forest Dwarfs of the,	
Conversational Quotations, By	55
Charles Hussey, . . .	177
Co-operation in Russia: Artels,	
Cordite and its Manufacture, . .	86
Corea, Unpleasant Reminiscences	
of, . . .	298
Cotton-seed Oil, . . .	591
Cream, our Imported Milk and,	
Crowns Ancient and Modern, . .	705
Curiousities of Advertising, . .	495
Cycling for Health and Pleasure,	
Dainties, Local, . . .	78
Dairy Produce, our Competitors	
in, . . .	612
Day in the Landes, a, . . .	657
Death from Snake-bite in India,	
Dice and Dolasses, . . .	539
Dockisation of the River Avon,	
138	

Doubles, . . .	Page 513
Douglas Castle—Castle Danger-	
ous, . . .	433
Dramatic Art in the Far East,	
By R. W. Egerton Eastwick, . .	521
Duel, an Historic, . . .	465
Duelling-grounds, old London, . .	29
Dunnottar Castle, . . .	577
Easter in Russia, . . .	145
English Army of the 'Forty-five,'	
the, . . .	662
English Ghosts, some, . . .	721
Fairs of Russia, the Great, . . .	550
Famous Blasts, some, . . .	79
Famous Porcelain, a, . . .	807
Fish, Migrations of, . . .	633
Fisheries—a Neglected Aus-	
tralian Industry, . . .	645
Forest Dwarfs of the Congo, the,	
Fortunes in Chancery, Unclaimed,	230
French Colonial Troops—'Biribi,'	
Fruit-watchers, Hawks as, . . .	140
Future, in the, . . .	431
Gentle Art of Bookbinding, the,	
Ghosts, some English, . . .	209
Ginseng, . . .	449
Glasgow, . . .	721
Glass, some Modern Uses of, . .	359
Gold-fields, the Scottish, . . .	49
Gold-fields of British Guiana, the,	
Gold-mania, the, . . .	639
Gold-miners in the Past, . . .	292
Gold Mines, Vanished, . . .	72
Gossip about Pianists, a, By J.	
Cuthbert Hadden, . . .	790
Government Paper, a Transac-	
tion in, . . .	663
Great Auk Gossip, . . .	782
Guiana, the Gold-fields of British,	
Hawks as Fruit-watchers, . . .	72
Her Majesty's Service Abroad, . .	431
Hidden Treasure in India, By	
W. Forbes Mitchell, . . .	708
Historic Duel, an, . . .	479
Historical Phrases, . . .	465
Holidays in Burma, . . .	171
Home Civil Service, the, . . .	509
Horseless Carriages, . . .	504
House of Commons, Humours	
of the, . . .	563
Humours of Newspaper Enter-	
prise, the, . . .	183
Illumination, New Methods of,	
Incas, the Ancient, . . .	423
India, Commercial Travelling in,	
India, Hidden Treasure in, . . .	582
Indian Survey, the Great, . . .	758
Inferno, a Japanese, . . .	5
Ireland, Banking in, . . .	479
Irish Charcoal Iron—a Resusci-	
tated Industry, . . .	151
Irrepressibles, . . .	118
Irvine—Memories of an old Scot-	
tish Burgh, . . .	442
Ivory, . . .	719
Jabez Land—Salta and Jujuy, . .	593
Japanese Inferno, a, . . .	497
Jewels Five Words long, . . .	726
Jews in London—Strangers	
within our Gates, . . .	671
Kaffirs in British South Africa,	
the, . . .	118
Knock-outs, Auctions and, . . .	447
Land of Palm Oil, the, . . .	344
Landes, a Day in the, . . .	574
Languages, on the Learning of,	
Leadhills—the Scottish Gold-	
fields, . . .	577
Lectern, on the, . . .	484
Lemons at Massa-Lubrense, . .	257
Lentils, about, . . .	236
Lepidoptera, the Habits and	
Tastes of, . . .	292

	Page		Page		Page
Light-railway, the	400	Palm Oil, the Land of,	484	Shipwreck, My First,	366
Electric,	400	Paper, Soluble,	22, 286	Shoe-blacks of Parnassus, the,	
Literary Research Room at		Paradoxes, a Bundle of,	650	By H. Lascaris,	772
Somerset House,	587	Parnassus, the Shoe-blacks of,	772	Singalilas, Aconite Collectors	
Living Barometers,	714	Parrots I have known,	796	on the,	445
Local Dainties,	26	Passage in a Tramp, a. By C. J.		Simian Cousins, our,	750
London, Underground,	673	Cutcliffe Hyne,	12	Sleep, some Aspects of,	167
London Duelling-grounds, old,	29	Pastime and Business,	801	Snake-bite in India, Death from,	390
London's Water-supply,	502	Peking: Before and Behind the		Snake-taming,	203
Longest Trek on Record, the,	395	Walls,	225	Social Life in Argentina,	731
Lost Page of British History, a,	317	Petroleum, the Rise and Fall in,	678	Soluble Paper,	22, 286
Luffa, the,	800	Pets, Man-of-war,	698	Somerset House, Literary Re-	
'Lyon in Mourning,' the,	785	Phrases, Historical,	171	search Room at,	587
Mallorca, Try,	428	Pianists, a Gossip about,	744	Spain, among the Moors in,	132
Man-of-war Pets,	698	Pilot Chart, United States		Stage, the Serpent and the,	237
Marriage and Posy Rings,	527	North Atlantic,	437	State and the Telegraphs, the,	161
Massa-Lubrense, Lemons at,	188	Platinum, the Metal,	703	Stature, the Prospects of our	
Meccan Pilgrimage, the,	691	Ploughing Oxen,	107	Descendants in regard to,	560
Médoc and its Wines, the,	609	Poets and their Pastimes, some,	380	Story of the Sewing-machine,	
Memories of an old Scottish		Poisons and their Antidotes,	155	the,	597
Burgh, the,	497	Polar Seas, Treasure Islands in		Stowaways,	489
Memories of Books, Authors, and		the,	9	Strangers within our Gates,	344
Events, some,	17	Politeness,	113	Strawberry Culture,	216
Migrations of Fish,	633	Popular Remedies, some,	42	Submarine Warfare,	198
Milk and Cream, our Imported,		Porcelain, a Famous,	807	Supply of Seamen, the,	275
By R. Hedger Wallace,	657	Posy Rings and Marriage,	527	Suspended Vitality in Plants	
Mirage,	31	Poultry Farming,	241	and Animals,	38
Mirrors, Ancient and Modern,	122	Pressgang in Orkney, the,	347	Taka Koji,	454
Modern Novel, the,	262	Prospects of our Descendants in		Tarantula-killer, the,	15
Modern Uses of Glass, some,	639	regard to Stature,	560	Telegraphs, the State and the,	161
Moors in Spain, among the,	132	Queer Friend, My,	223	Topographer, an old English,	364
'M.P.,'	545	Quotations, Conversational,	591	Tramp, a Passage in a,	12
Musical Curiosity, a. By S.		Rain-gambling in Calcutta,	350	Transaction in Government	
Baring-Gould,	81	Raven, My First,	319	Paper, a. By W. Forbes	
'Mystery Play' in the Black		Reading,	48	Mitchell,	589
Country, a,	401	Remedies, some Popular,	42	Transvaal, the Water-gate of	
National Airs and their Associa-		Reminiscences of Corea, Un-		the,	824
tions, some,	700	pleasant,	78	Treasure Islands in the Polar	
Nations, the Youngest of the,	385	Resuscitated Industry, a,	719	Sea,	9
New Caledonia,	543	Rhubarb,	375	Two per Cent.	321
New Departure in the Honest		Rising of the Brass Men, the,	737	Unclaimed Fortunes in Chan-	
Art of Angling,	221	Rubinstein — a Gossip about		cery,	230
New Methods of Illumination,	582	Pianists,	744	Underground London,	673
Newfoundland — our Oldest		Russia, Co-operation in,	705	Upsala,	473
Colony,	177	Russia, Easter in,	145	Vanished Gold Mines,	782
Newspaper Enterprise, the		Russia, the Great Fairs of,	550	War-chests,	97
Humours of,	423	Russian Volunteer Fleet, the.		Warfare, Submarine,	198
Newspaper Obituaries,	353	By John Dill Ross,	341	Water-gate of the Transvaal, the,	824
Nicotiana,	143	Salta and Jujuy—Jabez Land,	671	Water-supply, London's,	502
Norfolk Island,	252	Schloss Mansfeld,	284	Wedgwood (Josiah), and his	
North Sea Ship-canal, the		Scottish Auburn, a,	753	latest Biographer,	65
Baltic and,	247	Scottish Gold-fields, the,	292	Western Town, a,	602
Notable Beginners in <i>Chambers's</i>		Seamen, the Supply of,	275	Wheat, our Production and	
<i>Journal</i> ,	33	Sedan-chairs,	91	Consumption of. By R. Hedger	
Novel, the Modern,	262	Serpent and the Stage, the. By		Wallace,	419
Novel Ships,	459	Dr Arthur Stradling,	237	When are We old?	305
Obituaries, Newspaper,	353	Seventeenth-century Scot in the		Winter Clothing,	55
Old? When are We,	305	Far East, a,	568	Winter Shore, the,	641
Old English Topographer, an,	364	Sewing-machine, the Story of		Wood-rats, Oregon,	464
Oldest Colony, our,	177	the,	597	World, the Carrying-trade of	
Oregon Wood-rats,	464	Ship-canal — the Baltic and		the,	533
Orkney, the Pressgang in,	347	North Sea,	247	Yeast—Taka Koji,	454
Oxen, Ploughing,	107	Ships, Novel,	459	Youngest of the Nations, the,	385



# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

*Fifth Series*

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 575.—VOL. XII.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1895.

PRICE 1½d.

## THE CHRONICLES OF COUNT ANTONIO.\*

BY ANTHONY HOPE,

AUTHOR OF 'THE PRISONER OF ZENDA.'

CHAPTER I.—HOW COUNT ANTONIO TOOK TO THE HILLS.

COUNTLESS are the stories told of the sayings that Count Antonio spoke, and of the deeds that he did when he dwelt an outlaw in the hills. For tales and legends gather round his name thick as the berries hang on a bush, and with the passing of every succeeding year it grows harder to discern where truth lies and where the love of wonder, working together with the sway of a great man's memory, has wrought the embroidery of its fancy on the plain robe of fact. Yet, amid all that is of uncertain knowledge and so must rest, this much at least should be known and remembered, for the honour of a noble family—how it fell out that Count Antonio, a man of high lineage, forsook the service of his Prince, disdained the obligation of his rank, set law at naught, and did what seemed indeed in his own eyes to be good, but was held by many to be nothing other than the work of a rebel and a brigand. Yet, although it is by these names that men often speak of him, they love his memory; and I also, Ambrose the Franciscan, having gathered diligently all that I could come by in the archives of the city or from the lips of aged folk, have learned to love it in some sort. Thus am I minded to write, before the time that I must carry what I know with me to the grave, the full and whole truth concerning Antonio's flight from the city and the Court, seeking in my heart, as I write, excuse for him, and finding in the record, if little else, yet a tale that lovers must read in pride and sorrow, and, if this be not too high a hope, that princes may study for profit and for warning.

Now it was in the tenth year of the reign of Duke Valentine over the city of Firmola, its territories and dependent towns, that Count Antonio of Monte Velluto—having with him a youthful cousin of his, whom he loved greatly, and whom, by reason of his small stature and of a boyish gaiety he had, men called Tommasino—came from his own house on the hill that fronts the great gate of the city, to the palace of the Duke, with intent to ask His Highness's sanction for his marriage with the Lady Lucia. This lady, being then seventeen years of age, loved Antonio, and he her, and troth had been privily plighted between them for many months; and such was the strength and power of the love they bore the one to the other, that even to this day the old mock at young lovers who show themselves overfond, crying, 'Tis Lucia and Antonio!'

But since the Lady Lucia was an orphan, Antonio came now to the Duke, who enjoyed wardship over her, and setting out his passion, and how that his estate was sufficient and his family such as the Duke knew, prayed leave of His Highness to wed her. But the Duke, a crafty and subtle prince, knowing Antonio's temper, and the favour in which he was held by the people, counted not to augment his state and revenues by the gift of a bride so richly dowered, but chose rather to give her to a favourite of his, a man in whose devotion he could surely trust, and whose disposition was to serve his master in all things fair and foul, open or secret. Such a one the Duke found in the Lord Robert de Beauregard, a gentleman of

Provence, who had quitted his own country, having been drawn into some tumult there, and, having taken service with the Duke, had risen to a great place in his esteem and confidence. Therefore, when Antonio preferred his request, the Duke, with many a courteous regretful phrase, made him aware that the lady stood promised to Robert by the irrevocable sanctity of his princely pledge.

'So forget, I pray you, my good cousin Antonio,' said he—'forget, as young men lightly can, this desire of yours, and it shall be my charge to find you a bride full as fair as the Lady Lucia.'

But Antonio's face went red from brow to chin, as he answered: 'My gracious lord, I love the lady, and she me, and neither can wed another. As for my Lord Robert, your Highness knows well that she loves him not.'

'A girl's love!' smiled the Duke, 'a girl's love! It rains and shines, and shines and rains, Antonio.'

'It has shone on me since she knew a man when she looked on him,' said Antonio.

And Tommasino, who stood by, recking as little of the Duke as of the Duke's deerhound which he was patting the while, broke in, saying carelessly, 'And this Robert, my lord, is not the man for a pretty girl to love. He is a sour fellow.'

'I thank you for your counsel, my lord Tommasino,' smiled the Duke. 'Yet I love him.' Whereat Tommasino lifted his brows and patted the hound again. 'It is enough,' added the Duke. 'I have promised, Antonio. It is enough.'

'Yes, it is enough,' said Antonio; and he and Tommasino, having bowed low, withdrew from the presence of the Duke. But when he got clear outside of the Duke's cabinet, Antonio laid his hand on Tommasino's shoulder, saying, 'It is not well that Robert have her.'

'It is mighty ill,' said Tommasino.

And then they walked in silence to the city gate, and, in silence still, climbed the rugged hill where Antonio's house stood.

But the Duke sent for Robert de Beauregard into his chamber and said to him: 'If you be wise, friend Robert, little grass shall grow under your feet this side your marriage. This Antonio says not much; but I have known him outrun his tongue with deeds.'

'If the lady were as eager as I, the matter would not halt,' said Robert with a laugh. 'But she weeps and spits fire at me, and cries for Antonio.'

'She will be cured after the wedding,' said the Duke. 'But see that she be well guarded, Robert; let a company of your men watch her. I have known the bride to be missing on a marriage day ere now.'

'If he can touch her, he may wed her,' cried Robert. 'The pikemen are close about her house, and she can neither go in nor come out without their knowledge.'

'It is well,' said the Duke. 'Yet delay not. They are stubborn men, these Counts of Monte Velluto.'

Now, had the Lady Lucia been of a spirit as haughty as her lover's, it may be that she would have refused to wed Robert de Beauregard. But

she was afraid. When Antonio was with her, she had clung to him, and he loved her the more for her timidity. With him gone and forbidden to come near her, she dared not resist the Duke's will nor brave his displeasure; so that a week before the day that the Duke had appointed for the wedding, she sent to Antonio, bidding him abandon a hope that was vain, and set himself to forget a most unhappy lady.

'Robert shall not have her,' said Antonio, putting the letter in his belt.

'Then the time is short,' said Tommasino.

They were walking together on the terrace before Antonio's house, whence they looked on the city across the river. Antonio cast his eye on the river and on the wall of the Duke's garden that ran along it; fair trees, shrubs, and flowers lined the top of the wall, and the water gleamed in the sunshine.

'It is strange,' said Antonio, musing, 'that one maiden can darken for a man all the world that God lights with his sun. Yet since so it is, Tommasino, a man can be but a man; and being a man, he is a poor man, if he stand by while another takes his love.'

'And that other a stranger, and, as I swear, a cut-throat,' added Tommasino.

When they had dined, and evening began to come on, Antonio made his servants saddle the best horses in his stable—though, indeed, the choice was small, for Antonio was not rich as a man of his rank counts riches—and the two rode down the hill towards the city. But, as they went, Antonio turned once and again in his saddle and gazed long at the old gray house, the round tower, and the narrow gate.

'Why look behind, and not forward?' asked Tommasino.

'Because there is a presage upon me,' answered Antonio, 'that it will be long before I pass through that gate again. Were there a hope of persuading you, Tommasino, I would bid you turn back, and leave me to go alone on this errand.'

'Keep your breath against when you have to run,' laughed Tommasino, pricking his horse and tossing his hair, dark as Antonio's was fair, back from his neck.

Across the bridge they rode and through the gates, and having traversed the great square, came to the door of Lucia's house, where it rose fronting the Duke's palace. Here Antonio dismounted, giving his bridle into Tommasino's hand, and bade the servants carry his name to the Lady Lucia. A stir arose among them, and much whispering, till an old man, head of the serving-men, came forward, saying: 'Pardon, my lord, but we are commanded not to admit you to the Lady Lucia;' and he waved his hand towards the inner part of the porch, where Antonio saw a dozen or more pikemen of the Duke's Guard drawn across the passage to the house; and their pikes flashed in the rays of the setting sun as they levelled them in front of their rank.

Some of the townsmen and apprentice lads, stout fellows, each with a staff, had gathered now round Antonio, whom they loved for his feats of strength and his liberal gifts to the poor, and, understanding what was afoot, one



came to him, saying: 'There are some, my lord, who would enter with you if you are set on entering,' and the fellow's eyes sparkled; for there was great enmity in the town against the pikemen, and a lusty youth with a stick in his hand is never loth to find a use for it.

For a moment Count Antonio hesitated; for they flocked closer to him, and Tommasino threw him a glance of appeal and touched the hilt of his sword. But he would not that the blood of men who were themselves loved by mothers, wives, and maids, should be shed in his quarrel, and he raised his hand, bidding them be still.

'I have no quarrel with the pikemen,' said he, 'and we must not fight against His Highness's servants.'

The faces of the townsmen grew long in disappointment. Tommasino alone laughed low, recognising in Antonio's gentleness the lull that heralds a storm. The Count was never more dangerous than when he praised submission.

'But,' continued Antonio, 'I would fain see the Lady Lucia.' And with this he stepped inside the porch, signing to Tommasino to stay where he was; but the lad would not, and, leaping down, ran to his kinsman, and stood shoulder to shoulder with him.

Thus they stood facing the line of pikemen, when suddenly the opposing rank opened, and Robert de Beauregard himself came through. Starting slightly on sight of Antonio, he yet bowed courteously, baring his head, and Antonio, with Tommasino, did the like.

'What is your desire, my lord?' asked Robert.

'I have naught to ask of you,' answered Antonio, and he took a step forward. Robert's hand flew to his sword, and in a moment they would have fought. But now another figure came forward with uplifted hand. It was the Duke himself; and he looked on Antonio with his dark smile, and Antonio flushed red.

'You seek me, Antonio?' asked the Duke.

'I seek not your Highness, but my plighted wife,' said Antonio.

Duke Valentine smiled still. Coming to Antonio, he passed his arm through his, and said in most friendly fashion: 'Come with me to my house, and we will talk of this;' and Antonio, caught fast in the choice between obedience and open revolt, went frowning across the square, the Duke's arm through his, Robert on the Duke's other side, and, behind, Tommasino with the horses. But as they went, a sudden cry came from the house they left, and a girl's face showed for an instant, tear-stained and pallid, at an open window. A shiver ran through Antonio; but the Duke pressing his arm, he went still in silence.

At the door of the palace, a lackey took the horses from Tommasino, and the four passed through the great hall and through the Duke's cabinet beyond, and into the garden; there the Duke sat down under the wall of the garden, near by the fish-pond, and, turning suddenly on Antonio, spoke to him fiercely, 'Men have died at my hands for less,' said he.

'Then for each of such shall you answer to God,' retorted Antonio, not less hotly.

'You scout my commands in the face of all the city,' said the Duke in low stern tones. 'Now, by Heaven, if you seek to see the girl again, I will hang you from the tower of the gate. So be warned—now—once: there shall be no second warning.'

He ceased, and sat with angry eyes on Antonio; and Robert, who stood by his master, glared as fierce. But Antonio was silent for a while, and rested his arm on Tommasino's shoulder.

'My fathers have served and fought for your fathers,' said he at last. 'What has this gentleman done for the Duchy?'

Then Robert spoke suddenly and scornfully: 'This he is ready to do—to punish an insolent knave that braves His Highness's will.'

Antonio seemed not to hear him, for he did not move, but stood with eyes bent on the Duke's face, looking whether his appeal should reach its mark. But Tommasino heard; yet never a word spoke Tommasino either, but he drew off the heavy riding-glove from his left hand, and it hung dangling in the fingers of his right, and he looked at the glove and at Robert and at the glove again.

'I would His Highness were not here,' said Tommasino to Robert with a smile.

'Hold your peace, boy,' said Robert, 'or the Duke will have you whipped.'

Youth loves not to be taunted with its blessed state. 'I have no more to say,' cried Tommasino; and without more, caring naught now for the presence of the Duke, he flung his heavy glove full in Robert's face, and, starting back a pace, drew his sword. Then Antonio knew that the die was cast, for Tommasino would gain no mercy, having insulted the Duke's favourite and drawn his sword in the Duke's palace; and he also drew out his sword, and the pair stood facing the Duke and Robert de Beauregard. It was but for an instant that they stood thus; then Robert, who did not lack courage to resent a blow, unsheathed and rushed at the boy. Antonio left his cousin to defend himself, and, bowing low to the Duke, set his sword at the Duke's breast, before the Duke could so much as rise from his seat.

'I would not touch your Highness,' said he, 'but these gentlemen must not be interrupted.'

'You take me at a disadvantage,' cried the Duke.

'If you will swear not to summon your guard, I will sheath my sword, my lord; or, if you will honour me by crossing yours on mine, you shall draw yours.'

The place where they sat was hidden from the palace windows, yet the Duke trusted that the sound of the clashing steel would bring aid; therefore, not desiring to fight with Antonio (for Duke Valentine loved to scheme rather than to strike), he sat still, answering nothing. And now Tommasino and Robert were engaged, Robert attacking furiously, and Tommasino parrying him as coolly as though they fenced for pastime in the school. It was Tommasino's fault to think of naught but the moment, and he did not remember that every second might bring the guard upon them. And Antonio would not call it to his mind,

but he said to the Duke: 'The boy will kill him, sir. He is a finer swordsman than I, and marvellously active.'

Then the Duke, having been pondering on his course, and knowing Antonio—sitting there with the Count's sword against his breast—did by calculation what many a man braver in fight had not dared to do. There was, in truth, a courage in it, for all that it was born of shrewdness. For, thus with the sword on his heart, fixing a calm glance on Antonio, he cried as loudly as he could, 'Help, help, treason!'

Antonio drew back his arm for the stroke; and the Duke sat still; then, swift as thought, Antonio laughed, bowed to Duke Valentine, and turning, rushed between the fighters, striking up their swords. In amazement, they stood for a moment: Antonio drove his sword into its sheath, and, while Robert stood yet astounded, he rushed on him, caught him by the waist, and, putting forth his strength, flung him clear and far into the fish-pond. Then seizing Tommasino by the arm, he started with him at a run for the great hall. The Duke rose, crying loudly, 'Treason, treason!' But Antonio cried 'Treason, treason!' yet louder than the Duke; and presently Tommasino, who had frowned at his pastime being interrupted, fell a-laughing, and between the laughs cried 'Treason, treason!' with Antonio. And at the entrance of the hall they met a dozen pikemen running; and Antonio, pointing over his shoulder, called, in tones of horror, 'Treason, treason!' And Tommasino cried, 'The Duke! Help the Duke!' So that they passed untouched through the pikemen, who hesitated an instant in bewilderment, but then swept on; for they heard the Duke's own voice crying still 'Treason, treason!' And through the hall and out to the portico passed the cousins, echoing their cries of 'Treason!' And every man they met went whither they pointed; and when they leaped on their horses, the very lackey that had held them dropped the bridles with hasty speed and ran into the palace, crying 'Treason!' Then Antonio, Tommasino ever following, and both yet crying 'Treason!' dashed across the square; and on the way they met the pikemen who guarded the Lady Lucia, and the townsmen who were mocking and snarling at the pikemen; and to pikemen and townsmen alike they cried (though Tommasino hardly could speak now for laughter and lack of breath), 'Treason, treason!' And all to whom they cried flocked to the palace, crying in their turn 'Treason, treason!' so that people ran out of every house in the neighbourhood and hurried to the palace, crying 'Treason!' and every one asking his neighbour what the treason was. And thus, by the time in which a man might count a hundred, a crowd was pushing and pressing and striving round the gate of the palace, and the cousins were alone on the other side of the great square.

'Now thanks be to God for that idea!' gasped Tommasino.

But Antonio gave not thanks till his meal was ended. Raising his voice as he halted his horse before the Lady Lucia's house, he called loudly, no longer 'Treason!' but 'Lucia!' And

she, knowing his voice, looked again out from the window; but some hand plucked her away as soon as she had but looked. Then Antonio leaped from his horse with an oath and ran to the door, and finding it unguarded, he rushed in, leaving Tommasino seated on one horse and holding the other, with one eye on Lucia's house and the other on the palace, praying that, by the favour of Heaven, Antonio might come out again before the crowd round the Duke's gates discovered why it was, to a man, crying 'Treason!'

But in the palace of the Duke there was great confusion. For the pikemen, finding Robert de Beauregard scrambling out of the fish-pond with a drawn sword in his hand, and His Highness crying 'Treason!' with the best of them, must have it that the traitor was none other than Robert himself, and in their dutiful zeal they came nigh to making an end of him then and there, before the Duke could gain silence enough to render his account of the affair audible. And when the first pikemen were informed, there came others; and these others, finding the first thronging round the Duke and Robert, cried out on them for the traitors, and were on the point of engaging them; and when they also had been with difficulty convinced, and the two parties, with His Highness and Robert, turned to the pursuit of the cousins, they found the whole of the great hall utterly blocked by a concourse of the townsmen, delighted beyond measure at the chance of an affray with the hated pikemen, who, they conceived, must beyond doubt be the wicked traitors that had risen in arms against the Duke's life and throne. Narrowly indeed was a great battle in the hall averted by the Duke himself, who leaped upon a high seat and spoke long and earnestly to the people, persuading them that not the pikemen, but Antonio and Tommasino, were the traitors; which the townsmen found hard to believe, in part because they wished not to believe ill of Antonio, and more inasmuch as every man there knew—and the women and children also—that Antonio and Tommasino, and none else of all the city, had raised the alarm. But some hearkened at last; and with these and a solid wedge of the pikemen, the Duke and Robert, with much ado, thrust their way through the crowd, and won access to the door of the palace.

In what time a thousand men may be convinced, you may hope to turn one woman's mind; and at the instant that the Duke gained the square with his friends and his guards, Count Antonio had prevailed on the Lady Lucia to brave His Highness's wrath. It is true that he had met with some resistance from the steward, who was in Robert's pay, and had tarried to buffet the fellow into obedience; and with more from an old governess, who, since she could not be buffeted, had perforce to be locked in a cupboard; yet the better part of the time had to be spent in imploring Lucia herself. At last, with many fears and some tears, she had yielded, and it was with glad eyes that Tommasino saw the Count come forth from the door carrying Lucia on his arm; and others saw him also; for a great shout

came from the Duke's party across the square, and the pikemen set out at a run with Robert himself at their head. Yet so soon as they were started, Antonio also, bearing Lucia in his arms, had reached where Tommasino was with the horses, and an instant later he was mounted and cried, 'To the gate!' and he struck in his spurs, and his horse bounded forward, Tommasino following. No more than a hundred yards lay between them and the gate of the city, and before the pikemen could bar their path, they had reached the gate. The gate-wardens were in the act of shutting it, having perceived the tumult; but Tommasino struck at them with the flat of his sword, and they gave way before the rushing horses; and before the great gate was shut, Antonio and he were on their way through, and the hoofs of their horses clattered over the bridge. Thus Antonio was clear of the city with his lady in his arms, and Tommasino his cousin safe by his side.

Yet they were not safe; for neither Duke Valentine nor Robert de Beauregard was a man who sat down under defeat. But few moments had passed before there issued from the gate a company of ten mounted and armed men, and Robert, riding in their front, saw, hard on a mile away, the cousins heading across the plain towards the spot where the spurs of Mount Agnino run down; for there was the way of safety—but it was yet ten miles away. And Robert and his company galloped furiously in pursuit, while Duke Valentine watched from the wall of the garden above the river.

## COMMERCIAL TRAVELLING IN INDIA.

BY A COMMERCIAL TRAVELLER.

THE Commercial Traveller is not a *rara avis* in India, although the species is by no means so abundant as at home. True, his plumage is considerably altered, but it does not require a very clever observer to discover him. His tall, shiny hat has given place to a squat 'Sola Topi'; his black coat is exchanged for something light and easy fitting; and, strangest transformation of all, his starch is limp, very limp at times; while he himself, with all his perkiness, cannot resist an occasional lapse into limpness also. Yet there he is pegging away, never, or hardly ever, down-hearted, with a pleasant word and a smile for everybody.

Conditions of travelling are of course very much altered, and it may not be out of place for one who has had some experience 'on the road' in our Indian Empire to give here a few sketchy notes of the more outstanding features and points of difference for the delectation of those who have never ventured so far.

It is a great though common mistake for one to encumber himself with an extensive and costly outfit before leaving home, as all he wants for the voyage is plenty of light under-clothing and a few flannel suits. His kit can be easily procured at the port of arrival from excellent European outfitters, who know exactly what he requires. Amongst the goods and chattels that must be procured at the port of

arrival is a good 'boy.' Boys of the common or garden order are plentiful and cheap, but as this particular boy will be one's principal servant throughout the tour, a careful selection is necessary. Written 'characters' or credentials are of little value, as the ingenuous boy can buy such 'chits' in the bazaar at a low rate. If the stranger does not know any one who can recommend a boy who has travelled and is all that he ought to be, one of the travelling agencies will be able to assist him in this particular.

It might be as well to warn the intending traveller at this point not to expect absolute perfection in any of the servants he may have to employ from time to time. The sorrowful suggestion that 'all men are liars' has a peculiar significance when applied to Indian boys; and again, without making any sweeping assertion, and allowing for the exception which proves the rule, it is no exaggeration to say that cases have been known where the model boy has not been found proof against petty speculation. Should occasion arise on which it is necessary for one to question the veracity and integrity of his servant, he will most probably be informed gravely, that 'Hotel mans is teefs and liars, Sahib. Me no teefs and liars, Sahib'; or, as also happened within the writer's ken, when an aggrieved and testy individual lost his temper and the command of his tongue, and bluntly accused his servant of being a thief and a liar, the boy replied in a casual manner: 'Oh yes, Sahib; we all teefs and liars here, Sahib.'

Another necessary evil in the way of servants must be reckoned the inevitable coolie, with his objectionable way of crowding one on arrival at a port or railway station (*bandar*). It is not at all exceptional to find one's self and baggage surrounded on such an occasion by a dozen or a score of coolies, jostling, jabbering, shouting, and gesticulating in a most alarming manner. Expostulation with a crowd of this kind is quite out of the question; the judicious manipulation of a stout cane in such an emergency is frequently the only effectual method of enforcing respect for one's person and belongings.

Concerning hotels, we may say that in the larger centres there is no difficulty in the matter of accommodation, and in these hotels *punkah wallahs* (fan-pullers) and a *kitmagar* or table-servant can be procured, all of whom—in addition to his personal attendant—one must take into his own service for the time being. Most of the hotels can provide a carriage (*ghari*), an absolute necessity for business purposes, as any man who, priding himself on his physique, attempts to walk about during the heat of the day will soon find himself down with 'sun' or fever. It is necessary to point out that in some towns the traveller will find no hotel accommodation, and, in that event, must be content to put up at the railway station or at a 'dak bungalow' or rest-house, provided by Government, which he may occupy for twenty-four hours provided no one else is in possession. From these facts, it will be gathered that part of the necessary outfit must be bedding. This need not be elaborate, but should include

a *resai* or light mattress, with sheets and a rug for 'up-country' in the cool season.

In railway travelling, the fewer impedimenta a man carries with him the better, as very little luggage is allowed free of charge, a first-class passenger being allowed only one and a half 'maunds' (roughly, one hundred and twenty-three pounds). Travelling is, if slow, comfortable and cheap, first-class fare with sleeping accommodation provided being about one anna (a penny) per mile. Generally speaking, there are four classes of passenger accommodation on the Indian railways—first (used chiefly by Europeans), second, intermediate, and third. Third class is extremely cheap, so that the traveller is able to take a servant about with him at a comparatively small cost. The distance, for instance, between Bombay and Calcutta (fourteen hundred miles) can be covered for nineteen rupees thirteen annas, as against one hundred and twelve rupees first class.

It must be observed that Madras time is kept on all the railways. This is thirty-three minutes behind Calcutta time, seven minutes behind Allahabad time, thirteen minutes in advance of Delhi time, ten minutes in advance of Agra time, and thirty minutes in advance of Bombay time. Time is reckoned over the twenty-four hours from midnight to midnight, 23-45, for instance, corresponding to our 11-45 P.M. Other modes of progression—elephant, bullock ghâri, and such-like—may now and then have to be employed, but so infrequently that they are hardly worth mentioning.

There is one part of the system for which the thanks of the European traveller are due to the controlling authorities of the Indian railways, and that is regard for the Briton's food requirements, ample time and opportunity being afforded on a long journey for meals, which are usually both good and cheap. This provision is a very necessary adjunct to railway travelling, as distances are great, and the climate renders it necessary that the system should be kept well nourished. Too much care cannot be given to dietary in such a climate; and the tendency to over-eating, so prevalent among Europeans, must be carefully avoided. It is not too much to say that over-eating has more to do with a great deal of the illness of Europeans in India than injudicious drinking. Concerning the latter, perhaps the safest, and certainly the most usual drink of those in the habit of taking stimulants, is whisky and soda, small 'whiskies' and big 'sodas' being the order of the day. Manufactured ice (*barf*) is plentiful, and is almost as much a table requisite as salt or chutney. Soda water is consumed to such an extent by Englishmen that it is called by the natives 'Balâti Pâni' (English water).

The traveller who cannot carry a good deal of tact into his business had better not go to India, as he will find he has some curious studies in human nature to deal with. On the Bombay side, he has the Parsee element in strong force. He will find the Parsee a 'cute, business man, whose chief anxiety seems to be to get exclusive terms which will enable him to 'scoop the pool,' while the Hindu is equally anxious to throw cold-water on one's dealings

with the Parsee. On the Bengal side, again, one comes into contact with the wily Bengali Babu, very suave and confident in his powers of conducting business, and rather prone to play the good old-fashioned game of bluff. With all his cleverness, however, he has one little failing, the result of which it is necessary to guard against—he cannot keep a secret. It is the common fate of a traveller to find that his 'special terms' quoted in the morning, privately and under a bond of secrecy, are the common property of the 'Trade' before the afternoon.

In his private capacity the Hindu is frequently very hospitably inclined. The fact that his caste prejudices preclude him from eating with Europeans does not always prevent him offering an invitation to dinner—his idea of English hospitality. This consists in his driving his guest to an hotel and paying for dinner, while he awaits its consumption in another part of the house. It takes one some little time to get used to this mode of procedure; but after a while, one sees the propriety of accepting the kindness in the spirit which prompts it.

The traveller will probably find it advisable to conduct his business on the stockroom method, a stockroom or 'godown' being easily procurable either at the hotel or in the native quarter; and very little finesse will be required to induce the native customer to let one drive him up to look at his 'stuff.' The European dealer, on the other hand, of whom, as a class, the writer cannot speak too highly, will doubtless give frequent opportunities, both for the conduct of business and the exchange of those hospitalities which make business a pleasure. We may say here that while it is customary to discuss business with a European over a cigar and a 'peg,' it is not always judicious to invite a native either to smoke or drink, unless one is very well versed in the question of caste.

A few words as to climate and the necessary precautions. Among the first changes that will manifest themselves in a man's general health will be a feeling of lassitude and exhaustion, and he will soon discover that he will be unable to do much business during the glare of mid-day. This goes against the grain with a man who is used at home to do the best part of his day's work before noon; but, should his pride prevent his coming down to resting in the middle of the day, a touch of 'sun' or 'fever' will soon teach him that 'the way of transgressors is hard.'

A very important evil to guard against is 'chill,' which carries in its wake all sorts of possibilities up to cholera. The best preventive of chill is the use of a flannel waistbelt (*cum-merbund*), which should be worn day and night. Cold baths, although very inviting, should not be indulged in too freely; and iced drinks should only be taken in moderation. The free use of drugs, best avoided under any circumstances, should be specially guarded against in such a climate, and one's medicine chest need not contain more than a small bottle of chlorodyne, to be used as a corrective, and a box of quinine capsules, to be taken when one feels more than ordinarily run down.

As for the beauties of nature to be enjoyed, the scenes of interest to be visited, the treasures of antiquity to be studied, are they not written in the books of Murray and others? we have but noted some of the elements of Indian travel from a commercial man's point of view. And so we wish the intending traveller 'bon voyage' and good business.

## A LEGEND OF PRINCE MAURICE.

By H. A. BRYDEN,

Author of *Guns and Camera in Southern Africa*, &c.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

It was Christmas time at the Cape, when many a man and woman of British blood, jaded by the sun and drought of an up-country life, flocks down to the sea. Cape Town and her charming suburbs were crowded; and the pleasant watering-places of Muizenberg and Kalk Bay were thronged with folks dying once more to set eyes on the blue ocean, to inhale the fresh breezes, and to remind themselves of their own sea-girt origin. From every corner of South Africa; from the old Colony, the Free State, the Transvaal, from far Bechuanaland, they had come. You might see sun-scorched wanderers from the far interior, hunters, explorers, prospectors, and pioneers. Some had come to restore broken health; some to taste again the sweets of civilisation, to spend hard-won money; or, perchance, an enthusiast might be seen who had been attracted south a thousand miles and more by the week's cricket tournament on the Western Province ground at Newlands.

Cape Town was at her best and bravest; Adderley Street was as crowded as Bond Street in June; and upon every hand were to be seen and heard pleasant faces, cheery voices, and the hearty greetings of friends long severed by time and distance.

On the evening of the 23d December a young man sat in his pleasant bedroom in the *annexe* of the 'International Hotel,' which lies rather out of the heat of the town on the lower slopes of Table Mountain. It was an hour before dinner, and the young man sat in his shirt sleeves before the open window, idly smoking a pipe, and feasting his eyes on the glorious view that lay before him.

Jack Compton had just come down from two years' travel and sport in the far interior—you might tell that by his lean, sun-tanned face and deeply embrowned arms, and by the collection of curios—bird-skins, photographs, horns, heads, assegais, and other articles that littered the room—and, after a rough time of it, was now enjoying to the full the ease and relaxation of life at the Cape. It was a noble prospect that lay spread before him; none nobler in the world. Cape Town, with its white houses and dark-green foliage, contrasted strongly in the near foreground with the peerless blue

and the sweeping contours of Table Bay. Out at the entrance to the Bay, Robben Island swam dimly into the far Atlantic. Across the Bay the eye was first smitten by the blinding dazzle of the beach of white sand below Blaauwberg. Then rose chain upon chain of glorious mountain scenery, the jagged sierras of Stellenbosch and the far line of Hottentots Holland melting in blues and purples upon the horizon. Under the setting sun, the crests of these distant sierras were rapidly becoming rose-tinted, and the warm browns and purples glorified a thousand-fold. Never, thought Jack Compton, as he pulled contentedly at his pipe, had he beheld a more enchanting scene.

At that instant his door was flung open, and a tall, sunburnt, keen-eyed man of thirty entered the room. 'Hallo, Jack, you old buffer,' he exclaimed, 'what are you up to, sitting here brooding like a pelican at a salt pan? I've been looking for you. I've been chatting for the last two hours with a most interesting johnnie just come round from Wal-fisch Bay. He's been trading and hunting in a new veldt far inland to the north-east, and he's had some extraordinary times. The country he's been in is, seemingly, quite unknown to Europeans; the game's as thick as sheep in a fold; and he's had the most wonderful shooting. But there's one adventure which he'll tell us more about after dinner, which has hit my fancy amazingly. As far as I can make out, Cressey—that's the name of the man—has discovered some extraordinary link with the past, a Kaffir woman, chief of some native tribe, with good white blood in her veins. Cressey has got some of her belongings, and has promised to show them to us later on.'

'But,' put in Jack Compton, 'what sort of a man is this Cressey? Can you depend upon what he says? There are some champion liars in this country, and any amount of improbable yarns floating from one ear to another. The Afrikaner is the most credulous person in the world, and there's something in the climate which quickly infects the Britisher—witness yourself. I suppose gold and diamonds are primarily responsible for it all, and the old-fashioned Boer, who's the most marvel-swallowing creature of the nineteenth century.'

'That's all right, old chap,' laughingly replied Tim Bracewell. 'I won't say any more at present. You shall judge for yourself. In my opinion, this man Cressey isn't one of your natural-born Ananiases. He gives one the impression of being perfectly straightforward. He's a quiet, unassuming sort of man, rather hard to draw than otherwise.—By-the-by, we mustn't talk too loud. He's got a bedroom somewhere in this building.'

Half an hour later, the two friends were lounging about the *steep* of the 'International' waiting the summons to dinner, when a quiet-looking man in blue serge came up the steps. Tim Bracewell stepped forward and met him and introduced him to Compton. The new-

comer was a well-set-up man of middle height. He had fair brown hair, a short beard, and a pair of keen, steady, blue-gray eyes.

After dinner, which the three men partook of at a table together, they came out to the stoep again, and fixed themselves in a snug corner for coffee and cigars. They had exchanged a good deal of their experiences together at the dinner table, and Tim Bracewell now called upon Cressey to give them the promised history of his main adventure.

Well (said Cressey), it's a queer yarn, and I don't know what you'll say to it. You're the first I've told it to; and let me ask you not to talk about it outside. I don't want to be bothered by papers and interviewers and all the rest of it. I shall report my story to the Colonial Secretary for what it's worth, and then I've done all I intend to.—I started from Wal-fisch Bay with two wagons, loaded up with trading-gear, just eighteen months ago. I intended to hunt a bit, and I had five good ponies with me. I had also in my outfit three very good native 'boys'—one, especially, 'April,' a most useful chap; he was a 'Mangwato,' a capital fellow at languages, and understood Zulu and Dutch, and one or two Zambesi dialects. He was a good driver, cook, and hunter—one of the best all-round natives I ever came across.

Well, I trekked through Damaraland, and Ovampoland up to the Cunene River. I hadn't much trouble with the Ovampo, as I knew their chiefs and headmen. But they're a rum lot, and you've got to watch it in their country. I did pretty well, and sent down a decent troop of cattle taken in barter to a place I've got in Damaraland.

After several months, I left the Cunene, and worked up for a new bit of country hitherto unexplored. I crossed the Okavango somewhere up towards its sources, and then found myself in the wild country of the Mukassakwere Bushmen. Here there was plenty of game, and I had some grand sport. The Bushmen were mad for meat and tobacco, and were only too eager—once they had found out my killing powers—to show me sport. I had a glorious time among elephant, rhinoceros, 'camel' [giraffe], and all the big antelopes. Elands were running in big troops, almost as tame as Alderney cows, and we lived like fighting cocks. I got a fine lot of ivory in this country; and then, taking some of the best of the Bushmen with me, pushed still farther north-by-east.

One afternoon, after a long, troublesome trek through some heavy bush-country, in which we had been all hard at work cutting a path for the wagons, we emerged pretty thankfully into clear country again. Before us lay spread a vast open grassy plain, dotted here and there with troops of game. Beyond the plain, some thirty miles distant, there stood in purple splendour against the clear horizon a majestic mountain chain, its peaks just now tinted a tender rose by the setting sun. We all stood for a while gazing, open-mouthed, at the glorious scene before us, and then camped for the night. Round my servants' camp-fire I noticed a good deal of animated conversation going

on. Two Bushmen in particular were full of chatter and gesticulation. Their curious clicking speech came fast and thick, and they pointed often in the direction of the mountains in our front.

After a time I called April to my fireside and interrogated him. He informed me that the Bushmen were speaking of a kraal of natives settled behind the mountain chain; that these natives were governed by a wonderful white-skinned woman; that they were quarrelsome and treacherous; and that we might have trouble with them. Having learned thus much, I tumbled into my wagon, pulled up the sheep-skin kaross, and fell asleep.

Early next morning I was up making ready for a longish ride. I was mighty curious to see this native village that the Bushmen spoke of, and especially the white-skinned chieftainess; at the same time I determined to prepare for any eventuality. I sent the wagons, after breakfast, back upon our spoor again, directing my men to camp in a strong place between some hills, more than a day's journey back. Here there was good water; the camp could be rendered pretty impregnable by the help of a scherm of thorn-bushes; and, with my horses, I and my attendant could easily retreat thither in case of trouble. I now selected my two best ponies, and, taking April with me, and the two Bushmen to act as guides, we set off for the mountain. My man and I were each armed with a good double rifle, and had plenty of ammunition, water-bottles, and some 'bultong' [sun-dried meat], biscuits, coffee, and a kettle; and, as I knew there were no horses among the natives in these regions, I had little fear of escape, if escape became necessary.

We rode all that day across the big plain. It was a perfect treat to see the game on every side of us. There were rhinoceroses, elands, hartebeests, Burchell's zebras, blue wildebeests, and tsesseby. They were excessively tame, and often came close up and stared at us. We fired no shot, however, but rode quietly on, occasionally diverging a little to avoid some sour-looking black rhinoceros, which stood, threatening and suspicious, directly in our path. We camped that night in a little grove of thorn-trees just beneath the mountain.

At earliest dawn of the next day we were up and away. The Bushmen led us to a kloof or gorge in the mountain chain, the only approach to the kraal we sought. We rode for two hours up a slight ascent over a very rough, rocky path; and then, suddenly turning an angle of the mountain-wall, we came in full view of the native town. A broad grassy valley, perhaps seven miles square, lay before us. This plain was dotted with circular native huts, built very much after the Bechuana fashion, and neatly thatched. Herds of cattle, goats, and native sheep were pasturing here and there, or lying beneath the shade of the acacias scattered about the plain. The town stood in an excellent position. The mountain chain upon the one hand, and a broad and deep river, flowing south-east, upon the other, served as sure defences against any sudden attack from without.

Beyond the river, eastward, a vast sweep of

broad plain, ribboned with dark-green belts of bush and forest, stretched in interminable expanse to the hot horizon.

Descending to the valley, we were not long in reaching a collection of huts, where we were pulled up short by a score of gesticulating natives, armed with huge bows and arrows, and spears. We had some trouble with these people; but after various messages and a halt of an hour or so, we were told to follow two headmen to the Queen's residence.

Mounting our horses—a proceeding which roused the most lively interest among the crowd, which by this time had gathered round us—April and I followed our guides, the Bushmen walking alongside. Passing numerous groups of well-built, well-tended huts, we were at last brought to the Queen's kotla, a large circular enclosure, fenced by a tall stockade, in which was set the hut of the great lady I sought. A messenger soon brought permission, and we rode into the enclosure.

In a couple of rapid glances I took in the whole scene. In front of a large, roomy, carefully thatched, circular hut were gathered some thirty headmen of various ages, all standing, and all armed with long spears, battle-axes, or bows and arrows. In the centre of this knot of dark Africans sat the chieftainess, a very fair-skinned woman, undoubtedly. Behind her stood two black female attendants, furnished with long fly whisks, with which they occasionally guarded their mistress from the annoyances of insects. I rode up boldly to within ten yards of this group, and dismounted, as did my man April. Handing my horse to April, I took off my broad-brimmed hat, made my politest bow to the Queen's grace, and then, calling Naras the Bushman, motioned him to stand forward and interpret. Naras waited expectantly on the Queen, and, while she addressed him, I had leisure to examine her closely and very curiously. Mapana—that was her name—for a woman of native blood, was astonishingly fair. I can best liken her colouring to that of a fair octoroon. Her beauty amazed me. I have been in the West Indies, where, especially among the French islands, are to be seen some of the most beautiful coloured women in the world. Mapana's beauty and grace reminded me in the strongest manner of some of these French octoroons. Her hair was soft and wavy—not harsh, like a pure African's—and curled naturally upon her well-shaped head. Her features were good and regular; her mouth bewitching; her dark eyes tender, kindly, and marvellously beautiful. There was an air of refinement and grace about her, which strangely puzzled me. She wore a necklet of bright gold coins about her neck, and thick ivory bangles upon her shapely arms. A little cloak of antelope skin just covered her shoulders, but concealed not at all her perfect shape and bust. A short kilt or petticoat of dressed antelope skin, and neat sandals of giraffe hide, completed her costume. It is hard to judge the age of Africans. I guessed Mapana's years at one or two and twenty. She sat there in an attitude of easy natural grace, her pretty hands just covering a sword, apparently of European make, which lay across her lap. I think I never set

eyes on a more perfectly captivating creature. I am not as a rule at all impressionable, but, as Mapana spoke, my downfall was complete—I fell in love with her at once.

## TREASURE ISLANDS IN THE POLAR SEA.

PARAGRAPHS appear in the newspapers from time to time, and down to the present year of grace 1894, about a wealth of mammoth-ivory on the desert coasts and islands of Northern Siberia; but many people seem to regard such tales as more or less fabulous, and may be glad to have a connected account of what is really known about New Siberia and its mammoth tusks.

On June 13, 1881, the American steamer *Jeanette* was crushed by the ice, and sank in the Arctic Ocean to the north of Siberia. This disaster occurred at a considerable distance to the north-east of the New Siberian Islands, which lie in the Polar Sea, about two hundred miles to the north of the mouth of the Lena. The crew of the *Jeannette*, under Captain De Long, escaped in boats, and attempted to reach the Siberian coast; but before they reached the mainland, a gale divided them into two companies. One party reached the Russian settlements; but the other, under Captain De Long, wandered amidst the icy wastes in the delta of the Lena, and ultimately in this dreary wilderness all perished except two seamen. Their sorrowing companions afterwards found their bodies, and reverently buried them.

This melancholy disaster drew attention to the New Siberian Islands, and interest in them has been further excited by the projects of Dr Nansen. This gallant explorer intended to put his vessel, the *Fram*, into winter quarters amidst the New Siberian Islands, and there to pass the coming winter, previous to commencing his great drift towards the North Pole. Altering his plans, he determined to winter in the delta of the Lena. If he passes through the New Siberian Islands, he may be expected to bring back valuable scientific information concerning them.

But it is not the connection of the New Siberian Islands with the sinking of the *Jeanette*, or with the voyage of Nansen, that gives to them their chief interest, but the fact that they contain, in extraordinary abundance, relics of a world which has long passed away. Here, amidst icy solitudes, and surrounded by a sea covered with floating icebergs, wrapped for months of the year in perfect darkness, illuminated only by the red glare of the Aurora, there has been found a mine of wealth which constitutes these dreary islands perfect treasure-houses in the frozen ocean. Few stretches of the Polar Sea are more dismal and dangerous than that portion of it which lies to the north of Siberia. For eight months in the year it is fast frozen, and its surface then presents great sheets of ice, which are in many places crossed by long icy ridges, or heaped up into towering hummocks of ice. In the summer, when the ice-sheets have melted, the navigation is dangerous in the extreme. Fleets of monstrous icebergs, of the



most fantastic forms, float through the water, and often when gales arise, these great icy masses are hurled against each other with terrific force and thundering roar. Along the low shore icebergs lie stranded in vast numbers; and the coasts of the islands are surrounded by sheets of ice, which extend far out into the sea, and make landing very difficult. During the brief summer, snow-storms are of constant occurrence; and the icy winds are of such keenness that it is difficult to face them, and the birds often fall on the ground dead through the cold. To the north-east of the New Siberian Islands vast masses of packed ice occur, which are never melted, and it was amidst these fields of everlasting ice that the *Jeannette* was destroyed.

The honour of discovering and of surveying this icy sea belongs to the Russians, for, until Nordenskiöld's voyage, other European nations sailed no farther than the Kara Sea, where they were stopped, either by the cold or by the immense masses of floating ice. The Russians, however, accustomed to endure the severest cold, voyaged along the whole northern coast of Siberia, and descended the Obi and Lena in vessels constructed at Tobolsk and Irkutsk; and from the mouths of these great rivers they explored the coasts in all directions. The hardships encountered by the Russians in these voyages were very great; often whole parties died from hunger and cold, and their little vessels were frequently wrecked amidst the icy solitudes. The earliest voyages undertaken were made by traders for the discovery of valuable furs; and on land as well as on sea the fur-hunters carried on extensive explorations all through the seventeenth century. About the year 1734, however, more scientific expeditions were undertaken, and the reign of the Empress Anna marked the commencement of a new era in Siberian discovery. Larger vessels were built, the coasts were carefully surveyed, and scientific examinations were carried on throughout the whole extent of the voyages.

For a long time before this, the Russians had known of the vast amount of bones of the fossil elephant—the Mammoth—which abounded all over Northern Siberia, and an extensive trade in fossil ivory had been carried on for a considerable period. But up to this time no authentic account of the discovery of these great fur-clad elephants' bodies had been received. Some declared that the mighty mammoth lived underground in vast caverns, and that it came forth only at night; others affirmed that it wandered along the shores of the icy sea and fed on the dead bodies; and others, again, said that it was to be seen on the banks of lonely lakes in the uncertain light of early dawn, but that as soon as it was discerned, it plunged into the water and disappeared.

While voyaging along the shores of Siberia, the Russians from time to time caught glimpses of islands in the sea far to the north; but none landed on them or laid them down on the map with accuracy. In 1760 a Yakut named Eterikan saw a large island to the north-east of the mouth of the Lena, and his account raised the interest of the fur-hunters. Amongst these zealous traders, none was more active and more successful than an adventurer Liakoff or

Liachov, who for a long time had been collecting mammoths' bones and tusks on the barren plains of Northern Siberia. In 1750 Liakoff had gathered great quantities of this fossil ivory from the dreary wastes between the rivers Chotanga and Anadyr; and during his wanderings he had heard vague rumours of islands in the Arctic Ocean. In the spring of 1770 he was at Svaiatoi Noss—or the Holy Cape—a bold promontory running out into the Polar Sea, about two hundred miles east of the mouth of the Lena. This headland had long been the terror of the Russian navigators, and they had declared that it was impossible to sail round it, owing to the enormous masses of ice which were piled up against its cliffs, and to the sheets and hummocks of ice which stretched out from its extremity for a long distance into the sea. But in 1739, Demetrius Lapteff doubled the dreaded headland, and sailed safely to the east along the icy shore as far as the mouth of the Kolyma.

When Liakoff was at the Holy Cape, the ocean was fast frozen, and presented a dreary prospect of ice, ridged here and there by gigantic icy furrows and hummocks. As he looked over the vast frozen expanse, he saw a long line of black objects approaching over the ice from the north, and perceiving that they were reindeer, he concluded that they were returning to Siberia from some unknown land to the north. He at once started in a sledge drawn by dogs over the ice; and after he had followed the tracks of the reindeer for sixty miles, he came to an island, where he passed the night. Next day, he followed the tracks to the north, and discovered another island smaller than the first. The reindeer track still continued to the north; but immense hummocks of ice rendered the further progress of the bold explorer impossible. Liakoff obtained from the Russian Government permission to call the islands by his name, and—what was far more important—he obtained the sole right to collect mammoths' bones and the skins of stone-foxes in the newly discovered islands.

Three years afterwards he revisited the islands, accompanied by a friend named Protodiakonoff, and as it was now summer, they made the voyage in a five-oared boat. They found the first island to be simply packed full of the bones and tusks of mammoths, and Liakoff's joy at the discovery of this vast store of fossil ivory may be imagined. Then they voyaged to the next island, where they found cliffs of solid ice. Leaving this, they steered boldly to the north, and after a voyage of one hundred miles, they reached a large island (afterwards named Kotelnoi), which was also full of the remains of fossil elephants (mammoth).

For thirty years Liakoff enjoyed the complete monopoly of carrying away these wonderful stores of ivory. His agents and workmen went every year to the islands in sledges and boats, and on the first of the islands he had discovered they built huts and formed a great magazine.

In 1775 the Russian Government, hearing of the riches of the islands, sent Chwoinoff, a surveyor, to examine them. He found that the first of the islands—containing the huts of the ivory diggers—was of considerable size, and contained such amazing quantities of the tusks



and teeth of elephants, that it seemed to be composed of these remains, cemented together with sand and gravel! In the middle of the island was a lake with banks formed of slopes of solid ice, and in the brief summer, these ice-banks split open by the action of the sun; and on looking down into these great cracks, it could be seen that they were full of the tusks of elephants and of the horns of buffaloes!

On Liakoff's death, the Russian Government, in 1805, granted the monopoly of the trade in the ivory islands to Sirovatskoi, a merchant who had settled at Yakutsk, who sent his agent Sannikoff to explore the islands and to try to discover new deposits of fossil ivory. Sannikoff discovered to the east of Kotelnoi another large island, which he called Fadeyeffskoi; and in 1806, Sirovatskoi's son discovered a third large island, still farther to the east, which was afterwards called New Siberia. These newly discovered islands were—like the former—full of fossil ivory; and it was thus proved that there were two groups of ivory islands: the Liakoff Islands, near the shore; and the New Siberian Islands, which lay in the Arctic Ocean, two hundred miles north of Siberia.

In 1809, Count Romanzoff sent M. Hedenström to explore the islands, fitting him out at his own expense. Hedenström reached Liakoff's first island, and was amazed at the prodigious stores of fossil ivory it contained; for although the ivory-hunters had for forty years regularly carried away each year large quantities of ivory from the island, the supply of ivory in it appeared to be not in the least diminished! In about half a mile, Hedenström saw ten tusks of elephants sticking up in the sand and gravel; and a large sandbank on the west coast of the island was always covered with elephants' tusks after a gale, leading him to hope that there was an endless amount of ivory under the sea! Hedenström and Sannikoff went on to Kotelnoi and New Siberia, and they found the hills in the former island absolutely covered with the bones, tusks, and teeth of elephants, rhinoceroses, and buffaloes, which must have lived there in countless numbers, although the island is now an icy wilderness, without the slightest vegetation. They also found that in New Siberia—the most eastern of the islands—the quantity of mammoth ivory was still more abundant, and in 1809 Sannikoff brought away ten thousand pounds of fossil ivory from New Siberia alone!

When we reflect that at present these islands are mere icy wastes, with no vegetation, and with only a few foxes and bears wandering over them, we see at once that a complete change of climate must have taken place since the time when vast herds of elephants and rhinoceroses inhabited them. This conclusion is supported by the fact that in Kotelnoi and New Siberia the remains of extensive forests have been found, in which the trees are standing upright, but are perfectly dead. In other places in the same islands, great heaps of trees, called 'The wood-hills,' are piled up on the desolate hill-sides. The ivory-hunters frequently spent the winter in the islands, and the hardships they then endured were often most extreme. For a long time in the depth of winter they were wrapped in darkness, lighted only

by the red glare of the Aurora, and by the brilliant flashing of its flickering streamers. The silence at that time was profound, for the sea was noiseless, being fast frozen, and the only sound was the moaning of the icy blasts amidst the snow-covered hills. Sometimes the snow did not melt before July, and in many places it lay on the ground all the year; the ground was also permanently frozen only a foot or two below the surface, and beneath, there was often found solid and perpetual ice.

Notwithstanding these difficulties, enormous quantities of ivory were still taken every year from these wonderful islands. In 1822-23 Lieutenant Anjou surveyed the islands, but does not seem to have noticed any remains of mammoths. A most striking story was related by Sannikoff, who declared that when he was in Kotelnoi and Fadeyeffskoi in 1809, he saw from the northern shores of these islands the distant mountains of another island far away to the north. Efforts were made to reach this unknown land by sledging over the ice, but great open stretches of water rendered progress towards the north impossible. When Erman was at Yakutsk in 1829, he was told that the ivory trade from the New Siberian Islands was as lucrative and important as ever, and that the traders journeyed to the islands in sledges over the frozen surface of the ocean. The tusks of the mammoth could be seen in New Siberia sticking up out of the sand, and the ivory-hunters were accustomed to stand on an eminence and examine the wastes of sand and gravel with telescopes, to see where the tusks protruded from the ground, which showed that the skeletons of the great elephants were buried beneath. One ivory-hunter in 1821 brought away twenty thousand pounds of ivory from New Siberia alone; and in 1836 sixty-eight thousand pounds of fossil ivory, which came chiefly from the New Siberian and Liakoff Islands, were sold at Yakutsk. Middendorf, some years later, calculated that every year one hundred and ten thousand pounds of fossil ivory were sold in the markets of Yakutsk, Obdorsk, Turukhansk, and Tobolek; eighty thousand pounds of this amount being sold at Yakutsk alone, the market at this place being supplied chiefly from New Siberia, where the quantity of fossil ivory still seemed to be inexhaustible. Great boats full of ivory were constantly ascending the Lena to Yakutsk, and at length steamers carried the ivory to the market, up the great river.

In 1878 Nordenskiöld in the *Vega* traversed the Arctic Ocean north of Siberia, and was anxious to visit the ivory islands. He was informed of their wonderful wealth, and shortly before had discovered the bones and portions of the hide of a mammoth on the barren tundra of the Yenisei. The *Vega* neared the New Siberian Islands on August 28; but navigation was dangerous, owing to the shallowness of the sea—three to four fathoms only—and the floating icebergs. Liakoff's chief island was reached on August 30; but the enormous masses of ice which surrounded every part of the shore made a landing impossible. Still, although unable to examine the islands, Nordenskiöld obtained proof of their continued richness in

fossil ivory, for the steamer in which he ascended the Yenisei in 1875 carried more than one hundred mammoths' tusks; and he declares that Middendorf's estimate of the amount of fossil ivory sold every year in Northern Siberia is far too low. Nordenfjöld also dredged up, near the Liakoff Islands, portions of mammoths' tusks, confirming the belief that there is still a vast deposit of elephants' remains at the bottom of the sea around these islands.

A few years ago, most valuable scientific researches were carried on in these wonderful islands by Baron von Toll and Professor Bunge. These explorers carried on their investigations in 1886, Dr Bunge visiting the Liakoff group, while Von Toll explored the New Siberian Islands. The latter explorer examined the famous 'wood-hills' in New Siberia, and made a complete circuit of Kotelnoi in forty days, an undertaking which was very difficult, owing to the whole coast of the island being blocked with enormous masses of ice. From the northern point of Kotelnoi, Von Toll was fortunate enough to obtain a view of the unknown land which Sannikoff had seen eighty years ago from Kotelnoi and New Siberia. This island—which is called Sannikoff Land after its discoverer—has never yet been visited by Europeans, and lies—according to Von Toll's estimate—one hundred miles to the north of New Siberia. In Liakoff's Island, Dr Bunge found great quantities of bones of the mammoth, rhinoceros, musk-ox, and wild oxen, and this accumulation of the bones of so many animals proves how temperate the climate must have been formerly.

In 1889 news was received at St Petersburg that the body of a mammoth had been found in Northern Siberia, and Baron von Toll was once more sent into this desolate region to verify the discovery. He did not reach the spot, however—which was near the Svaiatoi Noss—until 1893, and was then too late to find anything but fragments of the skeleton and portions of the skin, which were covered with hair. From the Holy Cape, Von Toll went to one of the Liakoff Islands called Maloi, and found here complete fossil trees, fifteen feet in length. Elephants' bones abounded, showing that great trees grew at the time when mammoths and rhinoceroses wandered over these islands; and beneath were cliffs of solid ice. These ice-cliffs are common in the New Siberian Islands, and occur in many parts of the coast of Siberia; they are also found in Kotzebue Sound in North-western Alaska, and on them rests a layer of earth full of the bones of elephants and musk-oxen.

We are led to ask the question, Will Sannikoff Land, when explored, be found to be as full of fossil ivory as the New Siberian Islands? The answer will depend upon the depth of the sea to the north of New Siberia. All round the ivory islands, the sea is very shallow, averaging only from five to fifteen fathoms in depth; and if this shallowness should continue as far north as Sannikoff Land, then we may confidently expect that this hitherto untroubled island will be found to be rich in the tusks and teeth of elephants. But if the sea steadily

deepens to the north of New Siberia, so that the waters rapidly become of a great depth, there will be little chance of finding mammoths' remains in Sannikoff Land, because it will then be proved that the New Siberian Islands form what was the extreme northern point of Siberia in the days when the mammoth lived, and great forests grew where now the Polar Ocean rolls its icy waves.

What a marvellous contrast to present conditions does the imagination picture up in Northern Siberia, when the huge hairy mammoth, the woolly rhinoceros, and the musk-ox wandered over its plains, and browsed along by the banks of its majestic rivers! The climate was then comparatively genial, and its rolling uplands and wide-stretching plains were covered with dense forests and carpeted with verdant grass. The land stretched two hundred miles farther to the north than it does now, and the New Siberian Islands formed high mountains, looking over the Northern Ocean. On this long-vanished land vast herds of elephants, rhinoceroses, buffaloes, and wild horses lived peacefully and securely, for food was plentiful and carnivorous animals were few. What great convulsion of nature destroyed these myriads of gigantic beasts, and piled their bones in vast masses upon the islands of the Polar Sea? What cataclysm sank the verdant plains beneath the waves, and changed Northern Siberia into a waste and empty wilderness? And what catastrophe occurred on the land and in the sea which altered the climate of Northern Siberia from one of a genial, or at least temperate, character to one of awful cold and of Arctic severity?

We cannot fully answer these questions. It seems probable, however, that great floods of rushing water must have poured over these lands, and great invasions of the waters of the ocean must have inundated them. In these tremendous deluges, the elephants, rhinoceroses, and buffaloes were destroyed, and their carcasses were piled up in heaps in the places where they had congregated to take refuge from the rising waters. When these deluges subsided and the waters retired, the lands were covered with the remains of the drowned animals, and in some as yet unexplained manner the climate changed, and Northern Siberia, which was formerly a beautiful and verdant region, became an icy wilderness and a land of Death.

#### A PASSAGE IN A TRAMP.

By C. J. CUTCLIFFE HYNE.

'If you go from Mobile to New York City this weather to get the Queenstown boat from there, you'll be fried alive in the cars. You'd much better go home by long sea.'

'What! Train from here to New Orleans, and take the West Indian Pacific boat from there?'

'If you can afford to wait. But I warn you there are four of their steamers tied up alongside the levee this minute, and not one has a bale of cargo in her. Cotton in Louisiana is as dead as mud just now. And it may be a

fortnight before the first of them makes her clearance.'

'Too long a time for me: I must be home.'

'Then why not sail right from here? The *Tonga* goes to-morrow, and you can get passage on her, I've no doubt. Save a few dollars on it too. They won't starve you, either. She's a tramp, of course, but I guess you've been on worse.'

'I guess so,' said I; and in five minutes had been introduced to the *Tonga's* captain, and made the necessary financial arrangements with him. Afterwards we walked together and hunted up the British Consul, and went through the pleasing fiction of signing on the ship's register. Age had to be given, birthplace, and other matters, together with rating on last vessel, which happened to be that of Master. And then at the end of the line the Consul most kindly wrote my name, and I added X, my mark. My position was that of Purser, and there was also a statement to the effect that my remuneration for the run home was one shilling, coin of the British currency. It was all a pleasing fiction, which deceived no one, but it had to be gone through, because the *Tonga*, naturally holding no passenger certificate, rendered herself liable to heavy Board of Trade mulctings if she carried any one above and beyond her official crew. And in due time we dropped down the river under a pilot's care, and began steaming along the piles which mark the ship-channel through Mobile Bay.

The bay is more properly a lagoon, a great sea-lake shut in by woods of pine and cypress, and linking itself to the blue waters of the Mexican Gulf merely by a narrow pass. It is a good deal altered since Farragut gained his victory over the Confederate fleet there, for Fort Morgan is now merely a quarantine station, and the modern dredged channel did not then exist. But it is capable of further improvement. There is nominally twenty-eight feet of water in the man-made fairway beside the piles, and trusting to this, we steamed confidently down at ten knots, and got comfortably aground a mile from the lip of the deeper water.

There was no use in saying anything, though things were said. The skipper in particular was extremely moderate. He pitched his cigar high over the smoke stacks and said: 'My faith, you are a holy pilot,' and rang on the engines to full astern. But we had taken the ground on a falling tide, and the screw merely churned up yellow mud and sulphur-tainted effluvium; and after half-an-hour he gave it up, and came for rye-whisky and a palm-leaf fan in the chart-room. The pilot was left to his conscience, if he had one, and allowed to roam where he pleased in Coventry.

'He expected me to reel out ten minutes of curse, did that blessed pilot,' said the captain; 'and because I didn't, he feels lonely and

uncomfortable. The ignorant, cocksure, yellow-booted tailor! It costs somebody forty pounds for every day this steamboat's kept waiting.'

We did not stay long in the chart-room then, because the captain's steward came in to take up the carpet, which had been adorning the floor during the stay at Mobile. We went out into the burning sunshine of the bridge deck, and threw bottles overboard, and potted at them with the captain's revolver as they bobbed past with the current. This was a manœuvre executed not only for the fun of the thing, but also as a mild advertisement. It showed all who cared to see, that the captain was a perilously clean shot up to five-and-twenty yards. The crew had shown themselves to be a remarkably truculent lot on the trip out, and the hint might not be thrown away upon them. Afterwards, we descended to the main cabin, and ate pork and beans in our shirt sleeves.

As it turned out, the stranding was not without its uses to us. Three of the stoke-hole crew had bolted in Mobile, and we had not been able to fill their places. The native-born American is not sweet on the occupation of shovelling coals at four pounds a month, so long as the free-lunch counters of his great Republic will provide him gratis with at least one excellent meal per diem. But an incoming steamer hailed us as she swung past in the fairway, saying that she had stowaways on board, and asking if we would rid her of them. We consented with grace and delight, and she dropped an anchor and sent away a boat.

Her skipper—who knew ours—escorted the victims across the gap of yellow turbid water himself, and introduced them with austere sarcasm. They were two miserable-looking specimens: one a lad of seventeen in breeches and shirt, and no buttons on either; the other an unmistakable Tommy Atkins, with terror in his eye, and coal-grime on every other particle of his person. Recent history had been thorny for them. They had been routed out of corners when the steamer was well at sea, been forced to eat the buffets and contempt of an unimaginative second-mate, and then driven down with angular words into the region of coal and flame. Down in that abode of the condemned there was no chance for malingering, no break-off to indulge in *mal de mer*. Firemen and trimmers do not follow the profession of shovelling coals because they like it, but because circumstances (and usually the police) have jostled them into it with a force that cannot be fought against. They are the acknowledged pariahs of all the seas, driven by iron-fisted engineers from the North Country, and possessing—through this stress of circumstances—the tender mercies of a monkey-wrench. Consequently, the stowaway who comes down to recruit their forces, is a blessing sent from above; and if they take care to work him to the breaking strain, they are only acting according to their limited human instincts. That the poor wretch is working his passage without prospect of a copper in pay, is a detail which concerns them not. He belongs to no union; he is a man unclassified; a fellow of no account;

and his financial affairs appertain to himself alone. Man must look after himself, especially if he be of the stoking or trimming variety.

These two poor rogues who were transhipped to the *Tonga* had not only worked for a mere victual recompense in the voyage out from Liverpool, but they had an excellent prospect of returning to the place whence they came on precisely similar terms. Their skipper dared not land them even if he had so wished. They had not passed the Health officer in the home port, and, by consequence, America judged them both poor and unclean, and would have none of them at any price whatever. Our chief, who was sent for by the skipper, looked upon them and grinned a sour and dubious smile. Then, by the divination of a penny, he apportioned them into watches, and recommended them to find their way below without delay. The Tommy seemed inclined to argue matters on the principle that he did not care to work as a slave's slave for nothing a day; but the chief's boot shot out like a catapult, and Mr Atkins went swiftly down the alleyway without further heckling.

The other vessel got her anchor and steamed away to where the piles became as black pin-dots on the glittering surface of the water; and then night came down like the turning out of a lamp. The stars were few, and struggled mistily out of a purple haze, but the noiseless summer lightning burned on all sides like little pinches of gunpowder.

The air was sodden with heat, and the night closed down on one in labouring pants. Below, it was unendurable. One lay in pyjamas on the bare planking of the bridge deck with shut eyes, and longed desperately for sleep. But the perspiration rolled down every limb in tickling rivulets, and the mosquitoes bit like dogs; and though one ached with weariness, oblivion would not come. The rustle of others in the pain of sleeplessness sounded on every side, and from time to time some poor wretch, goaded past endurance, would rise to his feet with a jerk, and, with head thrown back, would pitch hard oaths at the night which was so cruelly tormenting him.

Years passed before the day came. But when the tide reached the top of its flood, the dawn showed in a spirt of pink above the line of tree-tops which walled out the east, and as the sulphur-coloured disc of the sun leaped up in a hurry of waking, our steamer slid off her bed into the deep water of the channel.

We passed out between Dauphin Island and the quarantine station at Fort Morgan; and when the *Tonga* lifted to the first blue swells of the Mexican Gulf, that erring pilot left us with a wave of the hand, and pulled off to his schooner, we on our part wishing much to see his face no more. In two hours the low sand-dunes of Alabama were dropped below the curve of the sea, and only a broken palisade of tree-trunks ran across the glistening water, to tell that somewhere was a coast-line.

The *Tonga* had rounded the Dry Tortugas by nightfall, and, with the light of the next day, was standing north up Florida Channel in the three-knot sluice of the Gulf Stream. Flying-fish got out of the water, and ran like silver

rats along the surface. Yellow tangles of weed eddied past, and jumped and broke in the cream of the wake. On the starboard hand, not twenty miles away, were the unseen reefs of the Bahamas. To port, a screw-pile light-house straddled over the water, to tell that Florida was only a fathom deep under foot, but a dozen miles west before one could walk upon it dry-shod.

From the steamer's iron foredeck the men who were rated as O.S. and A.B. were wheeling away in barrows the coals which were stacked there, and tipping them into the bunkers. On the upper bridge the mate was going over the iron railings with a white paint-brush; and the third-mate—who was standing the watch in carpet slippers and a pith helmet—was giving a lick of oak varnish to the woodwork. The boatswain and a quarter-master were unbending the bridge deck awning; and the skipper was reading *Shirley* in a cane-chair under the lee of the fiddle, and grumbling because there was little tale and much padding. The full swing of the tramp's sea-routine was well on the move. The last mosquito from the engine-room was dead.

We were cut down to twenty-seven tons of coal a day, and the pace was not as a rule delirious. When the wind and the Gulf Stream both gave us a pluck, and the noon report said thirteen knots for the previous twenty-four hours, the skipper gave me rye whisky at eight bells, and we toasted his 'old woman' (who kept a lodging-house at Llandudno). It is true this knottage only happened twice; but the morning observation was not missed if we had barely reeled in a wretched ten, only the sentiment was changed to 'Well, let's hope it's better to-morrow.'

It was always well to be cheerful about the run, because there were so many other things to distress one. The skipper's ear is the common dump for all the graver complaints of ship-board. Once, two of the deck-hands brought him up a mess-kid full of meat which stank. He admitted the odour: he could not well do otherwise; but he told them he couldn't alter it. They could either eat or go without. They were accustomed to a precious sight worse ashore. Very often in their own domestic kennels they were without a bone of any sort or description. 'I never did see such fellers as you,' said the skipper; 'always grumbling; never contented. If I gave you baked angel to your dinner, you'd have a complaint 'cause the stuffin' wasn't right. Always grumbling.'

Another time it was the donkeyman bewailing 'pains in his inside.' 'Well, if you've got pains, you shouldn't have,' quoth the skipper. 'I've physicked you four days handrunning now, out of different bottles each time, and if there's any merit in drugs, the pains should have gone. Get to your work.—This comes,' he commented afterwards, 'of my being good-natured. If I'd knocked off his dose the first day, there'd have been no more of it. But an old sailor nowadays'll lap up medicine like he would liquor.'

The skipper was Welsh, with a profound distrust for all other nationalities. The mate and the third-mate were undoubtedly Welsh,

also; and the second-mate said he was Welsh, and might have been. The engineers were Scots to a man, and told one so in confidence, as though it were a matter of news. The firemen and trimmers were made up of English and Irish sweepings exclusively. The deck hands spoke all the tongues of Pentecost which had found lodgment in Europe. They had a great notion of their rights, all of them, and it took a man with a large hand to rule all so that the routine went on without break, and yet keep himself to windward of the law when he got back to shore. Still the *Tonga's* skipper did that, and did it well. He was a man who stood four feet five in his carpet slippers, and was quite willing to tackle anything that wore whiskers. He had a most gristly reputation at the back of him, and traded on it to the maintenance of entire peace.

Going eastward home from the Banks of Newfoundland, we picked up heavy gales from the northward and north-west, which made the steamer labour heavily. The iron lower decks were incessantly full of churning green and white water, and often she took it clear over the canvas dodgers of the upper bridge. There were molasses casks in the forehold, and these got bilged, and their contents had to be pumped overboard. When her rust-streaked flank heaved up to a sea, one could see the sweet stuff pouring out in a solid chocolate-coloured stream.

In the middle of this hurly-burly the engines chose to break down. When the jar came, the skipper and I were sitting wedged into angles of the chart-room. I looked up inquiringly. He yawned, and asked if I had any cigarette papers. We lay there in the trough for four mortal hours, rolling through forty-two degrees; and as he did not see fit to discuss the subject, neither did I. We smoked on, and the pile of cigarette ends grew in the wash-basin. Then the engines rumbled on again, and the *Tonga's* head bucked into the seas, and her screw raced cheerily between whiles. We had contracted a five-foot list to starboard through the shifting of various items in the cargo, and we carried that list with us into the dock at Liverpool.

'H'm,' commented the skipper. 'Water on the boil again, and off we go. We're loaded high—and—a forty-five degree roll means "over." But there was no use my stirring out of here. She won't bring up head to sea with a mizzen trysail, because I've seen her fail at that before. I couldn't have done any mortal good down in the engineer's shop; and if I'd gone out on deck and messed about, the hands would have thought there was danger, and got excited. A captain's everybody on an old wind-jammer; on a steamboat he isn't; and because I knew that, I stayed in here.'

The man who bemoaned the gale principally was the mate. The paint of the ship was his special care, and the scouring seas had cleaned away the entire coat which he had given everything since the coals had been cleared from the lower decks. But the mate was a Welshman of energy. He got out his cans afresh; and because there were not brushes enough to go round, he dealt out wads of waste to some; and ten of us worked at the bulwarks

and the derricks and the winches till they were all reclad in seemly drab and green.

We were still painting when we made our number off Bray Head; but we finished off the Tuskar; and when the Mersey pilot came on board at Point Lynas, all was dry and spruce. Other preparations had been made also. The captain's steward had put down the carpet in the chart-room. The captain himself had taken his false teeth from the drawer where they usually travelled, and stepped them in place. And another official on the ship's register bent a tall, stiff white collar, the first for many unbuttoned weeks.

It was cold and foggy in the estuary, and we had to slow down after we passed the North-west Ship, and one was reminded of another fog we had met off Cape Hatteras. There, too, the engines were rung off to 'Half ahead,' so that the skipper might save his ticket if anything happened. But word had been sent down to the engine-room, and the throttle-valve was not touched. That was one of the two days we made a consecutive thirteen knots.

## THE TARANTULA-KILLER.

THE Tarantula is a large burrowing spider which dwells in a shaft-like hole it sinks in the earth. Its appearance is most repulsive, and inspires any one who examines it with a feeling of profound disgust. As it stands, it frequently covers an area as large as the palm of a man's hand; and over its body and legs there bristles a thick covering of red-brown hair. It may be said that its home is in many lands; but its greatest size is attained in tropical and semi-tropical countries. In the south of Europe, along the Mediterranean coast, it has been known for centuries as the 'Mad Spider,' because the symptoms following its bite are similar to those of hydrophobia. There the peasantry, especially those of Sicily, regard it with mingled feelings of hate and superstitious dread. They will tell you that the only chance of recovery from its bite is for the patient to commence dancing without delay, and to continue until he falls senseless from exhaustion—a remedy which, ridiculous as it seems, has something to be said in its favour, when we know that the one danger to be overcome is the tendency to sleep. As long as this can be successfully avoided, the patient is in no danger; but if he gives way, and allows himself to fall into a stupor, then he is likely to succumb, even from the comparatively mild poison of the European variety.

It is in the tropical countries of South America, however, where all forms of insect and vegetable life attain their highest development, that this great spider is most deadly. And farther north, in the provinces of Mexico, where it is quite as numerous, its poison is only a slight degree less dangerous. There we have met it everywhere, and studied its habits. In the orange orchards, the vineyards, and the open prairies, we have watched it attack enemies

many times its own size, and marvelled at the ease with which it overcame them. Even its own kind are not exempt from its fierce onslaught, and we remember once seeing a pair of them meet on the upturned root of a fig-tree and fight a duel to the death—the death of both. Of man it seems to have no fear whatever, and will attack without hesitation either his hand or foot, if they come within striking distance. In doing so, it stands upon its four hind-legs. It opens wide its enormous fangs until the mandibles protrude in a straight line from its face, then, with all the muscular force it is capable of, launches itself forward, sinking them, with a vicious thrust, deep into the flesh of its enemy.

Though it burrows a passage in the ground like the trap-door spider, this is its only point of similarity to that industrious tribe. It does not line the walls of its domicile with silk, as they do, at least not to the same extent; nor does it construct the same ingenious device with which they close the entrance to their underground dwellings and bar the way to any possible intruders. Perhaps it is because it feels secure in its own might, that it disdains any such artifice. At all events, there is a marked contrast between the tarantula and trap-door spider in this respect, that while the latter, on the approach of an unknown danger, quickly retires to its domicile, closing the door behind it, the tarantula no sooner hears an unusual noise than he boldly sallies forth to investigate the cause.

Yet, notwithstanding all its great courage and pugnacity, there is one enemy the sound of whose coming throws it into paroxysms of fear. This enemy, of which it has such an instinctive dread, is a large wasp, known as the 'Tarantula-killer.' It has a bright blue body, nearly two inches long, and wings of a golden hue. As it flies here and there in the sunlight, glittering like a flash of fire, one moment resting on a leaf, the next on a granite boulder, it keeps up an incessant buzzing, which is caused by the vibration of its wings. No sooner does the tarantula hear this than he trembles with fear, for well he knows the fate in store for him when once his mortal foe perceives his whereabouts. This it soon does, and hastens to the attack. At first, it is content with flying in circles over its intended victim. Gradually it approaches nearer and nearer. At last, when it is within a few inches, the tarantula rises upon his hind-legs and attempts to grapple with his foe, but without success. Like a flash, the giant wasp is on its back. The deadly fangs have been avoided. The next instant a fearful sting penetrates deep into the spider's body. Its struggles almost cease. A sudden paralysis creeps over it, and it staggers, helpless like a drunken man, first to one side, then to the other. These symptoms, however, are only of short duration. While they last, the wasp, but a few inches away, awaits the result; nor does it have to wait long. A few seconds, and all sign of life has disappeared from the tarantula; the once powerful legs curl up beneath its body, and it rolls over dead.

Then takes place one of those strange incidents which illustrate the perfect adaptation

to circumstances, everywhere so remarkable in the economy of the insect world. The wasp seizes hold of the now prostrate spider, and with little apparent effort, drags it to a hole in the ground. Therein it completely buries it with earth, after having first deposited in its back an egg, which in course of time changes into a grub, and lives upon the carcass in which it was born. This grub in a short while becomes another tarantula wasp, thus adding one more to the ranks of the enemy of the spider race.

The amount of slaughter which these large wasps inflict upon the tarantulas is almost incredible, and it is noticed that those to which the greatest destruction is due are the females. It can only be realised when it is known that though the female deposits but one egg in each spider, she has a large number to get rid of, each one of which she provides with a home, and its grub with future sustenance at the expense of the life of a spider.

From the powerful character of the tarantula wasp's sting, it may be inferred that they are dangerous to human beings. But this is not so. It never annoys them unless teased. Without a doubt, it is man's friend, not his enemy, and much would dwellers in Mexico regret its absence were it destroyed. Though much is known of and has been written about the dreaded tarantula itself, but little is ever heard of the tarantula wasp. Perhaps this is not to be wondered at, when we notice on all sides how frequently an injury or damage is remembered, but how easily forgotten is a service or kindness, whether they be due to our little friends of the insect world, or to those we have in the greater world around us.

#### THE UNSEEN.

When eyes are bright with hope, the skies are blue,  
The seas are mother-o'-pearl, the world is fair;  
Sunshine falls sweet on drops of diamond dew,  
And fairies dwell in flower-bells everywhere.

When eyes are dim with tears, the skies are gray,  
The seas are foaming floods, the world is cold;  
Sad mists creep down and shadow all the way,  
And every face we meet seems strangely old.

But when the eyes are closed to outward sights  
In Sleep's dear Dreamland, glories meet their gaze;  
Visions of hope-filled noons and love-filled nights,  
Of light aye radiant, made of rainbow-rays.

Then, when they look within, the realms of Thought  
Lie all outspread—what has been, what shall be;  
Mountain and plain into right focus brought.  
'The Unseen,' say you? Nay! what we best see!

The inward sight is true, and clear, and strong;  
Age dims it not; no blindness comes with tears;  
For Time is short, Eternity is long,  
And souls are made for aeons, not for years.

MARION.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,  
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 576.—VOL. XII.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1895.

PRICE 1½d.

## SOME MEMORIES OF BOOKS, AUTHORS, AND EVENTS.

FIFTY years ago, Edinburgh was still at the height of its literary fame, although some of its brightest stars had passed away. Scott, Hogg, and Galt were dead; but De Quincey, Professor Wilson, Lord Jeffrey, and a host of others, still shed their light on the literary world. The *Edinburgh Review*, *Tait's* and *Blackwood's Magazines* were then at the zenith of their reputation, and were contributed to by the greatest literary geniuses of the age. In *Some Memories of Books, Authors, and Events*, by James Bertram, author of the well-known *Harvest of the Sea*, we have many reminiscences of this golden age. Mr Bertram's youth was cast in these good old times; and owing to his connection with *Tait's Magazine*, in his position of Manager to Mr Tait, he came in personal contact with many of the 'lions' of the day. *Tait's* then numbered among its contributors Thomas De Quincey, Joseph Hume, Richard Cobden, John Hill Burton, Mrs Howitt, Miss Mitford, and a great many others of equal celebrity. Of all these, the author's reminiscences of De Quincey are by far the most interesting. This is owing, no doubt, to his having had frequent personal intercourse with the Opium-eater, and to his having afterwards been on some footing of intimacy with him. De Quincey was then resident in Edinburgh, and a very frequent contributor to *Tait's*, although some of his contributions were never published. This was owing to the editor's (Mrs Johnstone's) opinion that it was unadvisable to insert an article from him in every number of the Magazine, as tending to make his communications commonplace. As these were never returned, there is some probability of their being still in existence.

De Quincey had odd ways sometimes of sending in his copy. One afternoon a policeman walked into Tait's establishment with a packet of copy.

'Who gave you this?' asked Mr Tait.

'It was my neighbour, sir, at the North Bridge.'

'Who gave it to him?'

'It was his neighbour, sir.'

'And where did he get it?'

'Oh, he got it from the little man that makes the fine speeches, and lives down yonder, sir,' was the reply.

On another occasion, De Quincey walked into a public-house close to the shop and begged the landlord to take charge of some loose sheets of copy and give them to Mr Tait the next day. 'I ask this favour of you,' said De Quincey, 'as that gentleman's place of business is closed. I had hoped to be here two hours ago, but have been unexpectedly detained by holding a prolonged conversation with a talkative friend.'

Another story is told by a young actor employed at one of the Edinburgh theatres. He was in the Queen's Park one day practising a back-fall which he had to do on the stage, when he was accosted by a little gentleman with a divine face. 'I think you will do it very effectually,' he said; 'but you must guard your head properly, otherwise you might give it a bad knock on the boards; the stage, I venture to hope you are aware, is so different from this soft substance.' The actor was struck with the politeness of the little man, and more so when he received an invitation to accompany him to his lodgings and have some refreshment. As they were entering, the servant addressed the gentleman as Mr De Quincey; and the actor, who knew him by reputation, felt proud of his attentions. De Quincey produced a bottle of brandy, and, with many profuse apologies for the absence of a glass, half filled a teacup, filling it up with water, and proffered it to his guest. Then came the grand object of all this. De Quincey asked him if, on his way to the theatre, 'he would do him the great favour to carry up to town a small packet of much value, and have it sent to Mr



Tait's place of business by a porter from the Register House. "Circumstances over which I have no control," added the Opium-eater, "and into which I need not enter—nor do I consider they would be of interest to you—preclude my going up to town for a few days."

The packet was duly taken and delivered. The 'circumstances over which he had no control' were the curtailment of his personal liberty. Poor De Quincey was then living at Holyrood 'in sanctuary,' that refuge of persecuted debtors, and his perambulations were perforce mainly confined to the Queen's Park.

De Quincey had a great partiality for tripe, and there were a few select taverns, notably the 'Guildford Arms' in West Register Street, which he was in the habit of frequenting for the purpose of indulging in this simple luxury. If at any time he happened to be 'lost,' he was pretty sure to be found at one of them. But this partiality was bred largely of necessity, for, as he said once to Mr Tait's housekeeper, 'the state of my stomach, which I may tell you is a perpetual source of woe to me, will prevent my eating flesh meats of the kind you mention [blackfaced mutton and moorfowl]. If, therefore, you could procure a portion of tripe, and stew it for me, as also a pudding of the batter or custard kind, I should indeed be grateful to you.'

In money matters he was very careless, and, perhaps in consequence, never carried much money in his pocket at a time. On one occasion he returned a cheque to Mr Tait, telling him that two pounds were all that he required at that time. This 'shortness' placed him in an amusing predicament once. One morning, as Mr Tait's shop was being opened, De Quincey drove up in a cab, and thus addressed one of the apprentices: 'I am Mr De Quincey, and I presume that you are one of the young gentlemen who assist Mr Tait in conducting his business. I am at the moment much embarrassed for want of a sum of money; the difficulty will not, however, I can assure you, be permanent; but it is in the meantime most urgent.'

The apprentice anxiously asked how much he required, thinking perhaps a five-pound note. However, it happened to be only sixpence, which he wanted to make up his cab fare, being so much short. The sixpence was joyfully tendered; and after thanking his benefactor most effusively for his great politeness, he drove off.

Fifty years ago, Sir Walter Scott still lived in the memory of his personal friends, and fresh anecdotes were constantly being told of him by those who had known him well. Not so well known, however, is one trait of his character: no man was more careful than he of his personal dignity. That he was 'hail, fellow, well met' with the players in the stage adaptations of his works is apocryphal. On one occasion a well-known Scottish actor, of whom Sir Walter had taken friendly notice, asked him for a few letters of introduction on the occasion of his going to London. Sir Walter declined to give them, only softening the refusal by saying, 'I have written to my friends about you.' At a dinner party where the great man was a guest,

a young gentleman called out: 'Pleasure of wine with you, Scott!' Sir Walter looked fixedly at him, but took no further notice. Unless Sir Walter condescended to be familiar first, it was not safe to be familiar with him.

A book that made a great sensation half a century ago was the *Vestiges of Creation*. The mystery at first attached to the authorship of this book gave rise to many curious and amusing scenes. A bore was one day in Mr Tait's shop holding forth with all his might on the *Vestiges*, and declaring that Robert Chambers was no more the author of the book than he was. 'He write such a book! It's not in him. He's the most over-rated literary man I ever knew.' A lady happened to come in and overhear this tirade. On perceiving her, Mr Tait said to her: 'How do you do, Mrs Chambers?' The bore disappeared with great precipitation, both Mrs Chambers and Mr Tait being greatly amused at the situation.

There was one attempt to appropriate the credit of the authorship, unrivalled for consummate impudence. There was offered for publication to several Edinburgh publishers the manuscript of a pamphlet bearing the title, 'A Word to my Critics, by the Author, of the *Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*.' As Mr Bertram remarks, it is charitable to suppose that the man who wrote it was a lunatic.

All kinds of persons were named as the probable authors of the book, and some of these evinced no desire to repudiate the honour. Some, indeed, smiled and smirked their friends, and even themselves, into the belief that they had something to do with it. Although the authorship was kept a strict secret, many suspected, even from the first, that Robert Chambers was the author.

Mr Bertram thus tells the story of his first encounter with William and Robert Chambers. 'One Saturday afternoon in the summer of 1838, whilst crossing Bruntsfield Links on my way home, endeavouring, as I walked over the grass, to read a story in one of the volumes of *Chambers's Journal*, then of a somewhat unwieldy size, I was stopped by two gentlemen, one of whom accosted me in kindly fashion and asked what I was reading. "It is *Chambers's Journal*, sir," was of course my reply.

"Yes, I can see that," said the gentleman. "But what is the name of the story you are reading?"

"It is about George MacQueen, the apprentice who was flogged with the cook's frying-pan for not delivering it promptly," said I.

"Then the other gentleman spoke. "Are you learning a business?" he asked; to which I answered that I was learning to be a bookseller with Mr Tait of Princes Street.

"A capital place. Have you been there long?"

"No, sir; only ten months."

"Just so. Now, can you tell me the size of that book, what it is called in the shop?" was the next question.

'I described it as an oblong quarto, or a quarto in folio shape—a reply which both gentlemen, judging from their looks, seemed to think was to the point.

'My examiner then asked my name, who my



father was, and where I lived. When I had made suitable replies, I was allowed to go, the more pleasant-looking of the two saying: "We know Mr Tait very well; you are in a good place, and have an excellent master."

'I wondered who these gentlemen were—the one bright and smiling, the other presenting a graver cast of countenance; but no long time elapsed ere I discovered their identity. They proved to be William and Robert Chambers, the conductors of the periodical they found me reading.'

Mrs Johnstone, the editor of *Tait's*, besides being a novelist and critic of some ability, was the author of the celebrated *Meg Dods' Cook and Housewife's Manual*. A lady, a friend of hers very likely, summed up her character thus: 'She writes very good novels; but I must say, although she has written *Meg Dods*, she keeps a very bad cook, and never gives her friends a morsel they can eat. It's not quite so easy to teach a cook as to write about cooking.'

Mr Johnstone is said to have helped his wife by handing her books of reference and mending her pens; but this is very probably ill-natured, as Mr Johnstone himself was a man of ability.

Would-be contributors and authors were as troublesome then as they are now, and Mr Bertram tells some amusing stories of them, one of which is worth repeating. One day Mr Tait's premises were invaded by a family, consisting of father, mother, son, and two daughters, bearing a ponderous manuscript volume of poems—'All written by ourselves,' as the mother said, in a joyous key. The title was 'A Poem for Every Day in the Year, and Two for Sundays, by Mr and Mrs Mullingar and their Sons and Daughters.' Mr Tait was nonplussed, and the mother seemed inclined to sit down and await his decision; however, a visitor opportunely arriving, they said they would call again. They did; but the publisher was 'not at home;' and they were turned over to Mr Bertram, who assured Mrs Mullingar, with his best air of wisdom, that poetry never paid.

'And yet,' said the lady in a reproachful tone, 'Sir Walter Scott made thousands of pounds by his poems.'

'Yes; and so did Byron and Moore,' chimed in one of the daughters, with a severe look, 'and other poets too. Look at Rogers!'

In vain was Mrs Mullingar assured that these were exceptional circumstances; she was confident *their* book would sell. Mr Bertram at last got out of the scrape by suggesting that, as Mr Tait was unwilling to publish books of poetry, they should try Blackwood. He does not say whether Blackwood was duly grateful, or whether he published the book; but, as it has never been heard of, it is very probable he did not.

Mr Bertram has many reminiscences of minor Edinburgh celebrities, some of them very interesting, although a few of the characters are only locally known. Of one of these, the Rev. Dr Dickson of St Cuthbert's, some good anecdotes are told. 'Weel, Jenny,' said the Doctor to one of his parishioners who had a common failing, 'can you tell me where all drunkards will go to?' 'Oh, deed can I, Doctor,' said the woman; 'they will just gang to the nearest

public-house.' Another story was of a parishioner who knew she was dying, but who persisted in worrying herself about things of this world. At last, in order to pacify her, her husband said: 'Maggie, my woman, dinna fash yoursel' about worldly maitters: listen to the minister about your hinner end, and as sure as death, I'll gie ye a grand funeral!'

George Combe, author of the *Constitution of Man*, was a friend of Mr Tait, but ultimately they fell out over phrenology, the former being a firm believer in it, while the latter was a scoffer. Mr Tait took occasion to give his views on the subject in the Magazine, and this so disgusted Combe, that he did not send a copy of his book on North America for review until it was formally asked for. Mr Combe married a niece of Mrs Siddons, and it is said that a clause in the marriage contract provided that he would 'become a hearer in any church where she could find the most sense and the least doctrine preached.'

And lastly, a few words in regard to Mr Bertram himself, who was by no means an obscure figure in Edinburgh literary life. When *Tait's Magazine* was given up in 1846, Mr Bertram, who was then about twenty-two years old, was thrown upon his own resources. He tried the stage for a while; but after three years, finding he could not make a living on it, he returned to Edinburgh and engaged in journalism. He contributed to *Chambers's Journal*, *Hogg's Instructor*, and other periodicals. He was appointed editor of the *North Briton* in 1855, one of the first penny newspapers, and afterwards edited and conducted various other newspapers. He was a prolific 'all-round' writer, and one of the earliest disciples of the 'New Journalism' school. He took up the study of fisheries, on which he was a recognised authority, and his best known work is the *Harvest of the Sea*, a book which has led to increased knowledge and a much better understanding of fishery economy. Mr Bertram died in 1892, before his latest work, his *Memories*, had been given to the public.

## THE CHRONICLES OF COUNT ANTONIO.\*

### CHAPTER I. (continued).

Now Count Antonio was a big man and heavy, so that his horse was weighed down by the twofold burden on its back; and looking behind him, he perceived that Robert's company drew nearer and yet nearer. And Tommasino looking also, said, 'I doubt they are too many for us, for you have the lady in your arms. We shall not get clear of the hills.'

Then Antonio drew in his horse a little, and letting the bridle fall, took the Lady Lucia in both his arms and kissed her, and having thus done, lifted her and set her on Tommasino's horse. 'Thank God,' said he, 'that you are no heavier than a feather.'

'Yet two feathers may be too much,' said Tommasino.

'Ride on,' said Antonio. 'I will check them

\* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

for a time, so that you shall come safe to the outset of the hill.'

Tommasino obeyed him; and Antonio, riding more softly now, placed himself between Tommasino and the pursuers. Tommasino rode on with the swooning lady in his arms; but his face was grave and troubled, for, as he had said, two feathers may be overmuch, and Robert's company rode well and swiftly.

'If Antonio can stop them, it is well,' said he; 'but if not, I shall not reach the hills;' and he looked with no great love on the unhappy lady, for it seemed like enough that Antonio would be slain for her sake, and Tommasino prized him above a thousand damsels. Yet he rode on, obedient.

But Antonio's scheme had not passed undetected by Robert de Beauregard; and Robert being a man of guile and cunning, swore aloud an oath that though he died himself, yet Tommasino should not carry off Lucia. Therefore he charged his men one and all to ride after Tommasino and bring back Lucia, leaving him alone to contend with Antonio; and they were not loth to obey, for it was little to their taste or wish to surround Antonio and kill him. Thus when the company came within fifty yards of Antonio, the ranks suddenly parted, five diverged to the right, and four to the left, passing Antonio in sweeping curves, so far off that he could not reach them, while Robert alone rode straight at him. Antonio, perceiving the stratagem, would fain have ridden again after Tommasino; but Robert was hard upon him, and he was in peril of being thrust through the back as he fled. So he turned and faced his enemy. But although Robert had sworn so boldly before his men, his mind was not what he had declared to them, and he desired to meet Antonio alone, not that he might fight a fair fight with him, but in order treacherously to deceive him—a thing he was ashamed to do before his comrades. Coming up then to Antonio, he reined in his horse, crying, 'My lord, I bring peace from His Highness.'

Antonio wondered to hear him; yet, when Robert, his sword lying untouched in its sheath, leaped from his horse and approached him, he dismounted also; and Robert said to him: 'I have charged them to injure neither the lady Lucia nor your cousin by so much as a hair; for the Duke bids me say that he will not constrain the lady.'

'Is she then given to me?' cried Antonio, his face lighting up with a marvellous eagerness.

'Nay, not so fast,' answered Robert with subtle cunning. 'The Duke will not give her to you now. But he will exact from you and from me alike an oath not to molest—no, not to see her, for three months, and then she shall choose as she will between us.'

While he spoke this fair speech, he had been drawing nearer to Antonio; and Antonio, not yet convinced of his honesty, drew back a pace. Then Robert let go hold of his horse, unbuckled his sword, flung it on the ground, and came to Antonio with outstretched hands. 'Behold!' said he; 'I am in your mercy, my lord. If you do not believe me, slay me.'

Antonio looked at him with searching wistful eyes; he hated to war against the Duke, and his heart was aflame with the hope that dwelt for him in Robert's words; for he did not doubt but that neither three months, nor three years, nor three hundred years, could change his lady's love.

'You speak fair, sir,' said he; 'but what warrant have I?'

'And, save your honour, what warrant have I, who stand here unarmed before you?' asked Robert.

For a while Antonio pondered; then he said, 'My lord, I must crave your pardon for my doubt; but the matter is so great that to your word I dare not trust; but if you will ride back with your men and pray the Duke to send me a promise under his own hand, to that I will trust. And meanwhile Tommasino, with the lady Lucia, shall abide in a safe place, and I will stay here, awaiting your return; and, if you will, let two of your men stay with me.'

'Many a man, my lord,' returned Robert, 'would take your caution in bad part. But let it be so.—Come, we will ride after my company.' And he rose and caught Antonio's horse by the bridle and brought it to him; 'Mount, my lord,' said he, standing by.

Antonio, believing either that the man was true or that his treachery—if treachery there were in him—was foiled, and seeing him to all seeming unarmed, save for a little dagger in his belt which would hardly suffice to kill a man, and was more a thing of ornament than use, set his foot in the stirrup and prepared to mount. And in so doing he turned his back on Robert de Beauregard. The moment for which that wicked man had schemed and lied was come. Still holding Antonio's stirrup with one hand, he drew, swift as lightning, from under his cloak, a dagger different far from the toy in his belt—short, strong, broad, and keen. And that moment had been Antonio's last, had it not chanced that on the instant Robert drew the dagger, the horse started a pace aside, and Antonio, taken unawares, stumbled forward and came near falling on the ground. His salvation lay in that stumble, for Robert, having put all his strength into the blow, and then striking, not Antonio, but empty air, in his turn staggered forward, and could not recover himself before Antonio turned round, a smile at his own unwariness on his lips.

Then he saw the broad keen knife in the hand of Robert. Robert breathed quickly, and glared at him, but did not rush on him. He stood glaring, the knife in his hands, his parted lips displaying grinning teeth. Not a word spoke Antonio, but he drew his sword, and pointed where Robert's sword lay on the grass. The traitor, recognising the grace that allowed him to take his sword, shamed, it may be, by such return for his own treachery, in silence lifted and drew it; and, withdrawing to a distance from the horses, which quietly cropped the grass, the two faced one another.

Calm and easy were the bearing and the air of Count Antonio—if the pictures of him that live drawn in the words of those who knew him be truthful—calm and easy ever was he, save when he fought; but then it seemed as

though there came upon him a sort of fury akin to madness, or (as the ancients would have fabled) to some inspiration from the God of War, which transformed him utterly, imbuing him with a rage and rushing impetuosity. Here lay his danger when matched with such a swordsman as was little Tommasino; but for all that, few cared to meet him, some saying that, though they called themselves as brave as others, yet they seemed half appalled when Count Antonio set upon them; for he fought as though he must surely win, and as though God were with him. Thus now he darted upon Robert de Beauregard, in seeming recklessness of receiving thrusts himself, yet ever escaping them by his sudden resource and dexterity, and ever himself attacking, leaving no space to take breath, and bewildering the other's practised skill by the dash and brilliance of his assault. And it may be also that the darkness, which was now falling fast, hindered Robert the more, for Antonio was famed for the keenness of his eyes by night. Be these things as they may, in the very moment when Robert pricked Antonio in the left arm and cried out in triumph on his stroke, Antonio leaped on him and drove his sword through his heart; and Robert, with the sword yet in him, fell to the ground, groaning. And when Antonio drew forth the sword, the man at his feet died. Thus, if it be God's will, may all traitors perish.

Antonio looked round the plain; but it grew darker still, and even his sight did not avail for more than some threescore yards. Yet he saw a dark mass on his right, distant, as he judged, that space or more. Rapidly it moved: surely it was a group of men galloping, and Antonio stood motionless regarding them. But they swept on, not turning whither he stood; and he, unable to tell what they did, whether they sought him or whither they went, watched them till they faded away in the darkness; and then, leaving Robert where he lay, he mounted his horse and made speed towards the hills, praying that there he should find his cousin and the lady Lucia, escaped from the pursuit of the Duke's men. Yet had he known what those dimly discerned riders bore with them, he would have been greatly moved at all costs and at every hazard to follow after them, and seek to overtake them before they came to the city.

On he rode towards the hills, quickly, yet not so hastily but that he scanned the ground as he went so well as the night allowed him. The moon was risen now, and to see was easier. When he had covered a distance of some two miles, he perceived something lying across his path. Bending to look, he found it to be the corpse of a horse: he leaped down and bent over it. It was the horse Tommasino had ridden: it was hamstrung, and its throat had been cut. Antonio, seeing it, in sudden apprehension of calamity, cried aloud; and to his wonder his cry was answered by a voice which came from a clump of bushes fifty yards on the right. He ran hastily to the spot, thinking nothing of his own safety nor of anything else than what had befallen his friends; and under the shelter of the bushes two men of the

Duke's Guard, their horses tethered near them, squatted on the ground, and, between, Tommasino lay full length on the ground. His face was white, his eyes closed, and a bloody bandage was about his head. One of the two by him had forced his lips open, and was giving him to drink from a bottle. The other sprang up on sight of Antonio, and laid a hand to his sword-hilt.

'Peace, peace!' said Antonio. 'Is the lad dead?'

'He is not dead, my lord, but he is sore hurt.'

'And what do you here with him? And how did you take him?'

'We came up with him here, and surrounded him; and while some of us held him in front, one cut the hamstrings of his horse from behind; and the horse fell, and with the horse the lady and the young lord. He was up in an instant; but as he rose, the Lieutenant struck him on the head and dealt him the wound you see. Then he could fight no more; and the Lieutenant took the lady, and with the rest rode back towards the city, leaving us charged with the duty of bringing the young lord in so soon as he was in a state to come with us.'

'They took the lady?'

'Even so, my lord.'

'And why did they not seek for me?'

The fellow—Martolo was his name—smiled grimly; and his comrade, looking up, answered: 'Maybe they did not wish to find you, my lord. They had been eight to one, and could not have failed to take you in the end.'

'Ay, in the end,' said Martolo, laughing now. 'Nor,' added he, 'had the Lieutenant such great love for Robert de Beauregard that he would rejoice to deliver you to death for his sake, seeing that you are a Monte Velluto and he a rascally'—

'Peace! He is dead,' said Count Antonio.

'You have killed him?' they cried with one voice.

'He attacked me in treachery, and I have killed him,' answered Antonio.

For a while there was silence. Then Antonio asked, 'The lady—did she go willingly?'

'She was frightened and dazed by her fall, my lord; she knew not what she did nor what they did to her. And the Lieutenant took her in front of him, and, holding her with all gentleness, so rode towards the city.'

'God keep her,' said Antonio.

'Amen, poor lady!' said Martolo, doffing his cap.

Then Antonio whistled to his horse, which came to his side; with a gesture he bade the men stand aside, and they obeyed him; and he gathered Tommasino in his arms. 'Hold my stirrup, that I may mount,' said he; and still they obeyed. But when they saw him mounted, with Tommasino seated in front of him, Martolo cried, 'But, my lord, we are charged to take him back and deliver him to the Duke.'

'And if you do?' asked Antonio.

Martolo made a movement as of one tying a noose.

'And if you do not?' asked Antonio.

'Then we had best not show ourselves alive to the Duke.'

Antonio looked down on them. 'To whom bear you allegiance?' said he.

'To His Highness the Duke,' they answered, uncovering as they spoke.

'And to whom besides?' asked Antonio.

'To none besides,' they answered, wondering.

'Ay, but you do,' said he. 'To One who wills not that you should deliver to death a lad who has done but what his honour bade him.'

'God's counsel God knows,' said Martolo.

'We are dead men if we return alone to the city. You had best slay us yourself, my lord, if we may not carry the young lord with us.'

'You are honest lads, are you not?' he asked. 'By your faces, you are men of the city.'

'So are we, my lord; but we serve the Duke in his Guard for reward.'

'I love the men of the city as they love me,' said Antonio. 'And a few pence a day should not buy a man's soul as well as his body.'

The two men looked at one another in perplexity. The fear and deference in which they held Antonio forbade them to fall on him; yet they dared not let him take Tommasino. Then, as they stood doubting, he spoke low and softly to them: 'When he that should give law and uphold right deals wrong, and makes white black and black white, it is for gentlemen and honest men to be a law unto themselves. Mount your horses, then, and follow me. And so long as I am safe, you shall be safe; and so long as I live, you shall live; and while I eat and drink, you shall have to drink and eat; and you shall be my servants. And when the time of God's will—whereof God forbid that I should doubt—is come, I will go back to her I love, and you shall go back to them that love you; and men shall say that you have proved yourselves true men and good.'

Thus it was that two men of the Duke's Guard—Martolo and he whom they called Bena (for of his true name there is no record)—went together with Count Antonio and his cousin Tommasino to a secret fastness in the hills; and there in the course of many days Tommasino was healed of the wound which the Lieutenant of the Guard had given him, and rode his horse again, and held next place to Antonio himself in the band that gathered round them. For there came to them every man that was wrongfully oppressed; and some came for love of adventure, and because they hoped to strike good blows; and some came whom Antonio would not receive, inasmuch as they were greater rogues than were those whose wrath they fled from.

Such is the tale of how Count Antonio was outlawed from the Duke's peace and took to the hills. Faithfully have I set it down, and whoso will may blame the Count, and whoso will may praise him. For myself, I thank Heaven that I am well rid of this same troublesome passion of love, that likens one man to a lion and another to a fox.

But the Lady Lucia, being brought back to the city by the Lieutenant of the Guard, was lodged in her own house, and the charge of

her was commended by the Duke into the hands of a discreet lady; and for a while His Highness, for very shame, forbore to trouble her with suitors. For he said, in his bitter humour, as he looked down on the dead body of Robert de Beauregard: 'I have lost two good servants and four strong arms through her; and mayhap, if I find her another suitor, she will rob me of yet another stalwart gentleman.'

So she abode, in peace indeed, but in sore desolation and sorrow, longing for the day when Count Antonio should come back to seek her. And again was she closely guarded by the Duke.

### SOLUBLE PAPER.

By the aid of heat and powerful chemicals, it is possible to dissolve anything, even the hardest rock; but the material as such is destroyed in the process, being converted into a number of different substances. It is one thing to dissolve a refractory body, and quite another to get it back in the same chemical state as it was at first. Of all the things that we should least expect to dissolve readily, cotton, wood, paper, and similar material appear to be the most insoluble; yet a process has been discovered by three well-known chemists which permits us to dissolve cotton-wool, &c., and, by proper treatment, to reproduce it unaltered. By 'unaltered' we mean unaltered in a chemical sense. Of course, it would not be possible to reproduce the actual fibres of the original material, but the substance would be recovered in mass.

It is just as well, before we go any farther, to get a clear idea of the substance we are dealing with when we speak of cotton-wool or raw cotton. Chemists call the pure substance 'cellulose,' because it is the material out of which the cell-walls of plants are built. When we have said this, we have said a great deal; for, as all the parts of a plant are made up of cells, this cellulose is to us human beings, not to speak of the other animals, one of the most important bodies in the whole of Nature's laboratory. Wood, cotton, linen, straw, grass, hemp, jute, paper, and many other things, are all more or less pure forms of cellulose. Chemists always mean something by every syllable in their queer language, and the termination -ose indicates that cellulose is a close relation to starch and sugar; also, from this, it is a second cousin to the alcohols and ethers. Perhaps, one of these days, chemists will show us how to convert wood and straw into a good nourishing diet; wood-biscuits have been made in Berlin as food for horses. Plants are able to convert sugar into cellulose, and *vice versa*, and there is no reason why we should not learn to do so too. Considering the immense number of industries in which paper is employed, a process by which this cellulose could be dissolved up and re-deposited in moulds, or in any desired shape, has always been much sought after; but until recently it has not been found.

Various ways of dissolving cotton-wool, the purest form of cellulose, have been known for a long time, and many valuable applications have arisen from them; but dissolved paper could not be re-formed in a state capable of use by itself. Black oxide of copper dissolved in strong ammonia will dissolve cotton-wool and most forms of cellulose. Advantage is taken of this in the manufacture of Willeaden papers, the copper-ammonia being allowed to act on the surface of the sheets, so as to partially dissolve the paper and re-deposit it as a hard waterproof coating. When thick paper is required, one or more sheets are cemented together with the copper-ammonia solution. The dark-green surface of the Willeaden paper is due to the copper it contains; but by suitable treatment, paper dissolved in copper-ammonia solution can be obtained white and free from copper. Strong oil of vitriol will dissolve cotton-wool, but changes it into grape-sugar. Vegetable parchment, so largely used for covering jam-pots and a variety of other purposes, is merely ordinary unsized paper that has been dipped in oil of vitriol for a few minutes. Collodion and gun-cotton are both made by treating cotton-wool with nitric acid. Gun-cotton is one of the principal constituents of cordite and other smokeless powders. Celluloid is gun-cotton mixed with camphor, and, as may be imagined, is highly inflammable.

The new soluble paper is made by acting upon cotton-wool with strong alkali, and then treating it with the vapour of that particularly evil-smelling liquid, carbon bisulphide. A golden-coloured dough is the result of these operations. The dough swells enormously on the addition of water, and finally dissolves completely. One curious point about the solution is its wonderful viscosity, a solution containing seven parts in a hundred being like glycerine. Strong alcohol or brine coagulates the solution, and heat produces the same effect. The yellow colour of the dough is due to impurities; after purification, the jelly and solution being perfectly free from colour. The weakness of the solution capable of forming a jelly is astonishing; a jelly containing only five parts of the soluble paper in a thousand being stiff enough to be handled: this is water standing upright with a vengeance! A jelly containing ten parts in a hundred is quite solid to the touch. The alkali and sulphur are easily removed from the jelly by washing, and pure paper or cellulose is left behind.

As may be imagined, the applications to which this discovery can be put are immense. When perfectly dry, the cellulose is semi-transparent, resembling horn. It is hard, and can be turned readily in the lathe, taking an excellent polish. Although much may be done with it in this way, it is the direct applications of the jelly and solution that will prove the most valuable. The solution forms a splendid adhesive, and, on account of its purity, will be of great service in mounting photographs, besides taking the place of gum, india-rubber solution, and glue, if it can be made cheap enough. It has actually been used for book-binding and for the rougher work of bill-sticking. Another use will be for the sizing of

writing and other commercial papers, the great advantage being that they would not fall to pieces if they happened to get wet. One process it seems to be really designed for—namely, the manufacture of artificial silk by means of an apparatus copied from the spinnerets of the spider, invented not very long ago. The jelly can be cast in moulds, and takes an excellent impression of any surface with which it is in contact. There is thus a probability of its being employed for making ornamental mouldings, and as a substitute for papier-mâché.

A machine has been constructed for making films direct from the solution. The films can be made thick or thin, of any width, and in continuous rolls. The material takes up dyes so readily that it can be coloured as it passes through the machine without having to undergo any special process. Any graining or pattern can be imparted to the paper at the same time, so that there are great possibilities of using it in the manufacture of leather-papers, ceiling and other decorative papers.

Another use of the jelly—which will, in all probability, be of the utmost value—is for the treatment of textile fabrics such as linen and cotton. It is customary at present to 'weight' textile goods with china clay, and to use various substances to give them a good surface appearance. The main object of the china clay is to deceive the unsuspecting Hindu, who buys the goods by weight; but the practice is not confined to goods intended for the Indian market. The soluble cellulose bestows a better appearance on the fabrics, and at the same time adds greatly to their strength. One drawback to the cellulose produced from the jelly is that it is not perfectly transparent, like celluloid; but the chemists who discovered it are trying to overcome this difficulty, so that it can be employed for the production of photographic negative films.

Many more applications than we have cited will no doubt suggest themselves to those who read this article, and there seems to be a future of extended usefulness before the new invention. Its discoverers are still working on the same lines, and hope to elaborate many more interesting and valuable modifications of this very important cellulose.

## A LEGEND OF PRINCE MAURICE.

### PART II.—CONCLUSION.

MAPANA had one of those rare voices which, almost more than mere beauty alone, seem created to enslave mankind. I once, years ago, on a trip home to England, heard Sarah Bernhardt. The tones of her silvery voice came nearer to Mapana's than any I ever heard.

How so fair a woman came to be heading a barbarous tribe here in this outlandish corner of Africa—whence she took her European descent—puzzled me intensely. I was determined somehow to hunt out the mystery. I had noticed, when we first encountered Mapana's tribesmen at the foot of the mountains, that much of their speech resembled the Sechuana and Basuto

tongues, with which I am well acquainted. The languages of the various Bantu tribes have strong affinities. I noticed many words even resembling Zulu and Amakosa among these people, who, by the way, called themselves Umfanzi. The difference of idiom and intonation at first bothered me; in a little while, however, as Mapana questioned and cross-questioned the Bushmen, I began pretty clearly to understand her. I spoke in a low tone to April; he, too, comprehended her speech. I now ventured to address her myself. I spoke slowly and distinctly; and, after a little, she began to understand much of what I said, as, too, did her headmen and counsellors. I explained that I was a subject of a great white Queen, dwelling far across some mighty waters; that I had heard of another white Queen, and had travelled far to pay her my respects, and to enter upon terms of good-will and friendship with her and her tribe.

My words seemed to give satisfaction. Mapana spoke in an aside with some of the older men about her, and then addressed me. She told me that she was of white descent herself—at a remote distance of time—that the blood had always been cherished in her tribe, and that she and her counsellors were glad to receive me. She directed me to be lodged in a new hut just outside her kotla, and intimated that she would be pleased to receive me later in the day. Meanwhile, food and water, and whatever else we required, should be placed at my disposal. A guard of a couple of armed men was told off to keep away intrusive or too curious tribes-people from our quarters.

We killed a sheep, and enjoyed a square meal; after which I went, surrounded by a concourse of interested natives, to a stream close by, where I had a good wash, combed out my hair and beard, and made myself presentable for the next interview with the fascinating Mapana. For the rest of the afternoon we sat resting, and luxuriated in a quiet smoke.

At about four o'clock a young headman came with a message that Mapana wished to see me again. He seemed by no means pleased with his errand, and preceded me with a very unprepossessing scowl upon his face. The Queen was now only attended by a few of her women. I sat down near her; my conductor stood leaning upon his assegai.

'Seleni,' said Mapana, looking at him, 'I wish to speak with the white man alone; you can leave me.'

'Queen,' answered the young man, not too civilly, I thought, 'this man is a stranger. Who knows his heart? He may cherish mischief. I stay to guard the Queen from danger.'

Mapana flushed a little. It was pretty to see the colour run under the clear brunette of her skin. 'There is no danger,' she said, with some asperity.—'Go, till I call for you.'

Making an obeisance, Seleni, much against his will, stalked out of the kotla.

Mapana turned to me. 'Seleni is a kinsman of mine,' she said; 'and he presumes upon it.'

I had noticed that this young man, and one or two others among the headmen, were slightly

paler in colour than the rest of the tribe, and I told Mapana so.

'Yes,' she returned. 'Seleni is descended from the white man from whom I descend, but by a baser branch. My forefathers come directly from the white man who settled among the Umfanzi long ago, and married the chief's daughter. That white man—Morinza, we call him—became ruler over the tribe, taught us many things, and left the family of chiefs to which I belong. I have sent for you'—here she inquired my name, which I told her—'to look upon the things which I have here. They were Morinza's, and they have always been cherished in my family.'

Here she took the necklet of coins from her neck and handed it to me. She had also for my inspection the sword I have spoken of, and an old-fashioned book, very handsomely bound in red leather, curiously gilt and stamped. This book she took from a covering of soft hide, in which it was carefully wrapped.

I was intensely interested, and first examined the gold coins composing the necklet. There were seven in all, four large and three smaller. I recognised at once the head of Charles I., and made out without difficulty that the coins were twenty-shilling and ten-shilling pieces of that king's reign. I next took up the sword. The scabbard had once been handsome in leather and metal, but was now worn and battered. The sword itself, a straight, narrowish rapier, was a very beautiful one. It was in excellent condition and finely engraved. On the centre of the blade were these words in old-fashioned lettering:

'RUPERTUS MAURITIO SUO.  
BREDÆ, 1638.'

Latin for: 'From Rupert to his Maurice. Before Breda, 1638.'

Now in the mind of every schoolboy (said Cressey, pausing in his narrative) the names Rupert and Maurice always run together. They were nephews of Charles I., sons of Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, and they are well known in English history. Since I came to Cape Town, I have been to the Library, and I find that Prince Maurice served his first or second campaign in 1638 with the Prince of Orange at the siege of Breda. Prince Rupert was there learning the trade of war at the same time. The meaning of the inscription on that sword—which I have, and will show you presently—is to my mind perfectly clear.

Well, to get on with my yarn. As I sat in Mapana's kraal with the sword in my hands, I began to wonder whether I was in a dream. Was it possible that the beautiful brunette before me, chieftain of a tribe of outlandish Kaffirs, came of such stock as this? The idea seemed too wildly improbable. Yet, if her tale and the evidence before me meant anything, it meant that this sword, these gold coins, had once belonged to Maurice of the Rhine. I took the book in my hand and turned over its yellow pages. What I saw there yet more electrified me, and stimulated yet further my imagination. The book was an old French work on hawking, entitled, *La Fauconnerie; par Charles d'Esperon; Paris: 1605.* On the

fly-leaf was written, in an antique yet clear hand :

'MAURITIO P. d. d. MATER AMANTISSIMA,  
ELIZABETHA R. 1635.'

Translated, this would run : 'To Maurice, Prince, a gift from his loving mother Elizabeth, Queen, 1635.'

There was no earthly reason to suppose that the inscription upon that old fly-leaf lied. That book, then, had once belonged to Prince Maurice ; had once been the loving gift to him of the unlucky, beautiful Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, his mother. It seemed so strange, so tragic, to find here these relics of the old Stuart blood ; to see before me perhaps even a descendant of that ill-starred line, that my mind, as I gazed from the old book to Mapana, from Mapana's soft eyes to the book again, ran in a flood of strangely mingled emotions. I asked Mapana again to tell me how these things had come into her family.

She reiterated that her father and grandfather had always told her that these were the things of Morinza (was not this name, I asked myself, an African corruption of Moritz or Maurice?), the white man, their ancestor. That he had them with him when he encountered the tribe. That in those days the Unfanzi lived much farther to the west (she indicated the direction with her hand), not far from a great water (probably the South Atlantic); that other things of his had also formerly belonged to them, but had almost all been lost in wars and wanderings.

Now I have been always fond of history, and, as a youngster, the story of the Stuarts had a deep interest for me. I had a clear recollection in my mind that Prince Maurice had been lost at sea some time during the Commonwealth or Cromwell's Protectorate, while on a privateering or filibustering expedition. Was it not possible, I asked myself, that he had been wrecked off the African coast, or even marooned by a discontented crew? I find, by the way, on coming down country, that Maurice was actually off the west coast of Africa in 1652, the year of his supposed death. He is believed by some to have been lost in a storm off the West Indies, but the circumstance of his death seems to be very much shrouded in mystery. There is nothing clear about it.

I told Mapana that I knew something of the origin of these relics. That their owner had once been a warrior in my country ; and that I should like to take them home, and have them identified, if possible. That for her own sake, this ought to be done.

She looked very wistfully at me, but shook her head, and told one of her girls to put the sword and book back in her hut. The necklet she put on again. By this time it was dark and we sat by a blazing fire of wood.

Mapana now asked me to sup with her. I was not loth, of course ; and, having still some coffee, sugar, and a tin of condensed milk in my saddle-bags, I had them and the kettle brought round. I boiled some water, and treated my charming barbarian to her first cup of coffee. She was delighted, and drank two beakers of it with the greatest enjoyment.

Then nothing would do but I must give her my teaspoon. It was an old worn silver one, as it happened. She looked so merry, so good-humoured, so fascinating, there by the cheery firelight, that I felt inclined to deny her nothing.

'But,' I said, 'you must give me something in return.'

She looked reflectively for a moment, then sent a girl to her hut. The girl returned with two more of the gold coins I have mentioned. They were strung close together on fine sinew, and were used, as Mapana showed me, as a fillet or decoration for the head. We made the exchange amid much merriment and some chaff, and I think were mutually content. I certainly had the best of the deal. Mapana at my suggestion used the spoon with her milk and porridge, which she had previously eaten by means of a kind of flat spoon—and her pretty fingers. I don't know what possessed me—perhaps it was the caressing touch of her hand, which had been once or twice laid upon mine while begging for the spoon—but, before saying good-night and going to my hut, I asked Mapana if she would like to be saluted in the fashion of my country. She assented with a smile. I stooped towards her, placed my hands upon her shoulders, and kissed her upon the cheek and lips. Never was caress more sweet ! I don't think Mapana thought so badly of it either ; there was no sign of displeasure in her dark eyes. Her maidens were rather startled, and ejaculated some very astonished 'ous ;' but they were very discreet.

Before I quitted her, I asked Mapana to lend me the old book on Falconry. I wanted to examine it more closely. On my promising to deliver it to her again, she sent for it and placed it in my hands. I went back to my hut, put the book into my saddle-bag till morning, and quickly fell into a sound slumber.

I saw little of Mapana till next evening. She was bathing with her women at a lagoon in the morning. Then a council of headmen was held, chiefly to discuss my visit ; this lasted some hours. I wandered quietly about the village, escorted by two tribesmen ; saw that the horses were well fed and cared for, looked at our rifles, and waited rather impatiently for another audience with Mapana. During the afternoon the Bushmen left the town. They had soon tired of its attractions, and yearned to be in the veldt again.

It was not till nightfall that Mapana sent for me. I supped with her again by the fire in front of her hut, and again we had coffee and much laughter together. She was in curious spirits ; sometimes rippling over with fun and a sort of naive coquetry ; at others, looking serious and thoughtful, and even, as I thought, a little askance at me. I lighted my pipe and began to smoke. Presently she sat herself a little nearer to me and spoke.

'My headmen,' she said, 'want to know if you have come to stay long among us, Kareesa' (so she pronounced my name) ; 'I could not tell them this morning. What does Kareesa say? I tire of ruling these people alone. I want a man to help me. Seleni hopes to become that man ; but Seleni—well, I love not Seleni over-



much. Why should not Kareesa join his lot with mine and share my power? Mapana looked more beautiful than ever, I thought, at that moment; she was very serious, and her dark eyes were turned almost beseechingly to mine. Half barbarian though she was, I never could forget that white blood ran strong within her; and in mere looks alone there was enough to tempt many a better man than I, who was already more than half in love with her.

I knew not what to say, but was about to stumble into some sort of speech. She leaned yet nearer, and placed a hand gently upon my arm. At that instant a sharp whistle, which I knew to be April's, and April's only, smote my ears. I half turned round. As I did so, an arrow grazed the breast of my flannel shirt and drove deep into the left bosom of Mapana. She uttered a little choking cry, and fell into my arms, a dying woman. I could not let her go in her last agony, poor soul; yet I knew there was deadly danger about me even as I supported her. Those moments were like some vile and terrible dream. In a second or two another arrow transfixed the fleshy part of my upper arm. Almost at the same instant the report of a rifle rang out; there was a cry, and a fall, and I knew Mapana was avenged—by April.

Next came April's voice: 'Baas, Baas, are you there? Come quickly.'

I cried out: 'All right; I'm coming;' and then looked into my poor lost Mapana's face again. She had given a shiver or two, a last struggle, and was now dead in my arms. I laid her quietly upon the earth and kissed her brow. She had in her hands, poor thing, as she often had, the old sword. Her grip upon the scabbard was so strong that I could not easily loosen it. I drew the blade quickly from the scabbard, and with one last look at her as she lay, still wonderfully beautiful even in death, I left Mapana.

Meanwhile, the whole town was in a frightful uproar. Poor Mapana's women were shrieking in her hut. Men's voices were yelling excitedly in different directions. War-drums were beating already.

I rushed to the kotla entrance. April was there with the two horses, saddled and bridled, and our rifles both loaded. First, I made him break and draw the arrow from my arm. He pointed to the body of Seleni, whom he had shot dead just as he fired his second arrow at me. We jumped into our saddles and galloped straight for the river. It was our only chance. By great good luck, we reached the banks safely, swam our horses across, and chanced the crocodiles. Once on the other side, we cantered steadily, all through the night, due south. At early morning we swam the river again, much against the grain, and then, after an hour's rest in thick bush, steadily continued our flight, now more to the eastward. To cut a long story short, by dint of nursing our nags, we made good our escape, reached the wagons in safety, and trekked hard till we had put a hundred and fifty miles between us and Umfanzi-land.

Whether the Umfanzi followed us or not, I don't know. Quite possibly, the death of

Mapana, and the consequent turmoil, so bothered them that they never did. Thanks to my idea of keeping our nags always saddled and bridled, and to April's bravery and smartness, we escaped with our lives.

Poor dead Mapana! I shall never cease to mourn her as a good, and true, and most bewitching woman. I admired her beauty and her kindly heart. May she rest in peace!

Well (ended Cressey) that's my yarn. It's a curious one, isn't it? If you are as dry as I am, you must want a whisky and seltzer. After that, if you'll come to my bedroom, I'll show you the relics—the two coins, the sword, and the book—I brought from Umfanzi-land.

Touching these same relics, which have proved undoubtedly to have once belonged to Prince Maurice of the Rhine, they are likely to adorn shortly the collection of a great personage, or of a well-known Museum.

As for the descent of poor Mapana—whether she and her forefathers truly sprang, as she claimed, from Prince Maurice himself—that is a mystery dead with her dead self, never to be clearly explained on this side the dark portals.

#### LOCAL DAINTIES.

PECULIAR honours have long been accorded to certain localities, by epicures and those versed in culinary lore, for the savoury viands and dainty dishes they supply. In some cases such delicacies have been immortalised in a local proverb or folk-rhyme; while others have gained an equal reputation from their historic associations. Thus, the Downs near Sutton, Banstead, and Epsom produce delicate small sheep, a luxury which could delight even a royal connoisseur; for Richard Sutton is reported to have said, 'How the king [Charles II.] loved Banstead mutton!' Despite the lapse of years, the meat of the small Southdown still retains its wonted flavour, and it is as delicious as it was in the days of the Merry Monarch. The Dartmoor sheep, which produces the esteemed Oakhampton mutton, is a small breed; and a Northumberland rhyme reminds us of

Rothbury for goats' milk,  
And the Cheviots for mutton.

From time immemorial, Kent has been noted for its brawn, that made at Canterbury being sent to all parts of the county. It would seem, too, that Sussex was once famous for this dish, for an old entry tells how Henry VI. directed the sheriff of Sussex to buy for a Christmas feast 'ten brawns with the heads.' Of English sausages, the finest are produced at Epping, Norwich, Oxford, and Cambridge. Soyer speaks in high praise of some presented to him by Sir George Chetwynd, and which were made by a country pork-butcher at Atherstone, a small town near Greendon Hall. Bologna and Göttingen are celebrated for their savoury sausages, and in Theodore Hook's amusing *Adventures of Peter Priggins, the College Scout*, will be found a recipe for the manufacture of Oxford sausage-meat, which has

earned a well-merited distinction. According to an old Cornish rhyme, which is quoted in Dr King's *Art of Cookery*, the following dainties were once proverbial:

Cornwall swab pie, and Devon white pot brings,  
And Leicester beans and bacon fit for kings.

Melton-Mowbray has long been in repute for its pork pies; and a world-famed luxury known to most epicures are the Strasbourg pâtés, long esteemed so great a delicacy as to be sent to distant countries as presents. Speaking of such savoury dishes, it appears that the Salters' Company were in days gone by noted for their game pies, the recipe for the making of which, as preserved in their books, is deserving of notice: 'Take a pheasant, a hare, a capon, two partridges, two pigeons, and two rabbits; bone them, and put them into paste in the shape of a bird, with the livers and hearts, two mutton kidneys, forcemeats, and egg-balls, seasoning, spice, ketchup, and pickled mushrooms, filled up with gravy from the various bones.' A pie was so made by the Company's cook in 1836, and was found to be excellent.

For years past Gloucester has had a lucrative trade in lampreys; and from a very early period until the year 1836, it was customary for the city to send at Christmas 'a lamprey with a raised crust' to the sovereign, entries of its regular transmission appearing in the Corporation Records.

During the Commonwealth, it appears from the subjoined minute that the pie was sent to the members for the city: 'Paid to Thomas Suffield, cook, for lamprey pies sent to our Parliament men, £8.' Indeed, a well-stewed lamprey has long been esteemed a rare delicacy by most epicures, and as such, it is said, almost excused the royal excess which carried off Henry I. at Rouen. In 1530 the Prior of Llanthony at Gloucester sent 'cheese, carp, and baked lampreys' to Henry VIII. at Windsor, for which the bearer received twenty shillings.

The Berkshire breed of pigs is one of the best in England, and York House, Bath, has long been famous for the mild flavour of the hams dressed there. The fine quality of Yorkshire ham has often been attributed to the superiority of the salt employed; while Wiltshire bacon has always been in request on account of its delicate taste. On the Continent, there are the so-called hams of Bayonne, cured at Pau, in the Lower Pyrenees; while the Spanish hog-meat and Westphalia hams are generally considered to owe 'much of their peculiar excellence to the swine being fed on beech-mast, which our limited forests cannot to any extent allow.' A genuine *hure de sanglier*, or wild-boar's head, from the Black Forest would, it has often been remarked, elevate the plainest dinner into dignity. A late king of Hanover used to send one to each of his most esteemed friends in England every Christmas; and 'it was a test of political consistency to remain long upon his list, for all who abandoned His Majesty's somewhat rigid creed of orthodoxy in Church and State were periodically weeded out.'

Among specialties regarding birds may be mentioned the capon of Surrey and Sussex;

and the turkeys and geese of Norfolk and Suffolk. Passing through Essex, one may see whole 'herds' of geese and ducks in the fields there, fattening without thought of the future. Most of these birds, writes Dr Doran, 'are foreigners. They are Irish by birth; but they are brought over by steam, in order to be perfected by an English education; and when the due state of perfection has been attained, they are transferred to London.'

Dunstable larks are a dainty much coveted by epicures, and London is annually supplied, from the country about Dunstable alone, with not fewer than four thousand dozen. But the enthusiasm with which *gourmets* speak of these birds is far exceeded by the Germans, who travel many hundred miles to Leipzig merely to eat a dinner of larks. Such is the slaughter of larks at the Leipzig fair, that as many as half a million are annually eaten, principally by the booksellers frequenting that city.

Whittlesey Mere, in Huntingdonshire, now drained, once produced the finest ruffs and reeves, a delicacy of which Prince Talleyrand was extremely fond, his regular allowance during the season being two a day. An amusing anecdote is told of a young curate who had come up to be examined for priests' orders, and was asked to dinner at Bishopthorpe by Archbishop Markham. Out of modesty, he confined himself exclusively to the dish before him till one of the resident dignitaries observed him. But it was too late; the ruffs and reeves had vanished to a bird.

A similar tale has been told of another delicate morsel, the wheatear, popularly designated 'the English ortolan.' A Scotch officer was dining with a certain Lord George Lennox, then Commandant at Portsmouth, and was placed near a dish of wheatears, which was rapidly disappearing under his repeated attentions to it. Lady Louisa Lennox tried to divert his notice to another dish, but 'Na, na, my leddy,' was the reply; 'these wee birdies will do verra weel.'

Norfolk and Suffolk have also been long renowned for partridges, and in years past a Leicestershire partridge was never dressed at Belvoir Castle. Some gastronomic enthusiasts have praised the pochard or dun-bird as a special dainty. It is a species of wild-fowl caught in the decoys of Essex and other counties. The flesh is said to melt in the mouth like that of the celebrated canvas-back duck of America. Then there is the Dorking fowl; and the Scotch grouse has never been equalled, in connoisseurs' opinion. Burns, too, it may be remembered, wrote a poem in praise of Scotch 'haggis;' and Bishop, referring to jack-pudding, humorously speaks of the dainties of different countries. A favourite dish in Shropshire is bubble-and-squeak, of which report goes George II. was fond. It is generally said that, when Prince of Wales, he happened to partake of it at a bachelor's table in that county, and was so pleased with it, that the homely dish was frequently afterwards seen at Carlton House.

The county of Chester has for ages past been famous for the excellence of its cheese; and as far back as the time of Henry II. it is recorded how Countess Constance of Chester kept a herd

of kine, and made good cheeses, three of which she presented to the Archbishop of Canterbury. The pride of Cheshire in the time-honoured superiority of its cheese may be gathered from a provincial song, published with the music about the year 1746, during the Spanish War in the reign of George II. Next to Cheshire rank Gloucestershire, Wiltshire, and Somerset for their cheese; and in the last county there is a proverbial rhyme current which runs thus:

If you would have a good cheese, and hav'n old,  
You must turn'n seven times before he is old.

According to a popular error, Stilton cheese was originally made in the parish of Stilton, Lincolnshire: in point of fact, it was first produced in Leicestershire, where it continues to be made in the greatest quantity, but derived its name from an inn on the Great North Road in the parish of Stilton, where it was first brought into notice.

The finest cream cheese is that of Cottenham and Southam in Cambridgeshire; and formerly Banbury was noted for its milk cheese, about an inch in thickness. Thus, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* (Act I. scene i.), Bardolph calls Slender a 'Banbury cheese;' and in *Jack Drum's Entertainment* we read, 'You are like a Banbury cheese, nothing but paring.' Falstaff was more complimentary to Tewkesbury than to Prince Hal when he said the prince's brains were thicker than Tewkesbury mustard.

The cheese known by the name of 'Trent Bank' is a good substitute for Parmesan, which is manufactured between Cremona and Lodi, the highest part of the Milanese. The butter of Epping and Cambridge has long been held in the highest repute; and as far back as the time of Elizabeth, Devonshire has been noted for its clouted cream. The Hampshire honey, again, is deservedly in demand; and a Sussex rhyme says:

Amberley—God knows,  
All among the rooks and crows,  
Where the good potatoes grows.

The famous plums of Pershore in Worcestershire are an important source of income to the parishioners, and it is said you can guess what kind of plum crop there is in any given year by the way a Pershore man answers the question where he comes from. 'Why, from Pershore, to be sure,' lets you see that the crop is good. But if he replies, 'From Pershore, God help us!' you may infer that it is a bad year for plums. Cornwall and the Scilly Isles send many delicacies in the way of vegetables; and formerly, Deptford onions, Battersea cabbages, Mortlake asparagus, Chelsea celery, and Charlton peas, were in high repute. At one time, the neighbourhood about Bath was noted for its strawberries; and Kent still maintains its superiority in the flavour of its cherries, some of its chief orchards being in the parishes on the borders of the Thames, the Darent, and the Medway. According to Busino, Venetian ambassador in the reign of James I., it was a favourite amusement in the Kentish gardens to try who could eat most cherries. In this way, one young woman managed to eat twenty pounds, beating by two and a half pounds her opponent.

The merits of certain local articles of con-

fectionery have long been undisputed, and Banbury cakes are still much sought after, being shipped to most parts of the world. It is noteworthy that 'Banberrie cakes' are mentioned in a *Treatise on Melancholie*, published in 1586, among the articles that carry with them melancholy; and Ben Jonson, in his *Bartholomew Fair* (1614), introduces a Banbury man who 'was a baker—but he does dream now, and sees visions: he has given over his trade, out of a scruple he took that inspired conscience; those cakes he made were served in bridalls, maypoles, morrises, and such profane feasts and meetings.' There are the Richmond 'Maids of Honour,' delicious cheese-cakes, peculiar to Richmond, and in all probability named from its regal days, when there was kept up here a royal palace and court. George III. seems to have been an admirer of this delicacy, his tables at Windsor Castle and Kew being regularly supplied with it. It is stated that the large sum of one thousand pounds was once paid to the fortunate possessor of the recipe for making this cheese-cake, with the good-will of the business, said to have been originally established in Hill Street, Richmond.

Shrewsbury was not only famous for its painted glass-works, and for its making of excellent brawn, but also for its cakes. Indeed, 'Shrewsbury cakes' have for many a year past been proverbial, a local dainty which Shenstone has recorded among the products of his birth-place:

And here each season do those cakes abide,  
Whose honoured names the ingratitude city own,  
Rendering through Britain's Isle Salopia's praises known.

Shrewsbury, too, has long been noted for its Grinnel cakes, which are also made at Coventry, Devizes, and Bury in Lancashire. Mention should be made of Congleton, which has gained distinction for its cakes and gingerbread. These cakes are locally known as 'Court cakes,' from being eaten at the quarterly-account meetings of the Corporation. They are of a triangular form, with a raisin inserted at each corner, representing, it has been suggested, the Mayor and its Justices, who were the governing body under the charter of James I.

Referring to fish dainties, Sussex seems to have been specially favoured, having been renowned for 'a Chichester lobster, an Arundel mullet, a Pulborough eel, a Selsey cockle, an Amberley trout, and a Rye herring.' There is an amusing rhyme to this effect:

Arundel mullet—stinking fish,  
Eats it off a dirty dish,

which is said by the people of Offham to the folk of Arundel; but the retort is:

Offham dingers, Church bell-ringers,  
Only taters for your Sunday dinners.

Few local industries are of older standing than the Colchester oyster fishery, and the annual oyster banquet is a well-known institution; the finest British oysters are said to be spawned in the Colne. The Christchurch and Severn salmon have long had a high repute; and the salmon at Killarney, broiled, toasted, or roasted on arbutus skewers, is inimitable.

The Dublin haddock is another delicacy peculiar to the sister island, some of the finest being also caught on the Cornish coast. The herring and pilchard pies of Cornwall have been proverbial; and the herring industry of Great Yarmouth is one of the most important centres of our fishing-trade. Then there are the Whitstable oysters; and the finest smelts were formerly considered to come from the Medway, at Rochester. A Norfolk rhyme speaks of Cromer crabs and Runtun dabs; and Quin thought the inhabitants of Plymouth ought to be the happiest of mortals from their supply of dories. Plymouth was noted for its red mullet; and Greenwich whitebait are still an attraction. Pope long ago spoke of

The Kennet swift, for silver eels renowned;

but, as it has been often observed, the Kennet is a slow river; there are no eels at all in the upper part, and those in the lower part are too large; but eels in perfection may be eaten at Salisbury, Anderton, or Overton.

Local dainties of one kind or another might be further multiplied, for there has always been a certain amount of rival emulation in this respect, although in some cases they seem to have been largely influenced by fashion. Thus, according to an old proverb, 'He who hath beams in his ponds may bid his friends welcome;' but this fish nowadays is rarely seen.

### OLD LONDON DUELLING-GROUNDS.

LESS than a century ago, many of the most densely crowded spots in London at the present day were green fields, where, far removed from turmoil and the roar of traffic, many a duel was fought. Neighbourhoods where narrow lanes were seen a while ago, with flowering banks and blooming hedgerows, have become broad thoroughfares; and where the meadows stretched away as far as the eye could reach, endless streets and squares have sprung up, and shut out Highgate and other wooded hills that are still there. But the noted Duelling-grounds—the spots upon which, day after day, affairs of honour were decided—have completely disappeared. The tide of life has advanced like an intrusive wave, and has blotted them out. Down to the very days of the Protectorate, even Leicester Fields, of which Leicester Square now forms the centre, was a large open common, and used for military exercise. Leicester House, in the middle of the seventeenth century, was the only mansion to be seen in the vicinity. The locality was notorious as a duelling-ground. The duel between Cooté and Captain French was fought here in 1699, when Cooté was killed on the spot. Duelling in Leicester Fields, it will be remembered, is graphically described in *Esmond*. In the novel, Lord Mohun and Lord Castlewood (unlike Lord Mohun and the Duke of Hamilton in the historical duel) had quarrelled at the 'Greyhound.' Thereupon, they take chairs to the Fields. The gentlemen are set down

opposite the 'Standard' Tavern. The chairmen smoke their pipes, and watch the duellists in the dim moonlight.

Soon after the meeting here between Cooté and French, Leicester Fields was formed into a square, with Leicester House and its gardens occupying the north side. When Leicester Fields was beginning to be built over, the fields behind Montague House, in Bloomsbury, became the scene of duelling. The ground nearest to Montague House was known as Capper's Farm a hundred years ago; and the whole of the district north of this farm extended in an unbroken line to the rustic village of Paddington. A favourite walk over these fields, on a Sunday afternoon, was to the Field of the Forty Footsteps. In this field, according to tradition, two brothers fought; and so fierce was the combat, that both were slain: since which time—so runs the tale—their footprints remained as indented there during the unnatural encounter; nor could any grass, or vegetable growth of any sort, ever be produced where forty footmarks were thus disclosed. Profiting by this tradition, Jane Porter wrote an ingenious novel called the *Field of the Forty Footsteps*. The incident is also recorded by Southey. After quoting a letter from a friend recommending him to visit the spot called 'The Brothers' Steps,' he says: 'We sought for nearly half an hour in vain. We were almost out of hope, when an honest man who was at work directed us to the ground adjoining a pond. There was found what we sought. The steps are the size of a large human foot, about three inches deep. The place where one or both these brothers is supposed to have fallen is still bare of grass. The labourer also pointed out the bank where the wretched woman—as tradition relates—sat to see the combat.'

These fields remained waste and useless, with the exception of some nursery grounds near the New Road, and a piece of ground enclosed for the Toxophilite Society, until the end of the last century. An enterprising builder then began to erect houses. The latest record of these traditional footprints, previous to their being built over, is to be found in Moser's *Commonplace Books*: 'Went into the fields at the back of Montague House, and there saw for the last time the "forty footsteps." The building materials are there ready to cover them from the sight of man.'

Bloomsbury Fields were in those days—particularly during the reign of William III.—often chosen as a duelling-ground. Law, the financier, killed the mysterious Beau Wilson in these fields.

Another famous ground, in still more recent times, was Chalk Farm, near which was the 'White House,' a tavern, with a tea garden. An adjacent field, screened on one side by trees, was a favourite resort of duellists. One of the earliest duels at Chalk Farm took place in the summer of 1790 between Captain Aston and Lieutenant Fitzgerald. A lady, as was frequently the case, was the cause of their dispute. Fitzgerald, firing first, shot Aston in the neck. He recovered, but was killed in another duel, a few years later. In April 1803, two officers—Montgomery and Macnamara—fought a duel

here because the dog of one officer had growled at the dog of the other. The first-named officer was killed, and the latter was severely wounded. There was a trial for manslaughter; but the verdict was 'Not Guilty.'

Concerning the 'affair' between Moore and Jeffrey at Chalk Farm, where, as Byron insists, 'Authors sometimes seek the field of Mars,' Tom Moore has himself left a record. Just as both pistols were raised, and they were waiting for the signal to fire, some police officers, whose approach no one had noticed, rushed out of a hedge behind Jeffrey. One of them struck at Jeffrey's pistol with his staff and knocked it out of his hand; while another took possession of Moore's. They were conveyed, crestfallen, to Bow Street. It is reported that they fired blank cartridges. This incident inspired the famous epigram, 'They only fire ball cartridge at reviews.' Byron also ridiculed this duel in his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*. Moore and Jeffrey, as is well known, became cordial friends after this meeting at Chalk Farm.

In another 'literary duel,' fought on the same ground, John Scott—a man of considerable promise—met with his end. It was on a moonlight night in February 1821. The quarrel came about through a provoked attack on Lockhart in the *London*. Scott was challenged by a friend of Lockhart's.

Old London taverns, or the courts outside, were duelling-grounds in former days. In one of the rooms at the 'Star and Garter,' a fashionable tavern in Pall Mall, a fatal duel was fought in 1762. It was between William, fifth Lord Byron, and his Nottinghamshire neighbour, Mr Chaworth. The quarrel arose out of a heated argument over the dinner table; and in little more than an hour after its commencement, Mr Chaworth received a mortal wound from his opponent. Lord Byron—great-uncle and immediate predecessor of the poet—was tried for the capital offence; but he was found guilty only of manslaughter by the House of Lords.

'Dick's' tavern stood on the south side of Fleet Street, near Temple Bar, and was originally called 'Richard's,' Richard Turner being the noted proprietor. Two hot-headed youths disagreed at 'Dick's' about some trifle; and the matter was subsequently decided at the 'Three Cranes' in the Vintry, by one of them, Rowland St John, running his companion, John Stiles of Lincoln's Inn, through the body.

'Dick's' is famous as the tavern to which Steele conducted the Twaddlers, as commemorated in the *Tatler*. The 'Grecian' was also a notorious coffee-house. Two young scholars, not inappropriately, had a dispute at the 'Grecian' about the accent of a certain Greek word; and not being able to decide the question amicably, stepped out into the court and settled it with swords. Until Dr Johnson's time, duels in England were generally fought with swords; but they were soon afterwards superseded by pistols: for when civilians gave up wearing swords, there was less inducement to make use of this weapon. The 'Grecian' was a noted coffee-house in Devereux Court, in the Strand. The place derived its name from a Greek from the Levant, who was the original proprietor.

Constantine, as he was called, sold coffee, chocolate, sherbet, and tea. The place was frequented by a goodly company of wits and poets, including Addison, Steele, and Goldsmith.

At another tavern in the Strand, the 'Adelphi,' a duel was fought between the editor of the *Morning Post* and a certain Captain Stoney. The editor, an eccentric clergyman, named Dudley, had inserted an article which happened to give offence to the Captain; and on refusing to name the author, received a challenge. They took a room at this tavern, and called for a brace of pistols; and when these failed, they resorted to swords. They were both wounded, and were then separated with difficulty.

It was at the 'Castle' Tavern, in Covent Garden, that Sheridan fought a duel with Captain Mathews in 1772. They had repaired to Hyde Park, but finding the crowd too great, adjourned to this coffee-house. They fought with swords, and both were wounded, though neither of them severely. The quarrel was about the beautiful Miss Linley, to whom Sheridan was already secretly married.

The celebrated duel between the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Mohun was arranged at the 'Rose' Tavern, in Covent Garden. The duel took place in Hyde Park. It was fought on the 15th of November 1712. The Duke got out of his coach 'on the road that goes to Kensington,' and walked 'over the grass and between the two ponds.' The weapons were swords; and Lord Mohun was killed on the spot, falling in the ditch on his back, and the Duke falling near him, severely wounded. The keeper of Price's Lodge, in the park, lifted the Duke up; and he walked with the keeper's help about thirty yards, when he declared that he could go no farther, and died. Macartney, Lord Mohun's second, who escaped to the Continent, was accused by Colonel Hamilton, the Duke's second, of having stabbed his principal over his (the Colonel's) shoulder. A proclamation was issued offering five hundred pounds reward for the apprehension of Macartney, to which was added three hundred by the Duchess of Hamilton. The ostensible cause of the quarrel was the right of succession to the estate of Gerard, Earl of Macclesfield, both having married nieces of the Earl; but politics had perhaps as much to do with it as the lawsuit in which they were engaged. No man of his time was more frequently involved in duels than Lord Mohun. He was twice tried for murder. A Bill for the prevention of duelling was brought into the House of Commons immediately after this affair; but it was lost after the second reading.

Duelling went on for nearly a hundred years in London after this event. Early in the present century—as recently as 1822—a duel was fought in the park between two Dukes—Bedford and Buckingham. A noted one occurred in a copse, in a lonely part of Hyde Park, between John Wilkes, the agitator, and Samuel Martin, a member of Parliament. Both fired four times, when Wilkes received a severe wound. His antagonist relenting, hastened to offer to assist him off the ground. But Wilkes urged Martin to make his escape and avoid

arrest. Wilkes was the cause of another duel in Hyde Park. In a coffee-house, one Captain Douglas spoke of Wilkes as a scoundrel, adding that the epithet equally applied to his adherents. A clergyman named Green espousing Wilkes's cause, pulled the Captain's nose. Thereupon, they repaired to the park, though late in the evening. The duel was fought with swords. The parson ran the Captain through the doublet, and they left the ground satisfied.

Holland Park, at the beginning of the century, was a famous duelling-ground. The spot usually chosen was near Addison Road, a spot known as the Moats. Lord Camelford fought a duel here in 1804 with Captain Best, the crack shot of that period. The dispute occurred at the 'Prince of Wales' Coffee-house, in Conduit Street. The parties met near the Moats about eight o'clock one morning in March; and having taken up their position, Lord Camelford fired the first shot. It missed; and Captain Best, taking aim, lodged his bullet in his lordship's body.

Less than half a century ago, Battersea Fields was one of the darkest and dreariest spots in the suburbs of London. It was a swampy waste of some three hundred acres. Costermongers and roughs and so-called gypsies made these fields their favourite resort. Many a duel was fought there. The isolated character of the place recommended it to duellists of all sorts and conditions. In the most remarkable 'affair' that happened in Battersea Fields, near the notorious Red House, the Iron Duke was a principal. He had got into hot-water for the part he had taken in the passing of the Catholic Relief Bill. Abuse fell upon him fast and furious. The young Earl of Winchilsea, one of the leaders of the Anti-Catholic party, published a violent attack on the Duke's personal character. The Duke in vain attempted to induce the Earl to retract his charges. He subsequently sent him a challenge. Lord Winchilsea, after escaping the Duke's shot, tendered an apology.

Putney Heath, at the time a noted rendezvous for highwaymen, was the scene of frequent duels, private and political. William Pitt while Prime Minister exchanged shots on this heath with Tierney; and another famous duel, between Canning and Castlereagh, took place there, near that well-known landmark, the Obelisk.

Hounslow Heath was another duelling-ground. One wintry night in 1696, Beau Fielding fought a duel on this heath with Sir Henry Colt. The exact ground chosen was at the back of Cleveland Court. Fielding, who wished to fight where the beautiful Duchess of Cleveland, his future wife, might witness the duel, is reported to have run Sir Henry through the body before he had time to draw his sword. But the Baronet, though wounded, succeeded in disarming his antagonist, and so ended the affair. The place where this duel was fought is the present site of Bridgewater House.

Another duelling-ground in London was Tot-hill Fields. The neighbourhood was a dead level, as shown in old etchings, broken only by a clump of trees in the centre. In the last encounter which took place there, in 1711, a

Kentish gentleman named Dering was killed by one Richard Thornhill. It was one of the most savage duels on record. The men fought so near that the muzzles of the pistols actually touched each other. Westminster House of Correction and the surrounding streets now cover these fields.

Endless attempts during all this time were being made to put a stop to duelling. The duelling-grounds in London were being built over, but still grounds were to be found, and men continued to challenge and fight. Members of Parliament brought in Bills for its suppression; divines preached; authors directed their satire against the evil. 'If any one that fought a duel was made to stand in the pillory,' writes Addison, 'it would quickly lessen these imaginary men of honour, and put an end to so absurd a practice.'

Still members of Parliament, divines, and authors—those who most condemned the practice of duelling—were being constantly drawn into duels. Lord Shaftesbury was challenged by Lord Mornington in 1853 for something he had said in a speech on the Juvenile Mendicancy Bill. Lord Shaftesbury referred the affair to his solicitors; and thus was given the *coup de grâce* to the notion that when challenged a man must fight.

The last duel—the last fatal one, at least—was fought in a field in Maiden Lane in a solitary part of Holloway, in 1843. The district acquired considerable notoriety from the event. It was the duel fought between Colonel Fawcett and Lieutenant Munro. The former was killed. The duellists were not only brother-officers; they were also brothers-in-law, having married two sisters. The coroner's jury on the inquest returned a verdict of wilful murder, not only against Lieutenant Munro, but against the seconds also. The latter, however, were acquitted. Munro evaded the hands of justice by seeking refuge abroad. Four years later, he surrendered to take his trial at the Old Bailey. He was found guilty, and sentenced to death. He was, however, strongly recommended to mercy; and the sentence was eventually commuted to twelve months' imprisonment. The neighbourhood in which this duel was fought is no longer solitary; a wide thoroughfare, known as the Brecknock Road, runs through it; and a rifle-ground, beside the 'Brecknock Arms,' appropriately indicates the place where the final shot was fired.

#### MIRAGE.

THIS is the name applied to certain optical illusions due to the curving of rays of light as they pass through the atmosphere. The illusory appearance may take one or other of three forms: objects may simply seem very much elevated; or they may be elevated and inverted; or, lastly, they may seem depressed and inverted. Because rays usually travel in straight lines, we cannot see round corners, nor can we see objects below the horizon; but sometimes, because of the peculiar state of the atmosphere, the rays of light are so bent that when they

reach the eye they make distant objects seem in a higher position than they actually are. In this way, bodies that are really below the horizon may seem elevated above it, and though at a great distance, may thus become visible. This sort of thing is usually seen across water, and among nautical men it is known as 'looming.' Not unfrequently, objects that 'loom' seem unusually near, and are magnified vertically, so as to appear like spires or columns. Snowdon is now and then seen by pilots in Dublin Bay, although the distance between them is over a hundred miles as the crow flies. The Isle of Wight has several times been visible from Brighton; and the cliffs near Calais have been seen from Ramsgate, the distance in both cases being about sixty miles.

But it is in tropical seas that the most remarkable instances have occurred. A good many years ago, a pilot in Mauritius reported that he had seen a vessel which turned out to be two hundred miles off. The incident caused a good deal of discussion in nautical circles; and, strange to say, a seemingly well-authenticated case of the same kind occurred afterwards at Aden. A pilot there announced that he had seen from the heights the Bombay steamer then nearly due. He stated precisely the direction in which he saw her, and added that her head was not then turned towards the port. This caused some alarm, and a steamer lying in the harbour was sent out to tow in the vessel supposed to be disabled. It cruised about in the direction indicated for a whole day without success; but two days afterwards, the missing steamer entered the port; and it was found, on inquiries, that at the time mentioned by the pilot she was exactly in the direction and position indicated by him, but about two hundred miles off. To prove that there is no hallucination in statements like these, evidence would be required as conclusive as that needed to establish the reality of the great serpent.

Sometimes, however, objects are not only elevated but inverted. This appearance is very common in Polar seas, the inversion being due to the rays from the lower part of the distant object being more bent than those from the upper part. Sailors see it best from a lofty position, such as the mast-head. A well-known case occurred off the coast of Greenland in 1822, when Captain Scoresby was made aware of the nearness of his father's ship by recognising its inverted image in the sky. And in 1854 the whole English fleet of nineteen sail was seen as if suspended in the air upside down by those on board H.M.S. *Archer*, cruising fifty miles away, off Oesel in the Baltic. It is not unusual to see two or three different horizons with images of a distant vessel alternately inverted and upright.

Cold heavy air over water is just as it were in the opposite condition from warm light air over a sandy desert; hence, in the latter case the rays are bent in the opposite direction, and seem to come from an object below the real one. So that in the mirage of the Desert the

observer sees the distant object directly through the uniform part of the air between himself and it, and he likewise sees an inverted image below as if caused by reflection in a sheet of water. Indeed, travellers across the Desert have often been cheated by the appearance. A Deputy Surveyor-general of South Australia once reported the existence of a large inland lake there. He did not take the precaution to go up to it; and when the lake was afterwards sought for, it was found that he had been deceived by the mirage.

The mirage can be seen nearly every day in the plains of Lower Egypt, and also to a limited extent in the plains of Hungary and Southern France. Now and then something of the kind can be seen in summer by stooping down and looking along our sandy coasts, such as Morecambe Bay and the coast of Devonshire, or over the Fen district, at that season dried up by the summer heat.

We must remember that the mirage of the Desert creates nothing, but merely inverts bodies that actually exist a little distance off; though in the Sahara, skylight rays descending are bent upwards by the hot air next the sand, and the eye is actually deluded by an impression resembling the reflection of skylight from water, the illusion being increased by the flickering due to convection currents, suggesting the effects of a breeze on the water. Many of the descriptions given of the mirage are 'travellers' tales' in the uncomplimentary sense. One of the most absurdly extravagant examples of this is the following: 'This treacherous phenomenon deludes the traveller's eye with a regular succession of beautiful lakes and shady avenues; and then, again, with an expanse of waving grass around a picturesque villa; here is presented a grove of towering trees; there, a flock of browsing cattle.'

#### WITH THE PAST.

THINK you ever of one gloaming  
In a golden Summer gone,  
When, amid the gathering shadows,  
Eyes, love-lighted, brighter shone?  
All the birds had hushed their voices,  
In the grass the daisies slept,  
And on soft cool wing, the west wind  
Past us like an angel swept.

Think you ever of the Silence—  
Silence sweeter far than speech—  
That stole o'er us as Love drew us  
Closer, trembling, each to each!  
Oh the years that I had waited  
For a moment such as this!  
Stretching out vain arms to clasp thee,  
Thrilling 'neath thy phantom kiss.

Am I waking? am I dreaming?  
Has that bygone day come back?  
Nay! 'tis only Memory straying  
O'er the dear old beaten track!

M. HEDDERWICK BROWN.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,  
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.



# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 577.—VOL. XII.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 19, 1895.

PRICE 1½d.

## SOME NOTABLE BEGINNERS IN CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES said once that every articulately speaking human being has in him stuff for one good novel; the 'Autocrat' might have safely added also a good supply of articles, poems, or essays. But how is he to get himself into print? Here the art, and artifice, and versatility of the writer tell. Compare the detective story by an actual member of the Force with one by Sherlock Holmes, and the difference will be seen in a moment. Apparently every editor has his own burden to bear, and can a tale unfold, from which we infer that said human being is striving to become articulate in the columns of all the journals and periodicals in the country. Even *Reynolds* receives, according to its editor, as many weekly poetical contributions as would fill a sack. The editor of a certain weekly periodical has a stereotyped form warning intending contributors that he has as many poems and short stories on hand as will supply him well on into the twentieth century. Another editor finds about one in fifteen contributions available. Contributions have come to *Chambers's Journal* from lords and labourers, priests and lawyers; and one day, as Mr Payn has recorded, came volunteer contributions from a bishop, a washerwoman, and a thief. It was remarked on one occasion that what has proved most worth reading has not always come from the best educated or most highly placed in life: great names are not always a guarantee for good articles. The stream of voluntary contributions in 1872 averaged 200 per month, nineteen-twentieths of which went back. Ten years later (1882-83) the large number of 3225 manuscripts was received, only 330 of which had been accepted. Even if they were all of the highest merit, it is evident that only a small proportion could have been retained; and this stream still continues to flow in unabated volume.

There are various ways of conducting a periodical, one of the most thoroughgoing being that of Edward Cave, who was said never to have looked out of his window save for the benefit of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, which he had founded. One modern method is to intimate to volunteer authors that the editor cannot return rejected contributions under any circumstances. Naturally, would-be contributors look upon this as a one-sided arrangement, and think twice before they risk the experiment of losing sight of their manuscript. Such an editor, backed, as he thinks, by a competent staff, and scanning the literary horizon for rising authors whom he hastens to invite to contribute, feels sufficient unto himself and his magazine. But unless an editor makes superhuman exertions, and is continually getting new blood into the concern, his periodical suffers in regard to variety of interest and freshness. You get to know exactly what will be said, and how it will be said, by any given class of writers.

The founders of *Chambers's* evidently started with this idea of being sufficient unto themselves, but speedily altered their arrangements. A preliminary prospectus was issued stating that 'no communications in prose or verse' were wanted. Experience soon modified their attitude towards outside contributors, and a good article was accepted, if suitable, from whatever quarter it came. Started over sixty years ago, just seven months before Scott passed away at Abbotsford, *Chambers's Journal* is still in general circulation, and is still read to pieces at all the public libraries. Quite a host of ready and able pens have united in giving continuity of purpose, and variety, freshness, and breadth of interest to this periodical from the commencement. A glance over the five series now issued will supply also a good hint as to the changed and changing tastes of the reading public. Fiction and light literature bulk more largely now than ever before, and it may be that there is less patience even with the long serial, and a demand for the short story has set in.

In giving the editorial experience of close upon half a century, and in allusion to the trades-union or close corporation method of conducting a periodical, William Chambers wrote: 'Sooner or later the tone of such a periodical ceases to be fresh, and it sinks into the region of *clique* and *coterie*. The trouble of working the winnowing-machine with respect to outside contributions is sure to be repaid, sooner or later—at least such has been our experience—by the acquisition of that priceless boon, an original writer.' It would be invidious to mention a long string of names of writers who have helped to make *Chambers* one of the best-read periodicals in the country; but a mention of one or two of the casual contributors, who have since risen to eminence, may be of interest, and help to show how the first tiny rill of a contribution afterwards broadened out to a larger stream of useful effort, with the sunshine of public favour upon it.

It is now nearly half a century since, in the casual way we have indicated, a contribution dropped in from George Meredith. The author of the *Egoist* and *Richard Feverel* had his first contribution printed in this *Journal* for July 7, 1849. It is entitled 'Chillianwallah,' and memorialises the bloody fight which took place at the village of that name in the Punjab, during the second Sikh war, on the 13th of January 1849. A few shots had been fired against our men while encamping, when Lord Gough gave orders for an attack; our soldiers moved forward through the jungle in the face of a masked battery. There was a panic among the cavalry, and the loss of almost the entire 24th Regiment. Yet the British troops maintained their position at the end of the day. The place is known in the neighbourhood as Katalgarh, or the 'house of slaughter.' An obelisk has been erected on the spot to the British officers and men who fell during the engagement. The poem is written as a dirge over the dead, and is in sad and solemn strain, quite in keeping with the subject; but of course entirely unlike the well-known efforts of Rudyard Kipling, who would doubtless have made Tommy Atkins his spokesman.

One is not always sure how and when to take Mr Payn seriously, and it is sometimes difficult to get a bottoming of fact in his otherwise delightful *Literary Recollections*. Certainly he does something less than justice to William Chambers in omitting to mention that he was a capable and successful editor, when the *Journal* was under his control, with a strong sense of what the public wanted and cared to read. However that may be, Mr Payn became a story-teller in connection with this *Journal*. Miss Mitford, his near neighbour when he was resident at Maidenhead, had done her best to keep him out of literature, and showered good advice upon him, when she saw all was of no avail. 'Be careful as to style,' wrote his literary god-mother; 'give as much character as you can, and as much truth, that being the foundation of all merit in literature and art.' An interview in Edinburgh with a so-called African lion-tamer, and the invention of an imaginary

Count Gotschakoff, supplied the necessary hints and suggestions for the string of adventures in 'The Family Scapegrace.' This story was placed before Robert Chambers, and Mr Payn asked for an opinion. Those who have seen Mr Payn's handwriting will not be surprised at what followed. Mr Payn, as recorded in *My First Book*, says: 'He looked at the manuscript, which was certainly not in such good handwriting as his own, and observed slyly: "Would you just mind reading a bit of it?" The author read a little of it, although interrupted by the maid bringing in coals, with the result that Mr Chambers said: "I think it will suit nicely for the *Journal*"—the pleasantest words I ever heard from the mouth of man,' observes Mr Payn. Mr Payn's reputation as a story-teller was confirmed after the issue of 'Lost Sir Massingberd,' also in this *Journal*. After serial issue, 'The Family Scapegrace,' disguised as *Richard Arbour*, was issued in one volume, but it excited no attention; although, on returning to the old title, it sold as well as any of the other numerous novels from the same hand.

To his credit, be it said, Mr Payn has taken cheerful views of authorcraft, and of life and literature generally. Now Mr Grant Allen warns intending literary aspirants off the premises by telling them that in no market can they sell their abilities to such poor advantage. 'Don't take to literature if you've capital enough in hand to buy a good broom, and energy enough to annex a vacant crossing.' Mr Payn, although he envies the judge and bishop who have five thousand pounds a year and a retiring pension, still thinks he has been 'exceptionally fortunate in receiving such small prizes as literature has to offer in the way of editorships and readerships; but the total income I have made by my pen has been but an average of fifteen hundred pounds a year for thirty-five working years. As compared with the gains of Law and Physic, and of course of Commerce, this is surely a very modest sum, though it has been earned in a most pleasant manner.' If Mr Payn, ranking in the first dozen of story-tellers, envies the judge or bishop, there are those doubtless who envy the author of *Lost Sir Massingberd*.

And now we have had Mr Stanley J. Weyman, who wrote of Oxford life for this *Journal*, rising up and calling Mr Payn blessed, because of the valuable hints received from him when he began novel-writing. 'He is father of us all,' said Mr Weyman to an interviewer the other day: 'Hornung, Gribble, Conan Doyle, Hope, and myself.'

It was not unnatural that Thomas Hardy, whose father and a brother have both been connected with the building trade at his native Dorchester, and who was himself trained as an architect, should take as the subject of his first contribution, 'How I Built Myself a House,' which appeared March 18, 1865. His maiden effort describes in a humorous vein how a Londoner, living already in a highly desirable semi-detached villa, and finding himself cramped for room, along with his wife, in the innocence of their hearts heedlessly consulted an architect, had a larger mansion built, and piled on the extras with a vengeance. How the future proprietor

climbed to the top of the scaffolding near the chimneys, suffered from giddiness, and did not see or enjoy the view, is capitally told. The altering of the plans, as new ideas flowed in upon husband and wife, raised the cost several hundreds of pounds over the estimate. This shows a professional touch, and is realistically told; but it does not appear that Mr Hardy followed out this vein. The encouragement received for his novel *Desperate Remedies* in 1871, and the distinct success of one of his best books, *Far from the Madding Crowd*, in 1874, placed him in the ranks of our four or five most popular novelists of the day.

While a student of medicine at Edinburgh University, Dr A. Conan Doyle had his first short story accepted and printed in *Chambers's Journal* in 1879. It is entitled 'The Mystery of Sasassa Valley, a South African Story,' and occupies four pages. From this and his other contributions, 'The Bravos of Market Drayton,' 'The Surgeon of Gaster Fell,' and 'Captain Wilkie,' the story of a reclaimed thief and Salvation Army Captain, it was evident that Dr Doyle was a born story-teller. He had that reputation at school; and long ere he was in his teens, 'I had,' he tells us, 'traversed every sea and knew the Rockies like my own back garden. How often had I sprung upon the back of the charging buffalo, and so escaped him! It was an every-day emergency to have set the prairie on fire in front of me in order to escape from the fire behind.' At school, it was therefore quite natural that he should have an attracted and attentive audience when spinning yarns. But, as he remarks, 'it may be that my literary experiences would have ended there, had there not come a time in my early manhood when that good old harsh-faced school-mistress, Hard Times, took me by the hand. I wrote, and with amazement I found that my writing was accepted. *Chambers's Journal* it was which rose to the occasion, and I have had a kindly feeling for its mustard-coloured back ever since.' The story 'Captain Wilkie,' which has just been printed, seems a kind of forecast of his Sherlock Holmes narratives, and contains a reference to the influence upon him by one of his Edinburgh teachers, Dr Joseph Bell, who was continually impressing upon his pupils the vast importance of marking little distinctions, and the endless significance, when followed out, of so-called trifles in appearance, manner, and conduct. In all probability Dr Bell never dreamt of the use one brilliant pupil would make of his lectures.

Mr D. Christie Murray lately held a Boston audience spell-bound for about an hour and a half, while relating the experiences of a war correspondent, and the Bohemian life at home and abroad, which had gone to make him a novelist. He told how the late Mr Robert Chambers, then conducting this *Journal*, wrote him the following note: 'SIR—I have read with unusual pleasure and interest, in this month's *Gentleman's Magazine*, a story from your pen entitled "An Old Meerschaum." If you have a novel on hand or in preparation, I should be glad to see it. In the meantime, a short story not much longer than "An Old Meerschaum" would be gladly considered by,

yours very truly, ROBERT CHAMBERS.' This led to the publication, in succession, of 'A Life's Atonement,' 'Valentine Strange,' and 'The Silver Lever' in this *Journal*. The first story had been written, laid aside, and almost forgotten in the crowded life of a journalist and war correspondent. On re-writing some of it, and sending it in, the cheerful reply came back, that if the rest of it was as good as the beginning, it would be accepted. So Mr Murray worked away, during much hardship, at the remainder, and thus joined the crowded ranks of the modern novelists.

Here we must stop at the most interesting point, for it would be like telling tales out of school to gossip about early contributions of Mr Stanley Weyman, Sir Wemyss Reid, and of many another writer whose early but unacknowledged work first saw the light in *Chambers's*. Mr Leslie Stephen might not care to be reminded of the share he had, along with Mr Payn, in a forgotten Christmas number.

It is true that authors seldom hide their lights under a bushel nowadays, when log-rolling has become so much of a fine art, and a reputation can be gained or lost in a few months. Thomas Carlyle's ambition was to write his books as soundly as his father built his bridges. For time tests all things, and however much or little may be in a name, good work will never go out of fashion.

## THE CHRONICLES OF COUNT ANTONIO.\*

### CHAPTER II.—COUNT ANTONIO AND THE TRAITOR PRINCE.

OF all the deeds that Count Antonio of Monte Velluto did during the time that he was an outlaw in the hills (for a price had been set on his head by Duke Valentine), there was none that made greater stir or struck more home to the hearts of men, howsoever they chose to look upon it, than that which he performed on the high hill that faces the wicket gate on the west side of the city, and is called now the Hill of Duke Paul. Indeed it was the act of a man whose own conscience was his sole guide, and who made the law which his own hand was to carry out. That it had been a crime in most men, who can doubt? That it was a crime in him, all governments must hold; and the same, I take it, must be the teaching of the Church. Yet not all men held it a crime, although they had not ventured it themselves, both from the greatness of the person whom the deed concerned, and also for the burden that it put on the conscience of him that did it. Here, then, is the story of it, as it is yet told both in the houses of the noble and in peasants' cottages.

While Count Antonio still dwelt at the Court, and had not yet fled from the wrath aroused in the Duke by the Count's attempt to carry off the Lady Lucia, the Duke's ward, the nuptials of His Highness had been cele-

\* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

brated with great magnificence and universal rejoicing; and the feasting and exultation had been most happily renewed on the birth of an infant Prince, a year later. Yet heavy was the price paid for this gift of Heaven, for Her Highness the Duchess, a lady of rare grace and kindness, survived the birth of her son only three months, and then died, amidst the passionate mourning of the people, leaving the Duke a prey to bitter sorrow. Many say that she had turned his heart to good had she but lived, and that it was the loss of her that soured him and twisted his nature. If it be so, I pray that he has received pardon for all his sins, for his grief was great, and hardly to be assuaged even by the love he had for the little Prince, from whom he would never be parted for an hour, if he could contrive to have the boy with him, and in whom he saw, with pride, the heir of his throne.

Both in the joy of the wedding and the grief at the Duchess's death, none had made more ostentatious sign of sharing than His Highness's brother, Duke Paul. Yet hollow alike were his joy and his grief, save that he found true cause for sorrow in that the Duchess left to her husband a dear memorial of their brief union. Paul rivalled the Duke in his caresses and his affected love for the boy, but he had lived long in the hope that His Highness would not marry, and that he himself should succeed him in his place, and this hope he could not put out of his heart. Nay, as time passed and the baby grew to a healthy boy, Paul's thoughts took a still deeper hue of guilt. It was no longer enough for him to hope for his nephew's death, or even to meditate how he should bring it about. One wicked imagining led on, as it is wont in our sinful nature, to another, and Satan whispered in Paul's ear that the Duke himself was short of forty by a year, that to wait for power till youth were gone was not a bold man's part, and that to contrive the child's death, leaving his father alive, was but to double the risk without halving the guilt. Thus was Paul induced to dwell on the death of both father and son, and to say to himself that if the father went first the son would easily follow, and that with one cunning and courageous stroke the path to the throne might be cleared.

While Paul pondered on these designs, there came about the events which drove Count Antonio from the Court; and no sooner was he gone and declared in open disobedience and contumacy against the Duke, than Paul, seeking a handle for his plans, seemed to find one in Antonio. Here was a man driven from his house (which the Duke had burned), despoiled of his revenues, bereft of his love, proclaimed a free mark for whosoever would serve the Duke by slaying him. Where could be a better man for the purposes of a malcontent prince? And the more was Paul inclined to use Antonio

from the fact that he had shown favour to Antonio, and been wont to seek his society; so that Antonio, failing to pierce the dark depths of his heart, was loyally devoted to him, and had returned an answer full of gratitude and friendship to the secret messages in which Paul had sent him condolence on the mishap that had befallen him.

Now in the beginning of the second year of Count Antonio's outlawry, His Highness was most mightily incensed against him, not merely because he had so won the affection of the country-folk that none would betray his hiding-place either for threats or for rewards, but most chiefly by reason of a certain act which was in truth more of Tommasino's doing than of Antonio's. For Tommasino, meeting one of the Duke's farmers of taxes, had lightened him of his fat bag of money, saying that he would himself assume the honour of delivering what was fairly due to His Highness, and had upon that scattered three-fourths of the spoil among the poor, and sent the beggarly remnant privily by night to the gate of the city, with a writing, 'There is honour among thieves; who, then, may call Princes thieves?' And this writing had been read by many, and the report of it, spreading through the city, had made men laugh. Therefore the Duke had sworn that by no means should Antonio gain pardon save by delivering that insolent young robber to the hands of justice. Thus he was highly pleased when his brother sought him in the garden (for he sat in his wonted place under the wall by the fish-pond) and bade him listen to a plan whereby the outlaws should be brought to punishment. The Duke took his little son upon his knees, and prayed his brother to tell his device.

'You could not bring me a sweeter gift than the head of Tommasino,' said he, stroking the child's curls; and the child shrank closer into his arms, for the child did not love Paul, but feared him.

'Antonio knows that I love Your Highness,' said Paul, seating himself on the seat by the Duke, 'but he knows also that I am his friend, and a friend to the Lady Lucia, and a man of tender heart. Would it seem to him deep treachery if I should go privately to him and tell him how that on a certain day you would go forth with your Guard to camp in the spurs of Mount Agnino, leaving the city desolate, and that on the night of that day I could contrive that Lucia should come secretly to the gate, and that it should be opened for her, so that by a sudden descent she might be seized and carried safe to his hiding-place before aid could come from Your Highness?'

'But what should the truth be?' asked Valentine.

'The truth should be that while part of the Guard went to the spurs of the Mount, the rest should lie in ambush close inside the city gates and dash out on Antonio and his company.'

'It is well, if he will believe.'

Then Paul laid his finger on his brother's arm. 'As the clock in the tower of the Cathedral strikes three on the morning of the 15th of the month, do you, dear brother, be in your summer-house at the corner of the garden

yonder; and I will come thither and tell you if he has believed and if he has come. For by then I shall have learned from him his mind: and we two will straightway go rouse the Guards and lead the men to their appointed station, and when he approaches the gate we can lay hands on him.'

'How can you come to him? For we do not know where he is hid.'

'Alas, there is not a rogue of a peasant that cannot take a letter to him!'

'Yet when I question them, ay, though I beat them, they know nothing!' cried Valentine in chagrin. 'Truly, the sooner we lay him by the heels, the better for our security.'

'Shall it be, then, as I say, my lord?'

'So let it be,' said the Duke. 'I will await you in the summer-house.'

Paul, perceiving that his brother had no suspicions of him, and would await him in the summer-house, held his task to be already half-done. For his plan was that he and Antonio should come together to the summer-house, but that Antonio should lie hid till Paul had spoken to the Duke; then Paul should go out on pretext of bidding the Guard make ready the ambush, and leave the Duke alone with Antonio. Antonio then, suddenly springing forth, should slay the Duke; while Paul—and when he thought on this, he smiled to himself—would so contrive that a body of men should bar Antonio's escape, and straightway kill him. Thus should he be quit both of his brother and Antonio, and no man would live who knew how the deed was contrived. 'And then,' said he, 'I doubt whether the poor child, bereft of all parental care, will long escape the manifold perils of infancy.'

Thus he schemed; and when he had made all sure, and noised about the Duke's intentions touching his going to the spurs of Mount Agnino, he himself set forth alone on his horse to seek Antonio. He rode till he reached the entrance of the pass leading to the recesses of the hills. Then he dismounted, and sat down on the ground; and this was at noon on the 13th day of the month. He had not long been sitting, when a face peered from behind a wall of moss-covered rock that fronted him, and Paul cried, 'Is it a friend?'

'A friend of whom mean you, my lord? came from the rock.'

'Of whom else than of Count Antonio?' cried Paul.

A silence followed and a delay; then two men stole cautiously from behind the rock; and in one of them Paul knew the man they called Bena, who had been of the Duke's Guard. The men, knowing Paul, bowed low to him, and asked him his pleasure, and he commanded them to bring him to Antonio. They wondered, knowing not whether he came from the Duke or despite the Duke; but he was urgent in his commands, and at length they tied a scarf over his eyes, and set him on his horse, and led the horse. Thus they went for an hour. Then they prayed him to dismount, saying that the horse could go no farther; and though Paul's eyes saw nothing, he heard the whinnying and smelt the smell of horses.

'Here are your stables then,' said he, and dismounted with a laugh.

Then Bena took him by the hand, and the other guided his feet, and climbing up steep paths, over boulders and through little water-courses, they went, till at length Bena cried, 'We are at home, my lord; and Paul, tearing off his bandage, found himself on a small level spot, ranged round with stunted wind-beaten firs; and three huts stood in the middle of the space, and before one of the huts sat Tommasino, composing a sonnet to a pretty peasant girl whom he had chanced to meet that day. For Tommasino had ever a hospitable heart. But seeing Paul, Tommasino left his sonnet, and with a cry of wonder sprang to meet him; and Paul took him by both hands and saluted him. That night and the morning that followed, Paul abode with Antonio, eating the good cheer and drinking the good wine that Tommasino, who had charged himself with the care of such matters, put before him. Whence they came from, Paul asked not; nor did Tommasino say more than that they were offerings to Count Antonio—but whether offerings of free-will or no, he said not. And during this time Paul spoke much with Antonio privily and apart, persuading him of his friendship, and telling most pitiful things of the harshness shown by Valentine his brother to the Lady Lucia, and how the lady grew pale and peaked, and pined, so that the physicians knit their brows over her, and the women said no drugs would patch a broken heart. Thus he inflamed Antonio's mind with a great rage against the Duke, so that he fell to counting the men he had, and wondering whether there was force to go openly against the city. But in sorrow Paul answered that the pikemen were too many.

'But there is a way, and a better,' said Paul, leaning his head near to Antonio's ear. 'A way whereby you may come to your own again, and rebuild your house that the Duke has burned, and enjoy the love of Lucia, and hold foremost place in the Duchy.'

'What way is that?' asked Antonio in wondering eagerness. 'Indeed I am willing to serve His Highness in any honourable service, if by that I may win his pardon and come to that I long for.'

'His pardon! When did he pardon?' sneered Paul.

To know honest men and leave them to their honesty is the last great gift of villainy. But Paul had it not; and now he unfolded to Antonio the plan that he had made, saving (as needs not to be said) that part of it whereby Antonio himself was to meet his death. For a pretext, he alleged that the Duke oppressed the city, and that he, Paul, was put out of favour because he had sought to protect the people, and was fallen into great suspicion. Yet, judging Antonio's heart by his own, he dwelt again and longer on the charms of Lucia, and on the great things he would give Antonio when he ruled the Duchy for his nephew; for of the last crime he meditated, the death of the child, he said naught then, professing to love the child. When the tale began, a sudden start ran through Antonio, and his face flushed; but he sat still and listened with unmoved

face, his eyes gravely regarding Paul the while. No anger did he show, nor wonder, nor scorn; nor now any eagerness; but he gazed at the Prince with calm musing glance, as though he considered of some great question put before him. And when Paul ended his tale, Antonio sat yet silent and musing. But Paul was trembling now, and he stretched out his hand and laid it on Antonio's knee, and asked, with a feigned laugh that choked in the utterance, 'Well, friend Antonio, is it a clever plan, and will you ride with me?'

Minute followed minute before Antonio answered. At length the frown vanished from his brow, and his face grew calm and set, and he answered Duke Paul, saying, 'It is such a plan as you, my lord, alone of all men in the Duchy could make; and I will ride with you.'

Then Paul, in triumph, caught him by the hands and pressed his hands, calling him a man of fine spirit and a true friend, who should not lack reward. And all this Antonio suffered silently; and in silence still he listened while Paul told him how that a path led secretly from the bank of the river, through a secret gate in the wall, to the summer-house where the Duke was to be; of this gate he alone, saving the Duke, had the key; they had but to swim the river and enter by this gate. Having secreted Antonio, Paul would talk with the Duke; then he would go and carry off what remained of the Guard over and above those that were gone to the hills; and Antonio, having done his deed, could return by the same secret path, cross the river again, and rejoin his friends. And in a short space of time, Paul would recall him with honour to the city and give him Lucia to wife.

'And if there be a question as to the hand that dealt the blow, there is a rascal whom the Duke flogged but a few days since—a steward in the Palace. He deserves hanging, Antonio, for a thousand things of which he is guilty, and it will trouble me little to hang him for one whereof he chances to be innocent.' And Duke Paul laughed heartily.

'I will ride with you,' said Antonio again.

Then, it being full mid-day, they sat down to dinner, Paul bandying many merry sayings with Tommasino, Antonio being calm but not uncheerful. And when the meal was done, Paul drank to the good-fortune of their expedition; and Antonio having drained his glass, said, 'May God approve the issue,' and straightway bade Tommasino and Martolo prepare to ride with him. Then, Paul being again blindfolded, they climbed down the mountain paths till they came where the horses were, and thus, as the sun began to decline, set forward at a fair pace, Duke Paul and Antonio leading by some few yards; while Tommasino and Martolo, having drunk well, and sniffing sport in front of them, sang, jested, and played pranks on one another as they passed along. But when night fell they became silent; even Tommasino grew grave and checked his horse, and the space between them and the pair who led grew greater, so that it seemed to Duke Paul that he and Antonio rode alone through the night, under the shadows of the great hills. Once

and again he spoke to Antonio, first of the scheme, then on some light matter; but Antonio did no more than move his head in assent. And Antonio's face was very white, and his lips were close shut.

### SUSPENDED VITALITY IN PLANTS AND ANIMALS.

A WRITER on 'Humanity Past and Future,' in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, says: 'A means will be discovered to suspend animation, and thereby prolong interrupted life perhaps for centuries.' This bold prediction is a curious comment upon the controversy, renewed from time to time, as to the possibility of the growth of 'mummy wheat.' Botanists generally deny the possibility of the suspended vitality of corn during many centuries, and reduce its life-history to the short span of seven years. Yet scientific dreamers already fancy the problem of suspended animation, even in warm-blooded animals, almost solved. But if Nature altogether refuses, even under the most favourable circumstances, to extend her lease of life to those grains which she has herself matured and hardened to endure months or years of seeming death, how is she to be induced to do so in the case of those creatures to whom breath is life, and the exclusion of air, death?

Nevertheless, hibernation—which is a form of suspended animation—is common in many warm-blooded animals; whilst the chrysalis state is almost universal among insects. No one knows how long these two forms of death-in-life may endure under abnormal conditions, or how far the principle may be extended. Indian jugglers have, as we know, long claimed the power of suspending animation at will, and one instance at least is recorded in which this power seems to have been subjected successfully to a very severe test. Doubters, however, will continue to class this with the stories of toads shut up in rocks, and the growth of mummy wheat, regarding all alike as impossible.

The sceptic may be right, but it is quite possible to err on the side of scepticism; and it is certain that the vitality of seeds is much under-estimated. A case in point came under the notice of the writer some years ago, when, on the death of an aged relative, seeds of melon and geranium which had been stored for nearly fifty years—the locality whence derived and the date having been carefully noted by the deceased—were sown, with the result that many of them grew and produced fruit and flowers of excellent quality. This, which can be vouched for, proves that, under ordinary circumstances, seeds will retain vitality for at least half a century; how much longer, who shall say? Darwin gives many instances of seeds which have germinated after having been floated for long periods on sea-water; and a plant reared from a nut, supposed to have been a relic of the great Krakatoa eruption, which had stranded near Port Elizabeth three years afterwards, is still growing in the Botanic Gardens there.

But perhaps the most remarkable cases of long-continued suspension of vitality and renewal

of life in plants are those which occur occasionally when earth, which has remained undisturbed for centuries, upon exposure to the air brings forth plants, not indeed, unknown to botanists, but unknown to the district in which they appear. Dr Carpenter, in his *Vegetable Physiology*, brings forward several singular cases of this kind; in one, clay thrown up from beneath fourteen feet of peat-earth yielded seeds which, when sown, produced a species of chrysanthemum. In another, some well-diggers in America, forty miles from the sea, came upon sea-sand, which, upon being brought to the surface and scattered, yielded a number of small trees. These proved to be beech-plum trees, which grow only on the sea-shore, and were of course new to the district.

Professor von Heldrich of Athens asserts that at the silver mines of Laurium, in Greece, a luxuriant crop of horned poppy of an unknown species has appeared on soil covered to a depth of ten feet by the scoræ thrown out by the ancient workers, and recently disturbed in order to remelt the old refuse.

An exceedingly interesting instance of this kind occurred in Bath some years ago, when, on uncovering the old Roman baths, wherever the spade of the explorer let in air and light, a fern—certainly at present unknown in the neighbourhood—sprang up in every little nook and corner. Some of these plants lived and grew for years; but, although carefully protected, they have now entirely disappeared. The new life and strange environment was in some way distasteful to them, and they died away as they had appeared, suddenly. A similar story might be told in many other localities. Even in London, it is said that the hedge-mustard springs up wherever a house is burned down; and after the Great Fire in 1666, the yellow rocket appeared in profusion in the district swept by the flames. In South Africa it has been observed that whenever a grass fire occurs near Graaf-Reinet, the Cape gooseberry and a scarlet flowering bulb spring up for miles, instead of the plants burned; and in the same neighbourhood, wherever stones are excavated, the tobacco tree appears on the spot quarried.

Now, in all these cases, the plants reappearing after long somnolence must have been buried at a season when fructification was perfected and germination in abeyance. For, if they had not been in seed, they could not have survived; and had germination commenced, they would doubtless have perished. It is just this fact which seems to be overlooked in the case of mummy wheat, which Lord Winchelsea has failed to make grow; but which Mr Sutton, a practical seed-grower, says his firm has frequently grown successfully when sown immediately after being taken from the mummy cases, before the atmosphere has had time to destroy its vitality.

It is evident that wheat and other seeds would have a much greater chance of survival if hermetically sealed up just after harvest, when the germinating power is at its lowest, than if packed away in the same manner just at seed-time, when the germ, though unseen, has begun to develop. It may indeed be kept back for a time by absence of moisture; but

the germ, once fully formed and then checked, will not grow again.

If we turn from plant to animal life, we shall see the same problem of suspended vitality presented in many forms. Let us, for instance, consider that wonderful awakening after rain in tropical and semi-tropical countries, so often described by travellers. Months of drought have dried up the water-courses, so that you may dig down deep in the beds of rivers and ponds and find no moisture. The earth is bare and parched, riven in great cracks by the scorching sun, and a silence as of death reigns everywhere. There is a tropical shower, and suddenly the air resounds with the croakings of frogs and toads, the chirpings of insects, and the songs of birds; whilst grass and flowering plants spring up as if by magic. It is a veritable resurrection, brought about by that which may well be termed the water of life—the sudden revival of many things animate and inanimate apparently dead.

Lumholtz says: 'In South Australia a drought once lasted for twenty-six months. The country was transformed into a desert, and life was not to be seen. Sheep and cattle had perished, and so had the marsupials. Suddenly rain poured down. The long drought was at an end, and six hours after the storm had begun, the rain was welcomed by the powerful voices of the frogs. Flies afterwards came in great numbers, and then bats appeared in countless swarms.'

But independently of drought, there are many singular and inexplicable cases of the intermittent appearance of living things after having undergone long periods of quiescence. Such is happily the case with the locust, of the latest visitation of which in South Africa it is said that after rain they made their appearance in vast numbers, emerging from the ground where their eggs had lain for nearly twenty years. The ordinary locust does not seem to have a definite time for reappearance; but the American locust, known as the *Cicada septendecim*, comes out regularly every seventeen years, whence its name. It emerges in the pupa state from deep holes in the ground, even in hard pathways, crawls to some neighbouring tree, where it sheds its skin, and sits drying its wings and singing 'Pha-ra-oh,' by which name it is commonly known. As the locusts increase in number, this song becomes a loud chorus; and as they sing, they hollow out long furrows in the branches of the tree upon which they rest, and in these furrows they lay their eggs. The branches thus excavated die and drop off, and thus probably the eggs are conveyed to the earth, to be washed into the soil by rains, in order to undergo their seventeen years of change and death-like sleep; and at the end of the seventeen years, return to upper air and so follow again the example of their long-deceased parents. But what becomes of the perfect insects, how the eggs germinate, how and why they become buried so deeply under ground, and what metamorphoses they undergo during this long burial, no one knows. The only thing certain about them is, that they will return punctually at the end of seventeen years, and neither earlier nor later.

There seems reason to suppose that those



disease-producing microscopic objects known to modern science as 'bacteria' have also periods of quiescence and renewed activity, resulting in epidemics of various kinds; but whether the air, earth, or water serves them as a resting-place during their periods of repose, and by which of the elements they are conveyed to their victims, we do not know with certainty. It seems, however, to be proved that some at least are destroyed by that sunshine which exerts so vivifying an influence upon most plants and animals.

From all these instances, it seems clear that Nature refuses to be bound by any of the hard and fast rules which Science formulates. She works by secret and mysterious laws, hidden alike from the learned and simple; she has not only her regular and set periods of sleep and re-awakening, but also long and indefinite seasons of repose or death-like trance, during which her children lie *perdu* in earth or air, or beneath the running waters, awaiting, like the sleeping damsels of old romance, the kiss of some fairy Prince to restore them to life and vigour. The kiss may come by fire or flood, or by the viewless air, and after months or years or centuries of waiting; but whenever it does come, it is certain to find them ready to cast off the trammels of their enchanted sleep, and to resume their place, and play again their destined rôle, for either weal or woe, in the living tapestry of Nature's handiwork.

## THE RECOLLECTIONS OF CAPTAIN WILKIE.\*

By A. CONAN DOYLE.

IN TWO PARTS—PART I.

'Who can he be?' thought I, as I watched my companion in the second-class carriage of the London and Dover Railway.

I had been so full of the fact that my long-expected holiday had come at last, and that for a few days at least the gaieties of Paris were about to supersede the dull routine of the hospital wards, that we were well out of London before I observed that I was not alone in the compartment. In these days we have all pretty well agreed that 'Three is company and two is none' upon the railway. At the time I write of, however, people were not so morbidly sensitive about their travelling companions. It was rather an agreeable surprise to me to find that there was some chance of whiling away the hours of a tedious journey. I therefore pulled my cap down over my eyes, took a good look from beneath it at my *vis-à-vis*, and repeated to myself, 'Who can he be?'

I used rather to pride myself on being able to spot a man's trade or profession by a good look at his exterior. I had the advantage of studying under a Professor at Edinburgh who was a master of the art, and used to electrify both his patients and his clinical classes by long shots, sometimes at the most unlikely of pursuits, and never very far from the mark. 'Well, my man,' I have heard him say, 'I can see by

your fingers that you play some musical instrument for your livelihood, but it is a rather curious one—something quite out of my line.' The man afterwards informed us that he earned a few coppers by blowing *Rule Britannia* on a coffee-pot, the spout of which was pierced to form a rough flute. Though a novice in the art compared to the shrewd Professor, I was still able to astonish my ward companions on occasion, and I never lost an opportunity of practising myself. It was not mere curiosity, then, which led me to lean back on the cushions and analyse the quiet middle-aged man in front of me.

I used to do the thing systematically, and my train of reflections ran somewhat in this wise: 'General appearance vulgar, fairly opulent, and extremely self-possessed—looks like a man who could outchaff a bargee, and yet be at his ease in the best middle-class society. Eyes well set together, and nose rather prominent—would be a good long-range marksman. Cheeks flabby, but the softness of expression redeemed by a square-cut jaw and a well-set lower lip. On the whole, a powerful type. Now for the hands—rather disappointed there. Thought he was a self-made man by the look of him, but there is no callus in the palm, and no thickening at the joints. Has never been engaged in any real physical work, I should think. No tanning on the backs of the hands; on the contrary, they are very white, with blue projecting veins and long delicate fingers. Couldn't be an artist with that face, and yet he has the hands of a man engaged in delicate manipulations. No red acid spots upon his clothes, no ink-stains, no nitrate-of-silver marks upon the hands (this helps to negative my half-formed opinion that he was a photographer). Clothes not worn in any particular part. Coat made of tweed, and fairly old; but the left elbow, as far as I can see it, has as much of the fluff left on as the right, which is seldom the case with men who do much writing. Might be a commercial traveller, but the little pocket-book in the waistcoat is wanting, nor has he any of those handy valises suggestive of samples.'

I give these brief headings of my ideas merely to demonstrate my method of arriving at a conclusion. As yet I had obtained nothing but negative results; but now, to use a chemical metaphor, I was in a position to pour off this solution of dissolved possibilities and examine the residue. I found myself reduced to a very limited number of occupations. He was neither a lawyer nor a clergyman, in spite of a soft felt hat, and a somewhat clerical cut about the necktie. I was wavering now between pawnbroker and horse-dealer; but there was too much character about his face for the former; and he lacked that extraordinary equine atmosphere which hangs about the latter even in his hours of relaxation; so I formed a provisional diagnosis of betting man of methodistical proclivities, the latter clause being inserted in deference to his hat and necktie.

Pray, do not think that I reasoned it out like this in my own mind. It is only now, sitting down with pen and paper, that I can see the successive steps. As it was, I had

\* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

formed my conclusion within sixty seconds of the time when I drew my hat down over my eyes and uttered the mental ejaculation with which my narrative begins.

I did not feel quite satisfied even then with my deduction. However, as a leading question would—to pursue my chemical analogy—act as my litmus paper, I determined to try one. There was a *Times* lying by my companion, and I thought the opportunity too good to be neglected.

'Do you mind my looking at your paper?' I asked.

'Certainly, sir, certainly,' said he most urbanely, handing it across.

I glanced down its columns until my eye rested upon the list of the latest betting.

'Hallo!' I said, 'they are laying odds upon the favourite for the Cambridgeshire.—But perhaps,' I added, looking up, 'you are not interested in these matters?'

'Snares, sir!' said he violently, 'wiles of the enemy! Mortals are but given a few years to live; how can they squander them so!—They have not even an eye to their poor worldly interests,' he added in a quieter tone, 'or they would never back a single horse at such short odds with a field of thirty.'

There was something in this speech of his which tickled me immensely. I suppose it was the odd way in which he blended religious intolerance with worldly wisdom. I laid the *Times* aside with the conviction that I should be able to spend the next two hours to better purpose than in its perusal.

'You speak as if you understood the matter, at any rate,' I remarked.

'Yes, sir,' he answered; 'few men in England understood these things better in the old days before I changed my profession. But that is all over now.'

'Changed your profession?' said I interrogatively.

'Yes; I changed my name too.'

'Indeed?' said I.

'Yes; you see, a man wants a real fresh start when his eyes become opened, so he has a new deal all round, so to speak. Then he gets a fair chance.'

There was a short pause here, as I seemed to be on delicate ground in touching on my companion's antecedents, and he did not volunteer any information. I broke the silence by offering him a cheroot.

'No; thanks,' said he; 'I have given up tobacco. It was the hardest wrench of all, was that. It does me good to smell the whiff of your weed.—Tell me,' he added suddenly, looking hard at me with his shrewd gray eyes, 'why did you take stock of me so carefully before you spoke?'

'It is a habit of mine,' said I. 'I am a medical man, and observation is everything in my profession. I had no idea you were looking.'

'I can see without looking,' he answered. 'I thought you were a detective, at first; but I couldn't recall your face at the time I knew the force.'

'Were you a detective, then?' said I.

'No,' he answered with a laugh; 'I was the other thing—the detected, you know. Old scores

are wiped out now, and the law cannot touch me, so I don't mind confessing to a gentleman like yourself what a scoundrel I have been in my time.'

'We are none of us perfect,' said I.

'No; but I was a real out-and-outer. A "fake," you know, to start with, and afterwards a "cracksman." It is easy to talk of these things now, for I've changed my spirit. It's as if I was talking of some other man, you see.'

'Exactly so,' said I. Being a medical man I had none of that shrinking from crime and criminals which many men possess. I could make all allowances for congenital influence and the force of circumstances. No company, therefore, could have been more acceptable to me than that of the old malefactor; and as I sat puffing at my cigar, I was delighted to observe that my air of interest was gradually loosening his tongue.

'Yes; I'm a changed man now,' he continued, 'and of course I am a happier man for that. And yet,' he added wistfully, 'there are times when I long for the old trade again, and fancy myself strolling out on a cloudy night with my jemmy in my pocket. I left a name behind me in my profession, sir. I was one of the old school, you know. It was very seldom that we bungled a job. We used to begin at the foot of the ladder, in my younger days, and then work our way up through the successive grades, so that we were what you might call good men all round.'

'I see,' said I.

'I was always reckoned a hard-working, conscientious man, and had talent too—the very cleverest of them allowed that. I began as a blacksmith, and then did a little engineering and carpentering, and then I took to sleight-of-hand tricks, and then to picking pockets. I remember, when I was home on a visit, how my poor old father used to wonder why I was always hovering around him. He little knew that I used to clear everything out of his pockets a dozen times a day, and then replace them, just to keep my hand in. He believes to this day that I am in an office in the City. There are few of them could touch me in that particular line of business, though.'

'I suppose it is a matter of practice?' I remarked.

'To a great extent. Still, a man never quite loses it, if he has once been an adept.—Excuse me; you have dropped some cigar ash on your coat,' and he waved his hand politely in front of my breast, as if to brush it off.—'There,' he said, handing me my gold scarf pin, 'you see I have not forgot my old cunning yet.'

He had done it so quickly that I hardly saw the hand whisk over my bosom, nor did I feel his fingers touch me, and yet there was the pin glittering in his hand. 'It is wonderful!' I said as I fixed it again in its place.

'Oh, that's nothing! But I have been in some really smart jobs. I was in the gang that picked the new patent safe. You remember the case. It was guaranteed to resist anything; and we managed to open the first that was ever issued, within a week of its appearance. It was done with graduated wedges, sir, the

first so small that you could hardly see it against the light, and the last strong enough to prise it open. It was a cleverly managed affair.'

'I remember it,' said I. 'But surely some one was convicted for that?'

'Yes, one was nabbed. But he didn't split, nor even let on how it was done. It would have been as much as his life was worth.—Perhaps I am boring you, talking about these old wicked days of mine?'

'On the contrary,' I said, 'you interest me extremely.'

'I like to get a listener I can trust. It's a sort of blow-off, you know, and I feel lighter after it. When I am among my new and highly respectable acquaintances, I dare hardly think of what has gone before.—Now, I'll tell you about another job I was in. To this day, I cannot think about it without laughing.'

I lit another cigar, and composed myself to listen.

'It was when I was a youngster,' said he. 'There was a big City man in those days who was known to have a very valuable gold watch. I followed him about for several days before I could get a chance; but when I did get one, you may be sure I did not throw it away. He found, to his disgust, when he got home that day, that there was nothing in his fob. I hurried off with my prize, and got it stowed away in safety, intending to have it melted down next day. Now, it happened that this watch possessed a special value in the owner's eyes because it was a sort of ancestral possession—presented to his father on coming of age, or something of that sort. I remember there was a long inscription on the back. He was determined not to lose it if he could help it, and accordingly he put an advertisement in an evening paper offering thirty pounds reward for its return, and promising that no questions should be asked. He gave the address of his house, 31 Caroline Square, at the end of the advertisement. The thing sounded good enough, so I set off for Caroline Square, leaving the watch in a parcel at a public-house which I passed on the way. When I got there, the gentleman was at dinner; but he came out quick enough when he heard that a young man wanted to see him. I suppose he guessed who the young man would prove to be. He was a genial-looking old fellow, and he led me away with him into his study.'

"Well, my lad," said he, "what is it?"

"I've come about that watch of yours," said I. "I think I can lay my hands on it."

"Oh, it was you that took it!" said he.

"No," I answered; "I know nothing whatever about how you lost it. I have been sent by another party to see you about it. Even if you have me arrested, you will not find out anything."

"Well," he said, "I don't want to be hard on you. Hand it over, and here is my cheque for the amount."

"Cheques won't do," said I; "I must have it in gold."

"It will take me an hour or so to collect it in gold," said he.

"That will just suit," I answered, "for I have

not got the watch with me. I'll go back and fetch it, while you raise the money."

'I started off, and got the watch where I had left it. When I came back, the old gentleman was sitting behind his study table, with the little heap of gold in front of him.

"Here is your money," he said, and pushed it over.

"Here is your watch," said I.

'He was evidently delighted to get it back; and after examining it carefully, and assuring himself that it was none the worse, he put it into the watch-pocket of his coat with a grunt of satisfaction.

"Now, my lad," he said, "I know it was you that took the watch. Tell me how you did it, and I don't mind giving you an extra five-pound note."

"I wouldn't tell you in any case," said I; "but especially I wouldn't tell you when you have a witness hid behind that curtain." You see, I had all my wits about me, and it didn't escape me that the curtain was drawn tighter than it had been before.

"You are too sharp for us," said he good-humouredly. "Well, you have got your money, and that's an end of it. I'll take precious good care you don't get hold of my watch again in a hurry.—Good-night.—No; not that door," he added as I marched towards a cupboard. "This is the door," and he stood up and opened it. I brushed past him, opened the hall door, and was round the corner of the square in no time. I don't know how long the old gentleman took to find it out, but in passing him at the door, I managed to pick his pocket for the second time, and next morning the family heirloom was in the melting-pot after all.—That wasn't bad, was it?"

The old war-horse was evidently getting his blood up now. There was a tone of triumph in the conclusion of his anecdote which showed that, sometimes at least, his pride in his smartness surpassed his repentance of his misdeeds. He seemed pleased at the astonishment and amusement I expressed at his adroitness.

'Yes,' he continued with a laugh, 'it was a capital joke. But sometimes the fun lies all the other way. Even the sharpest of us comes to grief at times. There was one rather curious incident which occurred in my career. You may possibly have seen the anecdote, for it got into print at the time.'

'Pray, let me hear it,' said I.

### SOME POPULAR REMEDIES.

REMEDIES are popular from a variety of causes. Among the humbler classes of society a remedy becomes popular because it is economical, not difficult to procure, and easily applied. Such, for instance, is a cobweb put on a cut finger to stop bleeding. Though a very uncleanly remedy—as the cobweb, generally from some neglected corner, is charged with dirt—it is nevertheless a somewhat effective one. In the *Midsummer Night's Dream* we find Bottom, the weaver, exclaiming to the fairy Cobweb: 'If I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you.'

Blood has a tendency to clot more rapidly if a substance is brought in touch with it presenting a multiplication of points of contact; thus the cobweb checks bleeding from small blood-vessels. The leaf of the matico plant, which is used by dentists to stop bleeding after the extraction of a tooth, is generally supposed to have a similar mechanical action. When Frank Buckland the naturalist was out fishing, he had the misfortune to cut one of his fingers, which bled profusely, so he took the down-like seed from the head of a bulrush and pressed it on the wound, when a clot soon formed around the seed, and the bleeding ceased.

In the dark ages, boiling tar was a common remedy to arrest the flow of blood from a bleeding artery; and among some barbarous races this very painful method is still adopted. During the American Civil War, old tarred rope carded was used to dress the wounded. In our hospitals a finer picked oakum has been employed, called 'tenax' and 'marine lint,' which is tow impregnated with tar. Tar taken internally, as tar water, was once a popular remedy. It is not a pleasant medicine to take, unless its taste is artfully concealed by more agreeable flavours. Dickens makes little Pip, in *Great Expectations*, say of his sister, Mrs Joe Gargery, that she had 'a belief in its virtues correspondent to its nastiness,' and that 'so much of this elixir was administered to me as a choice restorative, that I was conscious of going about smelling like a new fence.' Bishop Berkeley—to whom Pope ascribed 'every virtue under heaven'—pronounced a eulogy on tar water similar to that he himself received from the poet. When he was accused of imagining that he had discovered a panacea in tar water, he acknowledged with perfect frankness that he suspected he had. Berkeley's tar was of course not coal-tar, but tar from pine-trees. Tar water has received some commendation of late as a remedy for bronchial affections.

There is not so much domestic pharmacy as there was, science having plainly shown that many of the 'herbes of vertue'—which were credited by the old herbalists with possessing such wonderful powers to cure—are of little medicinal value. Still, there exists among some rustic folk a predilection for old remedies which can be freshly prepared by their own hands from vegetables and herbs they are well acquainted with, and therefore free from the impurities that may come from long keeping and the adulterations of the market. Moreover, economy is another reason.

Herb teas are very popular. A kettle and tea-pot are almost always ready to hand, and the process of preparation is a simple one. Again, medicine appears less objectionable to take when it is made in the form of a beverage and called a tea. Saffron, camomile, and linseed are taken largely in this way, and indis-

criminatedly administered for a great number of complaints, not only in the country, but by the working classes in towns—often when more potent and valuable remedies ought to be administered. Saffron is commonly accounted a sort of specific for measles—for no known reason. Children, therefore, suffering from this fever often receive no other treatment, and sink under it. Camomile has been held by country villagers from time immemorial to be a strong tonic, and the smell from beds of the flower is supposed to be very invigorating for invalids. Large quantities of the plant are grown at Mitcham, in Surrey.

Linseed tea is made from the seeds of the common flax plant, and is pronounced to be 'very healing.' The testa or envelope of the seed yields a mucilaginous substance, which soothes and protects inflamed and irritable parts. Hence the discomforting sensation produced by a sore throat is alleviated by this simple old remedy.

Other teas are made with sage, hyssop, and elder-flower. With the making of elder-flower tea, Hans Andersen introduces to us one of his charming little fairy stories, *A Tale in the Tea-pot*. A little boy takes a chill, and after having two tea-cupfuls of elder-flower tea—'which warms one so nicely'—falls into a comfortable slumber while a friendly old man is narrating a story. Taken thus in large quantities, warm drinks doubtless produce an agreeable sense of warmth in the body at an early stage in colds, and increasing the action of the skin, relieve the congestion of internal parts. The soporific effect of the elder-flower has been overrated. The author of *The Frugal Housewife* informs us that the narcotic scent from the tree makes it unwholesome to sleep under its shade.

Country people are much impressed with the value of the exhalation from hops as a remedy for sleeplessness. It has been found that those who sleep in hop-houses are with difficulty roused from their slumber. A pillow stuffed with hops is often used to induce sleep in the wakeful; but it frequently proves quite ineffective.

The names of certain flowers indicate that they were considered to have a miraculous or magical power. The St John's wort was supposed to have the power of keeping off evil spirits, of being a marvellous cure for various disorders, and of having great efficacy in maniacal cases. The flowers of the plant when made into a salve were much used in villages in Kent for dressing wounds. The peony is called after Pæon, in Greek mythology the physician of the gods. 'In our own days,' says Ann Pratt, 'anodyne necklaces are worn by children, which are believed to aid dentition and to prevent convulsions; and the beads are turned of the roots of one or other of the common peonies.' The rustic poet, John Clare, refers to superstitious customs connected with the fumitory. And the name of the plant is derived from the Latin word *fumus*, 'smoke,' because, it is said, the smoke of this plant was

believed by the ancient exorcists to have the power of expelling evil spirits.

The giant puff-ball, a species of fungus, is edible when cooked; but if eaten raw, sometimes causes poisonous symptoms. Recent experience has shown that it is an excellent styptic for wounds. It has also been used successfully for troublesome bleeding from the nose, small masses of the fungus being inserted into the cavity of the nostril. Its action is mechanical, like the cobweb's.

Fishermen and others living by the sea are often not quick to discover and utilise the medicinal properties of plants to be seen every day beside them. Readers of Charles Kingsley's *Two Years Ago* will remember how old Dr Heale of Aberlva, a small fishing-town, complains of his new assistant, Tom Thurnall, and the unbusiness-like manner in which he performs his duties in the surgery. A patient supposed to be consumptive enters the surgery, and Tom Thurnall tells him he ought to try carrageen moss. 'There was a drawerful of it to his hand' (grumbles the old doctor), 'had been lying there any time this ten years. I go to open it; but what was my feelings when he goes on, cool as a cucumber, "And there's bushels of it here," says he, "on every rock; so, if you'll come down with me at low tide this afternoon, I'll show you the trade, and tell you how to boil it." I thought I should have knocked him down.'

Carrageen or Irish Moss is a seaweed growing plentifully on rocky shores in Northern Europe. After it has been washed in cold water and dried, it can then be boiled, and made to form a pleasant demulcent drink suitable for coughs and colds, like linseed tea. Boiled in milk, it is said to be good for fattening calves; and if milk be employed instead of water, it can be made into a kind of blanc-mange, and flavoured with sugar and spices. It has been much recommended for consumption on account of its nutritive properties, but these, it must be observed, have been much exaggerated.

Another common seaweed, the bladder-wrack, has been judged to possess entirely different virtues. When trodden on, it makes audible protest by a slight report like that of a pop-gun, the air-bladders with which the fronds are studded bursting under the pressure of the foot. An extract made from this seaweed forms the basis of a popular remedy for obesity; yet a recent observer declares that pigs in Ireland are fattened on it for the market.

Extensive advertising, a showy label, and a high-sounding or foreign name, go a long way to make a remedy popular. Painful nervous affections being so common to the denizens of large towns, there is an urgent demand for what are called 'pain-killing' medicines. Many of these 'pain-killers' contain very strong poisons, and, unfortunately, their power to kill is not restricted to pain if they are taken in immoderate doses. Some of the so-called 'blood mixtures' also contain poisonous drugs. It is to be regretted that these popular remedies should be sold by grocers, drapers, and general store-keepers, who may have as little knowledge of the action of drugs as their customers. The

greater part are proprietary medicines; but bearing a Government stamp, the public are often led to imagine that they are patent medicines, and they are vaguely so termed. A proprietary medicine is a secret remedy, whereas the composition of a patent medicine is certainly known, and can be seen at the Patent Office. Both, however, bear the Inland Revenue stamp, which of course gives no guarantee of their efficacy or wholesomeness. In France, Germany, Italy, and Japan, more stringent enactments are in force. The Governments of France and Germany do not allow even chemists to sell secret remedies; and in Italy they must be sold only by chemists under the surveillance of the sanitary authorities, and with medical prescriptions.

Gelsemium, the root of the yellow jasmine, is the principal ingredient of many American pain-killers. If not taken with extreme caution, this drug soon manifests its poisonous properties. When as a popular remedy for tooth-ache, it was being imported from the United States in large quantities in the form of a tincture, some sailors on board a vessel in which it was being conveyed supposed it was sherry. Their crime was quickly brought home to them, after they had surreptitiously partaken of it; for they very soon displayed all the alarming symptoms produced by overdoses of the drug. Yet it is one of the most valuable remedies we possess for painful affections of the dental nerves.

Tonga is a harmless remedy not unknown in England, and has long been used for neuralgia by the natives of the Fiji Islands, who prepare it from the bark, leaves, and roots of several indigenous plants.

Cocaine has a curious history. It is prepared from the leaves of the coca shrub, cultivated on the slopes of the Cordilleras of Bolivia, Peru, and Colombia. Before the Spaniards had conquered Peru, the coca leaf was used by the aborigines in their religious rites: it was placed in the mouths of the dead to secure their favourable reception in another world. The Indians chewed the leaf not only for the pleasurable intoxication it produced, but because it gave them strength to endure fatigue and hunger. The following lines were written by Cowley:

Our Varicocha first his Coca sent  
Endowed with leaves of wondrous nourishment,  
Whose juice sucked in, and to the stomach ta'en,  
Long hunger and long labour can sustain;  
From which our faint and weary bodies find  
More succour, more they cheer the drooping mind,  
Than can your Bacchus and your Ceres joined.  
Three leaves supply for six days' march afford;  
The Quitoita with this provision stored,  
Can pass the vast and cloudy Andes o'er.

In 1569, the Spaniards had become so alarmed by the prevalence of the habit of chewing coca, that a decree was passed by a Council of Bishops prohibiting its use. In South America, the Indians who work as miners and at other laborious occupations continue the habit of chewing coca. Athletes, pedestrians, and mountain-climbers accomplish their feats with greater ease under the influence of the drug. There is some diversity of opinion as to whether it really

gives strength; one view is that it simply lulls for a time the sense of hunger or fatigue. Nevertheless, coca has come to be very generally regarded as a good nerve stimulant and tonic. Pharmacutists prepare it as a wine, which vocalists take.

Since 1860, it had been known that cocaine, the active principle of the leaf, had a benumbing effect when applied to the tongue. Yet it was not till 1884 that a knowledge of this well-known fact led to the discovery of its marvellous anæsthetic value in surgical operations. By the instillation of a few drops of a solution of cocaine into the eye, the surgeon is able to remove particles of grit or metal that have become embedded in the superficial structures of that very sensitive organ, with little or no pain to the patient, and without his losing consciousness as with chloroform or ether. Cocaine is now extensively used both at home and abroad in ophthalmic surgery. It is a brilliant example of a remedy for the relief of pain that has become widely popular in a very short time, not from much advertising, but mainly by its own intrinsic worth. It also proves of service in many minor operations on other structures than the eye, and in alleviating the pain of various disorders. Like most powerful drugs, it requires special knowledge and care for its safe administration.

Menthol is one of the commonest remedies, and is put up in the form of pencils or cones, which have to be simply rubbed on the affected parts to diminish sensibility. This substance is obtained as a crystalline body from Chinese or Japanese oil of peppermint after exposure to cold. It has been used in China and Japan as a specific for headache for at least two thousand years, according to Mr Takahanashi, the Japanese Consul at New York. It was not until about 1879 that it began to attract much attention elsewhere. In Paris and Vienna, the liquid oil has been sold at a very high price under the name of 'Po-ho-yo,' or *Gouttes Japonaises*. The cones are easy of application, and can be carried about in the pocket. They are enclosed in little wooden boxes, because menthol camphor evaporates if left exposed for any length of time at the temperature of most living-rooms. Menthol when applied to the unbroken skin leaves a feeling of coldness, which lasts about ten or fifteen minutes, and is followed by a slight burning sensation, and then numbness. For deep-seated neuralgias, menthol is absolutely useless, though often absurdly advertised as curing all kinds of nerve-pain. Menthol has also been proved to have antiseptic properties.

Of many of these much-vaunted anti-neuralgic and pain-killing remedies, it can only be said that they relieve us of pain for a time by deadening our sensibilities, but do not effect a permanent cure by removing the cause. The curative remedies are frequently those which are not easy of application or rapid in their action, but require a great deal of care, self-command, and time. 'Our remedies,' as Shakespeare says, 'oft in ourselves do lie.' We are apt to set them aside for the latest novelty in pharmacy, because they would necessitate changes in our mode of living not agreeable to us; such as retiring earlier to rest, restricting

our diet, wearing extra clothes to meet the changes in temperature of our variable climate, or perhaps ridding ourselves altogether of some habits of self-indulgence. These remedies, it is to be feared, cannot be described as popular.

## A CAPTIOUS CRITIC.

By FRED. M. WHITE.

I AM not a great novelist, albeit a fairly popular one. It is far better to be popular than great, and makes all the difference to one's material comfort. A great author is rarely appreciated, at least until he is dead; whereas the popular one winters in the Riviera, and has portraits of his drawing-room furniture in the *Strand Magazine*. Anyway, my work is in good demand; commissions are plentiful, so plentiful last summer that I rather overdid the thing, the natural consequence being nervous irritability and a tendency to lie awake o' nights; and, as a greater writer than myself says, 'That way madness lies.'

'What you want,' remarked my Doctor—who is one of those charming practitioners who always prescribe exactly what the patient most longs for—is a thorough change. Give up work altogether for a month; go to some quiet breezy spot on the coast, and simply live out of doors.

I had no difficulty in summoning up enough will-power to follow out this request. Solitude has no terrors for me. I packed up my bag, and took the first train to Barnstaple, whence I drifted to a place called Morthoe; and there I pitched my tent—if the expression may be allowed—in a comfortable farmhouse, where the welcome was all that could possibly be expected for the money.

I did not tell any one what my profession was, and consequently I passed for an ordinary individual. After a time, I naturally made acquaintances—the parson and the squire, and that kind of thing. There was nobody with whom to talk shop, which was a drawback. But even that comes in time. I found my *fidus Achates* one morning on the sands, where I had gone in search of a bath. He was a tall, rather melancholy-looking man with a restless eye. Being anything but a bold swimmer, and the coast being dangerous, I was naturally indisposed to try the briny deep, and my new acquaintance obligingly pointed out a perfect natural bath wherein I could disport myself.

'Almost as if it were made on purpose,' he remarked. 'I always come here myself. I've got a house behind the sand-hills there. I shall be pleased to see you any evening that you care to drop in.'

I thanked the speaker, and for the time being we parted. Subsequent inquiry elicited the fact that my friend's name was Walter Wanless, and that he was a stranger, who had taken a furnished house there for a year. Usually, I was informed, he preserved a reserved attitude. He was inclined to be eccentric; and all his housework, cooking, &c., was done for him by a solitary man-servant, who, so the gossips hinted, was employed more in the capacity of a keeper than anything else.

As a novelist, this suggestion merely served to pique my curiosity. A writer looks unconsciously for copy, even in moments of leisure. But I am bound to confess that I saw nothing peculiar in the behaviour of Wanless when one day I lunched with him. The sole was done to the turn; a subsequent dish of curry left nothing to be desired; the sherry was really dry, and not merely acid; and the lusty servitor waited in a manner which would have done credit to a professional. Yet at the same time I could not help seeing that Wanless was very much afraid of his man Bellamy. For instance, when he attempted to help himself to a third glass of sherry, Bellamy calmly removed the glass, and placed the decanter at my end of the table. The thing was done so coolly that I could hardly restrain my astonishment.

For a moment I saw a lurid light flash into the peculiar dark eyes of my host; his hand clenched, then he laughed pleasantly. 'Bellamy presumes, as all old servants do,' Wanless said. 'But he is right, all the same; I am a wretched drinker.'

Bellamy said nothing; he did not even smile. He handed round a box of cigars, from which Wanless selected one; and then he locked up the box and put the key in his pocket.

'You don't want to sit here all day, sir,' he said respectfully but firmly. 'You had better go for a walk, I think.'

Wanless rose obediently, and I followed. As we passed through the hall, I caught a glimpse of a small but complete-looking library which was lined with books. With the fascination that volumes of any kind possess for me, I was about to enter, when Bellamy closed the door and locked it. 'Sir,' he said to his employer, 'you are wasting the afternoon.'

Well, it wasn't for me to interfere, if Wanless was disposed to put up with that kind of thing. We had a very pleasant afternoon upon the sands, when I found my friend to be a wonderfully entertaining companion, exceedingly well read, but shy, I thought, on speaking of modern writers of fiction. We parted, at length, with mutual regret.

'I shall not see you for the next day or two,' Wanless remarked, grasping my hand heartily, 'as business calls me away; but I shall be delighted if you will dine with me on Thursday. Bellamy will not be present, as he has a day off, and I shall order dinner to be sent in from the hotel.—And now, good afternoon, my dear Gibson.'

As a matter of fact, my name is Osborne, but it is one of the weaknesses of human nature, whenever a man is addressed by the wrong patronymic, to allow the mistake to pass. It would have been far better for me had I corrected the mistake, instead of allowing it to pass in my haste to accept the invitation to dinner.

At half-past six on the Thursday night I entered Wanless's dining-room. The dinner was not all that could be desired, but then Bellamy was absent, and the food was brought and served by a waiter from the hotel. The wines, which were my host's own, left nothing to be wanted, the peculiar sherry was there, and some wonderful champagne of 1874 vintage to which we

both did ample justice. By the time we had completed our repast, Wanless's eyes were shining, and his manner had grown a little boisterous.

'And now no more wine,' he said, as he dismissed the waiter. 'I shall suffer terribly in the morning from what I have had already, and Bellamy will bully me in his polite way for a week. Let us go into the library and smoke. We shall be quite alone, and can have a cosy chat. It is not often that I have the nerve to face my books, much as I love them. Time was when things were very different, and'—

Wanless broke off abruptly, and led the way to the library. A lamp was on the table; a little fire burned in the grate; and yet, in that cheerful, book-lined apartment, I felt singularly depressed. I tried to shake off the feeling; I tried to ignore the gleam that flashed in the dark, restless eyes of my companion. With as much ease as I could assume, I carelessly examined the well-filled shelves. 'You appear to have a good selection here,' I remarked. 'In so select a gathering, I am flattered at seeing a volume of my own.' Any writer will pardon the innocent vanity of the remark. I heard a short, sharp exclamation break from my host. I saw his eyes blazing as he looked towards the book on which my hand lay lovingly.

'Oh, so you are *that* Osborne,' he said in a manner most uncomplimentary. 'I had no idea that I was entertaining so great a man. Ah! ah!' The laugh was about the most unpleasant that I have ever heard.

'Sit down,' my host commanded. 'Oh, I know your work very well indeed. In fact, I know the work of the whole gang of you. But I haven't read a line of that volume of short stories you have there. The stories are quite recent, I suppose?'

I replied as quietly as I could in the affirmative, at least as quietly as a man can when his host, with eyes 'in a fine frenzy rolling,' locks the door and puts the key carefully away in his pocket.

'Then of course you remember all the *dénouement*—hateful word,' Wanless said as he opened my innocent book and glanced at the first story. 'We will have a little mental amusement, and you shall correct me if I am wrong. I see the first story is a ghost tale, called "The White Mystery." And here, looking casually through, I find are two characters. They are brothers—one, a brave military man; the other a nervous, imaginative youth, who is scoffed at by the brother because he fears a ghost. Let me forecast the end of the story. The youngster sees the *spook*, and dies of terror on the spot; whilst the other fool can never speak afterwards without trembling when he recounts the story. Doesn't he say that he "cannot speak of the nameless horror of that awful face?"'

'You have guessed it,' I said, with a stifled parody of a laugh.

But Wanless did not appear to be at all elated by his success. He smiled with bitter, weary scorn, and fluttered over the leaves to the next story. 'I take no credit to myself for that discovery,' he proceeded. 'Here is another little thing entitled "My Uncle Dick." Heavens!



what awful memories does that hoary kind of title conjure up. Let me prophesy again. Uncle Dick is a man of money; he is crusty and curt; the hero of the story—written in the autobiographical style—wants to marry a cousin; and the old boy won't let him. Said old boy dies of apoplexy after a fit of passion, and leaves nothing to the narrator but an old deed chest, in which are discovered securities of priceless value. So they get married, and live happily ever after, eh?

'Your foresight is really wonderful,' I replied. 'Any one would think that you had been a writer of current fiction yourself.'

Wanless glared at me so threateningly that I involuntarily moved towards the poker. His eyes were filled with horror, hate, and loathing.

'Man, you don't know what I am. You cannot understand what has brought me to my present pitiable condition,' he hissed. 'Let us carry on the ghastly farce to the end. Here is another of your screeds. It is called "The Black Bag." I wonder how many thousands of tales have been written with the same title? Again let us pursue the psychological programme. The hero is a young man who gets into conversation with an engaging stranger in a railway carriage. The fascinating one has a black bag. When they change carriages, some one accosts the stranger, who informs his companion he is detained by business. Well, he delivers the bag at an address in Liverpool. It's always Liverpool, by the way. Well, the police arrest the courteous ass, and the bag contains an infernal machine. Man, can you deny that I am correct?'

I couldn't. My head was bowed with shame. Viewing myself in the lurid mirror of those dark eyes, I saw myself as others see me. Never has an author been so at the mercy of a critic before.

'I claim no marvellous foresight,' Wanless said sternly. 'Let us try again. Here is another story, called "A Strange Coincidence;" need I say that it refers to a singular dream of a deserted wife, which makes such an impression upon her, that she telegraphs her husband not to go near a certain place at a time named. He disregards the warning, and is murdered. Again, I will ask you to correct me if I am mistaken.'

'Well, you are, this time,' I said as cheerfully as possible. 'The husband refrains, and some one mistaken for him is done to death.'

This little point in my favour rendered me more cheerful. I was about to give vent to some little *jeu d'esprit*, when my companion gave a cry of rage and horror, at the same time dashing the book to the ground. 'I knew it,' he shouted as he bounded to his feet; 'I knew that I should come across it in that cursed volume. I cannot even get away from it in my solitary retreat. Is there no originality in the craft at all? Here it is, in your volume called "By Mental Telegraph." The title explains the story. Oh, I know that mysterious, slender, beautiful maiden with her visions and hallucinations but too well; the psychological siren who has driven me to madness. She recovers when she gets a husband,

and becomes a model queen of the nursery ever afterwards. But I shall always be the same. It is you and your class who are responsible for this: you must die.' With the last word ringing on his lips, Wanless flew at me and bore me to the ground. Strong as I was, I was powerless in his grasp, for the madman possessed the strength of a dozen beings at that moment. I could feel his hot breath upon my face as he bent over me. 'You are one of the fiends who has robbed me of my reason,' he hissed. 'You are one of the successful hacks who dress up old tales, and try to galvanise paralytic corpses into life until the gibbering dead faces mock us to insanity. Once I deemed the world to be fresh and bright; but the weary monotony of the novels I craved for made me what I am. Make the most of your time—you will never leave this room alive. As a duty to my fellow-sufferers, I am going to rid the world of one scribbling fiend to-night.'

I tried to expostulate, but the words died on my lips. Wanless bent over me, and gripped my throat with convulsive force. The strength of despair came back to me as I realised that we were in that solitary place alone, and that my life depended upon my own efforts. We rolled over and over, but Wanless was always uppermost. From time to time I compelled him to relinquish his grip; the sudden rush of air to my lungs caused me to feel sick and dizzy. But the contest was bound to end in one way, for, as I became weaker, my antagonist gathered fresh vigour.

'It is useless,' he cried triumphantly. 'You have got to die.'

I knew it, but I would not despair. And then, as I commenced to fail, there came a sound welcome as a voice from heaven—the sound of Bellamy's step in the hall. He tried the door only to find it fast; he shouted, and in response came a feeble gurgle from me. Bellamy wasted no further time; something told him that he had arrived in time to prevent a terrible tragedy. As Bellamy's whole weight broke in the door, Wanless gave me a squeeze that caused the countless stars to dance and flicker before my eyes. Then sleep, peaceful and childlike.

When I came to myself again, I was in bed. The windows were open to the breeze, a glorious sun was shining, and Bellamy stood respectfully before me. On the whole, I felt little the worse for my adventure.

'I am extremely sorry for what has happened, sir,' Bellamy said politely. 'The people here know nothing, and I shall esteem it a personal favour if you will preserve our secret. I ought, perhaps, to have told you, sir.'

'But what on earth is the matter with Mr Wanless?' I asked.

'Well, sir,' Bellamy said deferentially, 'my master's name is not Wanless at all. He is Mr Cultshaw, the critic and essayist, who used to be "reader" to Messrs Gilley, the great publishers. Of course you know him by name, sir. Two years ago, the poor gentleman had brain-fever from overwork, and he's never been the same since. If he has three glasses of wine, he's quite mad. Usually, he is harmless enough; but when excited, he has a perfectly morbid

hatred of magazine writers. He attributes his malady to reading the same class of story with what he calls the same *motif* over and over again. He did not know you by sight, and, indeed, mistook your name; but *you* he holds in especial detestation, sir. He would have killed you if he could.'

'I quite believe that, Bellamy,' I replied grimly. 'But you may trust me to say nothing about what has happened. How is your patient?'

'Perfectly well this morning, and without a notion what took place last night. But on the whole, sir, I would respectfully beg to suggest that you do not meet again. I don't suppose that you are specially attached to the place, and as it agrees with my poor master'—

'Say no more, Bellamy,' I replied. 'I will get away to-day. I came out for quiet and rest, and not for midnight adventures. And there's a ten-pound note for you, Bellamy, with my most grateful thanks.'

From that day to this I have seen nothing of Wanless, nor am I likely to now, for he died last week, and therefore I am at liberty to publish this singular story, the moral of which is obvious. People say that latterly my stories are less trite than they were. Have any of you noticed it, may I ask?

#### READING.

THE inaccuracy which very often troubles us in our ordinary speaking, troubles us very often also in our ordinary reading. It is a common thing to hear in conversation such expressions as: 'That is,' 'I mean,' 'In other words,' or, 'It's this way, you understand,' coming immediately after statements which are supposed to convey to us the speaker's meaning. Such expressions show us that the speaker is not pleased with the clearness of the statement, and wishes to explain the matter further. It is seldom that we come across a man whose words have power to paint for us with swift, unerring touches the very picture which he wishes us to see. Descartes, when speaking of the method by which we should conduct our thoughts in seeking truth, observes, in reference to the accurate use of words, that we should never forget to substitute mentally for the terms we use the definitions which restrict them and explain them. Not many people either consciously or unconsciously obey this rule. The spread of scientific modes of thinking and expression will ultimately rectify the matter. The immediate enforcement of the rule would tend to quiet life considerably; many people would be practically silent, a result which possibly might be attended with advantage. To aim at clearness and conciseness of expression is, however, open to us all, and every effort in that way must be of use to us.

But it is to Reading, rather than to speaking, that we wish to apply the principle involved in Descartes' rule. Reading seems easier than speaking, in a sense. When we speak, we are thinkers and authors—we must conceive and express; when

we read, we seem only recipients, the thinking having apparently been done for us already by the writer whom we read. This is only partly the case. It is an old and true saying that 'the eye sees what it brings with it the capacity for seeing.' We may illustrate this by a parable. An unpoetical man, having bought for tenpence a copy of selections from Browning, and finding it hard to comprehend, observed: 'Well, well, what can you expect for tenpence?' The application of the principle involved in Descartes' rule would put a stop to that slim, soulless form of reading which we know as 'skimming.' We all 'skim,' more or less; all, more or less, read on as though we were proof-readers for the daily press. The words spin past. In many cases the eye seems scarcely to do more than to mechanically note agreements or discrepancies of form, and the mind behind the eye feels that it has not altogether managed to take in the meaning of the swiftly-passing phrase. The mind reads what it has in it the faculty for reading. There are minds that, like the little plates used by photographers, are sensitive to any the most swiftly changing light or shadow of expression. Such minds have strong imaginative power, the faculty of swift and vivid picturing. But even such minds must employ that process of 'development' we call reflection before these swift impressions can be fixed and lasting.

The word 'reading' is derived from the Anglo-Saxon word *readan*, the first meaning of which is 'to discern.' Words are the symbols of the fleeting thought, and it is with those symbols that we have to do in reading. The depth of our discernment in reading must, therefore, to a very great extent depend upon our knowledge of the complicated history of associations locked up in each important word. The steady use of a good etymological dictionary is the thing to be desired. A book of this kind is a prism which will decompose for us the light-rays of language, which are words, and show us in them changing hues of beauty of which we had hardly dreamed.

#### WITH THEE.

With thee, Sweetheart, I would delight to stroll  
In woody aisles where cool paths loitering go,  
And where the trill of best-remembered birds  
Falls on our ears in cadence soft and low.

Or down the lazy stream 'mid languorous airs  
Of summer noon; while scent of fragrant flowers  
Steals o'er us dreaming in our gliding skiff,  
All unaware of the gay-fleeting hours.

Or I would roam with thee through open fields,  
Where the gray oak in pathos of decay  
Would give us shelter, while we watched the gleam  
Of purple sunset ere it died away.

Or on the moors, where blue-winged dragonflies  
Float in the shining haze, and the wild bee  
Goes murmuring by: all places are the same  
If thou, Sweetheart, art only there with me.

WILLIAM COWAN.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,  
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 578.—VOL. XII.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1895.

PRIOR 1½d.

## GLASGOW.

THE citizens of what with its population of more than three-quarters of a million is unquestionably the Second City of the Empire, have recently felt a revival of interest in more than one important chapter of its history which had been forgotten in the rush of material advance. The successful exhibition of 'Old Glasgow,' and the archæological literature it has evoked, suggest above all things the fact that 'Old Glasgow' is not so very old after all. In neither, certainly, have we the oldest of all Glasgows—that Celtic Gleschu or 'beloved green spot' which was something more than a memory even in the seventeenth century, since 'the eminent Glasgewe' is described by Richard Franck—ex-Cantab Cromwellian trooper, enthusiastic angler, and extravagant sentimentalist—as 'the nonsuch of Scotland where an English florist may pick up a posie.' It cannot be said that there has been brought back to memory the Glasgow of the original Cathedral or of the original University, of the War of Independence or of the Reformation, of the 'wild West Whigs,' or of the most romantic of all historical dramas, on the penultimate act of which the curtain fell when Mary fled from the field of Langside—that Langside which nowadays conjures up nothing but decorous and prosperous suburbanity. The 'Old Glasgow' which has recently been appealing to the eye, the memory, and the imagination, is but the germ of that 'Greater Glasgow' of to-day, whose latest statistician gives 806,085 as 'the population massed within a radius of four miles of the Royal Exchange.' This 'Greater Glasgow' has inspired its inhabitants with an enthusiasm and a pride not without their comic side, which have nevertheless had most beneficial results, and are matched nowhere in the United Kingdom, or if anywhere, in Birmingham alone.

It is almost as easy to trace the evolution of Glasgow as it is to describe its general

features and character. After a visit of twenty-four hours, followed by other twenty-four at the Coast, the sharp-eyed globe-trotter can give a word-photograph of the City in five minutes. He gloats over its wide, spacious, and crowded thoroughfares; its numerous and attractive shop-fronts; the superb service of trains and steamboats which makes it the 'easiest town in the world to get out of;' the superabundant activity and liberal hospitality of its citizens, and the ambition and energy of its Corporation. He will tell you that when the Town Council have brought to perfection the system of tramways which they have taken into their own hands, and when the two great enterprises for bringing its various divisions together—the Underground Railway and the Subway—have been completed, Glasgow will be not only 'the easiest town to get out of,' but the easiest to travel in, instead of being as at present the most difficult after London. He will point to its rehabilitated and marvellously complete Cathedral with its memories of Jocelyn and Wishart and the War of Independence, as evidence that the civic pride which is still the most notable feature of Glasgow must have from the first been strong, since it was powerful enough to save the building from an iconoclastic and fanatical mob. He will point to the new and stately pile of University buildings, which from their site on Gilmour-hill command on one side a view of the city, and on another a prospect of the finest and most varied scenery in Scotland, as proof that Glasgow wealth is still the nursing mother of Glasgow culture. But the American tourist, if he has as keen an eye to the strength and the weakness of Glasgow as Mr Albert Shaw, who recently visited it, and gave it a position of superiority to many cities even in his own United States, in respect at all events of municipal administration, will also point to the dark side of the picture. If the Clyde has brought wealth to Glasgow, it has also brought fogs, almost as dense and depressing as those

of London, and odours that suggest not Araby the Blest, but the pestilence that walketh at noon-day. If Glasgow is the city of energy, liberality, and landscapes, it is also the city of one-roomed and two-roomed houses, occupied by vice, squalor, and misery, of a high death-rate, of black smoke, and of the rain that raineth every day.

No doubt the citizens of Glasgow are, with that public spirit which has always animated them, grappling as best they can with the problems that the very growth and prosperity of their city have brought them face to face with—have, indeed, created. 'Rookeries' and slums are being assailed. Dr Russell, the officer of public health for the City, in a *brochure* upon the results of the census of 1891, demonstrates that 'the proportion of the total population living in houses of one room has fallen rapidly since 1871, and is now lower than it has ever been;' although he has to admit that, while of the larger towns of Scotland Glasgow has the smallest average dwelling-house with most persons per room, Edinburgh has the smallest house with fewest persons per room. Last year, regulations regarding the 'emission' of black smoke from factory chimneys have been issued of such stringency that some manufacturers say they are positively harassing and calculated to drive manufactures from Glasgow; and the first stage has been reached in the great work of the destruction of the city sewage, which, finding its way into the Clyde, has converted a portion of it into an open drain. But it will take several years before even the energy and well-regulated ambition of the City Fathers, and the not less public-spirited private citizens of Glasgow, can restore it and its river to even a semblance of their early beauty and sweetness. As for the social question, which is probably more appalling in Glasgow than in any other cities of the world, with the exception of London, Paris, and New York, are we a whit nearer its solution than when John Bright, many years ago in the Corn Exchange, Edinburgh, declared that the great political difficulty of the future was how to reach those 'moral depths deeper than ever Atlantic cable fathomed, and to bring from thence misery's sons and daughters, and the multitude that are ready to perish?'

As for the development of Glasgow—that Glasgow which the late Mr Robert Louis Stevenson differentiated from other civic communities in Scotland as 'chief city of Scottish men'—has it not been unfolded as in a panorama by a succession of travellers from John Hardyng to Dorothy Wordsworth? Hardyng, whose grotesque *Chronicle in Metre* was published in the time of James I., and covers the period 'from the first beginning of Englande unto the reign of Edward IV.,' looks upon certain portions of Scotland as virtual grounds for English armies, and contemplates 'Glasgow' with the eye of a Blücher as an excellent place to sack. But he photographed it for all time when he described it as

A goodly cytee and universitee,  
Where plentifull is the countree also,  
Replenished well with all commoditee.

The second stage in the evolution of Glasgow

is well marked by Thomas Tucker, who reported to Cromwell's government in 1655 on the state of Scotland with a view to its incorporation with the English Commonwealth. He repeats the idea and almost the words of Hardyng when he describes 'Glasgow' as 'a very neate burghie toun lyeing upon the bankes of the river Cluyde,' and as 'seated in a pleasant and fruitful soyle.' But he goes further, and presents us with the embryo of the Glasgow of to-day in his allusion to its trade: 'The inhabitants (all but the students of the colledge which is here) are traders and dealers; some for Ireland with small smiddy coales, in open boates, from foure to ten tonnes, from whence they bring hoopoes, barrell-staves, meale, oates, and butter; some from France with pladding, coales, and herring (of which there is a great fishing yearly in the Westerne Sea), for which they return salt, pepper, rosin, and prunes; some to Norway for timber; and every one with their neighbours the Highlanders, who come hither from the isles and westerne parts; in summer by the Mul of Cantyre, and in winter by the Tarban [Tarbert] to the head of the Loguh Fyn (which is a small neck of sandy land, over which they usually draw their small boates into the Firth at Dunbarton), and soe passe up in the Cluyde with pladding, dry hides, goat, kid, and deere skyns, which they sell, and purchase with their price such commodities and provisions as they stand in neede of from time to time.' Have we not here the germ—and something more—of that justifiable pride which made Burns's contemporary, Mayne, of *Siller Gun* fame, sing thus, realistically rather than tunelessly, of Glasgow, when he was apprentice to Andrew Foulis, the famous printer to the University?

Hence Commerce spreads her sails to a'  
The Indies and America.  
Whatever makes ae penny twa  
Is wafted to the Broomielaw  
On bonny Clyde.

It is, of course, in the accounts of travellers in Scotland during the last century that the evolution of Glasgow is most easily marked. It was a wise instinct which made its citizens, in the time of the Commonwealth, strive to bring about a Union between England and Scotland. The Union, when it was actually accomplished, made the fortune of Glasgow. This was foreseen by Defoe, who was an active agent in promoting the great step which has brought such blessings to both countries. In his *Tour*, published in 1726, he writes of the Glasgow merchants with all the satisfaction of a prophet who has seen his prediction fulfilled: 'The Union has, indeed, answered its end to them more than to any other Part of the Kingdom, for as the Union opened the door to the Scots into our American colonies, the Glasgow merchants presently embraced the opportunity, and though, at its first concerting, the Rabble made a formidable effort to prevent it, yet afterwards they knew better when they found the great Increase of their Trade by it.' But there can be no question that the citizens of Glasgow, who probably found themselves capable of concentrating their municipal energies

after the confirmation by Parliament in 1672 of the 'letter of Guildry,' which put an end to the disputes between the Merchants' and Trades' Guilds, prepared the way for the Union. Defoe testifies that Glasgow is 'one of the cleanliest, most beautiful, and best-built cities in Great Britain.' Almost the same words are used by John Macky, a political agent, who was in Scotland shortly after the Jacobite rising of 1715, and who published an account of his tour in 1723. 'Glasgow,' he says, 'is the beautifullest little city I have seen in Britain. It stands deliciously on the banks of the Clyde, over which there is a fair stone bridge of eight arches.' At this time, according to Dr James Colville and Dr David Murray, who have recently investigated the condition of their city during the early portion of last century, its population was less than 14,000, and its rental £8000. 'The house-rent of a countess was £9, while in the same building the wives of two lairds paid rents of £6, 13s. 4d. and £5, 10s. respectively.' Macky declares Glasgow to be 'a place of the greatest trade in the Kingdom, especially to the Plantations, from whence they have 20 or 30 sail of ships every year, laden with tobacco and sugar.' It is rather odd, however, to find that at this time the men of Glasgow did not confine their attentions to the Clyde, for we learn that 'they are purchasing a harbour on the Frith near Alloa, to which they have but twelve miles of land, and then they can reship their sugars and tobacco for Holland, Germany, and the Baltic, without being at the trouble of sailing round England or Scotland.' In connection with the rapid progress made by Glasgow as a consequence of the Union, it 'should never be forgotten,' writes Dr Colville, in his recent interesting and valuable monograph on eighteenth-century visitors to the City, 'that the founders of Glasgow trade were four young men whose combined capital was not £10,000. They were Cunningham of Lainshaw, Spiers of Elderslie, Glassford of Dougaldstown, and Ritchie of Busby. Their estates were bought out of the wealth they acquired.'

The view of Glasgow taken by Defoe, Macky, and Captain Burt—the Burt whom Macaulay has immortalised—we find repeated by later travellers, such as the Welshman Pennant, who says of the city in 1772 that it is 'the best built of any second-rate city I have seen;' by Gray, the poet, who testifies to its 'elegance;' and by Samuel Johnson, who says that 'the prosperity of its commerce appears by the greatness of its many private houses and the general appearance of wealth.'

Long ere this, the city had begun to utilise those rich fields of iron and coal which have since built up such vast and varied industries and transformed the face of the land. Mualins and linens were already largely made; bleaching and calico-printing date from early in last century, and the Turkey-red industry from the end of it. And it was in Glasgow, shortly after the middle of the century, that James Watt perfected the steam-engine—a discovery by which Glasgow has profited to the full.

We find towards the close of the century the hygienic value of the Coast, as represented by such places as Largs, Rothesay, and Wemyss

Bay, being appreciated by the busy citizens of Glasgow. 'Largs,' says Lettice, a young Oxonian who visited Glasgow in 1792, and is quoted, like Macky, at some length, by Dr Colville, 'not long ago the scene of great fairs for the disposal of Highland stock, is now resorted to in summer for sea-bathing.' Of Wemyss Bay he writes: 'Here Glasgow merchants have built each a neat white house, one joining the other, and making, in fact, a single villa with a green lawn spread out before it to the water's edge, adorned with parterres of flowers, and backed with wood and winding walks on the rising ground. Hither they retire, with their families, from their city and its busy hum for the summer season.'

The century that has elapsed since Lettice saw Glasgow at work and at play has no doubt witnessed wonders. Its population, which then was sixty-seven thousand, as against Edinburgh with its seventy thousand, has been multiplied twelve times. The deepening of the Clyde has since, by making Glasgow a port, rendered it independent of Alloa or even of Greenock. At enormous cost, a narrow river which to the end of the 18th century could be waded across, now admits huge sea-going ships: Henry Bell's *Comet*, first of trading steamers in the Old World, began to ply between Glasgow and Greenock in 1812. Steamboats and railways have made Largs, Rothesay, Wemyss Bay, Dunoon—the whole, indeed of the west coast—the summer-resorts of the Glasgow middle-class. The working-man of Glasgow may, by the expenditure of half-a-crown, command, in half-an-hour, the finest scenery in Scotland. Were Bailie Nicol Jarvie to revisit his native city, he would find that his beloved Saltmarket had been eclipsed by Sauchiehall Street and Buchanan Street, and that its special 'comforts' were accounted vulgar; while his cateran cousin would discover that his Loch Lomond fastnesses had become the picnicking ground of Sunday-school children from Gorbals or Argyle Street. But in its general characteristics, and in the temper and ambitions of its citizens, Glasgow remains what it was in Hardyng's day.

The remarkable combination of restless energy and fatalism which, in the literary cant of the day, is known as *fin de siècle*, is evidently to have its influence in Glasgow as elsewhere. The desire to render it the most complete at least of provincial cities in Great Britain before the century is out, is becoming a passion. In some respects the wish may be said to have been already gratified. Glasgow's two homes of civic life and culture, the City Chambers and its University buildings, both erected within the past few years at a total cost of nearly a million, certainly challenge, if they do not defy competition. Instead of its one public recreation ground—that Glasgow Green, which almost rivals Hyde Park itself as the open-air platform of political and social reformers—Glasgow has now nearly a dozen public parks and 'open spaces.' In respect of fresh air and facilities for walking, the inhabitants of none of its districts have now anything to complain of. The water-supply of Glasgow has long been the envy of other cities in Britain. Its Corporation are resolved that it shall not be out-

distanced in this most important of sanitary respects even by Manchester. A new Aqueduct from Loch Katrine is being built, and according to the present Lord Provost's *résumé* of the work done by the Town Council during 1894, 'the anticipation is that the entire works embraced in the present extension of the Loch Katrine Water Supply will be completed in about six years from now (say, by the year 1900), and that they will add one-half to the quantity presently available, increasing that to almost sixty-five million gallons per day.'

Within the past ten years, six new bridges across the Kelvin and the Clyde have either been opened or decided upon. The most important—that which is to take the place of Telford's historic Glasgow Bridge—will probably be completed by 1899.

The consolidation of the City and its suburbs has been greatly advanced by the formation of what is popularly known as 'Greater Glasgow.' There seems every reason to believe that, before the century is over, it will be completed by the inclusion within the city of the three still out-standing burghs of Govan, Partick, and Kinning Park, with their population of nearly 120,000. Of late years, a strenuous effort has been made to rid Glasgow of the reproach so often levelled against it of being, like most busy commercial communities, indifferent to art and refinement. It remains to be seen whether the enthusiasm for music which has led to the formation of a Scottish orchestra having Glasgow for its headquarters is a passing fancy. But the enthusiasm for art, which has already produced a 'Glasgow school,' that cannot at the very least be denied the merit of originality, may be relied upon to build, before the year 1900, an Art Gallery worthy to be named in the same breath with the City Chambers and the new University buildings—worthy also to be the permanent home of the genuine though imperfectly appreciated art treasures now in the possession of the Corporation. In regard to one matter—which is, however, of the highest importance so far as the intellectual and moral well-being of the great mass of the public is concerned—Glasgow lags behind Edinburgh. It has several large collections of books—the University Library contains one hundred and seventy-five thousand volumes, and the Mitchell Library seventy-five thousand—but it has no public lending library. Is it encouraging a vain hope to predict that this deficiency will, by the adoption of the Free Libraries Act or otherwise, be rectified before the century comes to a close?

In another respect the citizens of Glasgow are, through their civic representatives, displaying an activity which surpasses that of Birmingham, and which may not be without its perils. The movement to municipalise locomotion in Glasgow which took shape on the 1st July of last year, when the Corporation began to work the tramway system, is likely to be followed by efforts in other directions.

At the present moment the public are being agitated over a measure to regulate the traffic of the city and almost the life of the citizens. The excellent intentions and good sense of its promoters are beyond all question; but there is

always a risk that regulation of this kind may lead to moral coercion. What with the various Committees, Trusts, and other bodies which look after genuine public interests such as the City Improvements, and the various questions that are conjured up by 'The River,' Glasgow seems to many outsiders to have quite enough of enterprises on hand to occupy fully even its energies for the next dozen years. The concentration of these energies appears now to be at least as necessary as their extension. The familiar paradox which sums up the history of Glasgow and the West of Scotland—'The Clyde has made Glasgow, and Glasgow has made the Clyde'—is as true as ever it was. The output of the Clyde last year proves that it still occupies its old position of pre-eminence as the first shipbuilding centre in the Kingdom, sending out on all the waters of the globe the largest, swiftest, and finest steam-ships afloat. But will the dream of a purified Glasgow and a purified Clyde be realised before the twentieth century begins to run its course?

## THE CHRONICLES OF COUNT ANTONIO.\*

### CHAPTER II. (continued).

It was midnight when Duke Paul and Antonio reached the plain: the moon, till now hidden by the mountains, shone on them, and seeing Antonio's face more plainly, Paul cried, half in jest, half in uneasiness, 'Come, man, look not so glum about it! 'Tis but the life of a rogue.'

'Indeed it is no more,' said Antonio, and he turned his eyes upon Duke Paul.

Paul laughed, but with poor merriment. Whence it came he knew not, but a strange sudden sense of peril and of doom had fallen on him. The massive quiet figure of Antonio, riding ever close to him, silent, stern, and watchful, oppressed his spirit.

Suddenly Antonio halted and called to Martolo to bring him a lantern: one hung from Martolo's saddle, and he brought it, and went back. Then Antonio lit the lantern and gave an ivory tablet to Paul and said to him, 'Write me your promise.'

'You distrust me, then?' cried Paul in a great show of indignation.

'I will not go till you have written the promise.'

Now Paul was somewhat loth to write the promise, fearing that it should be found on Antonio's body before he could contrive to remove it; but without it Antonio declared he would not go. So Paul wrote, bethinking himself that he held safe in his house at home permission from the Duke to seek Antonio and beguile him to the city, and that with the witness of this commission he could come off safe, even though the tablet were found on Antonio. Taking the peril then, rather than fail, he wrote, setting forth the promises he made to Antonio in case (thus he phrased it) of the death of his brother. And he delivered the tablet to Antonio; and Antonio, restoring the lantern to Martolo, stowed the tablet about him, and they set forth again.

\* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

As the clock of the tower of the Cathedral, distantly booming in their ears, sounded the hour of two, they came to where the road parted. In one direction it ran level across the plain to the river and the city, and by this way they must go, if they would come to the secret gate and thence to the Duke's summer-house. But the second road left the plain, and mounted the hill that faces the wicket-gate, which is now called the Hill of Duke Paul. And at the parting of the road, Antonio reined in his horse and sat silent for a great while. Again, Paul, scanning his face, was troubled, so that Martolo, who had drawn near, saw him wipe a drop from his brow. And Paul said, 'For what wait we, Antonio? Time presses, for it has gone two o'clock.'

Then Antonio drew him apart, and fixing his eyes on him, said, 'What of the child? What mean you by the child? How does it profit you that the father die, if the child live?'

Paul, deeming that Antonio doubted him and saw a snare, and holding it better to seem the greatest of villains than to stir suspicion in a man who held him in his hands, smiled cunningly, and answered, 'The child will grow sickly and pine when his father is not alive to care for him.'

'It is enough,' said Antonio; and again a flush mounted on his face, and died down again, and left him pale. For some think he would have turned from his purpose, had Paul meant honestly by the child. I know not. At least, the foul murder plotted against the child made him utterly relentless.

'Let us go on and end the matter,' urged Paul, full of eagerness, and, again, of that strange uneasiness born of Antonio's air.

'Ay, we will go on and finish it,' said Antonio, and with that he leaped down from his horse. Paul did the like, for it had been agreed that the others, with the horses, were to await Antonio's return, while the Count and Paul went forward on foot: and Tommasino and Martolo, dismounting also, tied the horses to trees and stood waiting Antonio's orders.

'Forward!' cried Paul.

'Come, then,' said Antonio, and he turned to the road that mounted the hill.

'It is by the other road we go,' said Paul.

'It is by this road,' said Antonio, and he raised his hand and made a certain sign, whereat the swords of his friends leaped from their scabbards, and they barred the way, so that Duke Paul could turn nowhere save to the road that mounted the hill. Then Paul's face grew long, drawn, and sallow with sudden fear. 'What means this?' he cried. 'What means this, Antonio?'

'It means, my lord, that you must mount the hill with me,' answered Antonio, 'even to the top of it, whence a man can see the city.'

'But for what?'

'That this matter may be finished,' said Antonio; and, coming to Paul, he laid a hand on his shoulder and turned him to the path up the hill. But Paul, seeing his face and the swords of Tommasino and Martolo that barred all escape, seized his hand, saying, 'Before God, I mean you true, Antonio! As Christ died for us, I mean you true, Antonio!'

'Of that I know not, and care not; yet do not swear it now by Christ's name if it be not true. How meant you, my lord, by your brother and your brother's son?'

Paul licked his lips, for they had gone dry, and he breathed as a man pants who has run far and fast. 'You are three to one,' he hissed.

'We shall be but man to man on the top of the hill,' said Antonio.

Then suddenly Tommasino spoke unbidden. 'There is a priest in the village a mile away,' said he, and there was pity in his voice.

'Peace, Tommasino! What priest has he provided for his brother?'

And Tommasino said no more; but he turned his eyes away from the face of Duke Paul: yet when he was an old man, one being in his company heard him say he dreamed yet of it. As for Martolo, he bent his head and crossed himself.

Then Paul threw himself on his knees before Antonio and prayed him to let him go; but Antonio seemed not to hear him, and stood silent with folded arms. Yet presently he said, 'Take your sword then, my lord. If I fall, these shall not touch you. Thus much I give, though it is more than I have right to give.'

But Paul would not take his sword, but knelt, still beseeching Antonio with tears, and mingling prayers and curses in a flow of agonised words.

At last Antonio plucked him from the ground and sternly bade him mount the hill; and finding no help, he set out, his knees shaking beneath him, while Antonio followed close upon him. And thus Tommasino and Martolo watched them go till the winding of the path hid them from view, when Martolo fell upon his knees, and Tommasino drew a breath as though a load had rested on his chest.

It was but a short way to the summit, but the path was steep, and the two went slowly, so that, as they came forth on the top, the first gleam of dawn caught them in its pale light. The city lay gray and drab below them; and the lonely tree that stands to this day upon the hill, swayed in the wind with mournful murmurings. Paul stumbled and sank in a heap upon the ground. And Antonio said to him, 'If you will, pray,' and went and leaned against the bare trunk of the tree, a little way apart. But Paul, thinking on man's mercy, not on God's, crawled on his knees across the space between and laid hold of Antonio's legs. And he said nothing, but gazed up at Antonio. And at the silent appeal, Antonio shivered for an instant, but he did not fly the gaze of Paul's eyes, but looked down on him and answered, 'You must die. Yet there is your sword, and there a free road to the city.'

Then Paul let go Antonio's legs and rose, and drew his sword. But his hand was trembling, and he could scarce stand. Then Antonio gave to him a flask that he carried, holding strong waters; and the wretch, drinking greedily, found some courage, and came suddenly at Antonio before Antonio looked for his attack. But the Count eluded him, and drawing his



blade, awaited the attack; and Paul seized again the flask that he had flung on the ground, and drained it, and, mad now with the fumes, rushed at Antonio, shrieking curses and blasphemies. The sun rose on the moment that their blades crossed; and before its rays had shone a minute, Antonio had driven his sword through the howling wretch's lung, and Duke Paul lay dying on the grassy hill.

Then Count Antonio stripped off his doublet and made a pillow of it for Paul's head, and sat down by him, and wiped his brow, and disposed his body with such ease as seemed possible. Yet he took no pains to stanch the blood or to minister to the wound, for his intent was that Paul should die and not live. And Paul lay some moments on his back, then twisted on his side; once he flung his legs wide and gathered them again under his body, and shivered, turning on his back again: and his jaw fell, and he died there on the top of the hill. And the Count closed his eyes, and sat by him in silence for many minutes; and once he buried his face in his hands, and a single sob shook him.

But now it was growing to day, and he rose, and took from the Duke's waist the broad silken band that he wore, wrought with golden embroidery on a ground of royal blue. Then he took Paul in his arms and set him upright against the trunk of the tree, and, encircling tree and body with the rich scarf, he bound the corpse there; and he took the ivory tablet from his belt and tied the ribbon that hung through a hole in it to the ribbon of the Order of St Prisian, that was round Paul's neck, and he wrote on the tablet, 'Witness my hand—ANTONIO of Monte Velluto.' And he wiped the blade of his sword long and carefully on the grass till it shone pure, clean, and bright again. Then he gazed awhile at the city, that grew now warm and rich in the increasing light of the sun, and turned on his heel and went down the hill by the way that he had come.

At the foot, Tommasino and Martolo awaited him; and when he came down alone, Martolo again signed the cross; but Tommasino glanced one question, and, finding answer in Antonio's nod, struck his open palm on the quarters of Duke Paul's horse and set it free to go where it would; and the horse, being free, started at a canter along the road to the city. And Antonio mounted and set his face again towards the hills. For awhile he rode alone in front; but when an hour was gone, he called to Tommasino, and, on the lad joining him, talked with him, not gaily indeed (that could not be), yet with calmness and cheerfulness on the matters that concerned the band. But Paul's name did not cross his lips; and the manner in which he had dealt with Paul on the hill rested unknown till a later time, when Count Antonio formally declared it, and wrote with his own hand how Duke Paul had died. Thus, then, Count Antonio rode back to the hills, having executed on the body of Paul that which seemed to him right and just.

Long had Duke Valentine waited for his brother in the summer-house, and greatly won-

dered that he came not. And as the morning grew and yet Paul came not, the Duke feared that in some manner Antonio had detected the snare, and that he held Paul a prisoner—for it did not enter the Duke's mind that Antonio would dare to kill his brother. And when it was five o'clock, the Duke, heavy-eyed for want of sleep, left the summer-house, and having traversed the garden, entered his cabinet and flung himself on a couch there; and notwithstanding his uneasiness for his brother, being now very drowsy, he fell asleep. But before he had slept long, he was roused by two of his pages, who ran in crying that Duke Paul's horse had come riderless to the gate of the city. And the Duke sprang up, smiting his thigh, and crying, 'If harm has come to him, I will not rest till I have Antonio's head.' So he mustered a party of his Guards, some on horseback and some on foot, and passed with all speed out of the city, seeking his brother, and vowing vengeance on the insolence of Count Antonio.

But the Duke was not first out of the city; for he found a stream of townsmen flocking across the bridge; and at the end of the bridge was a gathering of men, huddled close round a peasant who stood in the centre. The pikemen made a way for His Highness; and when the peasant saw him, he ran to him, and resting his hand on the neck of the Duke's horse, as though he could scarce stand alone, he cried, pointing with his hand to the hill that rose to the west, 'The Duke Paul, the Duke Paul!' And no more could he say.

'Give him a horse, one of you, and let another lead it,' cried the Duke. 'And forward, gentlemen, whither he points!'

Thus they set forth, and as they went, the concourse grew, some overtaking them from the city, some who were going on business or for their pleasure into the city turning and following after the Duke and his company. So that a multitude went after Valentine and the peasant, and they rode together at the head. And the Duke said thrice to the peasant, 'What of my brother?' But the peasant, who was an old man, did but point again to the hill.

At the foot of the hill, all that had horses left them in charge of the boys who were of the party, for the Duke, presaging some fearful thing, would suffer none but grown men to mount with him; and thus they went forward afoot till they reached the grassy summit of the hill. And then the peasant sprang in front, crying, 'There, there!' and all of them beheld the body of Duke Paul, bound to the tree by the embroidered scarf, his head fallen on his breast, and the ivory tablet hanging from the ribbon of the Order of St Prisian. And a great silence fell on them all, and they stood gazing at the dead Prince.

But presently Duke Valentine went forward alone; and he knelt on one knee and bowed his head, and kissed his brother's right hand. And a shout of indignation and wrath went up from all the crowd, and they cried, 'Whose deed is this?' The Duke minded them not, but rose to his feet and laid his hand on the ivory tablet; and he perceived that it was

written by Duke Paul; and he read what Paul had written to Antonio; how that he, the Duke, being dead, Antonio should come to his own again, and wed Lucia, and hold foremost place in the Duchy. And, this read, the Duke read also the subscription of Count Antonio—'Witness my hand—ANTONIO of Monte Velluto.' Then he was very amazed, for he had trusted his brother. Yet he did not refuse the testimony of the ivory tablet or suspect any guile or deceit in Antonio. And he stood dry-eyed, looking on the dead face of Duke Paul. Then, turning round, he cried in a loud voice, so that every man on the hill heard him, 'Behold the body of a traitor!' And men looked on him, and from him to the faces of one another, asking what he meant. But he spoke no other word, and went straightway down the hill, and mounted his horse again, and rode back to the city; and, having come to his Palace, he sent for his little son, and went with him into the cabinet behind the great hall, where the two stayed alone together for many hours. And when the child came forth, he asked none concerning his uncle the Duke Paul.

Now all the company had followed down from the hill after the Duke, and no man dared to touch the body unbidden. Two days passed, and a great storm came, so that the rain beat on Paul's face and the lightning blackened it. But on the third day, when the storm had ceased, the Duke bade the Lieutenant of the Guard to go by night and bring the body of Paul: and the Lieutenant and his men flung a cloak over the face, and, having thus done, brought the body into the city at the break of day: yet the great square was full of folk watching in awe and silence. And they took the body to the Cathedral, and buried it under the wall on the north side in the shade of a cypress tree, laying a plain flat stone over it. And Duke Valentine gave great sums for masses to be said for the repose of his brother's soul. Yet there are few men who will go by night to the Hill of Duke Paul; and even now when I write, there is a man in the city who has lost his senses and is an idiot: he, they say, went to the hill on the night of the 15th of the month wherein Paul died, and came back mumbling things terrible to hear. But whether he went because he lacked his senses, or lost his senses by reason of the thing he saw when he went, I know not.

Thus died Duke Paul the traitor. Yet, though the Duke his brother knew that what was done upon him was nothing else than he had deserved, and should have suffered had he been brought alive to justice, he was very wroth with Count Antonio, holding it insolence that any man should lay hands on one of his blood, and, of his own will, execute sentence upon a criminal of a degree so exalted. Therefore he sent word to Antonio, that if he caught him, he would hang him on the hill from the branches of the tree to which Antonio had bound Paul, and would leave his body there for three times three days. And, this message coming to Antonio, he sent one privily by night to the gate of the city, who laid outside the gate a letter for the Duke; and in the

letter was written, 'God chooses the hand. All is well.'

And Count Antonio abode still an outlaw in the mountains, and the Lady Lucia mourned in the city.

(To be continued.)

## WINTER CLOTHING.

ACCORDING to statistics, the death-rate is always higher during the winter months. This fact may to a certain extent in many cases owe its origin to imperfect clothing. It is clearly evident that a large percentage of colds might be avoided, and many lives prolonged, if proper garments were worn. The object of clothes as an influence in preserving health should be to maintain, as far as possible, an equal warmth of the surface and extremities of the body, and whilst conducing to the comfort, promote a free circulation, perspiration, and innervation of all external parts of the system.

The healthful operation of clothing is, however, not altogether confined to its property of retaining warmth. The injurious influence of moisture, for example, has also to be guarded against. Even the lower animals exhibit many interesting facts illustrative of instinct or natural provisions for adapting their clothing to suit the seasons. It certainly does not say much for the boasted superiority of man's reason, when we find that the lower animals, with only instinct for a guide, suffer less from the effects of cold, wet, and atmospheric changes than human beings do. This transpires simply because common-sense and reason are too frequently laid aside by foolish habits, the outcome of vanity, ignorance, and fashion.

Perhaps the best and most concise plan in dealing with winter clothing will be to consider how the body may well be protected against climatic vicissitudes. We may best guard against external colds by wearing such materials of dress as, by their thickness and low conducting power, prevent undue escape of animal heat. The most useful for this object are furs and woollen fabrics. The important point to attend to as regards winter apparel is unquestionably that of under-clothing. It should consist of lamb's-wool, flannel, knitted Shetland, or some woollen material. A thick lamb's-wool jersey with pants of the same fabric answers the purpose well. Socks or stockings of a like manufacture, or thick merino, should not be neglected. 'Warm, but light,' is a maxim applicable to most winter garments.

The principal advantages to be gained from woollen under-clothing are twofold. First, that being porous, it permits of transpiration through from the skin's surface, which is very desirable. Second, that perspiration becomes absorbed by the woolly fibres, and eventually evaporates from the outer surface of the clothes. This, however, does not occur if the under-clothing is of calico, linen, or even silk, which is proved by the fact that these materials remain damp after sweating. In India and other hot countries it is for this reason that flannel under-clothing is generally preferred.

Some people, however, with delicate and

sensitive skins are unable to wear lamb's-wool or flannel on account of the irritation they sometimes produce. When this is the case, fine woollen under-wear, such as the Scotch hosiery, may be substituted with advantage, being far less likely to cause the troublesome itching at times occasioned by flannel. This is soft and elastic, and, having no seams, is very comfortable to wear. Those who are naturally of a 'chilly disposition,' and who are obliged to be out of doors in all kinds of weather, will obtain great benefit by wearing a chamois leather vest over the jersey. Of course, this garment must be ventilated by small holes. This is especially useful in very cold weather and during long journeys. For general purposes, however, the long-sleeved Cardigan wool waistcoat is preferable, which may be worn under or over the ordinary waistcoat, and is permeable. Chest protectors made either of flannel or leather are not based on any scientific principle. The warmth which they impart is of a local nature, whilst the other extremities, left unprotected, become cold. The chest and throat are apt to be bathed in profuse perspiration, whilst feet and hands remain chilly.

During at least seven months of the year in this country, some variety of fleecy undergarments is certainly desirable, for the reasons previously alluded to. Every person should possess a good mackintosh for wet weather and snow, against which no better protection can be found. The best kind of waterproof is a light, well-ventilated Inverness cape, which can with ease be placed over any other coat. In order to avoid that fruitful source of chills, damp feet, a valuable resource may be found in boots to which a light india-rubber (not gutta-percha) sole is affixed. They not only have the advantage of keeping the feet dry, but wear longer in wet weather. Strong uppers well dubbed should of course not be forgotten.

Warm socks or stockings, according to individual taste, form an important item in winter clothing, and should on no account be neglected. Truly did Plutarch observe, 'Keep the head cool and feet warm.' Cold and damp feet are a cause of more mischief than is generally supposed. There is nothing which can equal the much-abused goloshes as a means of protecting the feet against the penetration of snow. They are now made in great variety, some having places for the heels of the boots, which make them more sightly and comfortable than the old-fashioned ones.

As regards overcoats, their variety and texture are so great that it would be tiresome to enumerate them in detail. Suffice it to say, when selecting a greatcoat it is well to bear in mind that warmth combined with lightness are the most important points. Heavy coats are decidedly objectionable, as their weight is only a useless burden to the wearer, especially when exposed to wet. A light warm topcoat answers better in every respect, as it permits evaporation, which those of a denser substance tend to impede. The Irish frieze ulsters so much in vogue some years past, when rightly understood are only suitable for travelling or driving; but

for walking they are only burdensome and out of place. The same remark equally applies to the fur-lined overcoats with which our 'gilded youth' delight to adorn themselves.

The use of mufflers in winter has numerous advocates both in the medical profession and otherwise; but should the habit be once commenced, it must be continued without intermission. If this be neglected, a severe cold and sore throat will most likely result.

As a general rule, comforters are better avoided, except at night-time, when coming out of a heated atmosphere or driving in a keen wind. Most people, when adjusting neck-wraps, unfortunately leave the throat more or less exposed. When worn, they should be folded twice round the throat, in order to completely protect it, otherwise they are apt to occasion more harm than benefit. A collar fitting close in front is a valuable substitute for a comforter during the winter-time, as it will afford complete protection to the throat.

All suits worn in winter should be thick. The best are made of serge or stout tweed cloth. If winter waistcoats were lined with flannel, the wearer would experience much comfort, as the usual thin backs which tailors insert do not protect the wearer sufficiently, all the warmth being in front, whilst there is very little behind.

A well-fitting flannel belt worn round the loins next to the skin will be found invaluable as a preventive against lumbago and chills in the loins, to which many persons are peculiarly susceptible during cold winds.

Good winter gloves are a matter of no small moment to those who study comfort, and are desirous of escaping from the irritation and pain consequent upon chilblains. Knitted-wool gloves or leather lined with fleece are about the best for men. Ladies will find the new gloves made either of leather or kid lined with silk all that can be desired as regards comfort and elegance. Most men are accustomed to wear white linen shirts throughout the year: this, however, is a mistake, as linen tends to prevent the escape of insensible perspiration; a spun silk, or, better still, flannel shirt is far superior as a preventive against chills.

Ladies would do well to pay more attention to their winter clothes, as the sex are far more susceptible of cold than men. All their undergarments should be made of the finest Welsh flannel cut high at the neck; but when this causes irritation, the under-clothing referred to above may then be resorted to. A good felt under-skirt, which can now be obtained in any colour, should form a portion of every lady's winter attire. A knitted-wool waistcoat will be found highly useful if worn under a cloak or jacket during the winter season. Tailor-made costumes of warm but light cloth are in every way superior to any light material or silk.

Too much care cannot be taken in order to protect the throat from cold. The small sable furs which are very fashionable answer this purpose in every respect. On damp cold days, ladies will experience much comfort and benefit by wearing a good Shetland veil or fleecy 'cloud' drawn across the mouth.

It is much to be regretted that women's boots

are generally so ill adapted to protect their owners from that great evil, wet feet. Strong thick-soled boots with cork soles inside will exclude all damp and keep the feet warm, which is more than can be said of those mostly worn. There is an old saying that thick boots are the doctor's enemy.

Those who are most susceptible to the severity of winter are children, invalids, and the aged, as in these stages heat-power is low. Under the influence of such conditions, a sense of chilliness is felt, particularly on the surface and extremities. This is Nature's indication that more clothing is required to supplement defective circulation. If this be forthwith adopted, chilliness will be removed, and the extra warmth oftentimes counteracts any disturbances of circulation to which a weakened body is liable, and which so often lay the foundation of future disease.

For some years past a fabric known as 'flannelette' has been much used for ladies' and children's winter under-clothing. This article, although cheap, is neither so warm nor durable as ordinary flannel, for the woolly surface soon wears off, leaving a thin cotton base, which affords inadequate protection against the cold. The high cloth button gaiters now sold at most boot-shops will be found very useful by women and children in cold wet weather, as they keep the ankles warm and dry.

Various other matters with regard to clothing are sufficiently indicated by common-sense, such as the frequent change of garments, particularly under ones. It is desirable to avoid all tight-fitting clothes, lacing, or buttonings, as they create improper pressure, and interfere with free motion and circulation, thereby making the wearer feel cold. If some of the suggestions we have mentioned were adopted more generally during the cold weather, a great amount of discomfort would certainly be obviated, and many colds avoided.

## THE RECOLLECTIONS OF CAPTAIN WILKIE.\*

### PART II.—CONCLUSION.

'WELL, it is hard lines telling stories against one's self, but this was how it happened. I had made a rather good haul, and invested some of the swag in buying a very fine diamond ring. I thought it would be something to fall back upon when all the ready was gone and times were hard. I had just purchased it, and was going back to my lodgings in the omnibus, when, as luck would have it, a very stylishly dressed young lady came in and took her seat beside me. I didn't pay much attention to her at first; but after a time something hard in her dress knocked up against my hand, which my experienced touch soon made out to be a purse. It struck me that I could not pass the time more profitably or agreeably than by making this purse my own. I had to do it very carefully; but I managed at last to wriggle my hand into her rather tight pocket, and I thought

the job was over. Just at this moment she rose abruptly to leave the 'bus, and I had hardly time to get my hand with the purse in it out of her pocket without detection. It was not until she had been gone some time that I found out that, in drawing out my hand in that hurried manner, the new and ill-fitting ring I wore had slipped over my finger and remained in the young lady's pocket. I sprang out, and ran in the direction in which she had gone, with the intention of picking her pocket once again. She had disappeared, however; and from that day till this I have never set eyes on her. To make the matter worse, there was only fourpence-halfpenny in coppers inside the purse. Sarve me right for trying to rob such a pretty girl; still, if I had that two hundred quid now, I should not be reduced to—— Good heavens, forgive me! What am I saying?

He seemed inclined to relapse into silence after this; but I was determined to draw him out a little more, if I could possibly manage it. 'There is less personal risk in the branch you have been talking of,' I remarked, 'than there is in burglary.'

'Ah!' he said, warning to his subject once again, 'it is the higher game which is best worth aiming at.—Talk about sport, sir, talk about fishing or hunting! why, it is tame in comparison! Think of the great country-house with its men-servants and its dogs and its fire-arms, and you with only your jemmy and your centre-bit, and your mother-wit, which is best of all. It is the triumph of intellect over brute-force, sir, as represented by bolts and bars.'

'People generally look upon it as quite the reverse,' I remarked.

'I was never one of those blundering life-preserver fellows,' said my companion. 'I did try my hand at garrotting once; but it was against my principles, and I gave it up. I have tried everything. I have been a bedridden widow with three young children; but I do object to physical force.'

'You have been what?' said I.

'A bedridden widow. Advertising, you know, and getting subscriptions. I have tried them all.—You seem interested in these experiences,' he continued; 'so I will tell you another anecdote. It was the narrowest escape for penal servitude that ever I had in my life. A pal and I had gone down on a country beat—it doesn't signify where it was—and taken up our headquarters in a little provincial town. Somehow it got noised abroad that we were there, and householders were warned to be careful, as suspicious characters had been seen in the neighbourhood. We should have changed our plans when we saw the game was up; but my chum was a plucky fellow, and wouldn't consent to back down. Poor little Jim! He was only thirty-four round the chest, and about twelve at the biceps; but there is not a measuring tape in England could have given the size of his heart. He said we were in for it, and we must stick to it; so I agreed to stay, and we chose Morley Hall, the country-house of a certain Colonel Morley, to begin with.

'Now, this Colonel Morley was about the last man in the world that we should have

\* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

meddled with. He was a shrewd, cool-headed fellow, who had knocked about and seen the world, and it seems that he took a special pride in the detection of criminals. However, we knew nothing of all this at that time; so we set forth hopefully to have a try at the house.

'The reason that made us pick him out among the rest was that he had a good-for-nothing groom, who was a tool in our hands. This fellow had drawn up a rough plan of the premises for us. The place was pretty well locked up and guarded, and the only weak point we could see was a certain trap-door, the padlock of which was broken, and which opened from the roof into one of the lumber-rooms. If we could only find any method of reaching the roof, we might force a way securely from above. We both thought the plan rather a good one, and it had a spice of originality about it which pleased us. It is not the mere jewels or plate, you know, that a good cracksman thinks about. The neatness of the job, and his reputation for smartness, are almost as important in his eyes.

'We had been very quiet for a day or two, just to let suspicion die away. Then we set out one dark night, Jim and I, and got over the avenue railings and up to the house without meeting a soul. It was blowing hard, I remember, and the clouds hurrying across the sky. We had a good look at the front of the house, and then Jim went round to the garden side. He came running back in a minute or two in a great state of delight. "Why, Bill," he said, gripping me by the arm, "there never was such a bit of luck! They've been repairing the roof or something, and they've left the ladder standing." We went round together, and there, sure enough, was the ladder towering above our heads, and one or two labourers' hods lying about, which showed that some work had been going on during the day. We had a good look round, to see that everything was quiet, and then we climbed up, Jim first, and I after him. We got to the top, and were sitting on the slates, having a bit of a breather, before beginning business, when you can fancy our feelings to see the ladder that we came up by suddenly stand straight up in the air, and then slowly descend until it rested in the garden below! At first, we hoped it might have slipped, though that was bad enough; but we soon had that idea put out of our head.

"Hullo, up there!" cried a voice from below.

'We craned our heads over the edge, and there was a man, dressed, as far as we could make out, in evening dress, and standing in the middle of the grass plot. We kept quiet.

"Hullo!" he shouted again. "How do you feel yourselves? Pretty comfortable, eh? Ha! ha! You London rogues thought we were green in the country. What's your opinion now?"

'We both lay still, though feeling pretty considerably small, as you may imagine.

"It's all right; I see you," he continued. "Why, I have been waiting behind that lilac bush every night for the last week, expecting to see you. I knew you couldn't resist going up that ladder, when you found the windows were too much for you.—Joe! Joe!"

"Yes, sir," said a voice, and another man came from among the bushes.

"Just you keep your eye on the roof, will you, while I ride down to the station and fetch up a couple of constables?—*Au revoir*, gentlemen! You don't mind waiting, I suppose?" And Colonel Morley—for it was the owner of the house himself—strode off; and in a few minutes we heard the rattle of his horse's hoofs going down the avenue.

'Well, sir, we felt precious silly, as you may imagine. It wasn't so much having been nabbed that bothered us, as the feeling of being caught in such a simple trap. We looked at each other in blank disgust, and then, to save our lives, we couldn't help bursting into laughter at our own fix. However, it was no laughing matter; so we set to work going round the roof, and seeing if there was a likely water-pipe or anything that might give us a chance of escape. We had to give it up as a bad job; so we sat down again, and made up our minds to the worst. Suddenly an idea flashed into my head, and I groped my way over the roof until I felt wood under my feet. I bent down, and found that the Colonel had actually forgotten to secure the padlock! You will often notice, as you go through life, that it is the shrewdest and most cunning man who falls into the most absurd mistakes; and this was an example of it. You may guess that we did not lose much time, for we expected to hear the constables every moment. We dropped through into the lumber-room, slipped down-stairs, tore open the library shutters, and were out and away before the astonished groom could make out what had happened. There wasn't time enough to take any little souvenir with us, worse luck. I should have liked to have seen the Colonel's face when he came back with the constables and found that the birds were flown.'

'Did you ever come across the Colonel again?' I asked.

'Yes; we skinned him of every bit of plate he had, down to the salt-spoons, a few years later. It was partly out of revenge, you see, that we did it. It was a very well-managed and daring thing, one of the best I ever saw, and all done in open daylight too.'

'How in the world did you do it?' I asked.

'Well, there were three of us in it—Jim was one; and we set about it in this way. We wanted to begin by getting the Colonel out of the way, so I wrote him a note purporting to come from Squire Brotherwick, who lived about ten miles away, and was not always on the best of terms with the master of Morley Hall. I dressed myself up as a groom and delivered the note myself. It was to the effect that the Squire thought he was able to lay his hands on the scoundrels who had escaped from the Colonel a couple of years before, and that if the Colonel would ride over, they would have little difficulty in securing them. I was sure that this would have the desired effect; so, after handing it in, and remarking that I was the Squire's groom, I walked off again, as if on the way back to my master's.

'After getting out of sight of the house, I crouched down behind a hedge; and, as I expected, in less than a quarter of an hour the

Colonel came swinging past me on his chestnut mare. Now, there is another accomplishment I possess which I have not mentioned to you yet, and that is, that I can copy any handwriting that I see. It is a very easy trick to pick up, if you only give your mind to it. I happened to have come across one of Colonel Morley's letters some days before, and I can write so that even now I defy an expert to detect a difference between the hands. This was a great assistance to me now, for I tore a leaf out of my pocket-book and wrote something to this effect:

"As Squire Brotherwick has seen some suspicious characters about, and the house may be attempted again, I have sent down to the bank, and ordered them to send up their bank-cart to convey the whole of the plate to a place of safety. It will save us a good deal of anxiety to know that it is in absolute security. Have it packed up and ready, and give the bearer a glass of beer."

Having composed this precious epistle, I addressed it to the butler, and carried it back to the Hall, saying that their master had overtaken me on the way and asked me to deliver it. I was taken in and made much of down-stairs; while a great packing-case was dragged into the hall, and the plate stowed away among cotton-wool and stuffing. It was nearly ready, when I heard the sound of wheels upon the gravel, and sauntered round just in time to see a business-like closed car drive up to the door. One of my pals was sitting very demurely on the box; while Jim, with an official-looking hat, sprang out and bustled into the hall.

"Now, then," I heard him say, "look sharp! What's for the bank? Come on!"

"Wait a minute, sir," said the butler.

"Can't wait. There's a panic all over the country, and they are clamouring for us everywhere. Must drive on to Lord Blackbury's place, unless you are ready."

"Don't go, sir!" pleaded the butler. "There's only this one rope to tie.—There; it is ready now. You'll look after it, won't you?"

"That we will. You'll never have any more trouble with it now," said Jim, helping to push the great case into the car.

"I think I had better go with you and see it stowed away in the bank," said the butler.

"All right!" said Jim, nothing abashed. "You can't come in the car, though, for Lord Blackbury's box will take up all the spare room.—Let's see—it's twelve o'clock now. Well, you be waiting at the bank door at half-past one, and you will just catch us."

"All right—half-past one," said the butler.

"Good-day!" cried my chum; and away went the car, while I made a bit of a short cut and caught it round a turn of the road. We drove right off into the next county, got a down-train to London; and before midnight, the Colonel's silver was fused into a solid lump.

I could not help laughing at the versatility of the old scoundrel. 'It was a daring game to play,' I said.

'It is always the daring game which succeeds best,' he answered.

At this point the train began to show symptoms of slowing down, and my companion

put on his overcoat and gave other signs of being near the end of his journey. 'You are going on to Dover?' he said.

'Yes.'

'For the Continent?'

'Yes.'

'How long do you intend to travel?'

'Only for a week or so.'

'Well, I must leave you here. You will remember my name, won't you? John Wilkie, I am pleased to have met you.—Is my umbrella behind you?' he added, stretching across.—'No; I beg your pardon. Here it is in the corner;' and with an affable smile, the ex-cracksman stepped out, bowed, and disappeared among the crowd upon the platform.

I lit another cigar, laughed as I thought of my late companion, and lifted up the *Times*, which he had left behind him. The bell had rung, the wheels were already revolving, when, to my astonishment, a pallid face looked in at me through the window. It was so contorted and agitated, that I hardly recognised the features which I had been gazing upon during the last couple of hours. 'Here, take it,' he said—'take it. It's hardly worth my while to rob you of seven pounds four shillings; but I couldn't resist once more trying my hand;' and he slung something into the carriage and disappeared.

It was my old leather purse, with my return ticket, and the whole of my travelling expenses. How he had taken it he knows best himself; I suppose it was while he was bending over in search of an imaginary umbrella. His newly re-awakened conscience had then pricked him, so that he had been driven to instant restitution.

['Captain Wilkie' was written by Dr Conan Doyle several years ago, and is interesting, both as a vigorous story in itself and as being in the vein which he afterwards developed in the well-known Sherlock Holmes stories.]

## THE MONTH:

### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THAT energetic body, the London County Council, have under consideration the question as to the desirability of securing a supply of sea-water for London. It may be thought that this boon has already been secured, for the Railway Companies have for many years supplied sea-water in casks for bathers' use. But the Council's scheme is a far more comprehensive one, and comprises the formation of a huge reservoir near London, into which the sea-water would be pumped through many miles of piping. Moreover, the water would not be intended for bath purposes only, but for cleansing streets, scouring sewers, and doing all such sanitary work as comes within the duties of the local authorities. It is certain that the fresh-water supply of London is inadequate, and this scheme would at once relieve the difficulty. A measure having the same object was actually passed in the House of Commons about fourteen years back, but on account of the costly nature of the project it came to nought. It is possible that the new scheme may prove abortive from the same cause.

About two years ago some excitement was caused by the rumour that a new advertising horror was imminent in the shape of letters projected upon the sky at night by means of a powerful optical apparatus. Happily, the idea turned out to be quite impracticable, although experiments were made with a powerful electric search-light. But the idea, in a modified form, has since come forward, and proves to be only a mitigated evil. At Charing Cross, London, which has been described as the finest site in Europe, a projecting lantern has been erected, which every night throws luminous advertisements not only upon the National Gallery, but upon the adjoining façade of St Martin's Church. This impertinent offence is such a new one that the authorities are powerless to prevent it, and it will probably be necessary to obtain a special Act of Parliament to abate what is both a scandal and a nuisance.

An American technical journal has been publishing some figures with reference to the economy of covering steam-pipes. Experiment shows that the waste of heat in using one hundred feet of two-inch pipe uncovered, which conveys steam at from seventy to eighty pounds pressure, for one year of three thousand working hours, costs sixty-four shillings and sixpence with coal at eight shillings and fourpence per ton. By using the least efficient of insulated coverings, this loss is reduced to about one-fourth that amount; and with the best procurable, to about ten shillings per year. Other experimenters have made out the loss incurred by using uncovered or inefficiently covered steam-pipes to be considerably more than that above indicated, and the truth probably lies between the two estimates; for usually a steam-pipe is under pressure more than ten hours a day, and coal cannot always be had for as low a price as that quoted. However, the matter is worth attention, especially at a season of the year when loss from such a cause is naturally at its maximum.

Mr J. H. Myers is the inventor of the Voting Machine, which there is every reason to believe will take the place of the complex and expensive arrangements now necessary for elections in America—and possibly in process of time in this country too. The machine takes the form of a sheet-iron cabinet five feet square and seven feet high, with an entrance and exit door for the voter. Upon entering this cabinet, the voter finds himself confronted by a series of knobs in parallel lines, each row being devoted to the candidates of any particular party—the name of each candidate, printed in the party colours, being attached to each knob. By pulling a lever at the top of a column of knobs, one vote is cast for every candidate of a party, while by the same movement all other knobs and levers are locked, but are released and ready for the next voter by the action of opening and closing the exit door. The knobs actuate counters such as are attached to printing and other machines so as to keep a check on the work done. The cost of the voting machine is about fifty pounds, which is very little when compared with the usual expenses of an election.

An interesting account recently appeared in

the *Pittsburgh Despatch* of the manner in which rats, as well as cats, have been made to adapt themselves to new conditions of existence. At the cold-storage warehouses at Pittsburgh, mice and rats were originally unknown, the temperature being too low for them. But after a few months, rats appeared, and they were clothed in long and thick fur, Nature having presented them with 'greatcoats' to meet the rigours of a temperature far below the freezing-point. Cats were now turned into the rooms to try conclusions with the rats; but the poor creatures pined and died. Presently, a cat with unusually thick fur was found, which survived the ordeal, and by careful attention, a litter of kittens was reared. By this means a number of cold-proof cats have been distributed among the storage-houses, cats which, curiously enough, cannot live in the open air during the hot season.

In a recent lecture at the London Institution on Electro-motors, Professor Sylvanus Thompson pointed out their great advantage in many situations over steam-engines. He alluded to the fact that many forms of rotary steam-engine had been devised, but all were unsatisfactory. The electric motor is a rotary machine, and does away with the great fault of the steam-engine—namely, the reciprocating action of the pistons. A large number of electric motors are now at work in our various towns and cities, and it is certain that where the current can be obtained from the public mains their use represents a great economy when compared with either steam or gas engines.

In a course of lectures on Diphtheria, Dr Lennox Browne stated that bacteriological research had proved that about forty per cent. of cases believed to be diphtheritic were not so, and he advised practitioners to use every means available to differentiate the true from the false. He also gave the history of a number of cases sent for treatment as diphtheria, showing on the lantern screen enlarged drawings of the throat, taken at the bedside of each patient, together with photo-micrographs, illustrating the results of bacteriological examination. In this way it was shown that bedside diagnosis cannot be relied upon in these cases until it has been corroborated by the microscope.

Mr Morris, assistant-director of Kew Gardens, lecturing at the London Institution on some curiosities of tropical plant-life, said that among these were the pearls found occasionally in the cocoa-nut palm of the Philippine Islands, pearls which, like those of the ocean, are composed of carbonate of lime. The bamboo, too, yields another precious product in the shape of true opals, which are found in its joints. In each case, this mineral matter is of course obtained from the soil. The natives of the Celebes use these vegetable opals as amulets and charms against disease. Deposits of stony matter are by no means uncommon in trees, and Sir F. Abel has recorded that he found in a tree in India a slab of limestone eight feet long. It is known, too, that much of the teak which comes to us from Burma has to be rejected on account of the stony matter which it contains playing such havoc with the tools brought to bear upon it. Many other curiosities of vegetable life were referred to in Mr Morris's interesting lecture.



It is said that some experiments have recently been successfully conducted with reference to a new method of fruit preservation. The method is a simple one, and consists in sealing the fruit hermetically in an atmosphere of carbonic acid gas, without the aid of ice, refrigerator, or any other apparatus. If this system be as successful as it is reported to be, it will certainly revolutionise the trade in tinned fruits, and possibly other edibles. It will also render possible the exportation from India and other distant countries of fruits which most Europeans have never seen or heard of. We must wait for further details before we draw too largely upon the pleasures of anticipation.

At the Stanley show at the Agricultural Hall, London, an exhibition to which all cyclists look forward with interest, the great novelty was the Bamboo Cycle exhibited by the Bamboo Cycle Company of Wolverhampton. In lightness, as well as in durability, bamboo compares favourably with the best steel; and when, as in the present case, it is associated with aluminium, we have combined two of the lightest of constructive materials. Whether the bamboo cycle will really prove a rival to the modern steel horse, which has accomplished such wonders, is a matter which at present it is impossible to forecast. But the introduction of bamboo in the construction of the machine is interesting and worthy of record.

The velocipede tax in France produced last year, it appears, no less a sum than 950,000 francs (£38,000), for 132,276 cycles. There was, besides, a sum of 1,400,000 francs (£56,000) exacted from 4957 cyclist clubs, with 283,380 members. In the same year the dog tax in France produced 8,700,000 francs (£346,000) for 2,885,200 dogs.

It is happily agreed by all civilised nations that although the death penalty may be a terrible necessity, it should be carried out in as humane a method as possible. Hence there was in certain quarters a great outcry, and allegations of needless cruelty, when 'Electrocution,' as it is called, was introduced in the United States. It was alleged that although the action of the electric current was apparently very quick, there was a moment when the sufferer must experience the most horrible torture which it is possible to conceive. As far as we can remember, the objectors could not give any scientific reason why this should be the case, while at the same time the allegation was almost impossible of refutation. But a case of high voltage electric shock, from which the victim ultimately recovered, has recently been reported upon, from which it would appear that, contrary to well-established belief, the recipient of such a shock feels no pain whatever. In the case referred to, a middle-aged man accidentally received the full force of a current of one thousand volts. He was rendered unconscious for some hours, but eventually under careful medical treatment was restored. He remembered everything up to the time of grasping the wires which had caused the trouble; but from that time his memory was a blank until he woke up from his torpor. The only pain was what he now for the first time felt from the burns upon his skin.

It has recently been affirmed by a French scientific authority that the resuscitation of a man apparently killed by electricity is possible if the patient be treated as one rescued from drowning. Of course, if the current, such as that of lightning-flash, has caused actual destruction of tissue, there can be little hope of recovery; but electric shock very often causes suspended animation, which if taken in time will yield to proper treatment. We need hardly point out that the recognised treatment of the apparently drowned consists chiefly in establishing respiration by artificial means, helped by the administration of oxygen gas. This gas is now readily obtainable commercially in all large towns.

A new vehicle has lately appeared in the London streets which reminds one of the once fashionable sedan-chair; but the resemblance is confined to the cab or body of the carriage. Shafts it has none, for either horses or men; but it has three bicycle wheels, one in front and two behind, which are driven by the foot-power of two men, the occupants of the vehicle taking no part in its propulsion.

Mr J. W. Swan, whose name is so well known in conjunction with that of Edison in connection with the glow-lamp patents, recently presented to the Royal Society—of which he has been created a Fellow—a specimen of gold-leaf which is about ten times thinner than that produced by the goldbeater. The process adopted in securing this fairy-like web of metal is to cover copper foil with a thin deposit of gold by means of the electric current, and then to dissolve away the copper by chemical means.

A new form of railway carriage seat has just been introduced experimentally by the North British Railway Company. It consists of a number of steel rings knit together, upon which a strong tension is put, resembling in general construction the wire-wove mattresses which are now in such common use. Such a seat promises durability and comfort during a long railway journey, and it will be invulnerable to the assaults of those curiously constituted mortals who take delight in cutting the cushions in ordinary use in railway carriages.

Beavers, once plentiful all over Germany, seem now to be found only in one circumscribed area—namely, in four forests on the middle Elbe, between a point a little above Wittenberg to near Magdeburg. Some of them are in Prussian territory, some in the Duchy of Anhalt; and though strictly preserved by both governments, they are decreasing in numbers. An elaborate study by Dr Friedrich enumerates in all one hundred and eight inhabited dams, some with only one or two beavers; so that in all probability this interesting animal will soon be quite extinct so far as Germany is concerned.

The Council of the Imperial Institute at South Kensington have announced that a special Exhibition of Photography in its relation to the arts, sciences, and industries will be held in that building next summer. The exhibits will be grouped under seven divisions. The first will comprise the History of Photography and examples of early processes; the

second being devoted to Artistic Photography, and will include a representative exhibition of all schools. Division three will be devoted to Photography as an Industry, and will deal principally with the apparatus used in the art. Processes in operation, including the production of portraits by natural and artificial light, will be included here. Division four will embrace Photography in its Application to various Industries. Division five will be devoted to Photography as the Handmaid to various branches of Science; and division six will deal with its Importance to Education. The remaining division will embrace miscellaneous applications of photography.

'The Senses and Intelligence of Animals' formed the subject of an interesting lecture given recently by Sir John Lubbock at the Working Men's College, London. The lecturer asserted that it was still a doubtful point whether ants could hear; he had tried them with a great variety of sounds, but the insects never gave the slightest indication of hearing them. It was also certain that bees were not susceptible to ordinary tones of sound, and he therefore thought that the custom of 'tanging,' which was popularly supposed to help towards the swarming of bees, was quite useless. The custom probably arose from an idea of giving notice to neighbours that a swarm was loose. Possibly both bees and ants could hear the higher overtones which were beyond the range of human hearing. With regard to vision in insects, it was certain that bees could distinguish colours, and that blue was their favourite; ants were also sensible to colour, and were able to distinguish the ultra-violet rays of the spectrum which were invisible to human beings. Sir John Lubbock pleaded that the practice of arranging stuffed birds and beasts in glass cases, and insects in cabinets, should merely be the preliminary of a more exhaustive study of the living creatures. We should endeavour to ascertain their relations and adaptations to the forces of Nature, which might give a clue to senses and perceptions of which at present we have no conception.

#### A NIGHT IN A RAT-TRAP.

UNLESS men become soldiers or adventurers in other lands, they oftentimes cannot obtain the excitement of even disturbed slumbers. Should burglars attack the house, it is as well to remember that the periodical bought on the previous day's railway journey contains a coupon guaranteeing loss up to one thousand pounds, say; so that it is better to let them 'burgle' on at their sweet will, rather than interrupt, and be shot or knocked on the head. Ferocious dogs are as a rule fastened up, and bulls not commonly left loose in the fields. Every now and then, however, it is possible by fire or water to secure an unusual sensation. The following narrative will show that exceptional advantages in this respect—outside these two elements—often fall to the lot of the most peaceful of men.

Having inherited an old Border castle on the banks of the Esk, I feel it a duty at times to occupy it. An old woman acted as custodian; and crumbling walls, rats, damp, and

wind, to say nothing of an hereditary ghost, did not render it a pleasant home. In the last century, this ghost had obligingly held four conferences with the Rev. Mr Ogilvie, minister of Forganwick. The minister's exhortations, however—which are yet on record in a dingy duodecimo—were thrown away upon the wayward phantom; and on the minister's departure, he soon returned to his cantrips. Fortunately, the old woman was deaf, so that he knocked inside the walls and rolled up and down stairs as noisily as he liked without disturbing her. I had been wont for some years to inhabit Touldenny Castle for a month each autumn, as I could then obtain a little grouse-shooting and trout-fishing on the neighbouring moorland. Some thirty years ago I was at the castle as usual in a stormy October. The floods were out, and tempests night by night shook even the solid walls of the castle. There was a library of old-fashioned lore in the tower, and by means of curtains and a good fire, I made myself tolerably comfortable. Maggie, however, grumbled more than usual about the rats, and they certainly were both numerous and obtrusive.

At length she announced her intention of leaving the castle for a night, in order to be present at the wedding festivities of a niece in a neighbouring village. It struck me that while she was absent, I would strike a decided blow at the rats. The uppermost storey of the tower was used as a storeroom, and I was not surprised at old Maggie's complaints when I found four or five holes in the floor near the walls, and evident traces that, night by night, rats held high revelry there upon my meal and cheeses. I remembered the raids which the men connected with the slaughter-houses at Paris once made upon rats, after baiting the rooms for a few nights with horse-flesh and leaving the vermin to devour them in peace. Their victims were numbered by thousands; and it occurred to me that on a smaller scale I, too, might get rid of a considerable number of these pests. Accordingly, for a couple of nights before Maggie left, I put plates of sugar, biscuits, and honey on the floor of the storeroom, finding next morning that these had been much appreciated by the rats. On the day of my projected battue I placed five tin boxes cunningly by the side of the holes, connecting them with string to my down-stairs library, so that when I liked to pull the string the boxes would fall over the holes and leave the rats behind, as Juvenal says, '*inclusos carcere nasce.*' I took care to put out more and more dainty cakes that day than usual; and as I heard the rats in the evening running behind the wainscot, chuckled over the example so speedily to be made of these marauders.

Maggie went off at three on a dull dark afternoon. She left a cold dinner in the dining-room; and after discussing it I went up to the library and smoked till about 11 P.M., when I laid aside my book, and prepared for revenge. Arming myself with a handy flexible cane, I lit a bedroom candle and pulled the important string. Judging from the commotion overhead, a good many rats were imprisoned. What a sight presented itself as I opened the storeroom

door and quickly closed it behind me! The floor was black with rats, tumbling and leaping over each other in dire terror. The Pied Piper himself might have summoned them—

Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,  
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,  
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,  
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,  
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,  
Families by tens and dozens.

I began at once to lay about me with the cane, and wherever it fell at least one victim suffered. Then I turned and hit behind me, the rats fleeing in abject fear. I thought of the stories of rats attacking men when they were driven into a corner, and decided now that they were gross exaggerations. At that moment my candlestick slipped out of my hand and fell with a rattle on the floor, leaving me in utter darkness. In an instant a rat sprang at my throat, and as I seized and dashed it on the ground, several more leaped at my face, and more ran to my ankles and climbed up within and without my trousers, inflicting sharp bites when they found an opportunity. In vain did I shout and dash them off, trample on them, and lay about me with the cane. More came, till I began to be seriously alarmed, and thought of Bishop Hatto's fate. Had I fallen, they would have eaten me alive. I fumbled for the door, and at length turned the handle. Fool that I was, I had forgotten, when I closed it behind me, that it fastened with an old-fashioned spring, having perhaps been used at times as a prison. There was no possible exit; and I was bitten severely round my neck and face as I tried to kick the door out. The brutes had lost all fear of man in the dark, and I shuddered at the thought of my bones being found in that awful den.

Something must be done, and that speedily. There was a large aperture in the outer wall six feet from the floor. An iron stanchion ran through it, dividing the aperture in two. Outside was a curious iron cradle, something like the 'crow's nest' on the mainmast of a modern whaler, and here watch and ward used to be kept in the troublous days of old, or a captive was put in it, as the Countess of Buchan was displayed from the walls of Berwick. A ladder led to it from the floor, but it lay broken and rotting on the ground. I was impelled, however, with the horror of the situation; and while half-a-dozen rats at least hung on each leg, I swept off as many more from my neck and face, and leaping up, seized the stanchion. Despair lent strength, and I pulled myself up by putting my feet on the rough stones of the wall, dislodged some half-rotten boards, and felt the cold night-air blow on my heated, bleeding face. Next I threw all the rats that were hanging to my legs far out into the dark void below. The river Esk I knew ran beneath, and there was little fear of any of them surviving the fall. Some rats, I found, maddened by the smell and taste of my blood, climbed as I had done up the rough stone walls and positively attacked me again, like so many angry ants. Wounded, torn, bleeding, and bitten in every limb, I managed to push myself out gently into the iron cradle, and there was comparatively safe.

Only two or three rats could reach me, and these I soon dashed down. The others apparently gave up the chase when I was thus in the cold wind and rain, comparatively out of their reach.

I was safe for the time, but by no means comfortable. I leaned against thick iron bars which were dripping with wet and exceedingly cold. The wind was gathering to a hurricane, and I had no covering of any kind. It must be about midnight, I calculated, and morn would not break before seven at the earliest. Buttoning up my coat, I made up my mind to face any inclemency of weather, rather than descend to the murderous den I had so narrowly quitted alive. The rats would depart at dawn by making two or three fresh holes, and I could break down the door, get to bed, and foment my wounds. In a very short time I was stiff and shivering with cold. Shower after shower drifted over; the wind blew in squalls, and roared round the tower. Moon and stars were alike obscured; but a dull, heavy roar came up from below. I knew it was the Esk far down in full flood. There was nothing for it but to wait on as patiently as I could. Feeling my watch's face, I guessed it was about half-past three.

Soon a dreadful fear stole over me, one that even silenced the horrors of my escape from the rats. If I moved in my uneasy perch, it appeared loose and rickety. What if it broke down altogether with my weight in it? It certainly had held no one, save some adventurous boy, for a hundred and fifty years, so that the ironwork and staples might well give way beneath my weight. I gently rocked myself, and the whole structure showed such alarming symptoms of collapsing, that I lay still in the greatest fear, scarcely daring to sneeze or cough. If the cage did yield, I should be precipitated sixty feet down into the raging river. I would have returned to the storeroom and taken my chance of the rats having left; but to alter my position and get back to the big iron stanchion was in itself most perilous. If I put any undue weight upon a dangerous part, I should infallibly be dropped into the Esk. From its roar and rush far below, I could guess what my fate would be did I fall.

Slowly the hours wore on, as they only do when the mind is in deep stress of anxiety. Half-famished and blue with cold, I rejoiced to see far away a streak of light upon the horizon. My heart leaped as I recognised the first footsteps of the dawn 'clad in amice gray.' Gradually the light broadened, and night grew brown instead of black, and then the gloom dissolved and faded, and a red rim surrounded the distant eye of light. And then the hills grew more distinct, and, joy of joys, the sun rose upon a dripping world! I could now investigate the crazy iron cradle in which I rested, or rather lay.

It had originally been attached by two iron bands to the central stanchion, and by two huge iron pins, some four feet under the aperture, to the wall. The iron bands had long been rusted through, and the whole weight of the structure now rested on one of the iron pins which penetrated the joint of the masonry,

and looked most insecure. My getting into it had evidently caused the other pin to slip out, so that the infirm structure and I rested—so long as I did not move—on the one weak-looking pin. I saw at once that a movement might cause it to slip sideways, when I should be precipitated out at once; or else to snap off, when I should also be carried downwards in its ruin. There was a further danger, that my very remaining in it might cause it gradually to become detached from the one pin which alone held it together. Here was a dreadful discovery! My head was below the level of the aperture; and to raise my arms, shift my position, and attempt to grasp the stanchion, was perilous in the extreme. It was firm enough, I saw. Could I once clutch it, I felt assured that I could pull myself up and reach the interior of the storeroom.

Two more mortal hours did I wait in hopes that some one would come, and I could call for help; but Maggie would not be back till evening, and no public road ran near the tower. It overlooked a wide stretch of moorland. I was now so benumbed, too, that I felt what steps were to be taken would have to be chosen at once. I dared not stand up on the crazy 'crow's nest.' Change of posture might immediately cause its fall. Having carefully studied the situation, I determined to wait no longer, but to take off my braces—which were fortunately made of stout buckskin—and throw them round the stanchion. I could then venture to stand up, and, holding by them, could pass hand above hand to the stanchion, when despair, I felt, would give me strength to pull myself up. Accordingly, I began my attempts to throw the braces round the stanchion: ten or twelve times they fell back on me, and then a new terror seized me, lest they should slip out of my hands altogether, in which case certain death would stare me in the face. At that moment a voice reached my ears from below, and I saw my keeper passing under with the gardener.

'Save us!' he said, 'is yon the maister like a bird in a cage? He'll surely be doon in a meenute mair.—Hold on, maister,' he shouted. 'I'll come up! Hold on!'

Just then a large piece of mortar gave way below me, and fell clattering down the wall into the river with a splash. I saw that a moment's delay might mean death, so, rising slowly to my feet, I flung the braces once more round the stanchion and grasped the ends, when, with a dull crack, all the iron cradle gave way under me and fell with a horrid crash into the Esk. I remained hanging three or four inches below the stanchion; but fortunately retained my senses, and gripping the braces in my teeth with the strength of despair, pulled myself up inch by inch, and seized the stanchion with my right hand; then I dropped the braces, and with a great effort reached up with the left and gripped it convulsively with both, still hanging, but so far safe. Not an instant dared I linger, as I felt my strength going every moment, but dragged myself higher and higher till I got hold of the masonry within with one hand, and clung a second to gain breath.

Now came the worst part of the struggle; I had to bring the left hand from the stanchion to the wall and pull myself on to my chest in the window. I did get the hand on the stone, but could not, even for dear life, get farther. My eyes closed, my head swam, a mist came over me, and I all but dropped in a faint. But just then I heard the steps of the keeper coming, ah! how leisurely, up-stairs! 'Quick, quick, Malcolm, for your life!' I shouted in a last effort of vitality. 'Come and get hold of me! Quick! Haste! Help!' Again I all but fell; but now the door opened, and Malcolm rushing in, clasped both my wrists, and I was safe! I was in a dead-faint, and Malcolm would never have pulled me up by himself. With the help of the gardener, who now hurried in, I was dragged into the room more dead than alive, and lay senseless on the floor till a glass of whisky, the national panacea for all evils, was brought. Even then, I was stiff, bleeding, torn, wet through, and generally miserable. They helped me to bed, however, and I slept.

Of course, thinks the reader, you had a bad brain-fever afterwards. Certainly not. At least your hair turned white with the agony of that night? Nothing of the kind. I was bathed and fomented, and rested for a couple of days in bed, and then, thanks to a sound constitution, was able to leave for England. Much, however, as I value the old tower of Toul-denny Castle, I see it too often, am devoured by its rats, ay, and hang from it, too frequently in my dreams, to care ever again to behold its walls, gray, stern, and weather beaten, against the heathery hills and far blue mountains of Eskdale.

#### SONNET.

I DREAMT last night that I was once again  
A little child, with eager, wondering eyes;  
And, on mine ears, like some sweet heavenly strain,  
I heard the music of dead voices rise.  
I listened to the murmur of the stream  
That ran beside my father's cottage door;  
The bleat of sheep, the curlew's eerie scream—  
I heard them all, as in the days of yore.  
I saw the glimmer of the white hawthorn  
Upon the trees beside the garden wall;  
And then, on Fancy's wings still onward borne,  
Methought I saw my mother, last of all:  
And at the sight—in heart again a boy—  
I wept, even in my dream, glad tears of joy.

M. C. C.

#### \*. TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.
- 2d. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3d. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them in FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,  
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 579.—VOL. XII.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1895.

PRICE 1½d.

## JOSIAH WEDGWOOD AND HIS LATEST BIOGRAPHER.

ONE hundred years ago Josiah Wedgwood, the creator of British artistic pottery, passed away at Etruria, near Burslem, surrounded by the creations of his own well-directed genius and industry, having 'converted a rude and inconsiderable manufacture into an elegant art and an important part of national commerce.' His death took place on 3d January 1795, the same year in which Thomas Carlyle saw the light at Ecclefechan, and one year and a half before the death of Burns at Dumfries. During fifty years of his working life, largely owing to his own successful efforts, he had witnessed the output of the Staffordshire potteries increased fivefold, and his wares were known and sold over Europe and the civilised world. In the words of Mr Gladstone, his characteristic merit lay 'in the firmness and fullness with which he perceived the true law of what we may call Industrial Art, or, in other words, of the application of the higher art to Industry.' Novalis once compared the works of Goethe and Wedgwood in these words: 'Goethe is truly a practical poet. He is in his works what the Englishman is in his wares, perfectly simple, neat, fit, and durable. He has played in the German world of literature the same part that Wedgwood has played in the English world of art.'

To the already existing lives of the great potter, Dr Smiles has just added another (*Josiah Wedgwood*: London, John Murray), and having had access to certain family manuscripts and memorandum books, he has been enabled to throw additional light on the personal history of Josiah Wedgwood. We are told in the preface that Mr C. T. Gatty, at the request of the Wedgwood family, had made some progress with a biography, and being unable to proceed, handed over his materials to Dr Smiles. Long ago, in his sketch of Brindley and the early engineers, Dr Smiles had occasion to record the

important service rendered by Wedgwood in the making of the Grand Trunk Canal—towards the preliminary expense of which he subscribed one thousand pounds—and in the development of the industrial life of the Midlands. Now we have a volume devoted to Wedgwood, which should prove as important, as stimulating, and inspiring as any of the numerous volumes from the same hand. Indeed, the veteran author deserves a word or two to himself before we proceed to discuss Wedgwood, as his works are so closely identified with British industrial progress.

Since the issue of *Self-help* in 1859, more than one hundred and fifty thousand copies have been sold of that work, and it has been translated into most European languages. It is very popular in Italy; and the Italian Minister of Finance, at a conversazione in honour of Dr Smiles at Rome, in March 1888, said: 'I have had my children educated by reading your books.' Another Italian compliment was to the effect, 'You have done more to make Italy than ever Cavour or Garibaldi did.' The now extensive, faithful, portrait gallery of strong, enduring, persevering men began with George Stephenson, comprised the early engineers, and included sketches of Robert Dick, Thomas Edward, James Nasmyth, the latest being Josiah Wedgwood.

But to Wedgwood. More than once it has happened that the youngest of thirteen children has turned out a genius. It was so in the case of Sir Richard Arkwright, and it turned out to be so in the case of Josiah Wedgwood, the youngest of the thirteen children of Thomas Wedgwood, a Burslem potter, and of Mary Stringer, a kind-hearted but delicate, sensitive woman, the daughter of a nonconformist clergyman. The town of Burslem, in Staffordshire, where Wedgwood saw the light in 1730, was then anything but an attractive place. Drinking and cock-fighting were the common recreations; roads had scarcely any existence; the thatched hovels had dunghills before the doors, while the hollows from which the potter's clay was excavated were filled with stagnant water, and

the atmosphere of the whole place was coarse and unwholesome, and a most unlikely nursery of genius.

It is probable that the first Wedgwoods date from the hamlet of Weggewood in Staffordshire. There had been Wedgwoods in Burslem from a very early period, and this name occupies a large space in the parish registers during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, while of the fifty small potters settled there, many bore this honoured name. The ware consisted of articles in common use, such as butter-pots, basins, jugs, and porringers. The black glazed and ruddy pottery then in use was much improved after an immigration of Dutchmen and Germans. The Elers, who followed the Prince of Orange, introduced the Delft ware and the salt glaze. They produced a kind of red ware, and Egyptian black; but disgusted at the discovery of their secret methods by Astbury and Twyford, they removed to Chelsea in 1710. An important improvement was made by Astbury, that of making ware white by means of burnt flint. Samuel Astbury, a son of this famous potter, married an aunt of Josiah Wedgwood. But the art was then in its infancy, not more than one hundred people being employed in this way in the district of Burslem, as compared with about ten thousand now, with an annual export of goods amounting to about two hundred thousand pounds, besides what are utilised in home-trade. John Wesley, after visiting Burslem in 1760, and twenty years later in 1781, remarked how the whole face of the country had been improved in that period. Inhabitants had flowed in, the wilderness had become a fruitful field, and the country was not more improved than the people.

All the school education young Josiah received was over in his ninth year, and it amounted to only a slight grounding in reading, writing, and arithmetic. But his practical or technical education went on continually, while he afterwards supplemented many of the deficiencies of early years by a wide course of study. After the death of his father, he began the practical business of life as a potter in his ninth year, by learning the throwing, rather an important branch of the trade. The thrower moulds the vessel out of the moist clay from the potter's wheel, into the required shape, and hands it on to be dealt with by the stouker, who adds the handle. Josiah at eleven proved a clever thrower of the black and mottled ware then in vogue, such as baking-dishes, pitchers, and milk-cans. But a severe attack of virulent smallpox almost terminated his career, and left a weakness in his right knee, which developed, so that this limb had to be amputated at a later date. He was bound apprentice to his brother Thomas in 1744, when in his fourteenth year; but this weak knee, which hampered him so much, proved a blessing in disguise, for it sent him from the thrower's place to the moulder's board, where he improved the ware, his first effort being an ornamental teapot made of the ochreous clay of the district. Other work of this period comprised plates, pickle-leaves, knife-hafts, and snuff-boxes. At the same time he made experiments in the chemistry of the

material he was using. Wedgwood's great study was that of different kinds of colouring matter for clays, but at the same time he mastered every branch of the art. That he was a well-behaved young man is evident from the fact that he was held up in the neighbourhood as a pattern for emulation.

But his brother Thomas, who moved along in the old rut, had small sympathy with all this experimenting, and thought Josiah flighty and full of fancies. After remaining for a time with his brother, at the completion of his apprenticeship Wedgwood became partner, in 1752, in a small pottery near Stoke-upon-Trent: soon after, Mr Whieldon, one of the most eminent potters of the day, joined the firm. Here Wedgwood took pains to discover new methods and striking designs, as trade was then depressed. New green earthenware was produced, as smooth as glass, for dessert service, moulded in the form of leaves; also toilet ware, snuff-boxes, and articles coloured in imitation of precious stones, which the jewellers of that time sold largely. Other articles of manufacture were blue flowered cups and saucers, and varicoloured teapots. Wedgwood, on the expiry of his partnership with Whieldon, started on his own account in his native Burslem in 1760. His capital must have been small, as the sum of twenty pounds was all he had received from his father's estate. He rented Ivy House and Works at ten pounds a year, and engaged his second-cousin, Thomas, as workman at eight shillings and sixpence a week. He gradually acquired a reputation for the taste and excellence of design of his green glazed ware, his tortoiseshell and tinted snuff-boxes, and white medallions. A specially designed tea-service, representing different fruits and vegetables, sold well, and, as might be expected, was at once widely imitated. He hired new works on the site now partly occupied by the Wedgwood Institute, and introduced various new tools and appliances. His kilns for firing his fine ware gave him the greatest trouble, and had to be often renewed. James Brindley, when puzzled in thinking out some engineering problem, used to retire to bed and work it out in his head before he got up. Sir Josiah Mason, the Birmingham pen-maker, used to simmer over in his mind on the previous night the work for the next day. Wedgwood had a similar habit, which kept him often awake during the early part of the night. Probably owing to the fortunate execution of an order through Miss Chetwynd, maid of honour to Queen Charlotte, of a complete cream service in green and gold, Wedgwood secured the patronage of royalty, and was appointed Queen's Potter in 1763. His Queen's ware became popular, and secured him much additional business.

An engine lathe which he introduced greatly forwarded his designs; and the wareroom opened in London for the exhibition of his now famous Queen's ware, Etruscan vases, and other works, drew attention to the excellence of his work. He started works besides at Chelsea, supervised by his partner Bentley, where modellers, enamellers, and artists were employed, so that the cares of his business, 'pot-making and navigating'—the latter the carrying through

of the Grand Trunk Canal—entirely filled his mind and time at this period. So busy was he, that he sometimes wondered whether he was an engineer, a landowner, or a potter. Meanwhile, a step he had no cause to regret was his marriage in 1764 to Sarah Wedgwood, a handsome lady of good education and of some fortune.

Wedgwood had begun to imitate the classic works of the Greeks found in public and private collections, and produced his unglazed black porcelain, which he named *Basaltes*, in 1766. The demand for his vases at this time was so great that he could have sold fifty or one hundred pounds' worth a day, if he had been able to produce them fast enough. He was now patronised by Royalty, by the Empress of Russia, and the nobility generally. A large service for Queen Charlotte took three years to execute, as part of the commission consisted in painting on the ware, in black enamel, about twelve hundred views of palaces, seats of the nobility, and remarkable places. A service for the Empress of Russia took eight years to complete. It consisted of nine hundred and fifty-two pieces, of which the cost was believed to have been three thousand pounds, although this scarcely paid Wedgwood's working expenses.

Prosperity elbowed Wedgwood out of his old buildings in Burslem, and led him to purchase land two miles away, on the line of the proposed Grand Trunk Canal, where his flourishing manufactories and model workmen's houses sprang up gradually, and were named *Etruria*, after the Italian home of the famous Etruscans, whose work he admired and imitated. His works were partly removed thither in 1769, and wholly in 1771. At this time he showed great public spirit, and aided in getting an Act of Parliament for better roads in the neighbourhood, and backed Brindley and Earl Gower in their Grand Trunk Canal scheme, which was destined, when completed, to cheapen and quicken the carriage of goods to Liverpool, Bristol, and Hull. The opposition was keen; and Wedgwood issued a pamphlet showing the benefits which would accrue to trade in the Midlands by the proposed waterway. When victory was secured, after the passing of the Act there was a holiday and great rejoicing in Burslem and the neighbourhood, and the first sod of the canal was cut by Wedgwood, July 26, 1766. He was also appointed treasurer of the new undertaking, which was eleven years in progress. Brindley, the greatest engineer then in England, doubtless sacrificed his life in its progress, as he died of continual harassment and diabetes at the early age of fifty-six. Wedgwood had an immense admiration for Brindley's work and character. In the prospect of spending a day with him, he said: 'As I always edify full as much in that man's company as at church, I promise myself to be much wiser the day following.' Like Carlyle, who whimsically put the builder of a bridge before the writer of a book, Wedgwood placed the man who designed the outline of a jug or the turn of a teapot far below the creator of a canal or the builder of a city.

In the career of a man of genius and original powers, the period of early struggle is often the most interesting. When prosperity comes, after difficulties have been surmounted, there is generally less to challenge attention. But Wedgwood's career was still one of continual progress up to the very close. His Queen's ware, made of the whitest clay from Devon and Dorset, was greatly in demand, and much improved. The fine earthenwares and porcelains which became the basis of such manufactures were originated here. Young men of artistic taste were employed and encouraged to supply designs, and a school of instruction for drawing, painting, and modelling was started. Artists such as Coward and Hoskins modelled the 'Sleeping Boy,' one of the finest and largest of his works. John Bacon, afterwards known as a sculptor, was one of his artists, as also James Tassie of Glasgow. Wedgwood engaged capable men wherever they could be found. For his Etruscan models he was greatly indebted to Sir W. Hamilton. Specimens of his famous portrait cameos, medallions, and plaques will be found in most of our public museums.

The general health of Wedgwood suffered so much between 1767 and 1768, that he decided to have the limb which had troubled him since his boyhood, amputated. He sat, and without wincing, witnessed the surgeons cut off his right leg, for there were then no anæsthetics. 'Mr Wedgwood has this day had his leg taken off,' wrote one of the Burslem clerks at the foot of a London invoice, 'and is as well as can be expected after such an execution.' His wife was his good angel when recovering, and acted as hands and feet and secretary to him; while his partner Bentley (formerly a Liverpool merchant) and Dr Darwin were also kind; and he was almost oppressed with the inquiries of many noble and distinguished persons during convalescence. He had to be content with a wooden leg now. 'Send me,' he wrote to his brother in London, 'by the next wagon a spare leg, which you will find, I believe, in the closet.' He lived to wear out a succession of wooden legs.

Indifference and idleness he could not tolerate, and his fine artistic sense was offended by any bit of imperfect work. In going through his works, he would lift the stick upon which he leaned and smash the offending article, saying, 'This won't do for Josiah Wedgwood.' All the while he had a keen insight into the character of his workmen, although he used to say that he had everything to teach them, even to the making of a table plate.

He was no monopolist, and the only patent he ever took out was for the discovery of the lost art of burning in colours, as in the Etruscan vases. 'Let us make all the good, fine, and new things we can,' he said to Bentley once; 'and so far from being afraid of other people getting our patterns, we should glory in it, and throw out all the hints we can, and, if possible, have all the artists in Europe working after our models.' By this means he hoped to secure the good-will of his best customers and of the public. At the same time he never sacrificed excellence to cheapness. As the sale



of painted Etruscan ware declined, his Jasper porcelain—so called from its resemblance to the stone of that name—became popular. The secret of its manufacture was kept for many years. It was composed of flint, potter's clay, carbonate of barytes, and *Terra ponderosa*. This and the Jasper-dip are in several tones and hues of blue; also yellow, lilac, and green. He called in the good genius of Flaxman in 1775; and for the following twelve years, the afterwards famous sculptor did an immense amount of work and enhanced his own and his patron's reputation. Flaxman did some of his finest work in this Jasper porcelain. Some of Flaxman's designs Wedgwood could scarcely be prevailed upon to part with. A bas-relief of the 'Apotheosis of Homer' went for seven hundred and thirty-five pounds at the sale of his partner Bentley; and the 'Sacrifice to Hymen,' a tablet in blue and white Jasper (1787), brought four hundred and fifteen pounds. The first-named is now in the collection of Lord Tweedmouth. Wedgwood's copy of the Barberini or Portland vase was a great triumph of his art. This vase, which had contained the ashes of the Roman Emperor Alexander Severus and his mother, was of dark-blue glass, with white enamel figures. It now stands in the medal room of the British Museum alongside a model by Wedgwood. The vase itself once changed hands for eighteen hundred guineas, and a copy fetched two hundred and fifteen guineas in 1892.

Josiah Wedgwood now stood at the head of the potters of Staffordshire, and the manufactory at Etruria drew visitors from all parts of Europe. The motto of its founder was still 'Forward'; and, as Dr Smiles expresses it, there was with him no finality in the development of his profession. He studied chemistry, botany, drawing, designing, and conchology. His inquiring mind wanted to get to the bottom of everything. He journeyed to Cornwall, and was successful in getting kaolin for china-ware. Queen Charlotte patronised a new pearl-white tea-ware; and he succeeded in perfecting the pestle and mortar for the apothecary. He invented a pyrometer for measuring temperatures; and was elected Fellow of the Royal Society. Amongst his intimate friends were Dr Erasmus Darwin, poet and physician (the famous Charles Robert Darwin was a grandson, his mother having been a daughter of Wedgwood's), Boulton of Soho Works, James Watt, Thomas Clarkson, Sir Joseph Banks, and Thomas Day.

We have an example of the benevolence of Wedgwood's disposition in his treatment of John Leslie, afterwards Professor Sir John Leslie of Edinburgh University. He was so well pleased with his tutoring of his sons, that he settled an annuity of one hundred and fifty pounds upon him; and it may be that the influence of this able tutor led Thomas Wedgwood to take up the study of heliotype, and become a pioneer of photographic science, even before Daguerre. How industrious Wedgwood had been in his profession is evident from the seven thousand specimens of clay from all parts of the world which he had tested and analysed. The six entirely new pieces of earthenware and porcelain which, along with his Queen's ware,

he had introduced early in his career, as painted and embellished, became the foundation of nearly all the fine earthenware and porcelains since produced. He had his reward, for, besides a flourishing business, he left more than half a million of money.

## THE CHRONICLES OF COUNT ANTONIO.\*

By ANTHONY HOPE, Author of *The Prisoner of Zenda*.

### CHAPTER III.—COUNT ANTONIO AND THE PRINCE OF MANTIVOGLIA.

I KNOW of naught by which a man may better be judged than by his bearing in matters of love. What know I of love, say you—I, whose head is gray, and shaven to boot? True, it is gray, and it is shaven. But once it was brown, and the tonsure came not there till I had lived thirty years and borne arms for twelve. Then came death to one I loved, and the tonsure to me. Therefore, oh ye proud young men and laughing girls, old Anselm knows of love, though his knowledge be only like the memory that a man has of a glorious red-gold sunset which his eyes saw a year ago: cold are the tints, gone the richness, sober and faint the picture. Yet it is something; he sees no more, but he has seen; and sometimes still I seem to see a face that I saw last, smiling in death. They tell me such thoughts are not fitting in me, but I doubt their doing a man much harm; for they make him take joy when others reap the happiness that he, forestalled by fate's sickle, could not garner. But enough! It is of Count Antonio I would write, and not of my poor self. And the story may be worth the writing—or would be, had I more skill to pen it.

Now in the spring of the second year of Count Antonio's banishment, when the fierce anger of Duke Valentine was yet hot for the presumption shown by the Count in the matter of Duke Paul's death, a messenger came privily to where the band lay hidden in the hills, bringing greeting to Antonio from the Prince of Mantivoglia, between whom and the Duke there was great enmity. For in days gone by Firmola had paid tribute to Mantivoglia, and this burden had been broken off only some thirty years; and the Prince, learning that Antonio was at variance with Duke Valentine, perceived an opportunity, and sent to Antonio, praying him very courteously to visit Mantivoglia and be his guest. Antonio, who knew the Prince well, sent him thanks, and, having made dispositions for the safety of his company and set Tommasino in charge of it, himself rode with the man they called Bena, and, having crossed the frontier, came on the second day to Mantivoglia. Here he was received with great state, and all in the city were eager

\* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

to see him, having heard how he had dealt with Duke Paul, and how he now renounced the authority of Valentine. And the Prince lodged him in his Palace, and prepared a banquet for him, and set him on the right hand of the Princess, who was a very fair lady, learned, and of excellent wit; indeed, I have by me certain stories which she composed, and would read on summer evenings in the garden; and it may be that, if I live, I will make known certain of them. Others there are that only the discreet should read; for what to one age is but mirth, turns in the mind of the next to unseemliness and ribaldry. This Princess, then, was very gracious to the Count, and spared no effort to give him pleasure; and she asked him very many things concerning the lady Lucia, saying at last, 'Is she fairer than I, my lord?' But Antonio answered, with a laugh, 'The moon is not fairer than the sun, nor the sun than the moon: yet they are different.' And the Princess laughed also, saying merrily, 'Well parried, my lord!' And she rose and went with the Prince and Antonio into the garden. Then the Prince opened to Antonio what was in his mind, saying, 'Take what command you will in my service, and come with me against Firmola; and when we have brought Valentine to his knees, I will take what was my father's, and should be mine: and you shall wring from him your pardon and the hand of your lady.' And the Princess also entreated him. But Antonio answered, 'I cannot do it. If Your Highness rides to Firmola, it is likely enough that I also may ride thither; but I shall ride to put my sword at the service of the Duke. For, although he is not my friend, yet his enemies are mine.' And from this they could not turn him. Then the Prince praised him, saying, 'I love you more for denying me, Antonio; and when I send word of my coming to Valentine, I will tell him also of what you have done. And if we meet by the walls of Firmola, we will fight like men; and, after that, you shall come again to Mantivoglia;' and he drank wine with Antonio, and so bade him God-speed. And the Princess, when her husband was gone, looked at the Count and said, 'Valentine will not give her to you. Why will not you take her?'

But Antonio answered: 'The price is too high.'

'I would not have a man who thought any price too high,' cried the Princess.

'Then your Highness would mate with a rogue?' asked Count Antonio, smiling.

'If he were one for my sake only,' said she, fixing her eyes on his face and sighing lightly, as ladies sigh when they would tell something, and yet not too much nor in words that can be repeated. But Antonio kissed her hand, and took leave of her; and with another sigh she watched him go.

But when the middle of the next month came, the Prince of Mantivoglia gathered an army of three thousand men, of whom seventeen hundred were mounted, and crossed the frontier, directing his march towards Firmola by way of the base of Mount Agnino and the road to

the village of Rilano. The Duke hearing of his approach, mustered his Guards to the number of eight hundred and fifty men; and armed besides hard upon two thousand of the townsmen and apprentices, taking an oath of them that they would serve him loyally; for he feared and distrusted them; and of the whole force, eleven hundred had horses. But Count Antonio lay still in the mountains, and did not offer to come to the Duke's aid.

'Will you not pray his leave to come and fight for him?' asked Tommasino.

'He will love to beat the Prince without my aid, if he can,' said Antonio. 'Heaven forbid that I should seem to snatch at glory, and make a chance for myself from his necessity.'

So he abode two days where he was; and then there came a shepherd, who said, 'My lord, the Duke has marched out of the city and lay last night at Rilano, and is to-day stretched across the road that leads from the spurs of Agnino to Rilano, his right wing resting on the river. There he waits the approach of the Prince; and they say that at daybreak to-morrow the Prince will attack.'

Then Antonio rose, saying, 'What of the night?'

Now the night was very dark, and the fog hung like a gray cloak over the plain. And Antonio collected all his men to the number of threescore and five, all well armed and well horsed; and he bade them march very silently and with great caution, and led them down into the plain. And all the night they rode softly, husbanding their strength and sparing their horses; and an hour before the break of day they passed through the outskirts of Rilano and halted a mile beyond the village, seeing the fires of the Duke's bivouacs stretched across the road in front of them; and beyond there were other fires where the Prince of Mantivoglia lay encamped. And Bena said, 'The Prince will be too strong for the Duke, my lord.'

'If he be, we also shall fight to-morrow,' Bena, answered Antonio.

'I trust, then, that they prove at least well matched,' said Bena; for he loved to fight, and yet was ashamed to wish that the Duke should be defeated.

Then Count Antonio took counsel with Tommasino; and they led the band very secretly across the rear of the Duke's camp till they came to the river. There was a mill on the river, and by the mill a great covered barn where the sacks of corn stood; and Antonio, having roused the miller, told him that he came to aid the Duke, and not to fight against him, and posted his men in this great barn; so that they were behind the right wing of the Duke's army, and were hidden from sight. Day was dawning now: the camp-fires paled in the growing light, and the sounds of preparation were heard from the camp. And from the Prince's quarters also came the noise of trumpets calling the men to arms.

At four in the morning the battle was joined, Antonio standing with Tommasino and watching it from the mill. Now Duke Valentine had placed his own Guards on either wing and the townsmen in the centre; but the Prince had

posted the flower of his troops in the centre; and he rode there himself, surrounded by many lords and gentlemen; and with great valour and impetuosity he flung himself against the townsmen, recking little of how he fared on either wing. This careless haste did not pass unnoticed by the Duke, who was a cool man and wore a good head; and he said to Lorenzo, one of his lords who was with him, 'If we win on right and left, it will not hurt us to lose in the middle;' and he would not strengthen the townsmen against the Prince, but rather drew off more of them, and chiefly the stoutest and best mounted, whom he divided between the right wing, where he himself commanded, and the left, which Lorenzo led. Nay, men declare that he was not ill-pleased to see the brunt of the strife and the heaviest loss fall on the apprentices and townsmen. For a while indeed these stood bravely; but the Prince's chivalry came at them in fierce pride and gallant scorn, and bore them down with the weight of armour and horses, the Prince himself leading on a white charger, and with his own hand slaying Glinka, who was head of the city-bands and a great champion among them. But Duke Valentine and Lorenzo upheld the battle on the wings, and pressed back the enemy there; and the Duke would not send aid to the townsmen in the centre, saying, 'I shall be ready for the Prince as soon as the Prince is ready for me, and I can spare some of those turbulent apprentices.' And he smiled his crafty smile, adding, 'From enemies also a wise man may suck good;' and he pressed forward on the right, fighting more fiercely than was his custom. But when Antonio beheld the townsmen hard pressed and being ridden down by the Prince of Mantivoglia's knights, and saw that the Duke would not aid them, he grew very hot and angry, and said to Tommasino, 'These men have loved my house, Tommasino. It may be that I spoil His Highness's plan, but are we to stand here while they perish?'

'A fig for His Highness's plan!' said Tommasino; and Bena gave a cry of joy and leaped, unbidden, on his horse.

'Since you are up, Bena,' said the Count, 'stay up, and let the others mount. The Duke's plan, if I read it aright, is craftier than I love, and I do not choose to understand it.'

Then, when the townsmen's line was giving way before the Prince, and the apprentices, conceiving themselves to be shamefully deserted, were more of a mind to run away than to fight any more, suddenly Antonio rode forth from the mill. He and his company came at full gallop; but he himself was ten yards ahead of Bena and Tommasino, for all that they raced after him. And he cried aloud, 'To me, men of Firmola, to me, Antonio of Monte Velluto!' and they beheld him with utter astonishment and great joy. For his helmet was fallen from his head, and his fair hair gleamed in the sun, and the light of battle played on his face. And the band followed him, and, though they had for the most part no armour, yet such was the fury of their rush, and such the mettle and strength of their horses, that they made light of meeting the Prince's

knights in full tilt. And the townsmen cried, 'It is the Count! To death after the Count!' And Antonio raised the great sword that he carried, and rode at the Marshal of the Prince's Palace, who was in the van of the fight, and he split helmet and head with a blow. Then he came to where the Prince himself was, and the great sword was raised again, and the Prince rode to meet him, saying, 'If I do not die now, I shall not die to-day.' But when Antonio saw the Prince, he brought his sword to his side and bowed and turned aside, and engaged the most skilful of the Mantivoglian knights. And he fought that day like a man mad; but he would not strike the Prince of Mantivoglia. And after a while the Prince ceased to seek him; and a flatterer said to the Prince, 'He is bold against us, but he fears you, my lord.' But the Prince said, 'Peace, fool. Go and fight.' For he knew that not fear, but friendship, forbade Antonio to assail him.

Yet by now the rout of the townsmen was stayed, and they were holding their own again in good heart and courage; while both on the right and on the left the Duke pressed on and held the advantage. Then the Prince of Mantivoglia perceived that he was in a dangerous plight, for he was in peril of being worsted along his whole line; for his knights did no more than hold a doubtful balance against the townsmen and Antonio's company, while the Duke and Lorenzo were victorious on either wing; and he knew that if the Duke got in rear of him and lay between him and Mount Agnino, he would be sore put to it to find a means of retreat. Therefore he left the centre and rode to the left of his line and himself faced Duke Valentine. Yet slowly was he driven back, and he gave way sullenly, obstinately, and in good order, himself performing many gallant deeds, and seeking to come to a conflict with the Duke. But the Duke, seeing that the day was likely to be his, would not meet him, and chose to expose his person to no more danger: 'For,' he said, 'a soldier who is killed is a good soldier; but a chief who is killed save for some great object is a bad chief.' And he bided his time, and slowly pressed the Prince back, seeking rather to win the battle than the praise of bravery. But when Count Antonio saw that all went well, and that the enemy were in retreat, he halted his band; and at this they murmured, Bena daring to say, 'My lord, we have had dinner, and may we not have supper also?' Antonio smiled at Bena, but would not listen.

'No,' said he. 'His Highness has won the victory by his skill and cunning. I did but move to save my friends. It is enough. Shall I seek to rob him of his glory? For the ignorant folk, counting the arm more honourable than the head, will give me more glory than him if I continue in the fight.' And thus, not being willing to force his aid on a man who hated to receive it, he drew off his band. Awhile he waited; but when he saw that the Prince was surely beaten, and that the Duke held victory in his hand, he gave the word that they should return by the way they had come.

'Indeed,' said Tommasino, laughing, 'it may

be wisdom as well as good manners, cousin. For I would not trust myself to Valentine if he be victorious, for all the service which we have done him in saving the apprentices he loves so well.

So Antonio's band turned and rode off from the field, and they passed through Rilano. But they found the village desolate; for report had come from the field that the Duke's line was broken, and that in a short space the Prince of Mantivoglia would advance in triumph, and, having sacked Rilano, would go against Firmola, where there were but a few old men and boys left to guard the walls against him. And one peasant, whom they found hiding in the wood by the road, said there was panic in the city, and that many were escaping from it before the enemy should appear.

'It is months since I saw Firmola,' said Antonio with a smile. 'Let us ride there and reassure these timid folk. For my lord the Duke has surely by now won the victory, and he will pursue the Prince till he yields peace and abandons the tribute.'

Now a great excitement rose in the band at these words; for although they had lost ten men in the battle and five more were disabled, yet they were fifty stout and ready; and it was not likely that there was any force in Firmola that could oppose them. And Martolo, who rode with Tommasino, whispered to him, 'My lord, my lord, shall we carry off the Lady Lucia before His Highness can return?'

Tommasino glanced at Antonio. 'Nay, I know not what my cousin purposes,' said he.

Then Antonio bade Bena and Martolo ride on ahead, taking the best horses, and tell the people at Firmola that victory was with the Duke, and that His Highness's servant, Antonio of Monte Velluto, was at hand to protect the city till His Highness should return in triumph. And the two, going ahead while the rest of the band took their mid-day meal, met many ladies and certain rich merchants and old men escaping from the city, and turned them back, saying that all was well; and the ladies would fain have gone on and met Antonio; but the merchants, hearing that he was there, made haste to get within the walls again, fearing that he would levy a toll on them for the poor, as his custom was. At this Bena laughed mightily, and drew rein, saying, 'These rabbits will run quicker back to their burrow than we could ride, Martolo. Let us rest awhile under a tree; I have a flask of wine in my saddle-bag.' So they rested; and while they rested, they saw what amazed them; for a lady rode alone towards them on a palfrey, and though the merchants met her and spoke with her, yet she rode on. And when she came to the tree where Bena and Martolo were, they sprang up and bared their heads; for she was the Lady Lucia; and her face was full of fear and eagerness as she said, 'No guard is kept to-day, even on helpless ladies. Is it true that my lord is near?'

'Yes, he is near,' said Bena, kissing her hand. 'See, there is the dust of his company on the road.'

'Go, one of you, and say that I wait for him,' she commanded; so Martolo rode on to

carry the news farther, and Bena went to Antonio and said, 'Heaven, my lord, sends fortune. The Lady Lucia has escaped from the city, and awaits you under yonder tree.'

And when Tommasino heard this, he put out his hand suddenly and caught Antonio's hand and pressed it, saying, 'Go alone, and bring her here: we will wait: the Duke will not be here for many hours yet.'

Then Antonio rode alone to the tree where Lucia was; and because he had not seen her for many months, he leaped down from his horse and came running to her, and, kneeling, kissed her hand; but she, who stood now by her palfrey's side, flung her arms about his neck and fell with tears and laughter into his arms, saying, 'Antonio, Antonio! Heaven is with us, Antonio.'

'Yes,' said he. 'For His Highness has won the day.'

'Have not we won the day also?' said she, reaching up and laying her hands on his shoulders.

'Heart of my heart,' said he softly, as he looked in her eyes.

'The cage is opened, and, Antonio, the bird is free,' she whispered, and her eyes danced and her cheek went red. 'Lift me to my saddle, Antonio.'

The Count obeyed her, and himself mounted; and she said, 'We can reach the frontier in three hours, and there—there, Antonio, none fears the Duke's wrath.' And Antonio knew what she would say, save that she would not speak it bluntly—that there they could find a priest to marry them. And his face was pale as he smiled at her. Then he laid his hand on her bridle and turned her palfrey's head towards Firmola. Her eyes darted a swift question at him, and she cried low, 'Thither, Antonio?'

Then he answered her, bending still his look on her, 'Alas, I am no learned man, nor a doctor skilled in matters of casuistry and nice distinctions. I can but do what the blood that is in me tells me a gentleman should do. To-day, sweetheart—ah, will you not hide your face from me, sweetheart, that my words may not die in my mouth?—to-day our lord the Duke fights against the enemies of our city, holding for us in hard battle the liberty that we have won, and bearing the banner of Firmola high to heaven in victory.'

She listened with strained frightened face; and the horses moved at a walk towards Firmola. And she laid her hand on his arm, saying again, 'Antonio!'

'And I have fought with my lord to-day, and I would be at his side now, except that I do his pleasure better by leaving him to triumph alone. But my hand has been with him to-day, and my heart is with him to-day. Tell me, sweetheart, if I rode forth to war and left you alone, would you do aught against me till I returned?'

She did not answer.

'A Prince's city,' said he, 'should be like his faithful wife; and when he goes against the enemy, none at home should raise a hand against him; above all, may not one who has fought by his side. For to stand side by side

in battle is a promise and a compact between man and man, even as though man swore to man on a holy relic.'

Then she understood what he would say, and she looked away from him across the plain; and a tear rolled down her cheek as she said, 'Indeed, my lord, the error lies in my thoughts; for I fancied that your love was mine.'

Antonio leaned from his saddle and lightly touched her hair. 'Was that indeed your fancy?' said he. 'And I prove it untrue?'

'You carry me back to my prison,' she said. 'And you will ride away.'

'And so I love you not?' he asked.

'No, you love me not,' said she; and her voice caught in a sob.

'See,' said he; 'we draw near to Firmola; and the city gates are open; and, look, they raise a flag on the Duke's palace; and there is joy for the victory that Martolo has told them of. And in all the Duchy there are but two black hearts that burn with treacherous thoughts against His Highness, setting their own infinite joy above the honour and faith they owe him.'

'Nay, but are there two?' she asked, turning her face from him.

'In truth I would love to think there was but one,' said he. 'And that one beats in me, sweetheart, and so mightily, that I think it will burst the walls of my body, and I shall die.'

'Yet we ride to Firmola,' said she.

'Yet, by Christ's grace,' said Count Antonio, 'we ride to Firmola.'

Then the Lady Lucia suddenly dropped her bridle on the neck of her palfrey and caught Antonio's right hand in her two hands and said to him, 'When I pray to-night, I will pray for the cleansing of the black heart, Antonio. And I will make a wreath and carry it to the Duke and kiss his hand for his victory. And I will set lights in my window and flags on my house; and I will give my people a feast; and I will sing and laugh for the triumph of the city and for the freedom this day has won for us: and when I have done all this, what may I do then, Antonio?'

'I am so cruel,' said he, 'that then I would have you weep a little: yet spoil not the loveliest eyes in all the world; for if you dim them, it may be that they will not shine like stars across the plain, and even into the hut where I live among the hills.'

'Do they shine bright, Antonio?'

'As the gems on the gates of heaven,' he answered; and he reined in his horse and gave her bridle into her hands. And then for many minutes neither spoke; and Count Antonio kissed her lips, and she his; and they promised with the eyes what they needed not to promise with the tongue. And the Lady Lucia went alone on her way to Firmola. But the Count sat still like a statue of marble on his horse, and watched her as she rode. And there he stayed till the gates of the city received her and the walls hid her from his sight; and the old men on the walls saw him and knew him, and asked, 'Does he come against us? But it was against the Prince of Mantivoglia that we swore to fight.' And they watched him till

he turned and rode at a foot's pace away from the city. And now as he rode his brow was smooth and calm, and there was a smile on his lips.

### THE GOLD-FIELDS OF BRITISH GUIANA.

MUCH has been written of late regarding new gold discoveries, and general interest has been taken therein from the fact that gold is now probably the only raw product which has not suffered from the great decline in value brought about during the last decade. For there is an ever increasing demand for it as a standard of value, while its time-honoured partner, silver, has suffered a severe decline in common with all else, in consequence of excess of production over requirements. To such a pitch has this come, that in silver-using countries the utmost difficulty is produced by the continually diminishing value of their monetary standard. It has become a great problem for our statesmen how to cope with this difficulty in British India and elsewhere. The true solution will probably only be arrived at when the world's supply of gold will enable those countries to reduce silver to the position it occupies in England, that of a token currency only, all payments over a certain amount to be made in gold. This opens an immense market for fresh gold supplies, and just as the need of them is beginning to be most seriously felt, we hear of fresh discoveries which promise to enable us to fill up the gap in the course of time, and restore equilibrium to the distracted finances of countries which depend on silver alone for their money.

One portion of our empire has not yet had the attention directed to it that it deserves as a gold-producing country, though the presence of the precious metal there has been a tradition extending to the Elizabethan time. It was then that the well-known expedition of Sir Walter Raleigh set forth to what is now the colony of British Guiana to seek for the source of the supply of the stored-up gold found by the Spaniards in Mexico and Peru, both of which are silver-producing countries. Indian tradition pointed to the Guianas as being the territory whence it had been gathered, being midway between those two empires; and the colonists of the nineteenth century have proved that Indian tradition was right, and that British Guiana is the home of treasures which may perhaps be destined to eclipse those of other gold-producing countries, and this at no distant date. It is a truly remarkable thing that its capabilities have so long remained hidden. The Dutch, who first colonised the country, seem not to have searched for gold. The English, when they became possessors, found sugar estates formed on the low lands along the coast, which for a long series of years produced riches almost

equal to those of gold mines; and with these they were so satisfied as not to wish to penetrate into the interior. An economic change has, however, overtaken the cane-sugar-producing world, which is now in dire straits from the competition of the bounty-fed beet-sugars of the Continent of Europe. This wave has been felt in its full intensity in British Guiana, and, as is usual, necessity has brought about efforts in other directions, which in the present instance has led to most fruitful results. In 1884 a few men went into the forests of the interior, the result of their efforts being an export of two hundred and fifty ounces of gold. More followed their example, with the following results, which are the Government returns of actual exports of gold to England year by year:

	Exports in Ounces.	Value in Dollars.
1884.....	250	4,894
1885.....	939	15,596
1886.....	6,518	112,042
1887.....	11,906	213,252
1888.....	14,570	266,718
1889.....	28,282	524,323
1890.....	62,615	1,124,759
1891.....	101,298	1,801,389
1892.....	129,615	2,303,162
1893.....	142,788	2,542,995

It will be seen that the industry has a record of ten completed years during which gold has been produced and shipped to England, worth, in round numbers, one million eight hundred thousand pounds sterling, which record is far beyond that of South Africa, where seventeen years elapsed before the fields there produced gold to the value of two hundred thousand pounds.

Strange to say, there is as yet only one instance of English capital employed in the gold industry of British Guiana, and this of quite recent date. The colonists have gone into the business themselves, as is stated, to the full extent of their resources, the foregoing figures showing what has been done. Hitherto, there has been no desire shown to make the capabilities of the colony known in England; in fact, deterrent influences appear to have been brought into operation, reports of unhealthy climate being one of the principal. Facts are, however, too strong for anything of this kind in the long run. The interior has been penetrated by Englishmen straight out from home, who are enjoying magnificent health in the hilly gold region, away from the swamps of the coast. The difficulties of the rivers have been much exaggerated: while some are impeded by rapids, others form unparalleled water-ways through the dense forest into the interior; but all of them are utilised to carry supplies into the 'gold bush,' there being at present no other means of access thereto. The rivers, in fact, are a main item of the enormous natural advantages for gold-mining possessed by the colony.

The Government has recently recognised the

immense importance of this most promising industry, and a Commission is to sit having for view its encouragement and extension. A subsidy has been granted for the construction of an important link of railway to connect the Demerara and Essequibo rivers, which will avoid the rapids of the latter river, and give easy access to the country along its upper reaches. The Demerara River is receiving much attention just now. Goods are delivered at the nine-landings on that river from London at a cost of three pounds per ton. Water-carriage in other gold countries does not exist; and land-carriage in those places, according to statistics, varies from £25 to £165 per ton. This is an enormous initial advantage in favour of British Guiana. The supply of pure water in the gold regions is in excess of all requirements, in some instances affording water-power for driving the stamp-batteries, sawing timber, and furnishing electric light. All the timber required for mining is growing on the spot, and is of the best quality for the purpose, this being another potential advantage, saving the cost and carriage of same.

Government statistics show that in other countries a yield of three to four dwt. of gold per ton pays, working with steam-power, and one and a half to two dwt. is satisfactory where water-power is used. The Victorian average yield is given as ten dwt. eleven grains to the ton, the South African as twelve dwt. to the ton. Messrs Johnson, Matthey, & Co., the assayers to the Bank of England, have recently made an assay of British Guiana quartz, which gave sixty-two dwt. to the ton, and picked samples have been produced showing hundreds of ounces to the ton. These figures tell their own tale, and will make themselves felt in the financial world. The Americans are beginning to pay attention to the nascent industry, and there can be no doubt Englishmen will not be behind-hand on their own territory and under their own flag. A considerable portion of the colony is already accessible, and as the means of communication are improved, more and more will become so, to keep pace with requirements. There is abundant room for expansion, the opportunities existing being such as are not to be found elsewhere. A favourable feature of the colony is its proximity to England, fourteen days sufficing for the passage, with mail communication twice a month, and telegrams arriving every day. The length of the passage could easily be shortened to ten days, this matter being already under discussion. So little is known of the colony of British Guiana in England, that it has been lately described as an island, instead of which it is an important part of the Continent of South America, the only portion of that Continent owned by us, possessing huge rivers, immense forests, and the most favourable conjunction of natural features for the prosecution of gold-mining the world has ever seen in one place. There is nothing in the way of an immediate and immense development. Once the favourable conditions existent there are known, the other is the natural consequence. In the West Indies, British Guiana is familiarly known as the Magnificent Province. This, in truth, it is, as it teems with tropical riches, and pos-

sesses gold in apparently limitless quantities, the precious product which has above all been the object of mankind's eager quest from times immemorial.

## THE GOVERNESS AT GREENBUSH.

A STORY.

By E. W. HORNUNG.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

THE coach was before its time. As the Manager of Greenbush drove into the township street, the heavy, leather-hung, vermilion vehicle was the first object to meet his eyes. It was drawn up as usual in front of 'The Stockman's Rest,' and its five horses were even yet slinking round to the yards, their traces trailing through the sand. The passengers had swarmed on the hotel veranda; but the Manager looked in vain for the flutter of a woman's skirt. What he took for one, from afar, resolved itself at shorter range into the horizontal moleskins of a 'stockman' who was 'resting' amid the passengers' feet, like a living sign of the house. The squatter cocked a bushy eyebrow, but whistled softly in his beard next moment. He had seen the Governess. She was not with the other passengers, nor had she already entered the hotel. She was shouldering her parasol, and otherwise holding herself like a little grenadier, alone but unabashed, in the very centre of the broad bush street.

The buggy wheels made a sharp deep curve in the sand, the whip descended—the pair broke into a canter—the brake went down—and the man of fifty was shaking hands with the woman of twenty-five. They had met in Melbourne the week before, when Miss Winfrey had made an enviable impression and secured a coveted post. But Mr Pickering had half forgotten her appearance in the interim, and taking another look at her now, he was quite charmed with his own judgment. The firm mouth and the deep, decided chin were even firmer and more decided in the full glare of the Riverina sun than in the half-lights of the Melbourne hotel; and the expression of the grave gray eyes, which he had not forgotten, was, if possible, something franker and more downright than before. The face was not exactly pretty, but it had strength and tenderness. And strength especially was what was wanted in the station schoolroom.

'But what in the world, Miss Winfrey, are you doing here?' cried Mr Pickering, after a rather closer scrutiny than was perhaps altogether polite. 'I'm very sorry to be late, but why ever didn't you wait in the hotel?'

'There is a man dead-drunk on the veranda,' returned the new Governess, without mincing her words, and with a little flash in each steady eye.

'Well, but he wouldn't have hurt you!'

'He would have hurt me more than I can say, Mr Pickering. To me, such sights are the saddest in all the world. And I have seen

more of them on my way up here than ever in my life before.'

'Come, come, don't tell me it's worse than the old country,' said the squatter, laughing, 'or we shall fight all the way back! Now, will you jump up and come with me while I get your luggage; or shall we meet at the post-office over yonder on the other side?'

The girl looked round, following the direction of the pointed whip. 'Yes, at the post-office, I think,' said she; and then she smiled. 'It may seem an affectation, Mr Pickering, but I'd really rather not go near the hotel again.'

'Well, well, perhaps you're right! I'll be with you in five minutes, Miss Winfrey.'

He flicked his horses, and in those five minutes the new Governess made a friend for life of poor Miss Crisp, the little old post-mistress. It was an unconscious conquest; indeed, she was thinking more of her new employer than of anything she was saying; but this Miss Winfrey had a way of endearing herself to persons who liked being taken seriously, which arose, perhaps, from her habit of taking herself very seriously indeed. Nevertheless, she was thinking of the squatter. He was a little rough, though less so, she thought, in his flannel shirt and wide-awake, than in the high collar and frock-coat which he had worn at their previous interview in Melbourne. On the whole she liked him well enough to wish to bring him to her way of looking at so terrible a spectacle as a drunken man. And it so happened that she had hardly taken her seat beside him in the buggy when he returned of his own accord to the subject which was uppermost in her mind. 'It was one of my own men, Miss Winfrey!'

'The man on the veranda?'

'Yes. They call him "Cattle-station Bill." He looks after what we call the Cattle Station—an out-station of ours where there are nothing but sheep, by the way—on the other side of the township. He has a pretty lonely life over there, so it's only natural he should knock down his cheque now and again.'

The Governess looked puzzled. 'What does it mean—knocking down his cheque?'

'Mean? Well, we pay everything by cheque up here, d'ye see? So, when a man's put in his six months' work, say, he generally rolls up his swag and walks in for his cheque. Twenty-six pounds, it would be, for six months, less a few shillings, we'll say, for tobacco. And most of 'em take their cheque to the nearest grog shanty and drink it up in three or four days.'

'And then?' said the girl, with a shudder.

'Then they come back to work for another six months.'

'And you take them back?'

'Of course I do, when they're good men like Cattle-station Bill! It's nothing. He'll go straight back to his hut at the end of the week. That's an understood thing. Then in another six months he'll want another cheque. And so on, year in, year out.'

Miss Winfrey made no remark. But she turned her head and looked back. And the recumbent moleskins were still a white daub on the hotel veranda, for it was hereabouts that



Mr Pickering had mistaken them for the young woman's skirt. She watched them out of sight, and then she sighed. 'It's terrible!' she said.

'You'll get used to it.'

'Never! It's awful! One ought to do something. You must let me see what I can do. The poor men! The poor men!'

Mr Pickering was greatly amused. He never meddled with his men. Their morals were not his concern. In the matter of their cheques his sense of responsibility ended with his signature. The cheques might come back endorsed by a publican, who, he knew, must have practically stolen them from his men's pockets. But he never meddled with that publican. It was none of his business. But to find a little bit of a Governess half inclined to make it *her* business was a most original experience, and it was to the rough man's credit that he was able to treat the matter in a spirit of pure good-humour. 'I rather think our brats will take you all your time,' said he, laughing heartily. 'Still, I'll let you know next time Bill comes in for a cheque, and you shall talk to him like a mother. He's a jolly good-looking young fellow, I may tell you that!'

Miss Winfrey was about to answer, quite seriously, that she would be only too glad of an opportunity of speaking to the poor man; but the last remark made the rest, from her point of view, unanswerable. Moreover, it happened to hurt, and for a reason that need be no secret. Her own romance was over. She had no desire for another. That one had left her a rather solemn young woman, with, however, a perfectly sincere desire to do some good in the world—to undo some of the evil.

The squatter repeated this conversation to his wife, who had not, however, his own good-nature. 'I don't see what business it was of Miss Winfrey's,' remarked Mrs Pickering, who had not been with her husband when he selected the Governess. 'It was quite a presumption on her part to enter into such a discussion, and I should have let her know it had I been there. But I am afraid she is inclined to presume, James. Those remarks of hers about poetry were hardly the thing for her first meal at our table. And she corrected me when I spoke about Lewis William Morris; she said they were two separate men!'

'She probably knew what she was talking about. I didn't go and engage a fool, my dear!'

'It was a piece of impudence,' said Mrs Pickering hotly; 'and after what you have told me now, James, I must say I do not feel too favourably impressed with the new Governess.'

'Then I'm very sorry I told you anything,' retorted the husband with equal warmth. 'The girl's all right; but you always were ready to take a prejudice against anybody. Just you wait a bit! That girl's a character. You mark my words: she'll make your youngsters mind her as they've never minded anybody in all their lives!'

The lady sighed; she had poor health, and an irritable, weak nature; and her 'youngsters' had certainly never 'minded' their mother.

She took her husband's advice, and waited. And such was the order that presently obtained among her band of little rebels, and so great and novel the relief and rest which crept into her own daily life, that for many weeks—in fact, until the novelty wore off—Miss Winfrey could do no wrong, and the children's mother had not words good enough for their new Governess.

The children themselves were somewhat slower to embrace this optimistic view. They came to it at last, but only by the steep and stony path of personal defeat and humiliation. Miss Winfrey had the wit to avoid the one irretrievable mistake on the part of all such as would govern as well as teach. She never tried for an immediate popularity with her pupils, which she felt would be purchased at the price of all future influence and power. On the contrary, she was content to be hated for weeks and feared for months; but with the fear there gradually grew up a love which was the stronger for the company of the more austere emotion. Now, love is the teacher's final triumph. And little Miss Winfrey won hers in the face of sufficiently formidable odds.

It was a case of four to one. Three of the four were young men, however, with whom the young woman who is worth her salt well knows how to deal. These young men were employed upon the station, and they had petted and spoiled the children pretty persistently hitherto. It had been their favourite relaxation after the day's work in the saddle or at the drafting yards. But Miss Winfrey took to playing their accompaniments as they had never been played before, and very soon it was tacitly agreed among them that the good-will of the Governess was a better thing than the adoration of her class. So the three gave very little trouble after all; but the fourth made ample amends for their poltroonery; and the fourth knew better how to fight a woman, for she was one herself.

Millicent Pickering was the children's half-sister, and the only child of her father's first marriage. She was a willow, weedy, and yet attractive-looking girl of nineteen, with some very palpable faults, which, however, were entirely redeemed by the saving merit of a superlatively good temper. But she loved a joke, and her idea of one was quite different from that of Miss Winfrey, who, to be sure, was not a little deficient in this very respect. Millicent found her sense of humour best satisfied by the enormities of her little brothers and sisters. She rallied them openly upon the punishments inflicted by the new Governess; she was in notorious and demoralising sympathy with the young offenders. Out of school she encouraged them in every sort of wickedness; and, for an obvious reason, was ever the first to lead them into temptations which now ended in disgrace. She was, of course, herself the greatest child of them all; and at last Miss Winfrey told her so in as many words. She would have spoken earlier, but that she feared to jeopardise her influence by risking a defeat. But when the great girl took to interrupting the very lesson with her overgrown buffooneries, in the visible vicinity of the open schoolroom

door, the time was come to beat or be beaten once and for all.

'Come in, Miss Pickering,' said the Governess suavely, though her heart was throbbing. 'I think I should have the opportunity of laughing too.'

The girl strode in, and the laughter rose louder than before. But, however excruciatingly funny her antics might have been outside, they were not continued within.

'Well?' said Miss Winfrey at length.

'Well?' retorted Millicent, with mere sauce.

'You great baby!' cried the Governess, with a flush and a flash that came like lightning. 'You deserve to have your hair taken down, and be put back into short dresses and a pinafore!'

'And sent to you?'

'And sent to me.'

'Very well; I'll come this afternoon.'

And she did. When school began again, at three o'clock, Millicent led the way, with her hair down and her dress up, and in her hands the largest slate she could find; and on her face a kind of determined docility, exquisitely humorous to the expectant young eyes behind the desks. But Millicent had reckoned without her brains, and that in more senses than one. She was an exceedingly backward young person; she had never been properly taught, and no one knew this better than the little Governess. First in one simple subject, then in another, the young woman's ignorance was mercilessly exposed; first by one child, then by another, she was corrected and enlightened on some elementary point; and, finally, when they all stood up and took places, Miss Millicent sank to the bottom of the class in five minutes. The absurd figure that she cut there, however, with the next child hardly higher than her knee, quite failed to appeal to her usually ready sense of humour; seeing which, Miss Winfrey incontinently dismissed the class; but Millicent remained behind.

'I give you best,' said she, holding out a large hand with a rather laboured smile. 'Let's be friends.'

'I have always wanted to,' said the victor, with a suspicious catch in her voice; and next moment she burst into a flood of tears, which cemented that friendship once and for good.

Millicent had long needed such a friend; but this new influence was a better thing for her than any one ever knew. She happened to be fond of somebody who was very fond of her; and having one of those impulsive natures which fly from one extreme to the other, she told Miss Winfrey that very night all about it. And Miss Winfrey advised. And on the next monthly visitation of a certain rabbit inspector to Greenbush Station the light-hearted Millicent succeeded in reconciling her sporting spirit to what she termed the 'dry-hash' of a serious engagement.

But not for long. As the more solemn side of the matter came home to her, the light heart grew heavy with vague alarms, and so bitterly did the young girl resent her entirely natural apprehensions, that cause and effect became confounded in her soul, now calling, as she thought, for its surrendered freedom. Her de-

pression was terrible, and yet more terrible her disappointment in herself. She could not be in love; or, if she were, then love was not what it was painted by all the poets whose works the sympathetic Miss Winfrey now put into her hands. Thus the first month passed. Then the man came again, and in his presence her doubt lay low in her heart. But when he was gone it rose up blacker than before, and the girl went half mad with keeping it to herself. It was only the agony of an ignorant young egoism in the twilight state of the engaged, looking backward with regret for yesterday's freedom, instead of forward faithfully to a larger life. But this never struck her until she brought her broodings to her friend Miss Winfrey, when one flesh could endure them no longer.

Miss Winfrey was surprised. She had not suspected so much soul in such a setting. She was also sorry, for she liked the man. He had kind eyes and simple ways, and yet some unmistakable signs of the sort of strength which appealed to the Governess and would be good for Milly. And lastly, Miss Winfrey was strangely touched; for here was her own case over again.

The girl said that she could never marry him—that there was no love in her for any man—that she must break off the engagement instantly and for all time. The Governess had said the same thing at her age, and had repented it ever since. She turned down the lamp, for it was late at night in the school-room, and she told the girl her own story. This had more weight than a hundred arguments. Half-way through, Millicent took Miss Winfrey's hand and held it to the end. At the very end she kissed the Governess and made her a promise.

'Thank you, dear,' said the Governess, kissing her. 'That was all I wanted you to say. Only try for a time to think less of yourself and more of him! Then all will be well; and you may forget my contemptible little story. You're the first to whom I've ever told it as it really was.'

'And you never saw him again?'

'Not from that day to this.'

'But you may, dear Miss Winfrey. You may!'

'It isn't likely,' said the Governess, turning up the lamp. 'I came out here to—to forget. He is a full-blown doctor by now, and no doubt happily married.'

'Never!' cried Millicent.

'Long ago,' replied Miss Winfrey quietly. 'The worse they take it at the time the sooner they marry. That is—men; and you can't alter them.'

'I don't believe it's every man,' said the young girl stoutly. 'I don't even believe it's—your boy!'

Miss Winfrey bent her head to hide her eyes. 'Sometimes,' she whispered, 'I don't believe so either.'

'And if—you met—and all was right?'

The Governess got to her feet. Her face was lifted, and the tears transfigured it. It was white and shining like the angel-faces in a child's prayer. And her lips trembled with the trembling words: 'I should ask him to

forgive me for the wrong I did him. I would humiliate myself as I humiliated him. Yes! He should even know that I had cared—all along!

### BIRD-LIFE IN AN INLAND PARISH OF SOUTHERN SCOTLAND.

THERE can be no more pleasant pastime for those who live in the country than to pay attention in their daily walks to the comings and goings of the various feathered sojourners which, from choice or necessity, spend a portion of the year in their neighbourhood. From the earliest ages, man has noted these, and adored the Wisdom which teaches the stork to know her appointed times, and the turtle and the crane and the swallow to observe the time of their coming. Roving, restless creatures as birds are by nature, they yet in their migrations follow a constant ebb and flow. Their movements are determined by a law as binding as that which regulates the seasons. Glaring violations of it seem occasionally to take place in the appearance of certain untimely or belated sojourners, as redwing or woodcock tarrying into summer, or swallows being noticed in December and January; yet, according to the whim of the observer, these intrepid spirits may be regarded as rebels, scouts, or explorers that have temporarily broken away from the main body. During winter there is not much activity in these 'fitting' movements. Ere it comes, most birds have taken up their residence in localities where there is a likelihood of sufficient food-supplies being obtained. But with the spring, those which have found a home in this country during winter return to their native haunts to nest; while those which at the close of summer left our upland districts for more genial parts nearer the sea, along with others which went far south, begin to arrive and gladden with their songs the lengthening day. Thus, as one season's visitors, whether those of summer or of winter, depart, another appears. Rejoicing as they do in light and warmth, birds follow the sun. Those reaching our coasts in spring come from southern lands, where they have found a welcome retreat from a climate too severe for their tender frames; while, on the other hand, those which pass the winter with us are seeking here the food and shelter denied them in the inhospitable lands of northern ice and snow.

To every part of the country these tiny tourists wend their way, so that even this cold upland parish, though it cannot boast the wealth of bird-life that frequents the coast-line or the more favoured climate of England, can still show a respectable variety. Comparatively few, however, remain all the year round. Throughout summer and winter, blackcock and grouse may be raised on the moorlands, pheasants and partridges on the dales; the rook and the jackdaw never desert their ancestral trees; in the woods, the soft cooing of the cushat—peacefullest sound in nature—may be heard; by the coppice, the sparrow-hawk may be seen darting after his quarry; over the hillside the kestrel hovers on the wing; the eerie screech of the heron, the mournful hoot of the owl, the

startled quack of the wild-duck, break the silence of the night. Of the smaller birds, only the snipe, blackbird, thrush, chaffinch, house-sparrow, redbreast and wren, with perhaps at intervals a solitary kingfisher, are home-staying. During winter, the number of our birds is small. But with the first clear days of early spring, when the plough is turning over the soil and the storm-cock is singing his loudest and best, there return, in sadly attenuated bands, the gulls, curlews, peewits, water-hens, plovers, starlings, larks, pipits, linnets, blackcaps and yellow-hammers, which have taken refuge elsewhere from the frosts and snows. In a few weeks the wheatear greets us from the wall, the stonechat from the furze, and by the brooks the wagtail, sandpiper, and redshank are found. When spring has fairly come and the leaves are bursting in the hedgerows, the cuckoo gladdens the ear with his song, the swallow and swift the eye with their skimming flight. Last of all spring's visitors come the fly-catcher, the corncrake, and the redstart.

What a busy time is it now with these denizens of the open! What a happy band of minstrels are they all, as from early dawn to dark they make the welkin echo with their tuneful notes! Into these weeks of spring and early summer how much courtship, matrimony, house-building, house-keeping and family-rearing are crowded—love, pathos, tragedy—human life in miniature!

And now that they are with us in their gayest and best, what a plain, hodden-gray lot are our upland birds; not one among them with bright outstanding colours, unless it be that stray magpie, vainly seeking refuge from the keeper's trap or gun; not one gaudy fellow with plumage a milliner would covet!

As the day begins to shorten, our silvan choir tends to break up. The cuckoo is gone before her egg is hatched in the pipit's nest. By the end of August the swallows are in flocks, ready to depart when the first September frosts have chilled the air. One by one disappear the redstarts, wagtails, wheatears, stonechats, and warblers, until by the middle of October there are few migratory birds remaining. Then, as the robin has the concert all to himself, save for the croak of the carrion crow echoing from the young pine-woods as he gloats over a wounded hare, comes another flock of visitors. Chief among these are the redwing and the fieldfare.

An unwelcome guest is the latter—a large Norwegian thrush—for he is the harbinger of winter. Up till within a few days ago the air was soft and mild for October; then came an easterly wind, chilling and damp; and yesterday morning, when flakes of snow were falling, perched on the beeches in the lawn was a company of these immigrants, chattering complacently, as if congratulating one another upon the bad weather they had brought with them. Common as he is in winter, how few are able to recognise the fieldfare (*Turdus pilaris*)! Being first-cousin to the missel-thrush (*Turdus viscivorus*), he is often mistaken for his kinsman; indeed, his name—corrupted by the country-boy into 'feltifare'—is generally given to the missel-thrush. But who, that has once

observed our hardy Norseman, can ever mistake him again? Shy and suspicious in his habits, and not caring to be scanned at too close quarters, he is seldom met with but in flocks. Though he lacks the bold carriage of the misel-thrush and the chattering confidence of the song-thrush, his colour, as becomes a visitor, is more striking than their homely garb. The name blue-felt describes him well, as the chestnut-coloured back and the bluish gray of the wings and tail are made conspicuous by flight.

After the fieldfare, the titmouse appears. He was with us in spring and summer; but with the autumn he retired, though he cannot have been far away—probably only enjoying a little-needed change after the drudgery of rearing two large querulous families. The wonder is how so many nestlings can be stowed away in a chink of the garden wall. The lady titmouse must in the bird-world be 'the old woman who lived in a shoe.' What a forward, poking fellow is this bird-mite! Be the day ever so cold, there is the little ball of feathers, now on the ground, now on the tree-top, now hanging head downwards from an ivy leaf, now clinging to the wall, searching every cranny and corner for grub and chrysalis.

In swamp and morass the woodcock will await signs of winter's departure—or it may be the sportsman's gun. Unlike the fieldfare, he is silent, moody, and solitary; as if aware that he is 'wanted,' he does his utmost to elude the sight of man. Rarely is he seen till on the wing he is darting over the willows. If you know his haunts and approach them cautiously, you may be fortunate enough to spy him crouching close on the herbage. A dull brown mass like a clod of earth catches your eye; draw nearer, and in an instant you start, as he bursts into flight.

Down by the river, too, visitors have arrived since last you fished its waters. The sandpipers, plovers, and waterhens are gone, and in their stead the lively dipper has for companions various kinds of duck, geese, and may be a stray swan. In due time these will depart, and spring will bring its own sojourners once more; and so the constant departure and succession are kept up year by year with a regularity that never fails; and the woodlands and the fields, the bogs and the streams, are never without their guests.

#### UNPLEASANT REMINISCENCES OF COREA.

THE war now being waged between the Chinese and Japanese in reference to the Korean Peninsula recalls to my mind an unexpected and unwelcome visit paid by me to that coast, just when Japan was entering on that course of development that has made her a great military and naval power of modern type. It was early in September (I was then serving as apprentice on a barque named the *Star of the East*) that we left Shanghai in ballast trim with a general cargo for Passietie (or Possiet) in the Maritime Province of Siberia, between the Korean frontier and the great Russian naval station of Vladivostok. Nothing of any note occurred during the first few days; but about a fortnight after

we had set sail, we made Cape Bougarel, on the Korean coast, distant about nine miles. It was night-time, and the captain decided to stand off the land until daylight, under close-reefed topsails, the weather being thick and dirty, with violent squalls at intervals. At four A.M. breakers were seen ahead, but no land was visible; so efforts were then made to wear the ship; but failing, she soon ran ashore, when heavy seas commenced to break over her fore and aft.

When it became daylight, we found that we were stranded on a sandy beach in Gashkevitch Bay, and that the natives had assembled in great numbers on the shore. They at first appeared to be favourably disposed towards us, making signs of welcome and inviting us to land. This was just then found to be impossible on account of the heavy seas which continued to break over the vessel; but we were enabled later to launch one of our boats, which was then hauled through the surf by the natives with the aid of lines; and by this means our captain and some of the crew went ashore, and were apparently received in a most friendly manner by the Koreans, who offered them every assistance, as well as provisions and water. During that day the wind increased to a gale, which caused the vessel to bump heavily, and the seas to break violently over her. It was then found necessary to cut away the masts, to prevent her falling over on her beam ends. After this was done, a tent was rigged up on the shore and furnished with provisions. Two days later the weather began to moderate, and the sea abated; but by this time the ship had so far buried herself in the sand, that any attempt to float her would have been useless.

Finding this, the captain ordered the boats to be fitted out ready for any emergency; and at eight A.M. I was sent ashore for the purpose of obtaining, if possible, fresh meat, and shooting some of the wildfowl with which the place abounded. After an absence of about two hours I was returning well laden with spoil, when I was seized by some natives, who took me to a village a little out of my course to the ship. On reaching there I was surrounded by the inhabitants, whose attitude was very threatening. They, however, after holding a consultation, allowed me to proceed on board; and after taking away all I had shot, hustled me down to the beach, whence I proceeded to the vessel alone, with mingled feelings of disgust at my mission having thus failed, but with thankfulness at having escaped with my life.

Shortly after I had returned to the vessel, some Korean officials came on board. They were accompanied by about seven hundred men, whom we soon found to be armed with swords and short-barrelled, old-fashioned flint-lock muskets, which they attempted to conceal under their clothing. The chief was dressed in a gorgeous robe of blue silk, and wore a hat made of black horse-hair, which resembled wire-gauze, and similar in shape to the well-known Welsh steeple-crowned hat. In addition, he was bedecked with sundry amber necklaces and beads. As he sat in state with his legs crossed on the cabin table, his demeanour seemed extremely harsh, and he began, with the aid of an interpreter who accompanied him, and who under-

stood the Russian language, to inquire roughly whether we were of English, French, or American nationality, for each of which he showed unmistakable signs of disregard and contempt. As we were fortunate enough to have a passenger on board who could speak Russian, communication was rendered comparatively easy. Noting, however, with what feelings of hatred the Koreans spoke of other nations, it was deemed prudent to pass off the ship and crew as Russian, it being less likely that the natives or officials would dare to perpetrate any outrage which might provoke the hostility of that power, as we were distant only thirty miles overland from a considerable Russian settlement, Passiette, the place to which we were bound.

When addressing the Mandarin, or even when conversing with each other, we were compelled to bow our heads in token of submission; and after the officials had held a consultation together, the Mandarin peremptorily ordered us to leave the coast. Although the whole of the ship's cargo might easily have been saved, he refused to allow a single package to be landed on the beach; and also, under pains and penalties, warned us from approaching the land above high-water mark. Provisions and even water were denied us; and a request to be allowed to travel by land to Passiette, only elicited the freezing reply that any such attempt would be instantly punished by death. Neither were we permitted to remain on the coast until such time as assistance could reach us from that place.

The next day the wind again increased; but later, fearing to delay our departure, we succeeded in hauling the gig through the surf; and having provisioned her, three of the crew, accompanied by the passenger previously referred to, who was owner of the ship's cargo, left for Passiette, which place we afterwards found they had reached in safety.

The following day another visit was paid to the vessel by the Korean officials, who were again accompanied by several hundred men, armed as before. Their manner was rough and insolent, and their attitude, as well as that of the natives on the beach—who by this time had become very excited—was most menacing, and boded ill for our safety.

After the passenger, who was our only interpreter, had left, we were unable to converse with the Koreans except by signs; but we had no difficulty in gathering from this mode of communication that we should only be allowed another day in which to leave the coast—two having already elapsed—and that if we failed to make good use of the time thus left to us, we should all be beheaded.

During the night which followed this important but discomfiting interview, the natives continued to collect in groups along the beach, and beacon fires were lighted and rockets sent up at intervals from various points.

By this time our position had become more and more perilous, and demonstrations of hostility being much more marked, our captain decided, rather than trust our lives any longer in the hands of such an unfriendly tribe, to make the best of his way to Passiette at day-break in the two remaining boats, accompanied

by myself and the remainder of the crew. As soon, however, as the natives saw we were making preparations for departure, they immediately changed their demeanour, and offered us every assistance in launching our boats and getting them ready for a start. The weather was fortunately fine; but having only two boats, we were compelled, for want of space, to leave behind nearly all our effects.

On the second day after our departure we reached Passiette about noon; but although we had been subjected to such dangers and privations, and were worn out with fatigue, some Russian soldiers who came down to the beach would not allow us to land, stating as their reason that they must first obtain the permission of their commanding officer, who was then enjoying his siesta. About four P.M., when all of us, being more or less wet through, were like to perish from the cold weather then prevailing, the Russian officer quietly sauntered down, and after satisfying himself as to the cause of our appearance on the coast, decided to allow us to land. We were escorted to the soldiers' quarters, and housed in a rough shed, with permission to sleep on the floor between the soldiers' beds, there being no other building in which to accommodate us.

A few days after our arrival, a party went down from Passiette—dressed in Russian uniform and fully armed—to visit the wreck, and found everything had been taken out of her or destroyed. An attempt had also been made to burn the ship; but it being of iron, this had proved a failure. We were afterwards given to understand by the Russians that we were fortunate in being stranded so near the Siberian frontier; otherwise, they said, we should probably have shared the fate of those on board the *Hamila Mütchel*, a vessel which had some little time previously been wrecked about fifteen miles farther south, when all the crew were massacred.

The region in which our adventure befell is, it need hardly be mentioned, a part of the Korean coast which the Russians are believed to have long had their eye upon as a desirable addition to the Amur and Maritime Provinces. They are supposed especially to covet Port Lazareff as being an excellent harbour in yet more temperate waters than Vladivostok, where an otherwise admirable harbour is frozen from three to four months every year.

## SOME FAMOUS BLASTS.

THE part played by explosives in the industrial and commercial developments of the present day is so extensive that, save under circumstances of especial magnitude, public attention fails to be interested in one of the most remarkable achievements of the many triumphs which have marked the nineteenth century.

The history of famous blasts has been contemporaneous with that of blasting agents themselves; and it is interesting to note, in reviewing blasting operations of exceptional size, how newer explosives and later inventions gradually displace earlier types and less scientific methods. The chronicle of the celebrated explosions which

attracted public attention is, in fact, the record of the discovery of blasting agents.

The earlier blasts were made with gunpowder, the only explosive then known; and the removal of the Rounddown Cliff at Dover was accomplished in 1843 by nine and a quarter tons of gunpowder, disposed in three separate charges, and fired simultaneously by a voltaic battery. Small as the blast may appear at the present day, it attracted considerable attention half a century ago, and was viewed as an engineering achievement.

In the construction of Holyhead harbour some heavy gunpowder blasts were made, one of the most extensive consisting of six tons of gunpowder, divided into several charges, and exploded simultaneously by a platinum wire, heated by a Grove battery, dislodging no less than 40,000 tons of rock.

In the Scotch granite industry, gunpowder has been employed for monster blasts in recent times, the action of this explosive being found less shattering for material which is to be used for building purposes than that of more modern and more powerful explosives. In July 1886, at the Furnace Quarry, between Crarae and Inveraray, four tons of gunpowder were fired by electricity, dislodging 100,000 tons of granite, which was estimated to supply material for dressing which would employ the workmen for two years. 'When the explosion of the powder was effected,' writes an eye-witness, 'the whole face of the mountain side began to move, and the report, which was terrific, loudly reverberated amongst the neighbouring hills.'

Blasts have their pathetic and tragic side even in industrial undertakings; and the fatal effects of a monster blast at the neighbouring quarry of Crarae, when several visitors who had been attracted by the novel spectacle ventured to approach too near to the scene of the explosion before the after-damp had dispersed, and being overpowered by the deadly fumes, succumbed to suffocation, will long be remembered in the annals of the Scottish quarrying trade.

Since dynamite was invented in 1867 by Nobel, many large blasts have been accomplished by its agency; amongst others may be mentioned the explosion of five and a half tons in 1885 in a stone quarry near San Francisco, displacing 35,000 tons of rock. The largest blasts, however, were the famous ones undertaken to clear the entrance of the East River, New York, known to the old Dutch settlers as the Hurl Gate, and to modern times as the Hell Gate, of the rocks which formed a perilous menace to navigation. A glance at the map of New York abundantly illustrates the dangerous character of these rocks. As long ago as 1848, Congress was urged to remove the Pot Rock, Frying Pan, and Ways Reef; and four years later 18,000 dollars were expended on the first-named obstruction, some two feet of additional water being obtained by the use of gunpowder.

In 1869 the Diamond Rock was attacked, and during that and the four subsequent years, this rock and the Coenties Reef and Frying Pan rock were steadily removed. Hallett's Point was dealt with in 1869 by General Newton; and on September 24, 1876, 47,781 pounds of dynamite, stored in galleries nearly a mile and

a half long, excavated in the huge rock, were exploded by Mary Newton, a child of three, the blast being clearly heard sixteen miles off.

So successful was this monster blast, that the famed and dreaded Flood Rock in mid-channel was immediately taken in hand, and no less than nine acres of rock were eventually honeycombed and charged with 75,000 pounds of dynamite, and 240,000 pounds of rackarock, which was successfully fired on October 10, 1885, constituting the biggest blast on record. An on-looker describes the scene as one of intense excitement, culminating in a rumble of muffled and distant thunder, whilst the water above the reef rose a hundred feet in the air, white and glistening in the brilliant sunlight, then changing to a brown and green hue, and finally, to black at its base. The shock lasted forty seconds, a brief interval for the accomplishment of the climax of so many years of laborious mining and tunnelling.

The situation was too dramatic not to be improved upon, and much sensational and over-coloured writing appeared at the time; whilst New York society fully enjoyed its joke at the expense of a learned New Brunswick seismologist who had devised special apparatus to minutely record the vibration of the coming monster blast. The instrument was, says a weekly contemporary in relating the story, 'of extreme delicacy, and recorded the vibrations beautifully at one minute after eleven (the appointed time), although the actual explosion occurred at 11.14, thus beating the record, and antedating the occurrence by thirteen minutes.' A curious commentary on the fallibility both of scientists and scientific instruments!

#### SAILING AWAY.

SAILING away with the wind abeam,  
And the wide, wide sea before!  
Sailing away in a lover's dream  
To the port of the golden shore;  
Idle hands on the rudder bands,  
Hope in the sunrise fair,  
And hearts as light as the sea-bird white  
Afloat in the morning air.

Love! in the dawn of that far-off time,  
Did you guess of the weary way?  
Dearest! when life seemed a summer rhyme,  
Could we tell where we went astray?  
Silent tears through the coming years,  
Darkness for you and me,  
And doubt and dread of the wilds ahead  
Fell chill as we sailed a-sea.

Sailing ashore with a waning wind  
On the glass of a dreaming tide,  
Leaving the dark of the deep behind  
For the light of the other side:  
Loosen hands from the rudder bands!  
Ah! to the margin foam  
Comes breath of land o'er the golden sand,  
Oh! sweet is our welcome home!

WM. WOODWARD.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,  
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

*Fifth Series*

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 580.—VOL. XII.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1895.

PRICE 1½d.

## A MUSICAL CURIOSITY.

By S. BARING-GOULD.

EARLY collections of music are extremely scarce, with the sole exception of ecclesiastical music. The whole character of music in the civilised—or rather European civilised world has become so altered by little and little through the last two centuries, that what was regarded as delightful in melody and harmony to the ears of our mediæval forefathers, is scarcely endurable by our modern ears. It does not follow that their music was bad, at all events that their melodies were bad, but that they are unusual, inappreciable by us, accustomed to airs and harmonies of one particular class. The field of music has been narrowed, not extended; but there has been very laborious and exhaustive elaboration of that contracted field. It may be asked whether we have not actually worked it out; whether it is possible further to exploit it so as to grow much that is fresh and original in it; whether, therefore, it will not become necessary for the musician of the future to extend his hedges, and to compose in some of the abandoned 'modes.' In that event the relics of the compositions of the early musicians will be looked at with more than antiquarian interest.

The manuscripts containing early European music may be counted on the fingers, that is to say, if we put ecclesiastical music on one side. Of that there are some fine collections in the library of the old monastery of St Gall. One of the earliest collections of secular music we have is a manuscript of the fourteenth century, contained in the Jena Library. It is a collection of the songs of the Minnesingers of the close of the thirteenth and the beginning of the fourteenth century, and was made, apparently, for one of the Landgraves of Thuringia. The minstrels and Minnesingers of the twelfth and two following centuries not only composed their own verses, but also the

melodies to which their verses were set. To set their words to other tunes was regarded as a plagiarism. There were various forms of composition—the ballad, the roundelay, and the ditty—and various forms of music to suit the several structures of the verses.

In England, a curious collection of songs and carols of the period of Henry VI., that belonged originally to a wandering minstrel, words and music, was edited for the Percy Society by Mr T. Wright. Lady Neville's Virginal Book was transcribed in 1591, but it contains many airs certainly a century earlier. The same may be said for Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book, which did not really belong to that queen, but dates from 1603–12. William Ballet's Lute Book is a manuscript in the library of Trinity College, Dublin, and belongs to the end of the fifteenth or beginning of the sixteenth century. In Scotland, the Skene manuscripts have been considered to date from 1630 or 1640, but the tunes were added to by later hands.

Recently, a very great addition to our knowledge of the early music of Europe has been made by the discovery, in the Royal Library at Madrid, of a thick volume of songs with their melodies, harmonised, that dates from the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The book was compiled for one of the Dukes of Alva, in fact for the grandfather of the infamous governor of the Netherlands. This was Don Garcia Alvarez de Toledo, first Count, and then Duke, of Alva, who was himself a poet and a musician, and who encouraged the arts at his court. The time was one of chivalrous adventure, the rolling back of the Moorish domination, and the reconquest of Spain. It was the period of the charming ballads relative to the achievements of the Spanish warriors in the wars with the Moors, some of which are found, with the airs to which they were composed, in this volume. It was the time, moreover, when the dramatic art began in Spain, and Encina was almost the first Spanish dramatist, and he has contributed numerous songs to the collection recently dis-



covered. He was, in fact, at the court of the Duke of Alva, and his dramatic compositions were for the sake of amusing that court. Juan de la Encina was born in 1469, and after completing his education at Salamanca, he was received into the family of the Duke of Alva. He continued in his service for many years, composing songs, lays, and dramatic pieces. In the beginning of the sixteenth century he went to Rome, where his knowledge of music made him a favourite of Pope Leo X., and he was appointed Director of the pontifical chapel. He returned eventually to Spain, and died in 1534.

His songs were already known, but not the airs to which they were sung; these had not been recovered; and this it is which makes the volume we are noticing such a find. The story of its discovery is interesting. Don Francisco Asenjo Barbieri, who has transcribed and published the volume, relates that in 1870 his friend, the librarian of the Royal Library attached to the palace at Madrid, told him that there was an old music-book on one of the upper shelves. Accordingly, he visited the library, and put a ladder against the bookcase. The librarian ascended, pulled out the dusty volume, and said: 'There it is;' and handed it down. Don Barbieri took a hasty look at it, and exclaimed: 'Here is a volume of Encina's music!' Further exploration of the manuscript disclosed the fact that it was a great song-book, containing not only Encina's compositions, but a crowd of others by known and unknown minstrels of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The value of the volume both as a collection of old songs and as a contribution to the history of music was at once seen; but various duties interfered with the transcription and publication, so that it was not till recently that the work was available to the public.

Unhappily, the manuscript was not perfect. Pages had been torn out—perhaps to cover jam-pots—and as many as ninety-one compositions have disappeared. Nevertheless, much remains—in all, five hundred pieces, of the most varied description. There are heroic ballads, love-songs, religious hymns and carols, bacchanalian songs, satirical verses, and last, but not least, nursery rhymes with their melodies. The latter article alone is sufficient to make this volume precious. Who would have dreamed of the possibility of recovering the rhymes and melodies to which the father of the persecutor of the Netherlands listened when he was a fretful baby in his cradle?

The original manuscript is a quarto volume with an index, and is simply entitled *Libro de Cantos*. All the compositions are harmonised for three or four voices, and in some cases the true melody is found in the tenor. The lengthy ballads and some of the songs are not given in full; the words could be found elsewhere, but the music is there—the book was a music-book, above all.

Encina's songs were published in his lifetime, and the ballads were first printed in the *Cancionero General* of Ferdinand del Castillo, in 1511. There are, however, in the newly discovered collection many pieces that never have been printed, and the compositions of many authors hitherto unknown. But it is as a col-

lection of early music that the volume is valuable, and from its comprehensive character unique.

It does not illustrate Spanish music alone, but also that of all Europe, for European music in the middle ages, even down to the appearance of the great masters Haydn, Handel, and Mozart, was much the same everywhere, in Scotland and in Italy, in England and in France. The instrument determined the character of a melody, on which the accompaniment was played: a bagpipe tune with its drone, a harp melody, a hornpipe, a lute air, are recognisable without much difficulty. Moreover, airs travelled like birds; they crossed the seas, and became naturalised away from where they were born. Scottish airs became familiar in England and Ireland; and English country dances and ballad airs were collected and published in the Netherlands. Spanish tunes were carried by the soldiers and hidalgos of Philip II. and Charles V. to the Netherlands, and these men on returning sang in Spain the airs they had caught up in Germany and in Belgium.

Moreover, in this interesting volume we have not Spanish songs only, but some in Italian, some in Latin, one in the strange Basque tongue. Some of the songs are certainly earlier than the volume that contains them, and the name prefixed to them indicates, not the composer of the words, not even, perhaps, that of the composer of the melody, but of the arranger of the harmonies. Thus we have in it the song in praise of wine, in Latin, beginning:

Ave color vini clari,  
Ave sapor sine pari,  
Tua nos inebriari  
Digneris potentia.

This is attributed to Juan Ponce, of whom, however, nothing is known, though he contributed several compositions to the Duke of Alva's book. Now this song was well known in the middle ages; it was sung by the students in Germany; and it has been published by Edéstand du Mérie, among the popular Latin songs earlier than the twelfth century. The ballads relative to the conquest of Granada no doubt belong to the age of the volume; but who can say what remoteness of antiquity may belong to the nursery rhymes therein stored?

## THE CHRONICLES OF COUNT ANTONIO.\*

### CHAPTER III. (continued).

BUT when Antonio had ridden two or three miles, and came where he had left the band, he could see none of them. And a peasant came running to him in great fright and said, 'My lord, your men are gone again to aid the Duke; for the Prince has done great deeds, and turned the fight, and it is again very doubtful: and my lord Tommasino bade me say that he knew your mind, and was gone to fight for Firmola.'

Then Antonio, wondering greatly at the news, set his horse to a gallop and passed through Rilano at furious speed, and rode on

\* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

towards Agnino; and it was now afternoon. Presently he saw the armies, but they seemed to be still over against one another. And riding on, he met Bena, who was come to seek him. And Bena said, 'The Prince and his knights have fought like devils, my lord, and the townsmen grew fearful again when you were gone; and we, coming back, have fought again. But now a truce has sounded, and the Prince and the Duke are meeting in conference between the armies. Yet they say that no peace will be made; for the Prince, taking heart from his sudden success, though he is willing to abandon the tribute, asks something in return which the Duke will not grant. Yet perhaps he has granted it by now, for his men are weary.'

'He should grant nothing,' cried Antonio, and galloped on again. But Bena said to himself with an oath, 'He has sent back the lady! The saints save us!' and followed Antonio with a laugh on his face.

But Antonio, thinking nothing of his own safety, rode full into the ranks of the Duke's Guard, saying, 'Where does my lord talk with the Prince?' And they showed him where the place was; for the Prince and Duke sat alone under a tree between the two arrays. And the Duke looked harsh and resolute, while the Prince was very courteously entreating him.

'Indeed,' said he, 'so doubtful has the day been, my lord, that I might well refuse to abandon the tribute, and try again to-morrow the issue of the fight. But, since so many brave men have fallen on both sides, I am willing to abandon it, asking only of you such favour as would be conceded to a simple gentleman asking of his friend. And yet you will not grant it me, and thus bring peace between us and our peoples.'

Duke Valentine frowned and bit his lip; and the Prince rose from where he had been seated, and lifted his hand to the sky, and said, 'So be it, my lord; on your head lies the blame. For to-morrow I will attack again; and, as God lives, I will not rest till the neck of the city of Firmola is under my foot, or my head rolls from my shoulders by your sword.'

Then Duke Valentine paced up and down, pondering deeply. For he was a man that hated to yield aught, and beyond all else hated what the Prince of Mantivoglia asked of him. Yet he feared greatly to refuse; for the townsmen had no stomach for another fight, and had threatened to march home if he would not make peace with the Prince. Therefore he turned to the Prince, and, frowning heavily, was about to say, 'Since it must be so, so let it be,' when suddenly the Count Antonio rode up and leaped from his horse, crying, 'Yield nothing, my lord, yield nothing! For if you will tell me what to do, and suffer me to be your hand, we will drive the enemy over our borders with great loss.'

Then the Prince of Mantivoglia fell to laughing, and he came to Antonio and put his arm about his neck, saying, 'Peace, peace, thou foolish man!'

Antonio saluted him with all deference, but he answered, 'I must give good counsel to my lord the Duke.' And he turned to the

Duke again, saying, 'Yield nothing to the Prince, my lord.'

Duke Valentine's lips curved in his slow smile as he looked at Antonio. 'Is that indeed your counsel? And will you swear, Antonio, to give me your aid against the Prince so long as the war lasts, if I follow it?'

'Truly, I swear it,' cried Antonio. 'Yet what need is there of an oath? Am I not your Highness's servant, bound to obey without an oath?'

'Nay, but you do not tell him'—began the Prince angrily.

Duke Valentine smiled again; he was ever desirous to make a show of fairness where he risked nothing by it; and he gazed a moment on Antonio's face; then he answered to the Prince of Mantivoglia, 'I know the man, my lord. I know him in his strength and in his folly.—Do not we know one another, Antonio?'

'Indeed, I know not all your Highness's mind,' answered Antonio.

'Well, I will tell him,' said Duke Valentine. 'This Prince, Antonio, has consented to a peace, and to abandon all claim to tribute from our city, on one condition—which is, that I, the Duke, shall do at his demand what of my own free and sovereign will I would not do.'

'His demand is not fitting nor warranted by his power,' said Antonio; but, in spite of his words, the Prince of Mantivoglia passed his arm through his, and laughed ruefully, whispering, 'Peace, man, peace.'

'And thus I, the Duke, having bowed my will to his, shall return to Firmola, not beaten indeed, yet half-beaten and cowed by the power of Mantivoglia.'

'It shall not be, my lord,' cried Count Antonio.

'Yet, my lord Duke, you do not tell him what the condition is,' said the Prince.

'Why, it is nothing else than that I should pardon you, and suffer you to wed the Lady Lucia,' said Duke Valentine.

Then Count Antonio loosed himself from the arm of the Prince and bent and kissed the Prince's hand; but he said, 'Is this thing to come twice on a man in one day? For it is but an hour or more that I parted from the lady of whom you speak; and if her eyes could not move me, what else shall move me?' And he told them briefly of his meeting with the Lady Lucia. And Duke Valentine was wroth with the shame that a generous act rouses in a heart that knows no generosity; and the Prince was yet more wroth, and he said to Duke Valentine, 'Were there any honour in you, my lord, you would not need my prayers to pardon him.'

At this the Duke's face grew very dark; and he cried angrily, 'Get back to your own line, my lord, or the truce shall not save you.' And he turned to Antonio and said, 'Three hours do I give you to get hence, before I pursue.'

Antonio bowed low to him and to the Prince; and they three parted, the two princes in bitter wrath, and set again on fighting to the end, the one because he was ashamed and yet obstinate, the other for scorn of a rancour that found no place in himself. But Count Antonio went back to his company and drew it some

little way off from both armies; and he said to Tommasino, 'The truce is ended, and they will fight again so soon as the men have had some rest,' and he told Tommasino what had passed. Then he sat silent again, and presently he laid hold of his cousin's arm, saying, 'Look you, Tommasino, princes are sometimes fools; and hence come trouble and death to honest humble folk. It is a sore business that they fight again to-morrow, and not now for any great matter, but because they are bitter against one another on my account. Cannot I stop them, Tommasino?'

'Ay, if you have five thousand men and not thirty-five—for that is the sum of us now, counting Martolo, who is back from Firmola.'

Antonio looked thoughtfully through the dusk of evening which now fell. 'They will not fight to-night,' he said. 'I am weary of this blood-letting.' And Tommasino saw that there was something in his mind.

Now the night fell dark again and foggy, even as the night before; and none in either army dared to move, and even the sentries could see no more than a few yards before them. But Antonio's men, being accustomed to ride in the dark, and to find their way through mists both in plain and hill, could see more clearly; and Antonio divided them into two parties, himself leading one, and giving the other into Tommasino's charge. Having very securely tethered their horses, they set forth, crawling on their bellies through the grass. Antonio with his party made for the camp of the Prince, while Tommasino and his party directed their way towards the Duke's bivouacs. And they saw the fires very dimly through the mist, and both parties passed the sentries unobserved, and made their way to the centre of the camps. Then, on the stroke of midnight, a strange stir arose in both the camps. Nothing could be seen by reason of the darkness and the mist; but suddenly cries arose, and men ran to and fro; and a cry went up from the Duke's camp, 'They are behind us! They are behind us! We are surrounded!' And in the Prince's camp also was great fear; for from behind them, towards where the spurs of Mount Agnino began, there came shouts of 'At them, at them! Charge!' And the Prince's officers, perceiving the cries to be from men of Firmola (and this they knew by reason of certain differences in the phrasing of words), conceived that the Duke had got behind them, and was lying across their way of retreat.

And the Duke, hearing the shouts in his own camp, ran out from his tent; and he was met by hundreds of the townsmen, who cried, 'My lord, we are surrounded!' For Antonio's men had gone to the townsmen and showed them how they might escape more fighting; and the townsmen were nothing loth; and they insisted with the Duke that a body of men on horseback had passed behind them. So the Duke sent out scouts, who could see nothing of the horsemen. But then the townsmen cried, some being in the secret, others not, 'Then they have ridden past us, and are making for Firmola. And they will do Heaven knows what there. Lead us after them, my lord!' And

the Duke was very angry; but he was also greatly afraid, for he perceived that there was a stir also in the Prince's camp, and heard shouts from there, but could not distinguish what was said. And while he considered what to do, the townsmen formed their ranks and sent him word that they were for Firmola; and when he threatened them with his Guard, they rejoined that one death was as good as another; and the Duke gnawed his nails and went pale with rage. But Count Antonio's men, seeing how well the plan had sped, crept again out from the camp, and returned to where they had tethered their horses, and mounted, each taking a spare horse. And before they had been there long, they heard trumpets sound in the Duke's camp, and the camp was struck, and the Duke and all his force began to retreat on Rilano, throwing out many scouts, and moving very cautiously in the darkness and mist. Yet when they came on nobody, they marched more quickly, even the Duke himself now believing that the Prince of Mantivoglia had of a purpose allowed the stir in his camp to be seen and heard, in order that he might detach a column to Firmola unobserved, and attack the city before the Duke came up. Therefore he now pressed on, saying, 'I doubt not that the Prince himself is with the troop that has gone to Firmola.' And all night long they marched across the plain, covering a space of eighteen miles; and just before the break of day they came to the city.

Thus did it fall out with the army of Duke Valentine. But the Prince of Mantivoglia had been no less bewildered; for when he sent out men to see what the cries behind the camp meant, he found no man; but he still heard scattered cries among the rising ground, where the hills begin. And he in his turn saw a stir in the camp opposite to him. And, being an impetuous Prince, as he had shown both in evil and in good that day, he snatched up his sword, swearing that he would find the truth of the matter, and bidding his officers wait his return, and not be drawn from their position before he came again to them; and taking some of his younger knights and a few more, he passed out of his camp, and paused for a moment, bidding those with him spread themselves out in a thin line, in order the better to reconnoitre, and that, if some fell into an ambuscade, others might survive to carry the news back to the camp. And he, having given his order, himself stood resting on his sword. But in an instant, before he could so much as lift the point of his sword from the ground, silent blurred shapes came from the mist, and were in front and behind and round him; and they looked so strange that he raised his hand to cross himself; but then a scarf was thrown over his mouth, and he was seized by eight strong hands and held so that he could not struggle; and neither could he cry out by reason of the scarf across his mouth. And they that held him began to run rapidly; and he was carried out of the camp without the knowledge of any of those who were with him, and they, missing their leader, fell presently into a great consternation, and ran to and fro in the gloom crying, 'The Prince? Have you seen

the Prince? Is His Highness with you? In God's name, has the Prince been this way? But they did not find him, and they grew more confounded, stumbling against one another, and being much afraid. And when the Prince was nowhere to be found, they lost heart, and began to fall back towards their own borders, skirting the base of Agnino. And their retreat grew quicker; and at last, when morning came, they were near the border; but the fog still wrapped all the plain in obscurity, and, robbed of their leader, they dared attempt nothing.

Now the Prince of Mantivoglia, whom his army sought thus in fear and bewilderment, was carried very quickly up to the high ground, where the rocks grew steep and close and the way led to the peak of Agnino. And as he was borne along, some one bound his hands and his feet; and still he was carried up, till at last he found himself laid down gently on the ground. And though he knew no fear—for they of Mantivoglia have ever been most valiant Princes and strangers to all fear—yet he thought that his last hour was come, and, fearing God though he feared nothing else, he said a prayer and commended his soul to the Almighty, grieving that he should not receive the last services of the Church. And having done this, he lay still until the dawning day smote on his eyes and he could see; for the fog that lay dense on the plain was not in the hills, but hung between them and the plain. And he looked round, but saw no man. So he abode another hour, and then he heard a step behind him, and a man came, but whence he could not see; and the man stooped and loosed the scarf from his mouth and cut his bonds, and he sat up, uttering a cry of wonder. For Count Antonio stood before him, his sword sheathed by his side. And he said to the Prince of Mantivoglia, 'Do to me what you will, my lord. If you will strike me as I stand, strike. Or if you will do me the honour to cross swords, my sword is ready. On, my lord, if you will depart in peace and in my great love and reverence, I will give thanks to Heaven and to a noble Prince.'

'Antonio, what does this mean?' cried the Prince, divided between anger and wonder.

Then Antonio told him all that he had done: how the Duke was gone back with his army to Firmola, and how the Prince's army had retreated towards the borders of Mantivoglia; for of all this his men had informed him; and he ended, saying, 'For since it seemed that I was to be the most unworthy cause of more fighting between two great Princes, it came into my head that such a thing should not be. And I rejoice that now it will not; for the townsmen will not march out again this year at least, and Your Highness will scarce sit down before Firmola with the season now far gone.'

'So I am balked?' cried the Prince, and he rose to his feet. 'And this trick is played me by a friend!'

'I am of Firmola,' said Antonio, flushing red. 'And while there was war, I might in all honour have played another trick, and carried you not hither, but to Firmola.'

'I care not,' cried the Prince angrily. 'It was a trick, and no fair fighting.'

'Be it as you will, my lord,' said Antonio. 'A man's own conscience is his only judge. Will you draw your sword, my lord?'

But the Prince was very angry, and he answered roughly, 'I will not fight with you, and I will not speak more with you. I will go.'

'I will lead Your Highness to your horse,' said Antonio.

Then he led him some hundreds of paces down the hill, and they came where a fine horse stood ready saddled.

'It is not my horse,' said the Prince.

'Be not afraid, my lord. It is not mine either,' said Antonio, smiling. 'A rogue who serves me, and is called Bena, forgot his manners so far as to steal it from the quarters of the Duke. I pray you, use some opportunity of sending it back to him, or I shall be dubbed horse-stealer with the rest.'

'I am glad it is not yours,' said the Prince, and he prepared to mount, Antonio holding the stirrup for him. And when he was mounted, Antonio told him how to ride, so that he should come safely to his own men, and avoid certain scouting parties of the Duke that he had thrown out behind him as he marched back to Firmola. And having done this, Antonio stood back and bared his head and bowed.

'And where is your horse?' asked the Prince suddenly.

'I have no horse, my lord,' said Antonio. 'My men with all my horses have ridden back to our hiding-place in the hills. I am alone here, for I thought that Your Highness would kill me, and I should need no horse.'

'How, then, will you escape the scouting parties?'

'I fear I shall not escape them, my lord,' said Antonio, smiling again.

'And if they take you?'

'Of a surety I shall be hanged,' said Count Antonio.

The Prince of Mantivoglia gathered his brow into a heavy frown, but the corners of his lips twitched, and he did not look at Antonio. And thus they rested a few moments, till suddenly the Prince, unable to hold himself longer, burst into a great and merry peal of laughter; and he raised his fist and shook it at Antonio, crying, 'A scurvy trick, Antonio! By my faith, a scurvier trick by far than that other of yours! Art thou not ashamed, man?—Ah, you cast down your eyes! You dare not look at me, Antonio.'

'Indeed I have naught to say for this last trick, my lord,' said Antonio, laughing also.

'Indeed I must carry this knave with me!' cried the Prince. 'Faugh, the traitor! Get up behind me, traitor! Clasp me by the waist, knave! Closer, knave! Ah, Antonio, I know not in what mood Heaven was when you were made! I would I had the heart to leave you to your hanging! For what a story will my Princess make of this! I shall be the best-derided man in all Mantivoglia.'

'I think not, my dear lord,' said Count Antonio—'unless a love that a man may

reckon on as his lady-love's, and a chivalry that does not fail, and a valour that has set two armies all agape in wonder, be your matters for mirth in Mantivoglia. And indeed, my lord, I would that I were riding to the lady I love best in the world, as Your Highness rides; for she might laugh till her sweet eyes ran tears so I were near to dry them.'

The Prince put back his hand towards Antonio and clasped Antonio's hand, and said, 'What said she when you left her, Antonio? For with women love is often more than honour, and their tears rust the bright edge of a man's conscience.'

'Her heart is even as Our Lady's; and with tears and smiles she left me,' said Antonio, and he grasped the Prince's hand. 'Come, my lord, we must ride, or it is a prison for you and a halter for me.'

So they rode together in the morning on the horse that Bena had stolen from among the choicest of Duke Valentine's, and keeping cunningly among the spurs of the hills, they were sighted once only from afar off by the Duke's scouts, and escaped at a canter, and came safe to the Prince's army, where they were received with great wonder and joy. But the Prince would not turn again to besiege Firmola, for he had had a fill of fighting, and the season grew late for the siege of a walled town. So he returned with all his force to Mantivoglia, having won by his expedition much praise of valour, and nothing else in the wide world besides; which thing indeed is so common in the wars of princes, that even wise men have well-nigh ceased to wonder at it.

But the Princess of Mantivoglia heard all that had passed with great mirth, and made many jests upon her husband; and again, lest the Prince should take her jesting in evil part, more upon Duke Valentine. But concerning Count Antonio and the Lady Lucia she did not jest. Yet one day, chancing to be alone with Count Antonio—for he stayed many days at the Court of Mantivoglia, and was treated with great honour—she said to him, with a smile and half-raised eyelids, 'Had I been a man, my lord Antonio, I would not have returned alone from the gates of Firmola. In truth, your lady needs patience for her virtue, Count Antonio!'

'I trust, then, that Heaven sends it to her, madame,' said Antonio.

'And to you also,' she retorted with a laugh. 'And to her, trust in you also, I pray. For an absent lover is often an absent heart, Antonio, and I hear that many ladies would fain soften your exile. And what I hear, the Lady Lucia may hear also.'

'She would hear it as the idle babbling of water over stones,' said Antonio. 'But, madame, I am glad that I have some honesty in me. For if there were not honest men and true maids in this world, I think more than a half of the wits would starve for lack of food.'

'Mercy, mercy!' she cried. 'Indeed your wit has a keen edge, my lord.'

'Yet it is not whetted on truth and honesty,' said he.

She answered nothing for a moment; then she drew near to him and stood before him,

regarding his face; and she sighed 'Heigh-ho!' and again 'Heigh-ho!' and dropped her eyes, and raised them again to his face; and at last she said, 'To some, faithfulness is easy. I give no great praise to the Lady Lucia.' And when she had said this, she turned and left him, and was but little more in his company so long as he stayed at Mantivoglia. And she spoke no more of the Lady Lucia. But when he was mounting, after bidding her farewell, she gave him a white rose from her bosom, saying carelessly, 'Your colour, my lord, and the best. Yet God made the other roses also.'

'All that He made He loves, and in all there is good,' said Antonio, and he bowed very low, and, having kissed her hand, took the rose; and he looked into her eyes and smiled, saying, 'Heaven give peace where it has given wit and beauty;' and so he rode away to join his company in the hills. And the Princess of Mantivoglia, having watched till he was out of sight, went into dinner, and was merrier than ever she had shown herself before; so that they said, 'She feared Antonio, and is glad that he is gone.' Yet that night, while her husband slept, she wept.

#### OUR COMPETITORS IN DAIRY PRODUCE.

THE deplorable condition in which agriculture, the greatest of our industries, is placed renders any suggestions for its improvement interesting and useful. Such suggestions were to be found in the Dairy Exhibition recently held in the Agricultural Hall, Islington. Before we can fully appreciate these suggestions, we must know the causes of the present depression in agriculture. The main causes are the low price of wheat and other cereals, due to the free importation of them; and the bad seasons we have had during the last fifteen years. The evidence taken before the two Royal Commissions appointed to consider the present depression in agriculture has disclosed an alarming condition in this great industry, amounting to a crisis. It is enough when we say that the evidence has informed us that so ruinous have proprietors and tenants felt their position, that they have considered their land in many parts of England not worth cultivating, and have left it derelict, as they were unable to pay the rates and tithes leviable on it. Mr Pringle, one of the sub-commissioners appointed by the Royal Commission on Agriculture to inquire into the state of the farming interest throughout England, has reported that in Essex a great part of the land has been allowed to go out of cultivation because wheat was the principal crop cultivated, and that it cannot be produced to pay under forty-five shillings per quarter, while the price of it at present is under twenty shillings per quarter; and that the farmers have lost all their capital, and are therefore unable to change their system of farming without extraneous aid. He mentioned, however, that there was a colony of Scotch farmers who have been following the dairy system, and have thus been enabled to survive the ruin which has over-

taken the native agriculturist. What Mr Pringle has stated of Essex is true of other districts in England with a similar stiff clay soil.

The dairy, then, being the salvation of these farmers, the exhibition which took place recently, and is the nineteenth that has been held under the auspices of the British Dairy Farmers' Association, must be of the greatest advantage, and form an object lesson not only to dairy but to all farmers who may be compelled to give up corn-growing for the producing of milk, butter, and cheese. The show, at which everything connected with the dairy, and the latest improvements, were exhibited, was in itself most successful. There were the cows best adapted for dairy purposes, of which the Guernsey surpassed all others in numbers; there were the cream separators, the antiseptics specially suited for the preservation of milk, two of the most conspicuous of which were 'Anticanus' and 'Formaline'; there were the churns and the other utensils of the dairy; there were the hundred specimens of butter, some of which were most tastefully and artistically got up to represent bouquets of flowers and other devices. There were also the milk-vessels, and the spring carts to convey the milk to market—in short, everything that any one engaged in the dairy business, or who intended to commence it, might require. Of the latter class there should be not a few, when they see that the wheat-growing farmers have been ruined, while the dairy farmers have weathered the storm.

Who are our competitors in dairy produce? They are Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Holland, France, Canada, United States, Victoria, New Zealand, and some smaller countries. The gross value of the butter from these countries amounted in 1893 to £12,754,235; of cheese, to £5,160,918; of condensed milk, to £1,008,855; and we may mention, of margarine, used as a substitute for butter, to £3,656,224—all of which, except £238,847, came from Holland. Eggs amounted to £3,875,647. There has been a decline in the import of butter from Holland, France, Canada, and the United States; and of cheese from Holland and the United States. There is no cheese imported from Sweden, Denmark, and Germany. The condensed milk is imported from Switzerland; and there were shown at the Dairy Exhibition samples of sterilised French milk and cream from Normandy and from Berne—the former prepared after Pasteur's method, and kept in its natural state by the process of Dr Antefage, which, it is said, neutralises all possible fermentation from which decay or germs of disease, such as typhoid and scarlet fever and other diseases, may arise. It is admirably suited for hot climates, and has been extensively used in the French colonies. The condensed milk is reduced to one-sixth or one-seventh of its bulk by evaporation, and has to be mixed with that amount of water when used. Hence it will possess the advantage over sterilised milk by being much less in cost of carriage; while, on the other hand, the latter, if deprived of the germs or microbes of disease, will be preferred by many for its sanitary qualities, and its freedom from the risk which is run in mixing

the condensed milk with insanitary waters, particularly in hot climates. The manufacture of sterilised milk is but limited at present, and is not a formidable competitor; but it may become so in time; and it is worth mentioning here, as the process of sterilising may be applied to home-produced milk, which has been known to convey the germs of typhoid and scarlet fevers.

Two of our principal sources of butter are Sweden and Denmark, which send us a little more than the half of our imports of that article—Denmark alone sending butter to the value of £5,279,000. We may presume that it is a profitable trade with them, as it is increasing year after year. Such is the case also with Germany. There is a gradual decrease of imports both of butter and cheese from the United States, which may be attributed to the demands made by an increased population in that country; for the Americans have now found the growing of wheat unprofitable, and it is well known that since the introduction of butter and cheese factories there, the profitable exploitation of the dairy system has raised the value of land suitable for grazing cows to twice as much as that given for grain farms. France, which formerly sent us about the fourth of our supply of butter, has been gradually reducing that quantity, and also the quantity of cheese exported.

The colonies which send most dairy produce to this country are Canada, Victoria, Queensland, and New Zealand, each of which has an energetic Department of Agriculture, giving every encouragement to the production of butter and cheese. Lecturers are appointed to go about the country and teach the most economical and profitable methods of producing these articles. The Government of Victoria went farther, and offered a bounty of twopence for every pound of butter sent to this country. This had a wonderful effect in stimulating the farmers to produce and export the butter. The bounty was also offered to any individual, Association, or Company owning a butter factory or creamery which produced butter or cream from not less than twenty-six thousand gallons of milk. In 1889-90, four hundred tons of butter were exported to this country, which brought ninepence-halfpenny per pound. This was increased to 3611 tons in 1892-93, at one shilling per pound. At the close of 1894 the mail steamer *Paramatta* alone brought from Melbourne a consignment of 720 tons, or 1,612,800 pounds of butter, of the value of £70,000. The business of butter-making and exporting is being prosecuted with an enthusiasm and energy which give good grounds for the prediction a Victorian writer has made for its future. 'An export,' he says, 'which in little more than three years expands from a value of £35,000 to £400,000, and with a well-founded prospect of increasing at the same ratio for years to come, predicts a future for Victoria which is well worthy the envy of the Old World.' The value in 1893 was £870,000.

It may be mentioned that almost all the butter exported was produced at creameries, sixty-three of which belong to the largest dairy factory in the world, at which ten tons of

butter are turned out every day in the season, and which may be said to be a Co-operative Association of the farmers, two thousand of whom are shareholders in it. The Department of Agriculture undertook in 1889 to act as shipping agents for the butter exporters, and these duties it has since continued to perform. With the further object of assisting the dairy industry in preserving surplus butter during the summer season, the Department has made arrangements to store such butter in the Government refrigerating works at Newport for any period not exceeding three months, free of charge to the owner.

When, twelve years ago, the New Zealand Government offered five hundred pounds for the best fifty tons of cheese produced in the colony on a factory or co-operative system, dairy farming received an impetus which has carried it forward to its present prosperous and important position. Now, there are over 200 cheese and butter factories and creameries, and the export of butter and cheese to this country has increased from £42,020 in 1883 to £227,162 in 1892 for butter; and from £6892 in 1883 to £91,042 in 1892 for cheese. 'It is generally conceded by all who visit New Zealand that no country possesses greater inherent advantages for the carrying on of dairy pursuits. The richness of the pastures has to be seen to be realised. All the best varieties of grasses and other green fodders thrive in a most astonishing manner, and continue to grow throughout the year with but little cessation; and in the greater portion of the colony the milch-cows are not housed summer or winter.'

The Government encourages not only Dairy Associations by liberal grants from the public Treasury for watching over the interests of the dairy industry, but it employs trained and skilled travelling instructors to visit the factories for the purpose of giving lessons in the various methods and processes, and of generally forwarding the interests of the industry.

From what we have stated, it is evident that we have more to dread from our colonies in the way of competition in the near future than from foreign countries. For the manufacture and export of dairy produce is more developed in foreign countries, while the manufacture and trade in these products are but in their infancy in the colonies, and are increasing rapidly. And so we would recommend the introduction of the dairy system on those farms now devoted to the growing of grain mainly. This change, if carried out to the extent we think it should be, would increase the supply of milk so much as to lower the price of dairy produce, unless there be an increased consumption. It is to be hoped that the lower price will be such as will induce a larger consumption of milk, for which there is great room. In many of our largest cities there are thousands of children who never taste milk, and this is the reason why so many of them are rickety, and the population of our towns is so much deteriorated physically. There may be a reduction in price temporarily; but when the milk is brought within the reach of the thousands who never drink it now, or are supplied with it in limited quantities, the price will regain its old level.

It is said that the average consumption of milk in the United Kingdom for drinking and domestic purposes is about sixteen gallons per head per annum, or a little more than a third of a pint per day; and in London it is not more than six gallons per head per annum. To bring up this quantity to that of the average of the whole country, 125,000 additional cows would be required, allowing the average annual yield of a cow to be four hundred gallons of milk. It may be mentioned that for the last forty years there has been a gradual increase in the consumption of butter and cheese per head of the population. The total amount in 1850 was ten pounds a head, and in 1890 nineteen pounds, of home-made and imported butter and cheese. In the United States, there has also been a gradual increase in the consumption of the same articles, from sixteen pounds per head in 1850 to twenty pounds per head in 1890.

With this increasing consumption per head, we need not look for any great fall in the price of milk. We may ask what is the cause of the comparatively small consumption of milk in our large towns. It is mainly the habits of the people. Some parents spend in alcoholic drinks what ought to be spent on milk and other food for the children. A dairyman kept a sufficient number of cows to supply with milk the inhabitants of a village where he resided. He was surprised to find a sudden increase in the consumption, so much so as to induce him to add to the number of his cows. On inquiry, he ascertained that the increase arose from the demand of certain families, the heads of which used to frequent the public-houses, but who had discontinued their visits after their conversion to blue-ribbonism by Mr Murphy. But let us suppose that there will be a considerable reduction in price, how is this to be met? It must be met by a reduction of expenses and an increased production from each cow. There must be a reduction of expenses by a due economy at home and the adoption of the co-operative system, as is being done so extensively with profit in our colonies and America. Why should a middleman carry off so much of the profits, when, by a combination of the farmers, the work can be done just as effectually and with more profit to themselves?

Then to increase the production, none but the best cows should be kept, and they should be fed liberally and generously. We have before us the result of an experiment where an indifferent cow was kept which received little more than what grew on the farm, and left a profit of less than a pound; while, on the other hand, there was a cow of superior quality which was generously cared for and fed with purchased nourishing food in addition to what was raised on the farm, and she left a yearly profit of upwards of eight pounds. We don't mean to say that that was the highest profit that could be obtained, for we have known much larger profits from individual cows. The total number of cows in the United Kingdom now numbers 4,000,000.

A Foreign Office Report recently published informs us that in the Garvardo district, in



the north of Italy, the small peasant proprietors occupying, some of them, not more than six acres, formed themselves into a union, which purchased improved implements and machinery, seeds, manures, &c., to be used by the members. It procured the services of a veterinary surgeon to attend to their cattle, and to instruct them in the principles of improving the breeds. It engaged also a skilled person to advise as to the management of pastures, cheese-making, vine-disease, manuring of lands, &c. A few years ago, these farmers were living from hand to mouth; now they are prosperous. This is but an example of what can be done by the co-operative system.

It is satisfactory to know that in this country schools have been established by the British Dairy Farmers' Association to instruct in everything connected with the dairy; and specimens of cheeses made at these schools were shown at the Exhibition, as successful imitations of some of the most popular of foreign cheeses imported into the country, such as Gorgonzola, Roquefort, Gruyère, and Camembert.

The National Agricultural Union (30 Fleet Street, London, E.C.) aims at establishing a produce post, by means of which dairy produce and fruit and vegetables might be sent direct to the consumer. It has many local branches, and over two hundred M.P.s in favour of its parliamentary programme.

## THE GOVERNESS AT GREENBUSH.

### CHAPTER II.

MISS WINFREY grew very fond of her school-room. There, as the young men told her, she was 'her own boss,' with a piano, though a poor one, all to herself; and a desk, the rather clumsy handiwork of the eldest boy, yet her very own, and full of her own things. She took an old maid's delight in orderly arrangement, and, for that matter, was nothing loth to own, with her most serious air, that she quite intended to be an old maid. But what she liked best about the schoolroom was its fundamental privacy. It formed a detached building, and had formerly been the station store. The old dining-room was the present store, which was entered by the 'white veranda,' so known in contradistinction to the deep, trellised shelter—which, however, Mrs Pickering insisted on calling the 'piazza'—belonging to a later building. The white veranda was narrow and bald by comparison. But the young men still burnt their evening incense upon it, while Millicent and the Governess preferred it at all hours of the day. It was just opposite the schoolroom, for one thing; for another, Mrs Pickering but seldom set foot on the white veranda, and the peevish lady was not a popular character in the homestead of which she was the mistress.

She was no longer in favour of the new Governess. Miss Winfrey's singular success with the children had been quite sufficient to alienate their mother's sympathies, or rather to revive her prejudices. Her feeling in the matter was not, perhaps, altogether inhuman. It is difficult to appreciate the expert manipulation

of material upon which we ourselves have tried an ineffectual hand. It is odious to see another win through sheer discipline to a popularity which all one's own indulgence has failed to secure. These experiences were Mrs Pickering's just deserts, but that did not lessen their sting. The lady became bitterly jealous of her children's friend, whose society they now obviously preferred to her own. With former governesses not a day had passed without one child or another coming to its mother with some whining tale. There were no such complaints now; but the mother missed them as she would have missed so many habitual caresses; for it made her feel that she was no longer everything to her children. It is easier to understand her feelings than to forgive their expression. She took to snubbing the Governess in the pupils' presence. It is true that, as the young men said, Mrs Pickering did not 'get much change' out of little Miss Winfrey. The girl was well qualified to take care of herself. But she was more sensitive than she cared to show. Her whole soul shrank from the small contentions which were forced upon her; they hurt her terribly, whether she won or she lost. Still it was best to win, and one little victory gave the Governess considerable satisfaction.

Mrs Pickering took it into her head that the children were worked too hard. So one afternoon she walked into the schoolroom and told them all that they might go—nearly an hour before the time. But not a child stirred.

'You may all run away,' repeated their mother. 'Don't you understand me? Then why don't you move?'

The eldest boy shuffled awkwardly in his place. 'Please, mother, it's poetry-hour, and we only have it once a week.'

Mrs Pickering, relying on the little ones, now called for a show of hands. But the very infants were against her; and she left the room with a bitter glance at the silent Governess, who, after a little consideration, decided to dismiss the class herself. Meantime, the irate lady had gone straight to her husband.

'Miss Winfrey is becoming unendurable,' she told him in the tone of personal reproach which had already made the unlucky squatter curse his choice of a Governess. 'The poor children are positively frightened to death of her! I went in to let them out of school; no one but an inhuman monster would keep them in on an afternoon like this; and actually, not one of them dared to move without Miss Winfrey's permission! Harry muttered something to the effect that they would rather finish the lesson, and the rest sat still, but you may be sure they knew it was either that or being punished afterwards. How I hate such severities! As for that woman herself, she just sat like a mule without saying anything.—Ah! I see she's thought better of it, and let them out herself; to show that her authority's superior to mine, I suppose. Really, that's the last straw! We must get rid of her. I will not be insulted in my own house.'

Mr Pickering met his wife judiciously, but not by any means half-way. He knew what she meant; he was not himself entirely en-

amoured of Miss Winfrey. She had spoken to him about the boys seeing too much of the men out mustering on Saturdays, a point on which the father was surely the best judge. She had too many opinions of her own; but when all was said, she was an admirable Governess. He dwelt upon the general improvement in the children under Miss Winfrey. He had the sense to ignore their very evident affection for that martinet. Another change might be a very good thing in a few months' time, but at present it would be a thousand pities. Christmas was coming on. There would be holidays until the New Year. It would be very easy to let Miss Winfrey see that her daily supervision was not required during the holidays. She could have the time to herself.

She did have the time to herself, and a very poor time it was. The parents gave out that they intended to see something of their young people while they had the chance. And to broaden the hint, as if that were necessary, they studiously refrained from inviting Miss Winfrey to join in the daily entertainment. Now it was a family visit to a neighbouring station, with four horses in the big trap; now a picnic in the scrub; and now impromptu races on the township course. But the Governess spent the days in her own schoolroom, with little intervals on the white veranda. Millicent's rabbit inspector was at Greenbush, so Miss Winfrey saw nothing of Millicent either. All was now well between those two. On the day he went, she rode with him to the boundary fence, and then joined the picnic party in the Forest Paddock.

'Where's Miss Winfrey?' cried the girl, from her saddle, as she cantered up to the little group about the crackling fire.

The children looked unhappy.

'She's at home,' said Harry.

Millicent asked why.

'Because it's holidays,' answered Mrs Pickering, looking up from the basket which she was unpacking; 'and because we've come out to enjoy ourselves.'

Millicent ran over the ring of little wistful faces, and a soft laugh left her lips. She could hear her father gathering branches in the scrub, and talking to the only young man who had not gone away for his holidays. She wondered whether she should dismount at all; her heart went out to her friend all alone at the homestead; she, too, had neglected her these last few days.

'When did Miss Winfrey spoil a day's enjoyment?' the girl demanded. 'She would have added to it.'

'You may think so. I chose not to risk it.'

'But surely you gave her a chance of coming?'

'Not I, indeed! The children see quite enough of their Governess in school.—Harry, darling, there's the water boiling at last!'

But Millicent was boiling too. 'That settles it,' she exclaimed with a quick flush. 'Good-bye, all of you!' And she was gone at a hand-gallop.

There was little love lost between the girl and her step-mother. Millicent was rather glad than otherwise to turn her back upon a party which did not include the one daily companion who

was now entirely congenial to her. And if anybody could fill at all the gaping blank left by her lover's departure, it was Miss Winfrey, who was always so sympathetic, so understanding. To that same sympathy the young girl felt that she owed her present abiding, and even increasing happiness, and again her heart went out to the little Governess, who had known no such counsellor in her own black hour of doubt and trepidation. Otherwise—Millicent sighed. She knew the whole story now. Her friend had spoken of it a second and a third time, and the speaking had seemed to do her good. It was five years ago. The young man had been a medical student then. And now his penitent false love could see him only as a thriving doctor—and a married man.

'I would give anything to find him,' thought the girl who was happy, as she stooped to open the home-paddock gate. 'I know—something tells me—that he is true!'

She cantered to the homestead, standing high and hot on its ridge of sand, with only a few dry pines sprouting out of the yard. The year was burning itself out in a succession of torrid days, of which this was the worst yet. The sky was incredibly blue, with never a flake of cloud from rim to rim. The wind came hot from the north, though luckily without much force. And Millicent's dog, with its tongue hanging out, was running under the very belly of her horse, whose shadow she could not see.

She watered both animals at the tank, and then rode on to the horse-yard; but ere she reached it, was greatly struck by the sound of a sweet voice singing in the distance. It seemed a queer thing, but the young woman from England was standing the Riverina summer far better than those who had been born there. She could sit and sing on a day like this!

On her way on foot from the horse-yard to the schoolroom, Millicent stood on her shadow to listen to the song. The Governess sang very seldom; she liked better to play accompaniments for the young men, though she had a charming, trained voice of her own. But Millicent had never heard her use it, as she was doing now, without a known soul within ear-shot save the Chinaman in the kitchen.

The heat of the sand struck through the young girl's boots. Yet still she stood, and bent her head, and at last caught a few of the words:

in the lime-tree,  
The wind is floating through:  
And oh! the night, my darling, is sighing—  
Sighing for you, for you.

This finished a verse. Millicent crept nearer. She had never heard such tender singing. Three or four simple bars, and it began again:

O think not I can forget you;  
I could not though I would;  
I see you in all around me,  
The stream, the night, the wood;  
The flowers that slumber so gently,  
The stars above the blue.  
Oh! heaven itself, my darling, is praying—  
Praying for you, for you.

The voice sank very low, its pathos was infinite, yet the girl heard every word. There were no more. Millicent dried her eyes, and went

tripping over her habit through the open school-room door. There sat the Governess, with wrung face and gray eyes all intensity.

'My dear, it was divine!'

'You heard! I'm sorry.'

'Oh, why?'

'I never sing that song.'

'Why, again?'

The fixed eyes fell. 'It was—his favourite. The music is better than the words, I think; don't you? But then the words are a translation.'

The change of voice was miraculous; and, from that, even more than from the song and its singing, Millicent knew at last how some women love. To her it was a revelation which made the girl half ashamed of her really adequate affection for the honest rabbit inspector. But she said no more about that song.

One afternoon she was reclining on a deck-chair under shelter of the white veranda. The heat was still intense, and Millicent was nearly asleep. It was a Saturday, and the children were abroad in the paddocks. But their Governess was in her own schoolroom, for once as enervated as Millicent herself, who could just see the hem of her frock through the open door.

Millicent had closed her eyes. A spur clinked on the veranda, but she was too lazy to lift a lid. A voice said, 'Is Mr Pickering about, please, miss?' with a good accent, but in a curious hang-dog tone. She answered, 'You'll find him in the store,' without troubling to see which of the men it was. Then came sleep; and then her father, shaking her softly, and whispering in her ear.

'It's Cattle-station Bill,' he said. 'Wants another cheque.—Hasn't had one since that day when Miss Winfrey came. Where is she, Milly? She seemed to think she'd like to try her hand at reforming our Bill, and now's her chance. He's only gone four months this time!'

'Miss Winfrey's in the schoolroom,' replied Milly drowsily. 'She won't thank you for disturbing her any more than I do.'

Pickering stepped down into the sand and crossed over to the schoolroom, dragging a shadow like a felled pine. The man was meanwhile in the store, where his master now rejoined him in fits of soft and secret laughter. And Millicent rubbed her eyes, because her nap had been ruined, and bent them upon the schoolroom door, in which the Governess now stood reading a book.

The spurs clinked again in the veranda, the book dropped over the way, the Governess disappeared from view; and Millicent glanced from the empty door to the man beside her in the veranda. He was a handsome young fellow, with black, black hair and moustache, and a certain indefinable distinction of bearing, of which his rough clothes could not rid him. But his eyes were turned sullenly to earth, and as he snatched his horse's reins from the hook on the veranda-post with his right hand, his left crumpled up his cheque and rammed it into his pocket. And a wild suspicion flashed across Millicent at that moment, to be confirmed the next.

Last night the nightingale woke me,

sang the voice in the schoolroom;

Last night, when all was still,  
It sang in the golden moonlight,  
From out the woodland hill.

But Milly had never taken her eyes from the sullen, handsome stockman standing almost at her feet. His left hand was still in his pocket; his right had the reins, but was still outstretched in front of him, as though suspended in the air; while a white, terrified face was turned this way and that in quick succession, with the perspiration welling out at every pore. Yet the smooth agony of the song went on without a tremor:

And oh! the bird, my darling, was singing—  
Singing of you, of you.

As the verse ended, the man shuddered from head to foot, then flung himself into the saddle, and Millicent watched him ride headlong towards the home-paddock gate. She lost sight of him, however, long before he reached it, and then she knew that Miss Winfrey was still singing her song in a loud, clear voice. Could she be mistaken? It was a sufficiently wild idea. Could there be nothing but coincidence in it, after all? Again she caught the words:

I think of you in the daytime,  
I dream of you by night,  
I wake, and would you were here, love,  
And tears are blinding my sight.  
I hear a low breath in the lime-tree—

The sweet air, the tender words, snapped short together. Millicent leaped from her deck-chair, heard a fall as she ran, and found the Governess in a dead-faint upon the schoolroom floor.

## SEDAN-CHAIRS.

WHY were sedan-chairs so called? The answer seems simple and obvious, that they were named from the town of Sedan, in the north-east of France; and this is the derivation given in most dictionaries and books of reference. But no evidence has yet been produced by any propounder of this etymology to prove either that such chairs were first used at Sedan, or that they were brought to England from that town. There is, indeed, practically nothing to prove any connection whatever between the chair and the place. It is not a little curious that the real origin of the name of that once fashionable means of locomotion should be so obscure, while on the surface it appears to be so plain and simple.

Sedans were used in London by one or two private persons about the beginning of the seventeenth century; but the first person of note to use the new conveyance was the Duke of Buckingham, the favourite of King James I. and his son Charles. Prince Charles, on his return from his adventurous journey to Spain, is said to have brought back three curiously carved sedan-chairs, a fact which rather tells against the proposed derivation from the French town. Two of these chairs he gave to Buckingham, who seems to have first used one of them when suffering from illness; but this did not prevent the populace, who had no love for the royal favourite, from grumbling indignantly at

the pride of the man who employed his fellow-creatures to do the service of beasts of burden.

Among the State Papers there is a letter, dated May 1626, from a Londoner named Gabriel Browne to a priest in Spain, which was intercepted for political reasons, and in it the writer says: 'You can hardly believe how bitterly it has disgusted the multitude here that being sickly, he [the Duke of Buckingham] suffered himself to be carried in a covered chaire upon his servants' shoulders through the streets in the daie time between Whitehall and Denmarke House.' There is an echo of this feeling in Massinger's play *The Bondman*, where the dramatist satirises the pride and luxury of the ladies

For their pomp and care being borne  
In triumph on men's shoulders.

At this early period the conveyance was known only as a 'covered chair;' the term 'sedan' came into use a little later. It was not many years before private persons ceased to have a monopoly of these covered chairs, and chairs for hire began to ply in the public streets. The first hackney-coach stand in London was set up in 1634 by the Strand Maypole, a few yards from Temple Bar; and in the same year Letters Patent, dated September 27th, were granted to Sir Sanders Duncombe, giving him the sole right and privilege for fourteen years to use and let for hire, within the cities of London and Westminster, covered chairs, to prevent the unnecessary use of coaches. For some mysterious reason, the authorities were greatly averse to the increase of hackney-coaches. Their numbers were strictly limited, and their use discouraged as far as possible. This policy naturally favoured the growth of the chair-system, and it was not long before the new conveyances were highly popular and in great demand.

In Duncombe's petition for the patent, there is a passage which gives some very slight support to the theory that the name of the chair was derived from the town of Sedan. The applicant represents that 'in many parts beyond seas, people are much carried in chairs that are covered, whereby few coaches are used among them.' Of course, Sir Sanders may have seen them in use in Sedan; but this is the nearest conjecture, for his allusion to 'parts beyond seas' is extremely vague, nor does he mention or use the name of Sedan. A private letter of 1634, included in the Strafford correspondence, describes Duncombe as 'a traveller, now a pensioner,' and mentions that he was having forty or fifty chairs made ready for use. An early example of the use of the name 'sedan' may be found in Shirley's play, *The Lady of Pleasure*, first acted in 1635, wherein a lady, Celestina, asks:

Is my sedan yet finished,  
And liveries for my men-mules, according  
As I gave charge?

It has often been said, presumably on the strength of the remark in Duncombe's application, quoted above, that sedan-chairs were brought to this country from France; but, strangely enough, one or two French writers

declare that they were brought to Paris from London, and the honour of their introduction is usually accorded to the Marquis de Montbrun. The truth seems to be that sedan-chairs, or *chaises-à-porteurs*, as the French called them, appeared almost simultaneously in the two capitals, and it is hard to say which city can claim priority in their use. Probably neither borrowed from the other, but both derived the new invention from some third place, which may or may not have been Sedan; there is no evidence on the point. Chairs made their first appearance in Paris about the same time that Buckingham's unpopular use of one had attracted public attention in London; but the French were some years in advance of us in supplying chairs for public hire. A small Association, or Company, as we should now call it, was formed in Paris in 1617, which obtained the sole right of supplying *chaises-à-porteurs* on hire in all the cities of the French kingdom. Similar patents were obtained later by other individuals, and in the time of Louis XIV. chairs were extremely fashionable, and were often most luxuriously upholstered.

The palmy days of the sedan-chair in England were the earlier decades of the last century. In 1710 there were two hundred hackney-chairs in London, and the number remained much the same until the reign of George III. Besides these public chairs, there were very many which belonged to private owners, and were elaborately carved and luxuriously fitted. In Dublin, sedan-chairs were taxed for the benefit of one of the hospitals; and from registers still extant, it appears that in 1787 there were no fewer than two hundred and fifty-seven private chairs owned by wealthy people, from dukes down to rich commoners, in the Irish capital. The tax in 1798 brought the fortunate Dublin hospital as much as five hundred and forty-seven pounds.

The literature of the last century—especially that of its earlier half—is full of references to the hackney-chairs and the chairmen, who seem to have been rather a disreputable class of men. Gay, in his most interesting poem on the *Art of Walking the Streets of London*, speaks of their crowding the doors of taverns, and warns passengers against some of the dangers of chair-travelling, when the sudden gale

The drunken chairman in the kennel spurns,  
The glasses shatters, and his charge o'erturns.

In those days the footpath was only distinguished from the roadway by a line of posts, which afforded some slight protection to pedestrians, and chairmen had no right to pass within the posts. Gay warns his readers against the rudeness of these men:

Let not the chairman, with assuming stride,  
Press near the wall, and rudely thrust thy side;  
The laws have set him bounds; his servile feet  
Should ne'er encroach where posts defend the street.

Many years later, when Jonas Hanway courageously set the example of carrying an unfurled umbrella in the streets of London, the chairmen, who, like the worshippers of Diana at Ephesus, saw their craft in danger, were among the loudest and most daring of those

who vainly tried to intimidate the bold innovator by jeers, and sarcasms, and even threats.

As the eighteenth century neared its end, the number of chairs began to decrease, while the number of hackney-coaches was largely increased. The use of sedan-chairs, however, died hard. In many country towns they remained in use until a period well within the memory of men still comparatively young. In Peterborough, for instance, they were used down to at least 1860; and ten years later, one solitary survivor might have been seen in Exeter. At Newcastle one was still extant in 1885, and at Bury St Edmund's in 1890. Sir Walter Scott, in his *Diary*, mentions using a sedan-chair in February 1831; and about the same time, Lady Salisbury, who died four years later, at the age of eighty-five, was in the habit of going to evening parties and other assemblies in her old-fashioned chair. Sedan-chairs were still in common use in Bath in the early years of the present century; and extremely useful and convenient they were for invalids. The chair could be entered in the hall of the hirer's own home, and being borne to its destination, was carried right into the house, where, the hall-door being shut, the chair could be opened, and its occupant step forth into as genial an atmosphere as he or she had left. With carriages or bath-chairs, invalids were always endangered by the exposed transit between the door of the carriage and the house-door. Some six or seven years ago there were rumours of a possible revival of the old chairs at Bath.

In some places abroad they are still in use. Mention is made of such conveyances at Genoa in 1882; in 1888 the archbishop of Seville was carried forth in one. In the streets of Bahia in Brazil, sedan-chairs borne by stalwart negroes may be seen in use at the present day. A few months ago, it was said that some speculator was having chairs of the old type built in London, with a view to an attempted revival of bygone fashion; but they have not yet made their appearance in the streets of the metropolis, and it is tolerably safe to prophesy that if they do so appear, their renewed term of existence will be extremely short.

### HESTER.

It is true; those that take the sword perish with the sword; and they that pass their lives forging instruments of destruction are not seldom themselves the first sacrifice demanded by the evil they have helped to create. My father was a workman at Grimm's Flats Powder-mills, and two weeks before I was born perished in an explosion there. My mother died of the shock two weeks after my birth; so that within a month I lost both parents. Then 'the Row' adopted me. The Row is a row of cottages attached—at a safe distance—to the Grimm's Flats Powder-mills, and inhabited exclusively by the workmen, their wives, widows, and families. Clubbing together, and helped by a donation from the proprietors, the men paid something weekly to my foster-parents

until I was old enough to earn my own salt, as they said; helping in the housework, and doing plain sewing and knitting for the Row.

We were an obscure, remote, self-contained little community. All were more or less related to each other. We had scarcely more than two surnames among us. If a man wasn't a Judge, he was almost certain to be a Bishop. And as all the Bishops were Bills by descent, and all the Judges, Toms, we were fain to distinguish them by some personal peculiarity, such as Long Tom Judge, or Big Bill Bishop; or by their ages, such as Young Tom, Old Bill, and so forth.

A danger, common to all the men, and of daily recurrence, was the bond that united us all. It spiced our lives, and gave the men and the women, too, by emulation a grim humour, a sort of pride of courage, whereby they and we showed contempt of the peril they lived in. It was not merely that every man repairing to the mills of a bright summer or dark winter's morning carried his life in his hand, but that his life was in the hand of the youngest and most careless of the workmen—if any were careless in that place. A bit of grit carried into the powder-shed on the sole of a list slipper—such as all wore when at work—might, by accidental contact, be sufficient to cause an explosion. The mills lie on a level, low-lying plateau, that is intersected in every direction by a labyrinth of sluggish waters: canals, back-waters, and channels, filled from the slow, creeping tide of the river Milway. The emerald-green level meads are connected by moss-grown, crazy, wooden bridges—often a mere plank and a hand-rail, scarce sufficient to guide any one safely over the thick ooze in the dark or gloaming. Near one of these, a woman had been drowned, either missing the plank in coming across the meads at nightfall, or else making away with herself. Anyhow, her ghost, it was said, still haunted the place, gliding pensive through the growth of alders and willows that clothed the banks, or trailing like a mist-wreath across the gray, mossy bridge.

We were seldom many days free of fog or mist. If it did not gather and rise from the ooze and beds of osiers, it came rolling down to us from the low hills that shut us in on the north and west. To dwellers on a hill, or in towns, or by the sea, Grimm's Flats might not look at first sight very attractive, perhaps. But to us, who had lived there all, or nearly all, our lives there was no place like it, for the sweetness of the flowers in the gardens, the profusion of all kinds of vegetables, the peace of its Sundays, and the joy of its Good-Fridays and Christmas days.

We were not much given to worshipping in public; Sunday mornings our men spent mostly in their front gardens, with unlaced boots, chatting in twos and threes—the pipes, so rigidly denied them all the working days, between their lips, and as free from care, as ready for harmless play, as the toddling wee things that clung about daddy's knees or climbed to his shoulder. Within doors, meantime, the women prepared the one mid-day meal of the

week to be eaten with husband and sons. A feast, indeed. In the afternoons, in fine weather, we, that is, the younger women—while our tranquil elders took their spell of rest or gossip—strolled over the meads, or attended church at Milbridge, two and a half miles distant. Whether we sauntered in the fields or walked briskly to church, we were not uncommonly attended—at a respectful distance—by the younger men of the Row; but these, like the dogs, turned tail generally at the sound of the church bells, not without promises of going farther on some future day, carrying a gold ring in their waistcoat pockets.

On these occasions, either at church, or on what the elders called 'a prow,' I had one chosen, invariable companion, Hester Best: Hetty Betty, as she was more commonly called in the Row. Our comradeship was no case of 'like liking like;' for both in appearance, and what Old Tom Judge called our 'temperature,' no two could well be more unlike. Hester was as lively, audacious, gay, generous, and fearless, as blue-eyed, freckled, red-golden-haired as I was cowardly, nervous, black-eyed, sallow, and sad. Yet we were inseparables. At eighteen, when I was what Hetty called a confirmed old sober-sides, she was at the top of her bent for fun and mischief, a very madcap.

It happened that this year a new inmate—two new inmates—came to live in the Row. The man, as a matter of course, was a worker at the mills, and his mother lived with him. They came from a distance, and had ways of their own. None of us took to Mrs Brand; she was stiff, reserved, and proud; but good-looking, and upright as a dart. A good manager, and clean and 'sprach' as a daisy. From the first, Hetty and she could not abide each other. Jim Brand was like and unlike his mother, as good-looking, as upright, and as careful of his appearance; but not a bit stiff or proud. If his mother spoke little and smiled less, Jim had a pleasant word and smile for all. He had come to Grimm's Flats from some place by the sea where there were torpedo works, and could tell a lot about wrecks and lifeboats and war-ships. He seemed half a sailor himself, and, as Hetty said, he wasn't over head and ears in powder, like the other men. So that, what with his good looks, his pleasant ways and fresh talk, some of us just a little lost our heads about Jim Brand.

I declare, solemnly, that I never cared—I never let myself think or care about him, for I saw—I could not help seeing—the change that came over Hetty, and I guessed what it meant; until, one day, I found, to my amazement, that Jim Brand had taken a fancy to me—to me! All the pride and joy this knowledge gave me was cruelly dashed by knowing that Hester would look upon me in the light of a successful rival! Hester, who from our childhood had been to me like a twin-sister, a brighter self! Hester, who had cheered me when I was down, nursed me when I was sick, encouraged and strengthened me at every turn, and me to 'cut out' Hester! I declare that when, of an evening in the summer, Jim first began to walk out with me, and Hetty hung back and wouldn't join us, the sight of her

pale, set face at her cottage door, or window, was like a blash of ice-cold water on my new-born happiness.

In our strolls, Hetty and I had always avoided the network of water surrounding the mills, except, perhaps, just when the primroses and periwinkles were in flower in the tangled copse and brushwood on the banks. More especially we shunned the foot-bridge where the woman was found drowned, and floating under the shadow of the willows and alder-trees. But Jim took a special fancy to the meads; and there we sauntered evening after evening, listening to the thrushes, and making nosegays of meadow-sweet—'curds and cream,' as we called the fragrant willow-herb; and the lovely forget-me-nots—large, and blue as Hester's eyes. Hetty's great blue eyes, so changed in their expression when they met mine, so involuntarily upbraiding, that I knew she avoided meeting or speaking to me, lest they, and the frank, laughing mouth, now grown so 'mim' and set, should tell too much of the struggle within her.

It was a puzzle to Jim why she, who had been my chiefest friend, should now avoid us; and because I could not tell him, I, when the time came, just wrote, and asked her, for form's sake, to go to church with us, knowing what the answer would be—as it was, an excuse; though many a time each had promised to be the other's bridesmaid. So I was married; and no Hester to help to dress me, and keep my courage up, to meet the new life—the new duties—the new home. But neither new home, new duties, nor new happiness could obliterate my regret for the coolness that had come between me and Hester. Moreover, I soon found, as human beings will, that my life, even as Jim Brand's wife, was not all sunshine. Men have a deal to say of their mothers-in-law; yet they, when they are vexed or contraried, can, and do, get away from home. A woman whose mother-in-law lives with her has no such escape, at least not in our rank of life. We had strict notions of Duty in the Row. And I should have felt myself bitterly to blame had I not done or tried to do mine, with such a husband as Jim. But, somehow, Mrs Brand managed to spoil a good bit of my happiness.

I found it very hard at first to make her out at all. She was civil when Jim was by—just civil. When he was away, she found fault—not pettishly, but commanding, as if she knew everything, and I knew nothing, from morning till night. I tried hard to please her; it being so easy to please Jim, I didn't expect to find it so hard to please his mother. That was my mistake. The more I laid myself out to do the utmost jot and tittle of my duty, the more unacceptable I seemed to be to Jim's mother. By-and-by I found out something of the reason. Mrs Brand idolised her son: a royal princess would hardly have made him a good enough wife; and yet, inconsistently, she was more impatient of me when Jim was pleased with what I did, and praised me, than at any other time. When I failed in cooking a dinner or any other household matter, she almost seemed to like me. But so sure as Jim made much of me, her jealousy boiled over,

but not often in his presence. Once, when I hinted to him something particularly irritating and unjust that she had said to me, his face clouded. 'Oh! if you two are going to disagree'—he said, and broke off. I swallowed my chagrin, and resolved that henceforth I would devour it in secret; and I kept my resolution.

I could not help being a little triumphant, and yet very sorry, when one day, just because, in passing me, Jim had caught me round the waist and kissed me, Mrs Brand burst out into scornful, upbraiding words. I stood silent, with burning cheeks, looking on the floor; and after quite a minute's dead pause, Jim said, very quiet, 'If my behaviour affronts you, mother, you are not obliged to bide with us, you know.' Those were the first undutiful words I had ever heard Jim speak; and though I knew his mother had brought them on herself, and though I was not sorry he should have a glimpse of how disagreeable she could speak, I could not help being very sorry. The peace and sacredness of the home seemed lessened by them somehow.

A few days later I was going on an errand to Milbridge, and met Hester full butt. I scarcely expected she would stop, for we often met and passed, now, with only a nod; but she did; she drew up short in front of me. 'What's up?' she said abruptly. 'Ain't you well? You don't look much!'

The old voice and way of speaking, something womanly kind, such as I hadn't heard lately, made me quiver all over. Hester turned round, drew my arm in hers, and walked slowly beside me, while I gave myself the relief of pouring my grievances into her willing ears. I did not feel how disloyal I was to Jim, till Hetty's energetic ejaculation of 'Old cat!' applied to Jim's mother, shocked me into silence. Even then I could not regret my imprudence, however; sympathy, Hetty's sympathy and partisanship, were too sweet. The intimacy thus renewed was soon in full force, as strong as ever, or stronger.

Hester, withheld by the strict, unspoken etiquette of the Row, which did not permit man or woman entrance into any house not their own, except upon invitation, had never yet crossed my threshold; now, she was a frequent visitor; and that despite the fact, plainly observable, that Hester was no favourite with Mrs Brand. Hetty's audacious laughter and frank speech were specially distasteful to her. Barely civil to her when Jim was there, no sooner was he gone, than a wordy war would break out, in which the elder woman often got worsted. Sheltered by Hester's incisive tongue, I made bold to pluck up spirit and oppose her myself upon occasion, and, to my surprise, I found that the more I asserted myself, the greater were Mrs Brand's concessions.

There is one thing we none of us know until it is too late to benefit by the knowledge, and that is, to know when we are happy. Directly the time is past, we know it, and mourn that we did not make more of the blessed season. The month or two after Hetty's and my reconciliation was such a period. Jim seemed to share my partiality for her, and

our party of an evening, either within doors or in the fields, was a merry one. However morose Mrs Brand might be, Hetty's sympathy consoled me when we were alone together; while, if Jim's mother snapped and snarled before her, Hetty's laugh and retort often drove the elder woman to sullen silence, a silence, however, in which she brooded revenge. Hers was a nature which demanded the outlet of free speech to keep her thoughts from venom.

It was after a week or two's sullen avoidance of all communication with Hester that she one day burst all bounds to me. The morning was a fine one in autumn, Jim had not long left home, and his mother and I were still occupied in putting away the breakfast things. Our cottage door stood open; across the green level meadow spiders' webs—virgins' threads we called them—caught the rays of the morning sun, making a path of silvery white. Walking to the door as I wiped a cup, I caught sight of Hetty. Her face was towards the mills; she was walking backwards, nodding and waving a hand to Jim, and exchanging merrily shouted greetings as he went on his way to work. Presently she caught sight of me, and came past our cottage, her face all aglow. We passed the time of day to each other, said a few indifferent words; and then she went on her way, nodding gaily to Jim's mother through the window as she passed. Mrs Brand made no response to her greeting, except by a muttered, 'Get along, you hussy!' Then she turned sharply on me and said through her set teeth, 'I wonder you encourage that minx! Any one that wasn't a fool could see she was over head and ears in love with your husband.' She spoke so abruptly and with such bitter intensity that in my consternation I dropped the cup I was wiping, and it smashed to atoms on the brick floor.

'There you go!' she cried, 'as if cups could be had for the picking up. Ah! you may look! but you mark my words—if anything goes wrong with you, I know who'll fill your shoes; and so does she—a hussy!'

Perhaps jealousy is infectious. Although I knew Jim's mother to be jealous, and, where Hetty was concerned, spiteful, still her words remained with me. She had made an impression, and she knew it. I began to like, to trust her more, and Hetty less; and she, too, knew it.

Gradually my pride in Jim and happiness sank lower, and I was too stupid to perceive it was all my own fault. Hester would not come to us without asking, and in my silly suspiciousness, I refrained from asking her, much as I missed her sympathy and her cheery high spirits, which had acted as an antidote to Mrs Brand's gloomy views of life. She would often say, as we sat at work together, that it would have been a good deal better if she had never been born; and sometimes I got to think she was right, except for Jim; and I dreaded my child would be deformed, or deaf and dumb, or an idiot, as she said, and I could not deny so many were. So the days went by, days when I might have been, and might have made Jim—who was very gentle and compassionate to me—so happy, and I let the opportunity,



which was never to return, slip away for ever.

One afternoon, in the October of that year, a day that had begun in a filmy veil of blue haze, and ended in a blaze of the broadest sunshine, I started to go and meet Jim coming from his work. Passing along the Row, I stopped at Tom Judge's garden. The father of the Row was busied there harvesting potatoes. He stood resting his bent back against the fence, while I remarked about the fineness of the afternoon.

'Look yender,' said the old man, pointing a crooked brown forefinger at the low hills that seemed drawn in closer to us. 'Twon't last. See how handy them hills be! They ain't no nigher, we knows, but they allus looks handier afore rain.' He had got so far, when a trembling of the earth, a vibration in the air, instantly succeeded by a deafening explosion, stopped his speech.

Mechanically and swiftly, we faced the quarter whence it came: a dense umbrella-shaped volume of smoke had risen into the rosy afternoon air. Between us and the mills, ashes, wood-splinters, shattered bricks and mortar, a whole mass of wreckage and ruins, were falling. Every door burst open in the Row, and in a moment Hester was at my side. Grasping her hand tight, we set off and ran, full speed, to the foot-bridge where the drowned woman had been found. As we crossed it, the water, all alight with reflections from the bright sky above it, was rippling, and shivering, and shuddering in its cosy bed below the plank. When we reached the other side, Hester suddenly let go my hand, caught my waist, and twisted me round. 'You mustn't go on—you must go back!' she cried authoritatively.

In vain I struggled and implored; she held me firm. Then I saw that her dilated eyes were drawn again and again to one spot in the osiers on the bank. Wrenching myself round, my eyes followed the direction hers had taken. What was it? Something flung, hurled amongst the reeds—something that had once been a man! As I stared, spellbound, it seemed to me that the blue-shirted arm, every stitch in which was of my own setting, that it moved as though motioning me—a farewell.

After a long, long nightmare, in which I was tormented by succeeding visions of low hills bathed in sunshine, of black, balloon-shaped clouds, of a blue-shirted arm, through all of which rang the continual wailing of an infant, I awoke to find little Jim on my arm, and Hetty sitting beside my bed. That she had saved my life and the baby's, I could well believe. It was weeks before she left us, day or night, and when she did, it was but to find a home for us far away from Grimm's Flats. Mrs Brand lived with us till she died, and thought more, relied more on Hester than on any one else.

Little Jim shall never learn or hear of his father's trade, if Hetty and I can prevent it, lest, again, those who take the sword perish with it. Our boy, we call him, but he is more hers than mine; he will quit me for her any day; and I would not have it otherwise. Her

courage, her constancy, her bright spirits, have upheld us through many trials. She is the strong strand of our threefold cord. If I took one Jim from her, I have given her another; it is her turn now, and she loves the boy as she loved his father, as she loves me, with a love passing the love of women. God forbid that I should grudge Jim paying his parents' debts to Hester!

#### THE OTHER ROOM.

THIS pleasant room, you say, holds all I need;  
Here are my books, my plants, my pictures; friends  
Are round my hearth. Before my eyes recede  
Through the broad casement, river, hill, and mead;  
And better still, at evening there ascends  
Twilight's one star, made to console the gloom.  
There's the door where one enters; here, the fire;  
What more could mortal ask or heart desire?  
And there, the portal of the Other Room.

The life I lead is fair, yet here and there  
Its very sweetness wakes a secret pain  
For some remembered friends who unaware  
Stole through that door, and left this vacant chair,  
That book unread, unsung that well-known strain.  
The door is closed upon their still retreat.  
I call, I listen, but have never known  
The far-off whisper of an answering tone,  
Nor any sound of their returning feet.

Beyond that door, how dream I that they fare,  
What life for them the heart left here foresees?  
Whether through other windows they may share  
My view of hill and stream, and everywhere  
Set round them books and pictures like to these—  
Sing songs like mine, and tend their rose in bloom—  
Whether for them as well, when day is done,  
If there be any setting of their sun,  
My one star charms the twilight of their room.

Surely with purer hearts and clearer eyes,  
Linked with the old life, but with ampler aims,  
Fuller achievement—the old joys they prize  
For joy's sole purpose—that the life should rise  
Beyond the touch of any earthly shames.  
All wisdom there translated into deeds—  
All beauty there traced further to its source,  
My life in theirs pursues its intercourse,  
And theirs in mine still answers to my needs.

When I have finished here my days' routine,  
For me that door shall open. May I stand  
Not trembling, as the larger light serene,  
With its fresh splendours seen and unforeseen,  
Strikes me upon that Threshold. May my hand  
Find near a hand that held it in the gloom,  
A voice that speaks in a remembered tone,  
So leave this humble Parlour of my own  
For the broad peace of that With-drawing Room.

E. BLAIR OLIPHANT.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,  
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON: and EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 581.—VOL. XII.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1895.

PRICE 1½d.

## WAR-CHESTS.

THE menace to the peace of Europe which the death of the late Czar was supposed to imply seems, fortunately, after all, nothing but a groundless fear, and the friendly approaches made by his successor to Germany and England—with which past relationships have not been so intimate as might be desired—would appear to foreshadow a fresh lease to the political quietude of the civilised world. But although the gunpowder may be damped, there is always danger while it is stored up in huge quantities; and while every European Government continues to make preparations for an outbreak of war, there is always the risk that unforeseen circumstances may some day occur to precipitate it. The enormous extent of the military forces is well known to everybody who takes the smallest interest in the history of the day, and their unhealthy effect upon the social life of the people is fully understood. But there is another aspect of the question which is not so apparent, except to the diligent student—the locking-up of enormous masses of treasure for military purposes exercises an enormous influence upon the course and extent of trade and industry throughout the world.

Perhaps the only instance in which gold has been withdrawn from circulation, and deliberately rendered useless by locking it up where it can neither be seen nor handled, except by a few highly-placed Government officials, is that of Germany, which maintains at the fortress of Spandau a literal war-chest. But its contents, after all, do not exceed six millions sterling, and such an amount would make little appreciable difference if returned to the general circulation of the world. It is quite different, however, with the vast sums which are stored in the various national banks of Europe. Great Britain, able to raise large sums of money at a moment's notice, admittedly has no need to make preparations of this nature. Although the trade of the country probably

exceeds that of any other in the world, the amount of gold in the Bank of England is only some thirty-five millions, far above the average of the past few years, and more than sufficient for the trade purposes for which it is required; and were gold wanted for some other country, there would not be a moment's hesitation about parting with a few millions.

Contrast with this the conditions of things on the Continent. The Bank of France has no less than seventy-seven millions sterling in gold stored in its vaults, as well as about fifty millions in silver coin, which, being legal tender, it could put into circulation to meet any demand which might arise for an increase in the currency. The Imperial Bank of Germany holds thirty-seven millions in gold, and upwards of ten in silver; the Austro-Hungarian Bank about fifteen millions in each metal. These countries have all gold currencies, and it might be maintained that their stocks of the metal were simply reserves against the issue of notes, the same as our own Bank of England. But they are far in excess of anything required for such a purpose; and if proof were wanted that there are other objects regarded as of equal or greater importance than the soundness of the currency, it would only be necessary to make the attempt on any large scale to convert the notes into gold bullion with the avowed object of taking it out of the country. The result would undoubtedly be the placing of so many obstacles in the way, that the transaction could only be effected at a loss too heavy to be faced; and while England would readily part with a few out of her thirty-five millions, France would not willingly spare one out of her seventy-seven.

The fact is that the greater part of this gold is regarded as a war reserve, and the respective Governments would not under any circumstances allow it to be parted with. Notes may be issued and circulated against it, and while promptly paid to any extent necessary for the conduct of ordinary internal business, any

attempt to melt them on a large scale would lead probably to the discovery that they were practically inconvertible currency. The accumulation in Austria is of quite recent date, and although made ostensibly for the purpose of changing the then existing silver standard into a gold one, there is little doubt that the main object was to obtain possession of a war reserve like that of their neighbours, and it is only by artificial means that the gold is to-day prevented from again flowing out of the country.

Any pretence of banking reserves completely disappears, however, when we turn to Russia, which in the State banks, the Treasury, and on deposit at call in several foreign countries, is credited with having one hundred millions sterling in gold at its disposal. Its currency is the inconvertible paper rouble, and the bullion answers no other purpose than that of maintaining the credit of the country in the money markets of Europe while peace lasts, and of giving command of a vast treasure for military purposes the moment it is broken.

We have only lately begun to realise the immense part which the formation of these war-chests has played in the commercial depression from which the whole world has been so severely suffering. It is perhaps no exaggeration to say that the amount of hard cash now reserved by the various Governments in view of a possible outbreak of war, exceeds rather than falls short of one hundred and fifty millions sterling, which would not under any circumstances be parted with, even for the most temporary object. It does not require much investigation to prove that the outcome of this must be anything but beneficial. The miser who hoards his gold injures others as well as himself, just as a landowner who deliberately permits his broad acres to lie waste is inflicting a blow upon the community which might live and thrive upon the produce of the soil. For the greater part of the last twenty years, first one nation and then another has played the part of the miser, and laid a greedy hold upon treasure which should have been allowed to circulate and increase many-fold the wealth of those through whose hands it passed. Nor could this have happened at a more unfortunate time; for while the output of silver increased by leaps and bounds, that of gold fell away rapidly. Had silver maintained the position it had always previously held in the world's currency, there would have been but a slight disturbance; for even had the gold been hoarded, there would have been ample silver to take its place. This much may be conceded to the bimetalists, that had silver remained the European standard, trade and commerce might have continued to flourish even while the gold was being withdrawn from circulation. It is, however, useless to speculate on what might have been. The gigantic efforts made to convert Europe into an armed camp have impoverished the people, not merely by demanding their labour, which would have been more profitably employed in tilling the ground and tending the mill or the loom, but by heaping upon them an almost unbearable burden of taxation, which they are so much the less able to meet. While this state of things continues, and

these war-chests are being added to, there can be little hope of any relief.

There is just a hope that the eyes of statesmen are being gradually opened, and that we may be approaching an end of this disastrous policy. Nowhere would the desire to cry 'Halt' in preparation for hostilities be more gladly welcomed than here. It is perhaps too much to hope that there will be any general disarmament, or any dispersion of the hoards which have been accumulated at so great a cost; but it would be some satisfaction to know that they would not be pushed beyond the point they have already reached. We are once more in the midst of a period of great gold discoveries, and South Africa, aided perhaps by Western Australia, promises to replenish the coffers of the world. It would be the height of folly to allow the treasure now being yielded to be swept into the secrecy of military chests, or locked up in military banks, instead of going to enrich those engaged in peaceful avocations.

## THE CHRONICLES OF COUNT ANTONIO.\*

### CHAPTER IV.—COUNT ANTONIO AND THE WIZARD'S DRUG.

THE opinion of man is ever in flux save where it is founded on the rock of true religion. What our fathers believed, we disbelieve; but often our sons shall again receive it. In olden time men held much by magic and black arts; now, such are less esteemed; yet hereafter it may well be that the world will find new incantations and fresh spells, the same impulse flowing in a different channel and never utterly to be checked or stemmed by the censures of the Church or the mocking of unbelievers. As for truth—in truth who knows truth? For the light of Revelation shines but in few places, and for the rest we are in natural darkness, groping along unseen paths towards unknown ends. May God keep our footsteps!

Now towards the close of the third year of his outlawry the heart of Count Antonio of Monte Velluto had grown very sad. For it was above the space of a year since he had heard news of the Lady Lucia, and hard upon two since he had seen her face; so closely did Duke Valentine hold her prisoner in Firmola. And as he walked to and fro among his men in their hiding-place in the hills, his face was sorrowful. Yet, coming where Tommasino and Bena sat together, he stopped and listened to their talk with a smile. For Bena cried to Tommasino, 'By the saints, my lord, it is even so! My father himself had a philtre from him thirty years ago; and though, before, my mother had loathed to look on my father, yet now here am I, nine-and-twenty years of age and a child born in holy wedlock. Never tell me that it is foolishness, my lord!'

'Of whom do you speak, Bena?' asked Antonio.

'Of the Wizard of Baratesta, my lord. Ay, and he can do more than make a love-potion. He can show you all that shall come to you in a mirror, and make the girl you love rise

\* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

before your eyes as though the shape were good flesh and blood.'

'All this is foolishness, Bena,' said Count Antonio.

'Well, God knows that,' said Bena. 'But he did it for my father; and as he is thirty years older, he will be wiser still by now;' and Bena strode off to tend his horse, somewhat angry that Antonio paid so little heed to his words.

'It is all foolishness, Tommasino,' said Antonio.

'They say that of many a thing which gives a man pleasure,' said Tommasino.

'I have heard of this man before,' continued the Count, 'and marvellous stories are told of him. Now I leave what shall come to me in the hands of Heaven; for to know is not to alter, and knowledge without power is but fretting of the heart; but'— And Antonio broke off.

'Ride then, if you can safely, and beg him to show you Lucia's face,' said Tommasino. 'For to that I think you are making.'

'In truth I was, fool that I am,' said Antonio.

'But be wary; for Baratesta is but ten miles from the city, and His Highness sleeps with an open eye.'

So Antonio, albeit that he was in part ashamed, learned from Bena where the wizard dwelt on the bridge that is outside the gate of Baratesta—for the Syndic would not suffer such folk to live inside the wall—and one evening he saddled his horse and rode alone, to seek the wizard, leaving Tommasino in charge of the band. And as he went, he pondered, saying, 'I am a fool—yet I would see her face;' and thus, still dubbing himself fool, yet still persisting, he came to the bridge of Baratesta; and the wizard, who was a very old man and tall and marvellously lean, met him at the door of the house, crying, 'I looked for your coming, my lord.' And he took Antonio's horse from him and stood it in a stable beside the house, and led Antonio in, saying again, 'Your coming was known to me, my lord;' and he brought Antonio to a chamber at the back of the house, having one window, past which the river, being then in flood, rushed with noise and fury. There were many strange things in the chamber, skulls and the forms of animals from far-off countries, great jars, basins, and retorts; and in one corner a mirror half-draped in a black cloth.

'You know who I am?' asked Antonio.

'That needs no art,' answered the wizard; 'and I pretend to none in it. Your face, my lord, was known to me as to any other man, from seeing you ride with the Duke before your banishment.'

'And you knew that I rode hither to-night?'

'Ay,' said the wizard. 'For the stars told of the coming of some great man; and I turned from my toil and watched for you.'

'What toil?' asked Antonio. 'See, here is money, and I have a quiet tongue. What toil?'

The wizard pointed to a heap of broken and bent pieces of base metal. 'I was turning dross to gold,' said he, in a fearful whisper.

'Can you do that?' asked Antonio, smiling.

'I can, my lord, though but slowly.'

'And hate to love?' asked Count Antonio.

The wizard laughed harshly. 'Let them that prize love, seek that,' said he. 'It is not for me.' 'I would it had been—then had my errand here been a better one. For I am come but to see the semblance of a maiden's face.'

The wizard frowned as he said, 'I had looked for a greater matter. For you have a great enemy, my lord, and I have means of power for freeing men of their enemies.'

But Count Antonio, knowing that he spoke of some dark device of spell or poison, answered, 'Enough! enough! For I am a man of quick temper, and it is not well to tell me of wicked things, lest I be tempted to anticipate Heaven's punishment.'

'I shall not die at your hands, my lord,' said the wizard. 'Come, will you see what shall befall you?'

'Nay, I would but see my lady's face; a great yearning for that has come over me, and, although I take shame in it, yet it has brought me here.'

'You shall see it then—and if you see more, it is not by my will,' said the wizard; and he quenched the lamp that burned on the table, and flung a handful of some powder on the charcoal in the stove; and the room was filled with a thick sweet-smelling vapour. And the wizard tore the black cloth off the face of the mirror and bade Antonio look steadily in the mirror. Antonio looked till the vapour that enveloped all the room cleared off from the face of the mirror, and the wizard, laying his hand on Antonio's shoulder, said, 'Cry her name thrice.' And Antonio thrice cried 'Lucia!' and again waited. Then something came on the polished surface of the mirror; but the wizard muttered low and angrily, for it was not the form of Lucia or of any maiden; yet presently he cried low, 'Look, my lord, look!' and Antonio, looking, saw a dim and shadowy face in the mirror; and the wizard began to fling his body to and fro, uttering strange whispered words; and the sweat stood in beads on his forehead. 'Now, now!' he cried; and Antonio, with beating heart, fastened his gaze on the mirror. And as the story goes (I vouch not for it) he saw, though very dimly, the face of Lucia; but more he saw also; for beside the face was his own face, and there was a rope about his neck, and the half-shaped arm of a gibbet seemed to hover above him. And he shrank back for an instant.

'What more you see is not by my will,' said the wizard.

'What shall come is only by God's will,' said Antonio. 'I have seen her face. It is enough.'

But the wizard clutched him by the arm, whispering in terror, 'It is a gibbet—and the rope is about your neck.'

'Indeed, I seem to have worn it there these three years—and it is not drawn tight yet; nor is it drawn in the mirror.'

'You have a good courage,' said the wizard with a grim smile. 'I will show you more;' and he flung another powder on the charcoal; and the shapes passed from the mirror. But another came; and the wizard, with a great cry, fell suddenly on his knees, exclaiming, 'They mock me, they mock me! They show

what they will, not what I will. Ah, my lord, whose is the face in the mirror?' And he seized Antonio again by the arm.

'It is your face,' said Antonio; 'and it is the face of a dead man, for his jaw has dropped, and his features are drawn and wrung.'

The wizard buried his face in his hands; and so they rested awhile till the glass of the mirror cleared; and Antonio felt the body of the wizard shaking against his knee.

'You are old,' said Antonio, 'and death must come to all. Maybe it is a lie of the devil; but if not, face it as a man should.'

But the wizard trembled still; and Antonio, casting a pitiful glance on him, rose to depart. But on the instant as he moved, there came a sudden loud knocking at the door of the house, and he stood still. The wizard lifted his head to listen.

'Have you had warning of more visitors to-night?' asked Antonio.

'I know not what happens to-night,' muttered the wizard. 'My power is gone to-night.'

The knocking at the door came again, loud and impatient.

'They will beat the door down if you do not open,' said Antonio. 'I will hide myself here behind the mirror; for I cannot pass them without being seen; and if I am seen here, it is like enough that the mirror will be proved right both for you and me.'

So Antonio hid himself, crouching down behind the mirror; and the wizard, having lit a small diim lamp, went on trembling feet to the door. And presently he came back, followed by two men whose faces were hid in their cloaks. One of them sat down, but the other stood and flung his cloak back over his shoulders; and Antonio, observing him from behind the mirror, saw that he was Lorenzo, the Duke's favourite.

Then Lorenzo spoke to the wizard, saying, 'Why did you not come sooner to open the door?'

'There was one here with me,' said the wizard, whose air had become again composed.

'And is he gone? For we would be alone.'

'He is not to be seen,' answered the wizard. 'Utterly alone here you cannot be.'

When he heard this, Lorenzo turned pale; for he did not love this midnight errand to the wizard's chamber.

'But no man is here,' said the wizard.

A low hoarse laugh came from the man who sat. 'Tricks of the trade, tricks of the trade!' said he; and Antonio started to hear his voice. 'Be sure that where a prince, a courtier, and a cheat are together, the devil makes a fourth. But there is no need to turn pale over it, Lorenzo.'

And when the wizard heard, he fell on his knees; for he knew that it was Duke Valentine who spoke.

'Look you, fellow,' pursued His Highness, 'you owe me much thanks that you are not hanged already; for by putting an end to you I should please my clergy much and the Syndic of Baratesta not a little. And if you do not obey me to-night, you shall be dead before morning.'

'I shall not die unless it be written in the stars,' said the wizard, but his voice trembled.

'I know nothing of the stars,' said the Duke, 'but I know the mind of the Duke of Firmola, and that is enough for my purpose.' And he rose and began to walk about the chamber, examining the strange objects that were there; and thus he came in front of the mirror, and stood within half a yard of Antonio. But Lorenzo stood where he was, and once he crossed himself secretly and unobserved.

'What would my lord the Duke?' asked the wizard.

'There is a certain drug,' said the Duke, turning round towards the wizard, 'which if a man drink—or a woman, Lorenzo—he can walk on his legs and use his arms, and seem to be waking and in his right mind—yet is his mind a nothing; for he knows not what he does, but does everything that one, being with him, may command, and without seeming reluctance; and again, when bidden, he will seem to lose all power of movement, and to lack his senses. I saw the thing once when I sojourned with the Lord of Florence; for a wizard there, having given the drug to a certain man, put him through strange antics; and he performed them all willingly.'

'Ay, there is such a drug,' said the wizard.

'Then give it me,' said the Duke; 'and I give you your life and fifty pieces of gold. For I have great need of it.'

Now when Antonio heard the Duke's words, he was seized with great fear; for he surmised that it was against Lucia that the Duke meant to use this drug; and noiselessly he loosened his sword in its sheath and bent forward again to listen.

'And though my purpose is nothing to you, yet it is a benevolent purpose. Is it not, Lorenzo?'

'It is your will, not mine, my lord,' said Lorenzo in a troubled voice.

'Mine shall be the crime, then, and yours the reward,' laughed the Duke. 'For I will give her the drug, and she shall wed you.'

Then Antonio doubted no longer of what was afoot, nor that a plot was laid whereby Lucia should be entrapped into marriage with Lorenzo, since she could not be openly forced. And anger burned hotly in him. And he swore that, sooner than suffer the thing to be done, he would kill the Duke there with his own hand or himself be slain.

'And you alone know of this drug now, they say,' the Duke went on. 'For the wizard of Florence is dead. Therefore give it me quickly.'

But the wizard answered, 'It will not serve, my lord, that I give you the drug. With my own hand I must give it to the persons whom you would thus affect, and I must tell them what they should do.'

'More tricks!' said the Duke scornfully. 'I know your ways. Give me the drug.' And he would not believe what the wizard said.

'It is even as I say,' said the wizard. 'And if Your Highness will carry the drug yourself, I will not vouch its operation.'

'Give it me; for I know the appearance of it,' said the Duke.

Then the wizard, having again protested, went to a certain shelf and from some hidden recess took a small phial, and came with it to the Duke, saying, 'Blame me not, if its operation fail.'

The Duke examined the phial closely, and also smelt its smell. 'It is the same,' said he. 'It will do its work.'

Then Count Antonio, who believed no more than the Duke what the wizard had said concerning the need of his own presence for the working of the drug, was very sorely put to it to stay quietly where he was; for if the Duke rode away now with the phial, he might well find means to give it to the Lady Lucia before any warning could be conveyed to her. And, although the danger was great, yet his love for Lucia and his fear for her overcame his prudence, and suddenly he leaped forth from behind the mirror, drawing his sword and crying, 'Give me that drug, my lord, or your life must answer for it.'

But fortune served him ill; for as the Duke and Lorenzo shrank back at his sudden appearance, and he was about to spring on them, behold, his foot caught in the folds of the black cloth that had been over the mirror and now lay on the ground, and, falling forward, he struck his head on the marble rim that ran round the charcoal stove, and having fallen with great force, lay there like a man dead. With loud cries of triumph, the Duke and Lorenzo, having drawn their swords, ran upon him; and the Duke planted his foot upon his neck, crying, 'Heaven sends a greater prize! At last, at last I have him! Bind his hands, Lorenzo.'

Lorenzo bound Antonio's hands as he lay there, a log for stillness. The Duke turned to the wizard, and a smile bent his lips. 'O faithful subject and servant!' said he. 'Well do you requite my mercy and forbearance, by harbouring my bitterest enemies and suffering them to hear my secret counsels. Had not Antonio chanced to trip, it is like enough he would have slain Lorenzo and me also. What shall be your reward, O faithful servant?'

When the Wizard of Baratesta beheld the look that was on Duke Valentine's face, he suddenly cried aloud, 'The mirror, the mirror!' and sank in a heap on the floor, trembling in every limb; for he remembered the aspect of his own face in the mirror, and knew that the hour of his death had come. And he feared mightily to die; therefore he besought the Duke very piteously, and told him again that from his hand alone could the drug receive its potency. And so earnest was he in this, that at last he half-won upon the Duke, so that the Duke wavered. And, as he doubted, his eye fell on Antonio; and he perceived that Antonio was recovering from his swoon.

'There is enough for two,' said he, 'in the phial; and we will put this thing to the test. But if you speak or move or make any sign whatever, in that moment you shall die.' Then the Duke poured half the contents of the phial into a glass and came to Lorenzo and whispered to him, 'If the drug works on him, and the wizard is proved to lie, the wizard shall die; but we will carry Antonio with us; and when

I have mustered my Guard, I will hang him in the square as I have sworn. But if the drug does not work, then we must kill him here; for I fear to carry him against his will; for he is a wonderful man, full of resource, and the people also love him. Therefore, if the operation of the drug fail, run him through with your sword when I give the signal.'

Now Antonio was recovering from his swoon, and he overheard part of what the Duke said, but not all. As to the death of the wizard he did not hear, but he understood that the Duke was about to test the effect of the drug on him, and that if it had no effect, he was to die; whereas, if its operation proved sufficient, he should go alive; and he saw here a chance for his life in case what the wizard had said should prove true.

'Drink, Antonio,' said the Duke softly. 'No harm comes to you. Drink: it is a refreshing draught.'

And Antonio drank the draught, the wizard looking on with parted lips and with great drops of sweat running from his forehead, and thence down his cheeks to his mouth, so that his lips were salt when he licked them. And the Duke, having seen that Lorenzo had his sword ready for Antonio, took his stand by the wizard with the dagger from his belt in his hand. And he cried to Antonio, 'Rise.' And Antonio rose up. The wizard started a step towards him; but the Duke showed his dagger, and said to Antonio, 'Will you go with me to Firmola, Antonio?'

And Antonio answered, 'I will go.' 'Do you love me, Antonio?' asked the Duke.

'Ay, my lord,' answered Antonio. 'Yet you have done many wicked things against me.'

'True, my lord,' said Antonio.

'Is your mind then changed?'

'It is, my lord,' said Antonio.

'Then leap two paces into the air,' said the Duke; and Antonio straightway obeyed.

'Go down on your knees and crawl,' and Antonio crawled, smiling secretly to himself.

Then the Duke bade Lorenzo mount Antonio on his horse; and he commanded the wizard to follow him; and they all went out where the horses were; and the three mounted, and the wizard followed; and they came to the end of the bridge. There the Duke turned sharp round and rode by the side of the rushing river. And, suddenly pausing, he said to Antonio, 'Commend thy soul to God and leap in.'

And Antonio commended his soul to God, and would have leaped in; but the Duke caught him by the arm even as he set spurs to his horse, saying, 'Do not leap.' And Antonio stayed his leap. Then the Duke turned his face upon the wizard, saying, 'The potion works, wizard. Why did you lie?'

Then the wizard fell on his knees, cursing hell and heaven; for he could not see how he should escape. For the potion worked. And Antonio wondered what should fall out next. But Duke Valentine leaped down from his horse and approached the wizard, while Lorenzo set his sword against Antonio's breast. And the

Duke, desirous to make a final trial, cried again to Antonio, 'Fling yourself from your horse.' And Antonio, having his arms bound, yet flung himself from his horse, and fell prone on the ground, and lay there sorely bruised.

'It is enough,' said the Duke. 'You lied, wizard.'

But the wizard cried, 'I lied not, I lied not, my lord. Slay me not, my lord! For I dare not die.'

But the Duke caught him by the throat and drove his dagger into his breast till the fingers that held the dagger were buried in the folds of the wizard's doublet; and the Duke pulled out the dagger, and, when the wizard fell, he pushed him with his foot over the brink, and the body fell with a loud splash into the river below.

Thus died the Wizard of Baratesta, who was famed above all of his day for the hidden knowledge that he had; yet he served not God, but Satan, and his end was the end of a sinner. And, many days after, his body was found a hundred miles from that place; and certain charitable men, brethren of my own order, gave it burial. So that he died that same night in which the mirror had shown him his face as the face of a dead man; but whence came the vision I know not.

#### ABOUT LENTILS.

SOME years ago there was quite a 'boom' in lentil soup among the Faculty, and much was heard of the nourishing qualities of this humble member of the Pulse family. Perhaps we consume more of it than we are aware, under some fanciful name or other; but as the Agricultural Department of the United States is taking steps to promote the cultivation in America—where the consumption of imported lentils is considerable—a little information on the subject may not be amiss.

Opinions, no doubt, have not always been agreed as to the food-value of the plant. Professor Johnston, of *The Chemistry of Common Life*, wrote that 'The bean, the pea, the lupin, the vetch, the lentil, and other varieties of pulse, contain, as a distinguishing character of the whole class, a large percentage of gluten mixed with a comparatively small percentage of fat. On an average, the proportion of gluten is about twenty-four, and of fat about two, in every hundred. The gluten of these kinds of grain resembles that of the oat, and does not, therefore, fit bean or pease meal for being converted into a spongy bread. The large proportion in which this ingredient is present in them, however, renders all kinds of pulse very nutritious.'

Another writer says: 'Notwithstanding the common use of lentils in cookery, there is no doubt that they are very unwholesome. They are not only hard and difficult of digestion, but were believed to have been the cause of the severe scrofulous disorders common in Egypt, where they are largely used.' But modern authorities incline to the belief that lentils are very nutritious and wholesome when eaten along with a proper admixture of fatty foods. Smith's *Dictionary of Economic Plants* refers to the meal

of lentils as 'very nutritious,' and as sold in this country as invalid food under the name of 'Revalenta.'

There are various kinds of lentils; but what is mostly used for food is the Common Lentil (*Lens esculenta*, better known as *Errum lens*), which Smith describes as a weak, pea-like wing-leaved annual of the Bean family, cultivated in Egypt and Palestine from remote antiquity, its seeds being the lentil of Scripture spoken of in the time of Jacob, of which the red pottage given to Esau was made.

At one time the lentil was pretty extensively grown throughout most of the Continent of Europe, where the seeds have been long used by the peasants, either in the form of a thick soup, or served as a vegetable like beans. But to be a profitable crop it requires cheap land and cheap labour, as well as special conditions of soil and climate, so that the culture has come to be very much concentrated in Austria-Hungary and in Russia, though not altogether neglected in other parts.

The produce of Austria-Hungary—chiefly raised in the provinces of Moravia and Bohemia—is estimated at about half a million bushels annually. Consul Karel of Prague recently furnished the United States Department of Agriculture with some interesting information about the culture. Lentils, it seems, will not thrive in moisture, either of the soil or the atmosphere, and flourish best in a warm and dry climate, with a light sandy or loamy soil. In rich soil they yield more stalk than grain, produce more leaves and less blossom, and consequently yield fewer seeds. The soil intended for lentils is generally treated in the same way as that for pease. The ground should be manured and ploughed late in the Fall, for fresh manure is not good for the lentil. It does well in fallow soil, in soils which have been used for cereals, and especially after potatoes. Thoroughly ploughing and preparing the ground for sowing in the Fall, and then sowing in the spring, and lightly harrowing, is the best mode of cultivation. The seeds are only lightly covered. When the pods begin to grow yellow, harvesting begins, and the cutting is done with a blunt sickle.

Three varieties of lentil are grown in Bohemia—the Penny Lentil, considered the best, but which rapidly degenerates in poor soil; the Common Lentil; and the Black Lentil, small in seed, and not much in favour. The exports are to France, Germany, and the United States; but there is a large home consumption. The inferior kinds are ground into a flour called *Kraft-Mehl*, which is used as a stiffening for soups and sauces. The straw is esteemed for cattle-food, after being steeped in hot water. The best kinds are prepared for the table in a variety of ways. First, the skin is removed, as being indigestible; then they are boiled slowly for three hours till soft. After that, they are either mixed with chopped onions fried in butter, or mixed with raw *Sauerkraut*, or served up with sausage or smoked meat. In the Austrian restaurants a thick gravy is much esteemed which is made of lentils, flour, and finely chopped onions browned in butter, and is served with partridge or quail.

In Germany they seem to prefer lentils in



soup; but another favourite form is as porridge, or pottage, of a dark-brown colour, considered the best food for a long journey. According to a German authority, the lentil contains 54·78 per cent. of starch and dextrin, 24·81 per cent. of albumen, 12·51 per cent. of water, 3·58 per cent. of cellulose, 2·47 per cent. of salt, and 1·85 per cent. of oil. And both in France and Germany lentil food is frequently prescribed by doctors for their patients.

In France, the consumption is very large, though not universal, for while in some provinces and towns lentil food is used as a staple by the peasantry and working-classes as both economical and nutritious, in other parts it is used only as an accessory. One thing which popularises the lentil in poor households is that a few ounces bought at market may, by judicious cooking, be made to fill a large dish. As an item in the French *pot-au-feu*, the lentil is ubiquitous; and for nursing mothers it is believed by the peasant-women to be invaluable. Sometimes it is ground into flour and made into bread; and it is said to be even used in the manufacture of cocoa and chocolate, but to what extent we are unaware.

We have it on the authority of Monsieur Vendront of Calais that 'the north of France cultivates a rather large quantity of lentils for animal food, especially for horses. On almost every farm people sow, in September, a mixture called *hivernache*, composed of one-half of rye, one-fourth of vetch, and one-fourth of lentils. The crop is ripe in July, and in the autumn is reported to be one of the best stimulants for horses when they have the heaviest work to do. It spares the oats at the moment when oats are scarce, the old stock being exhausted, and the new crop not fit for feed. This mixture offers great advantages, because the rye has grain at the top of the bunch, vetch in the middle, and the lentils about one foot high give rich food at the bottom of the bunch, where the straw has rarely any nutritive qualities. If it is given whole, the animals find everywhere good food; and if it is chopped, the mixture is more regular. Sometimes cows are fed with this *hivernache* when the meadow grasses are scarce and poor, and the milk at once becomes more plentiful and richer in butter.'

Why, then, only 'sometimes,' if the effects on a milch-cow are so good? Because the lentil, being highly nitrogenous, is heating, and must not be given too liberally to any animals.

It is a curious fact, that although lentils are on sale in the shops and markets of most of the towns and villages of France, and are so extensively consumed, yet the introduction of lentil-food into the French navy almost produced a mutiny. The remonstrances were so 'strong' that beans had to be substituted.

The consumption in France far exceeds the production, and supplies are drawn from Moravia, Bohemia, Spain, and Chili. There is a fair output in Alsace-Lorraine; but Germany takes it all, and has, besides, to import about twelve million pounds annually from Austria-Hungary, Russia, and Chili.

In Italy the cultivation is general, though

not extensive; and there lentils are consumed by almost everybody, either in soup or cooked with meat, or made into bread.

In Russia, lentils are grown by the peasant-farmers in preference to pease, because they require less attention, and the straw is more valuable than pea-straw. Then they leave the earth in good condition for cereals. Thus the production is considerable, and there is a large surplus for export, for the crop is found to be both economically and technically profitable. The cultivation in Russia is extending year by year, and promises to be one of the most important of the agricultural industries.

In India the lentil is most extensively cultivated in the Central Provinces and in the Presidency of Madras, but it is found almost everywhere as a winter-crop. It is grown in the Punjab up to a height of five thousand feet. In Bengal it forms what is known as an inundation crop, sown in December and January, and reaped (not pulled) in March and April. In the North-west Provinces it is often sown while the rice-stalks are standing, and is allowed to grow up among them. While it is largely cultivated in the Central Provinces, a curious fact is that the Satnámic Chamars will have nothing to do with it because, they say, its red colour makes it resemble flesh!

The Indian ryot finds the lentil an easy crop to work, yielding—with irrigation—up to 960 pounds an acre from eighty pounds of seed, with little preliminary working and little attention. He eats it as *dal*, and flavours it with the aromatics dear to the Asiatic palate. He considers it the most nutritious of all the pulses, but not to be eaten too freely because of its heating qualities. He will even eat the young pod as a vegetable, while he preserves the dry leaves and stalks as fodder for his cow.

But it is in Egypt that the lentil crop is of most value, for in the Land of the Pharaohs the lentil forms one-sixth of the food of the people, besides being extensively exported to other countries. It is well suited to the soil and climate, as it requires little irrigation save what the Nile provides. The Egyptian lentils are reputed the best and most nutritious in the world. From Cairo to Assouan, the farmers of the Nile Valley regularly rotate the crop with wheat or maize, gathering it in about the end of April. Every peasant grows enough for his own consumption, making it into porridge, which he finds both wholesome and sustaining, and the cheapest food he can obtain. In Cairo, Alexandria, Ismailia, Suez, Port Said, and the other towns, the consumption in soup is very large. Most of the export goes to London, there to be converted into invalid or 'patent' food, under some fanciful name at a fanciful price.

In an article on the 'Lentil in Scotland' in this *Journal* for 1851, it was mentioned that a Frenchman resident in Edinburgh had succeeded in sowing a crop and bringing it to perfection near Queensferry. But in Great Britain the lentil has hardly yet taken the place to which its high food value entitles it. Still, considerable quantities are used like split peas to make lentil soup, than which there can be no more cheap or nourishing food for the people. Lentil meal, or ground lentils, may be used with

advantage; prepare like corn-flour, boil twenty minutes, and eat with stewed fruit. For the sake of those who may not have already tried lentil soup, we give the following plain receipt. To one pound of lentils add ten breakfast cupsfuls of water, one onion, and a small piece of carrot and turnip; pepper and salt, and a small piece of butter, fresh dripping, or ham bone. Boil two and a half hours and strain. Some further receipts were given in an article in this *Journal* for 1879, entitled 'Lentils—Cheap Cookery.'

## THE GOVERNESS AT GREENBUSH.

### CHAPTER III.

'WHAT did he do?'

They were the first faint words that fell from the bloodless lips, and Millicent was much too thankful to think twice of their meaning. Besides, she had things to ask the Governess. How was she now? Was her head too low? Had she hurt herself as she fell?

'What did he do?' repeated the faint voice, a little less faintly.

'Dear, I will tell you in a minute'—

'Tell me now. What did he do? Did he—remember?'

Millicent did her best to describe the effect of the song upon the man. She omitted nothing.

The Governess gave a great sigh. 'Thank God!' she said. 'There was no time to think. It was all on the spur of the moment. But I knew that you were there, and would see. And you saw all that; it was there for you to see!' She closed her eyes, and her lips moved in thanksgiving.

'Yes, I saw—his soul,' said Milly timidly; 'it is not dead. I saw more—I saw his love!'

The fair head shook. 'No; that must be dead.'

'Then why did it move him so? Why did he mind? What could the song be to him, if you were nothing? You are everything! Nothing—nothing is dead. But oh, my dear, what can have brought him to this?' The foolish question slipped out unguarded.

Miss Winfrey met it with a dumb, bewildered look, and then climbed feebly to her feet. 'I have,' she replied at length. 'I have brought him to this. But I'll bring him back from it, so help me Heaven!' And as she stood there, head on high, making the most of her last inch, Millicent again beheld the white, keen face touched for an instant with all the radiant exaltation of the Hosts of God.

'I might have known it,' continued Miss Winfrey, in a calmer, more contemplative tone. 'I knew him; I might have guessed the rest. Such troubles come and go with the ordinary young man, but Wilfred was never that. His name is Wilfred Ferrers, Milly—your Cattle-station Bill! As I have told you, his father was a country clergyman; and clergymen's sons are always the worst. Willie had been rather

wild before I knew him; he used to tell me all about it, for he was the most open-hearted boy in all the world, and could keep nothing to himself. If he could, he wouldn't; for sail under his true colours he must, he used to say, even if they were the black flag. But they weren't. His wildness was one-half high spirits, and the other half good-nature. But it showed the man. He had once—I almost smile when I remember how he was once before the magistrates for some reckless boyish folly at the hospital! He would stick at nothing; but he used to say that I could do what I liked with him, make what I would of him. And what have I made?' cried the unhappy girl, with a sudden storm of sobs. 'A broken heart—a broken life!' She sank down at one of the desks, threw her arms upon the slope, and wept passionately. But suddenly again she sat up, rapped the desk with her knuckles, and looked resolutely, masterfully at Millicent, out of her streaming eyes.

'What am I saying? I've said more than I mean. What I have done, I can undo; what I have ruined, I can redeem. This is no coincidence, Milly. Never tell me that! It is God's plan. He in His mercy means me to repair my wrong. He has given me this chance. . . . I am going to my own room, Milly. I want you to leave me alone, dear. I want to thank Him on my knees. And then—and then—the good God will teach me how to act!'

She was entirely unstrung. Millicent led her to her room and made her lie down. Then the younger girl brought luncheon on a tray, and the Governess ate without seeming to know what she did. The afternoon she spent alone with her emergency. The homestead was very quiet. The young men were still away. The first sounds that penetrated to the darkened room were the merry voices of the returning children. By this time Miss Winfrey had broken the back of her dilemma. She now arose, and going forth in her right mind, found Millicent hovering near the door. The girls linked arms, and sauntered in the home-paddock till dinner-time.

'Here are his tracks,' cried Millicent, stopping as they intersected her road. 'His galloping tracks!'

The Governess had not the bush-girl's eye for a trail. To her, one hoof-mark was like another, and they honeycombed the road in millions. But she followed Milly's finger with thoughtful eyes, and presently she put a question: 'How far is it to the cattle station?'

'Fourteen miles.'

'Five to the township, and'—

'Nine beyond. You turn to the left, and take the bridle-path to the right. Then you come to a gate. Then you cross a five-mile paddock; and it's half-way across the next one, close to the left-hand fence.'

'Thank you. I shall go and see him.'

'When he gets back?'

'Gets back! Where from?'

'The township,' said Milly reluctantly.

'Did he look to you as though he were going there?'

'I—I thought so; but I daresay I was wrong. I'm sure I was!' cried Millicent.

'I wish I were sure,' said Miss Winfrey with a sigh. 'Yes, dear,' she added, 'I shall wait until he gets back.'

A voice said close behind them: 'The dinner is getting cold!'

The voice was Mrs Pickering's. In the soft sand they had heard no step. Both girls changed colour, and in Mrs Pickering's eye there was a curious light. But she had never been more civil to Miss Winfrey than at dinner that night; and after dinner she clamoured for a song. This was almost unprecedented. And the song she wanted was the song which she had heard in the distance that afternoon. But the Governess made her excuses, and went early to her own room.

An hour later there was a tentative, light knock at Miss Winfrey's door; and no answer. Mrs Pickering knocked again and louder. She carried a lighted candle; her hand trembled, and the hot grease spattered the floor. There was still no answer, so the lady tried the door. It was unlocked. She walked in. 'I thought so!' muttered Mrs Pickering, in a triumphant tone. She passed her candle over the untouched bed; she poked it into the empty corners; and it was some minutes before she could bring herself to quit the deserted room that filled her with so shrewd a sense of personal satisfaction.

Her satisfaction was only too well founded. It was then just eleven, and at that very hour the indomitable Miss Winfrey was tramping into view of the township lights. These were few enough at such an hour. The grog-shanties alone were still lit up. But the grog-shanties were precisely the places which Miss Winfrey intended to reconnoitre, and she began with the one which enjoyed the coaching patronage. It was here that she had seen him—little dreaming whom she saw—lying face downward, on the very day of her arrival. It was here that she might find him now.

She approached the hotel with a tardy access of reasonable caution. The veranda was empty—as empty as the township street—and that was fortunate. The girl's heart was failing her for the first time. But though it beat and beat, it did not beat her out of an idea that scared her even as she prepared to act upon it then and there. She slipped off her shaking shoes; she took them in her trembling hand, and she crept along the dark veranda to the flaring, noisy bar, and peeped through the open door to make sure that he was not there.

He was not. There was no man whom she recognised, save a Greenbush rabbitier, a hulking blackbeard, widely known as Fat Frank. Fat Frank was dangerously drunk. He was ruling that bar with a rough, roystering humour but indifferently reflected on the other faces which passed the Governess's quick scrutiny. A belated thought now stung her: suppose her old lover had been there, what could she have done? Gone in among that godless crew? At the bare idea, her head swam, an involuntary cry escaped her lips, and in the deadly stillness that followed she heard her heart thump once. Before its next beat she had taken to her stockinged heels, fled from the veranda, and doubled to the back of the hotel.

But a drunken voice was after her. It called on her to stop; it gained upon her; it pressed her with horrid protestations shouted out for all the township to hear. In the yard there stood a haystack in the angle of two wire fences. The girl squeezed through the wires and hid behind the stack. Again she heard her own heart; it was a dark night; she had perplexed her pursuer, and silenced his voice.

Suddenly, to her horror, she heard the wires jingling to her left: instantly she got through those on her right; but she left them jingling too, and the drunken voice, storming and blaspheming now, followed in full cry as she reached the open street. Moreover, it was alone. The fraternity in the bar had been glad to get rid of Fat Frank.

Yet the unhappy girl could not take refuge in the hotel. She would be recognised—the thought was insupportable. She had but one friend in the township—Miss Crisp, the post-mistress—an early acquaintance with whom the girl had since forgathered more than once after riding in with some of her pupils for the mail. So to the post-office she sped like an arrow; but Fat Frank sang after her like a round-shot; and the nearer she came, the clearer was it that Miss Crisp was in bed and asleep. Yet the voice was gaining on her. And even if the door was locked, there was more safety on that friendly door-step than in the middle of the empty street.

The chase had a singular termination. As the girl pushed open the wicket-gate in front of the post-office, her ears told her that her pursuer had suddenly dropped behind.

'You old hag!' shouted the thick voice hoarsely. 'I've a mind to smash you! To run like that! Who'd have thought it was you?'

At the same instant the post-mistress unlocked the front door, and stood on the threshold with a lighted lamp in her hand, and her kind face wrinkled with surprise and concern. 'Come in, come in,' she said. 'Thank goodness, I heard the brute!—What—bless the lot of us!—it's never Miss Winfrey?'

'It is,' said the Governess, with a wan smile and a hand on her heart. 'And I don't want you to ask what I'm doing here, please; I want you only to—help me!'

The post-mistress pushed her pale visitor into a chair; she had already locked the door again. 'Miss Winfrey, I won't mention this to a soul.'

'Thank you.'

'But I'll make you some tea this minute!'

'God bless you!'

'No, no; save your breath, my dear. Let's call it the middle of the afternoon; let's say you've just popped in for five-o'clock tea! It won't take long, my dear, it won't take long.'

It took exactly five minutes. Meantime, the girl recovered—put on her shoes—and made up her mind. Her hand was on the plough; she might not take it away; but to proceed with success, she must be disingenuous now. Her woman's wit discerned the way. 'Was that—was that Cattle-station Bill who was running after me?'

'Bill? Not it. I know Bill; he wouldn't do such a thing, drunk or sober.'

The girl's heart leaped. 'But he's in the township, isn't he?'

'Not he.'

'Are you positive?'

'Quite. He's back at his hut, for I saw him go—galloping like a mad thing!'

'What time was that?'

'Between four and five.'

'And you think he's safe at his hut?' said Miss Winfrey, who knew that the cattle station was nothing more.

'I'm convinced he is; he was going that way, at all events.'

'Then I'll go back to mine,' said Miss Winfrey, smiling; and she rose and took leave of her benefactor with a grateful kiss. 'Poor thing,' she thought, as she walked away; 'I am a nice one to accept her kindness! But there was no reason to tell her anything now; and what was there to tell? Nothing has happened—yet!' and she gazed at the white southern stars, and felt that the gorgeous night was big with her fate.

She made an elaborate *déour*, and struck the main road once more considerably to the left of the township. That amounted to the same thing as turning to the left through the township street. She now stood still to rehearse the remainder of Milly's directions, which she had by heart. She was to take the bridle-path to the right, which would bring her to a gate; she was then to cross a five-mile paddock; and—and that was enough for the present.

The bridle-path was easily found. It brought her to the gate without let or panic. But by this time the girl had walked many miles, and her feet were very sore. So she perched herself upon the gate, and watched an attenuated moon float clear of the inhospitable sand-hills, and sail like a silver gondola on a sombre sea. But as the ache left her feet, it crept into her heart with all the paralysing wonder as to what she should say and do when at last she found her poor love. And immediately she jumped down and continued her tramp; for she was obliged to do what she was doing, only it was easier to walk, than to look, ahead.

The thin moon was much higher when its wan rays shone once more upon the wires of a fence running right and left into the purple walls of the night. There were no trees now. The vague immensity of the plains was terrifying to the imaginative girl, who had felt for some time as if she were walking by a miracle upon a lonely sea: a miracle that might end any moment: a sea that supported her on sufferance capriciously. But with the fence and the gate came saner thought, and a clear sight of the true occasion for fear and trembling. She was now within two or three miles of the hut. What was she to do when she got there? She did not know, she would not think. She would get there first, and trust in her God.

She went through this gate without resting; she was no longer conscious of bodily pains. She followed up the fence on the left, according to Milly's directions, walking at the top of

her speed for half an hour. Then all at once she trembled and stood still: there was the hut. It was as though it had risen out of the ground, so sudden was the sight of it, standing against the fence, end-on to her, scarce a hundred yards from where she was. She got no farther just then; the courage of her act forsook her at the last. She had no more strength of heart or limb, and she sank to the ground with a single sob. The slip of a moon was sickening in a sorrow sky when the girl stood up next.

The dawn put new life in her will. She would wait till sunrise before she made a sound. Meanwhile, if the hut door was open, she would perhaps peep in. The door was open; there was a faint light within; she could see it through the interstices of the logs as she approached; it also fell in a sickly, flickering beam upon the sand without. And after a little, she did peep in: to see a 'slush-lamp' burning on the table, and, in the wretched light of it, the figure of a man, with his bare arms and hidden face upon the table too. He seemed asleep; he might be dead.

'Wilfred!'

He was alive. The white face flashed upon her: the wild eyes started and stared: the bare arms rose, and then the man himself, unsteadily, to his feet. 'Then it was you I heard—singing that song!'

'Yes, Wilfred.'

'It is unbelievable. I've dreamt it often enough, but— Yes, it's you! You've found me out.'

'By accident, yes; I had no idea of it until to-day.'

She was terrified at his eyes: they hungered, and were yet instinct with scorn. He stuck his spurred foot upon the box which had been his seat, and leaned forward, looking at her, with his brown arms folded across his knee. 'And now?' he said.

She took one step, and laid her warm hands upon his arms, and looked up at him with flaming face, with quivering lips, with streaming eyes. 'And now,' she whispered, 'I am ready to undo the past!'

'Indeed!'

'To make amends—to keep my broken word!'

He looked at her a moment longer, and his look was very soft. He had heard her singing, but neither the song nor the voice had done more than remind him of her. And yet the mere reminder had carried him through the township with a live cheque in his pocket—had kept him sitting up all night with his false love's image once more unveiled in his heart. Here by a miracle was his love herself; she loved him now—now that she had made him unworthy of her love! Little wonder that he looked softly at her for a moment more; and the next, still less wonder that he flung those hot hands from him, and kicked the box from under his foot, and recoiled with a mocking laugh from the love that had come too late.

'Keep what you like,' he cried out with a brutal bitterness. 'Only keep your pity to yourself! I don't want it now; but I reckon you may!'

And the girl was still staring at him, in a dumb agony, an exquisite torture, when the smack of a riding-whip resounded on the corrugated roof, and the eyes of both flew in amazement to the door.

### PLOUGHING OXEN.

How fast the world moves! We have on us the steam-plough, destined, maybe, to supersede the horse as the motive-power, and it is only comparatively recently that the horse has displaced the ox. One of the lovely little sculptures on Giotto's campanile at Florence represents a ploughman driving a pair of oxen; and the ox at the plough may be seen still on the Continent very generally, but has been universally supplanted in England by the horse.

Among the numerous representations of the months that figured in medieval sculpture, stained glass, and drawing in manuscript, the plough drawn by oxen is sometimes the symbol of January. The earliest of these is in the series engraved by Strutt, from a manuscript calendar of the tenth century. In that, January is represented by men ploughing with four oxen. One man in front drives; another holds the plough; and another behind scatters seed. On the sides of the façade of the cathedral of Lucca, however, the ploughing operation with oxen is the symbol for November; and it is so also in a curiously engraved calendar of the fifteenth century in the writer's possession.

There can be little doubt that the ox was the earliest beast employed for the plough. A white bull and a white cow were yoked together to draw the furrow for making the walls of Rome. Greeks and Romans employed oxen in ploughing; asses only for sandy soils. When the ploughman had finished his day's labour, he turned the instrument upside down, and the oxen went home dragging its tail and handle over the surface of the ground—a scene described by Horace. The yoking together of ox and ass was expressly forbidden by the law of Moses, and is made the ground of a ludicrous comparison by Plautus. Ulysses, when he feigned madness in order to avoid going on the Trojan expedition, ploughed with an ox and a horse together.

In the west of England the custom of yoking oxen to the plough went out at the beginning of this century; a very few old men can remember how, as boys, they were employed with the goad to urge on the oxen; hardly any recall having held the plough to them.

One evening, four years ago, I was sitting in winter in an inn kitchen on Dartmoor, in the settle, beside a huge fire of heaped-up and glowing peat. Several moormen were present, having their ale, talking over politics, the weather, the condition of the turf harvest the preceding season, the cattle, the horses that ran wild on the moor, when one old fellow said: 'I reckon there's none o' you here ever seed oxen yoked to a plough.' None had. He continued: 'Ay, but I ha' driven them when I were a mite o' a boy—

With my hump along! jump along!  
Here drives my lad along,

Pretty, Sparkle, Merry,  
Good-luck, Speedwell, Cherry!  
We are the lads that can follow the plough!'

This he sang with a robust voice, to a pleasant fresh snatch of melody.

'What is that you are singing?' said I.

'It's an old song of us ploughboys. Six oxen we drove, and that's their names—Pretty, Sparkle, Merry, and the rest.'

'Do you know any more of the song?'

'Let me see—for, bless me, it's miles o' years since I were a little chap and could sing it. But you see when the horses came in and oxen went out, there was no call for the song any more.' And then, again, he added in a plaintive tone: 'I reckon ploughmen ain't as merry as they used to be. Us used to sing like larks; now, us grumbles and growls like bears.'

'Come, give us the old song.'

The old fellow passed his hand through his gray hair and screwed up his lips. His face, exposed to moor-storms, was brown as a chestnut. Presently he shook his head: 'It begins somehow like this:

Prithee, lend your jocund voices,  
For to listen we're agreed;  
Come and sing of songs the choicest,  
Of the life the ploughboys lead.'

Then he broke down. 'I can do no more,' he said sorrowfully. 'It's more than sixty years since I've sung that song, and now it's gone from me.'

The old man was right in what he said of the cheerfulness of the ploughman in former days. There are a good many folk-songs in England relative to the occupation of the agriculturist, not one that has in it a note of repining over his lot. All are buoyant with happiness, sparkling with delight in Nature and in their occupation. In vain does a collector go among the labouring class to find some song indicative of discontent. I remember an old fellow asking me one day if I knew *The Poor Man's Lament*. I pricked up my ears. Now, thought I, for the proletariat's wail of dissatisfaction. But the song was about a henpecked man. The only complaint the poor man had was that his wife gave him too much of her tongue.

For four years the snatch of the song of the ploughboys with their six oxen had haunted me. I went in search of that song everywhere, among all my old cronies of 'songmen.' Hardly a man of the age of seventy to ninety but had heard it when he was a boy; but none could recollect it in its entirety, melody and all the verses, and their memories were faulty; they could not give the scraps of melodies alike.

Another day I was in a cottage where were two very old men: a little thatched cottage, in a dell overshadowed by trees, the hazels growing as tall as the cottage, with their nuts browning and ready to fall. Above the woods towered granite crested sides—the spurs of the moor. The cottage was beautifully clean, though very spare of furniture. In one corner, in the dark, sat an old man with inflamed eyes. He had suffered much in them, and almost lost his sight; then had had an operation performed, that had failed. He sat, accordingly, in the dark, every now and then putting his blue-spotted kerchief to his

cheeks to wipe off the involuntary tears that ran from his eyes. In the great fireplace, on a three-legged stool, sat another old man with a round childish face. These two aged men lived in the cottage together. They were brothers-in-law; the wife or wives were dead, and they had no children to care for them. The parish allowed each half-a-crown a week, and on this they subsisted. We talked about old times and old songs, and they sung me, in their feeble quavering notes, some ballads. Then I asked if by chance they knew the song of the Oxen ploughing.

'My brother-in-law does,' said the nearly blind man. Then the round-faced one looked into the pot of potatoes that was boiling over the peat-fire, and having satisfied himself that progress was being made in the stew, he began to cudgel his brain. He was half-childish, and when he began to think, his face assumed a distressed expression. Presently he began :

'In the heat of the daytime  
It's but little we can do;  
We lie by our oxen  
For an hour, or for two.  
By the banks of sweet violets  
I take my noontide rest.'

Then he came to a pause.

'Go on, John,' said his brother-in-law encouragingly.

The childish old creature shook his head.

'Go on—you know it :

And I can kiss a pretty girl  
As hearty as the rest.'

'I cannot do it!—I cannot do it!' said the old fellow, and leaned his gray head disconsolately against the granite jamb of the fireplace.

Again and again have I been balked in trying to get the song. Perhaps my worst disappointment was this. I was assured that there was a man at Liskeard, in Cornwall, who knew the song, and could sing it through. He had been a bell-ringer, and had sung this song annually at the ringers' feast. So I packed my portmanteau and went to Liskeard after him. After some search I found his house, to learn that he had been speechless for three days, and that his death was momentarily expected.

However, to those who hold to a purpose, what they want comes at length. There was, I heard, in a certain parish in Cornwall, a wise man; that is to say, one who charmed warts, who stanchd blood, struck ulcers and white swellings, and told where lost articles were to be found. He had no other fixed occupation, but he did a little scratch work now and then for farmers. As I was staying in the same place, I thought I would visit the man and have a chat with him. He lived entirely alone, and when I went to his cottage, I found it locked; but a woman informed me he was reaping bracken at the edge of a wood not far off; so I went after him in the direction indicated, and found a patriarchal man, with hair as white as snow, a long white beard, bright dark eyes, and a hawk-like nose. After some talk together, I happened to mention the song of which I was in quest.

'Oh!' said he quickly, 'I know and can sing it.'

So I got it at last. Leaning back in the sun among the tall fern, with the burnished-backed flies buzzing round, I learned of him both words

and air, and here at length are the words complete :

Prithee, lend your jocund voices,  
For to listen we're agreed;  
Come sing of songs the choicest,  
Of the life the ploughboys lead.  
There are none can live so merry  
As the ploughboy does in spring,  
When he hears the sweet birds whistle,  
And the nightingales to sing.  
With my hump along! jump along!  
Here drives my lad along!  
Pretty, Sparkle, Berry,  
Good-luck, Speedwell, Cherry!  
We are the lads that can follow the plough.

For it's, O my little ploughboy,  
Come awaken in the morn,  
When the cock upon the dunghill  
Is blowing of his horn.  
Soon the sun above Brown Willy\*  
With his golden face will show;  
Therefore, hasten to the linney [cowshead],  
Yoke the oxen to the plough.  
With my hump along! &c.

In the heat of the daytime  
It's but little we can do;  
We will lie beside our oxen  
For an hour, or for two.  
On the banks of sweet violets  
I'll take my noontide rest,  
And I can kiss a pretty girl  
As hearty as the rest.  
With my hump along! &c.

When the sun at eve is setting  
And the shadows fill the vale,  
Then our throattles we'll be wetting  
With the farmer's humming ale;  
And the oxen home returning,  
We will send into the stall.  
Where the logs and turf are burning,  
We'll be merry ploughboys all.  
With my hump along! &c.

Oh, the farmer must have seed, sirs,  
Or I swear he cannot sow;  
And the miller with his mill-wheel  
Is an idle man also;  
And the huntsman gives up hunting,  
And the tradesman stands aside,  
And the poor man bread is wanting;  
So 'tis we for all provide.  
With my hump along! &c.

## THE TRINIDAD TREASURE,

AND HOW IT WAS FOUND.

By C. J. CUTCLIFFE HYNE.

THERE may be others of the trade practising on this planet, but I don't think it. There are amateurs certainly, and mighty expensive and unprofitable their efforts have proved; but if there were another professional besides myself, I fancy his operations must have come to my ears. So I take it that I am the only man now living who makes an exclusive occupation of Treasure-hunting, and I am thankful for the monopoly. Competition wouldn't stimulate me. The excitement of the chase is quite enough to string up my nerves to full concert pitch as it is; and in case of organised competition, I should promptly retire from business. There isn't enough lost and hidden

\* The highest mountain in Cornwall.

treasure existent to make it worth while for two men to work at it as systematic hunters.

My terms are these: An entirely free hand; all outlay prepaid; and eighteen per cent. of the proceeds in case of success. I was not brought up to the profession. Indeed, I invented it myself. Originally, I was in the wool business; had worked up to the grade of Continental and American traveller in Bradford manufactured goods; and was making fifteen hundred a year when I switched off into the new sphere. Perhaps it isn't so steadily profitable, but it's much more to my taste.

The first client I worked for was a woman, and it was she who first gave me an idea of turning Treasure-hunting into a regular expert business. We met on the *Laconic* coming East from New York, and it was a tip, the head-steward, and the purser which together combined to change my fate. For a great wonder, I had no acquaintances on board; but there was a good-looking girl who had caught my eye, and I backsheeshed the head-steward to fix matters so that I might be placed next her at table—accidentally. It was cheap at two dollars. Her name was Perugini.

We were in easy conversation before the entrées came. It was her first whiff of salt water, the weather was rough, and she was naturally proud of being one of the few to turn up at the first day's dinner. We chummed a good deal, Miss Perugini and I, and she stood in with me over two pools on the run, which brought us in a small matter of fifty dollars; but it was not till we were half-way across that we got on the treasure-hunting tack. Then it was quite by accident. A Wall Street man, our *vis-à-vis*, who had that day put in his first appearance at luncheon, brought up the subject of Trinidad. Whilst lying on his back, he had been reading up a parcel of newspapers, and seemed anxious to give us a *précis* of their contents. He reeled off accounts of several lynchings, and some fires, and a yacht-race or two; and then touched a new topic.

'Another expedition to Trinidad, so I see by the *World*,' he said. 'The story of that buried treasure from Chili, or wherever it was, is a just elegant bait. The *World* says this makes the fourth gang of adventurers who have beaten a way out there, and landed through the surf and tried to realise those effects.'

Miss Perugini laughed. 'Four, sir? Say twenty-four, and you'll be nearer the mark. I guess only a few have written a history of their escapade: the majority concluded to go and come *incognito*. Their reason was mighty obvious. If they were successful, they would have to face the question of getting the treasure across the borders of some civilised State. It wouldn't quite snit their ticket to sail into the Custom-house with such a cargo, and fill in a paper of origin; because Government claims would waltz in; and if the finders were given a few odd nickels for their pains, they might think themselves mighty lucky. On the other hand, if they were unsuccessful, I guess they could do for themselves all the ridicule they'd any use for without the newspapers chipping in to help.'

When we had gone out upon the bridge deck, and were stowed in a couple of steamer-chairs which I had dragged under the lee of one of the boats, I tackled the subject again.

'You seem to know something about this Chilian treasure?'

'Probably more than any person alive, Mr Clough. But to begin with, the treasure wasn't Chilian at all. It came from Lima, which is in Peru, in the days when Lima was called the City of Kings. At the beginning of this century that country was in revolution against Spain, and loot to the tune of twenty millions of your English pounds was gathered in the cathedral and churches, and shipped from Callao. Most of it fell into the hands of your Lord Cochrane and his squadron. But one schooner managed to give his ships the slip, and she ran south round the Horn, made up-coast, and then got wrecked on Trinidad, a small island seven hundred miles off the Brazilian coast. There her crew buried the treasure. Afterwards, they were taken off by a man-of-war, and because they couldn't give a good account of themselves, they were hanged as pirates. All, that is, with the exception of one boy, who was spared because he was young, but who afterwards became old, and on his death-bed told a Newcastle sea-captain about the spot where the treasure was buried. Directly and indirectly that boy is responsible for many fruitless expeditions. Adventurers went to Trinidad at much pains and cost, often looked in the right place, but none of them found the loot. And I guess they'd be pretty tearing wild if they knew why.'—Miss Perugini raised her eyes to the greasy coils of reek which were coming out of the smoke-stack, and laughed.

'Wasn't it there?'

'Nossir. I guess every knob had been carefully toted away years before those later heroes put spade into the landslip which they say has swamped the *cache*.'

'Then do you know where the stuff went to?'

'I ought to,' she said slowly. 'My own Gram-pa got it; and what's left belongs to me.' Only thing is, I don't know where it's stowed away.'

I stared at her in a good deal of astonishment, she still watching the smoke which billowed out from the furnaces below. Suddenly she turned her glance down and looked me squarely in the face.

'See here, Mr Clough; I was warned against steamer-acquaintances; but I believe you're a white. You did well for me in that pool deal, and you're a business man besides. Will you help me in something else? There's pretty nearly half a million dollars' worth of jewels hoarded up for me if I can find them. If they keep hid, I shall be about broke. I ante'd up all I'd left to get a saloon passage over here; and if that hoard doesn't show, I guess I shall have to go back to Virginia and roll cigarettes in Richmond for a living. That's not an unladylike employment, and the cigarette girls usually marry well. But I don't hanker after it: I guess I'd rather you found me that pile—on commission, of course.'

'My dear young lady,' I said, 'as you mentioned just now, I'm a business man, and therefore you mustn't expect me to pin myself



to anything in the dark. But if you care to explain further, and if I find that I can help you, why, then, I will with all the pleasure in life.'

'That's sense; and I like you better for not jumping at once. See here, Mr Clough, I'm going to begin telling you about my affairs right away, and then you can judge whether it's worth your while to stand in.

'Grampà was the first of our crowd to be mixed up with this treasure. He grabbed it, and he hid it. Grampà was an Italian, who found it convenient to live in the West Indian Islands because of political complications in other countries. He called himself a sculptor; but I fancy he wasn't much account at his trade. Father let on to me once he was one of those sculptors who tote round plaster hogs and cathedrals stuck to a soft-wood platform over their heads, and peddle them down side-blocks. That's what Grampà was. You see he was two generations back, so I don't mind telling you. Father's enough ancestry for me.

'Well, to go on; some pirates were hanged on one of the islands—Jamaica, I think it was—and Grampà and some other men got to know where they'd a big hoard put by; and after a bit he and three friends got a slip of a schooner and went over to Trinidad and dug it up. One of the lot was a Spanish *padre*, and I guess he must have got the secret from a scared pirate in the confessional, and found it too big to carry under his own girdle. But that doesn't matter. Grampà and the other gentlemen shared the news and got the treasure on to their schooner; and then their difficulties began. There was hardly a dollar of it in money: there wasn't a shin-plaster in notes. It was all in gold candlesticks, and jewelled crucifixes, and bars of silver, and goldsmiths' "notions;" and if Grampà and his friends tried to negotiate boodle of that kind at a Custom-house, they knew they might anticipate trouble. You see, they were none of them gentlemen with unimpeachable connections: they were all more known than respected.

'Each had his own ideas as to the best course of procedure, and each put them forward with warmth. Whilst they were arguing, the *padre* tumbled overboard, and I fancy he must have had some lead put into him, which made him sink. So there were only three of them left to split the plunder—and, by way of preliminary, they picked all the jewels from their settings. Then they melted up all the saints and the crucifixes and the ewers and other trifles into ingots, which would be far less easily sworn to. By which time, being fairly starved off the high seas, they put into St Thomas's and revictualled.

'Getting safely out of there, they ran north across the Gulf, heading for Mobile, in Alabama, where Grampà had political friends; but I'm afraid they must have gone at the corn whisky too freely, because one night two of them woke up to find that the other had piled up the schooner. She was hard on a reef of coral near the Dry Tortugas at the end of Florida; and as they couldn't get her off, they sat down for a hand of poker to fill in time. The game was slow for a while, but it

finished up excitingly. Grampà was lucky enough to deal both his friends fours at one time. That made them raise all they were worth; and when they found he held a royal straight, it was very natural that guns should come out.

'Grampà wasn't touched himself; but both his friends were hurt; and in consequence, when he took the small boat, with the bundle of jewels inside his shirt, and most of the gold under the floor-boards for ballast, neither of them could prevent him leaving them. But they said things as he rowed away which kinder put a scare into him after he'd got ashore, and cramped his future efforts.

'Perhaps that's why he didn't blossom out into a millionaire right away. As it was, he got to Charlotte Harbour, then to Tallahassee, and tried back at his old trade. For the next two years Grampà sculpted for all he was worth, and he peddled plaster saints and lapdogs till there wasn't an empty bracket left in all Florida or Southern Georgia. He just made that sculpture business boom.

'The dollars he made at this seemed to put confidence into him again; and at the end of those two years he worked North, and began to realise on his ingots. He didn't do it all at once, you understand; and he didn't walk at the tail of a brass band whilst he was hawking those melted-up candlesticks and alms-dishes. Nossir; I guess Grampà was the most uncommunicative man in the United States whilst he was getting that gold off his hands. And even when it was gone, and represented only by stocks and shares and bankers' balance, he didn't feel easy. The thought of those two partners he'd left perforated on the schooner kinder haunted him. He felt America was too noisy for his nerves. So he packed his trunks and went to England, where he married and settled down. The gentleman who afterwards became my father was his only child.'

'And in prosaic England,' said I, 'all danger naturally ceased?'

'Nossir. Grampà thought so, and that's where he made his big mistake. It was thirty years after that argument on the Florida coral reef that those gentlemen called on him; and because he wasn't ready for them, he got killed.

'After that, the rest of the family concluded to try the States. They weren't in very flourishing circumstances, because Grampà had spent up pretty clean all he'd made out of the gold. He'd never realised upon the jewels; but where they were stowed none of the family could discover. After the other gentlemen had knifed him, and he lay on the grass gasping, he tried to tell father all about it; but by the time he'd assured him that the stones were all close by and untouched, he was just through with this life, and couldn't communicate further. Father hunted, you bet; but the job was too big for him. He couldn't knock the bottom out of that *cache*; and when funds failed him, he concluded to run over to the States and recuperate. He took on the dry-goods line, but he never got much above clerking, and never had a chance of ferreting out that secret. I guess he wasn't much account at business.

'And now poor father's dead, Mr Clough, and

I'm his heiress, I guess the tangle's a bit too steep for me as well. So I come to you. If you've *savvy* enough to pull dollars out of an operation on steamer pools, I guess you can make this other mine pan out a good dividend, if you'll only put Try into the workings.'

I shook my head. The story was interesting enough; but she had dropped not the vaguest clue as to where the jewels could possibly be stowed. One couldn't go and dig up the whole surface of England systematically. To begin with, people live on certain patches of it, and might resent having their castles and acres disturbed. I put this to Miss Perugini delicately.

'If,' she replied dryly enough, 'the loot was to be had for the picking up, I guess, sir, I should have gone and fingered it myself, and not asked anybody's help.'

I laughed. 'That's likely. But still, can't you bring the limits of the search a bit narrower?'

'Why, yes. I take it that the stones are hid somewhere on the place which my Grampà bought in Lincolnshire. In fact, he said that much before he died.'

'Come, this is better already. And do you still own this estate? And, by the way, where is it?'

'Dangay Fen, near Boston. But it isn't mine now. Father sold it when he left for the States. He felt he needed capital to start on.'

This was another facer. I'd a very elementary notion of the law of treasure-trove in those days; but I imagined if this hoard did by any chance turn up, it would either belong to the present holder of the soil, or else revert to the Crown. Indeed, so confident was I that the whole thing was a bubble, that I shouldn't have entertained it seriously for a moment ashore. But on an Atlantic steamer one acts differently. Time is apt to drag, and a fixed interest is a distinct boon—especially when there is a remarkably pretty girl linked with it, whose manners are to say the least of them *piquant*. So I asked her to describe this place which proved to be Dangay Fen, near Boston.

'Describe? I guess I can go better than that. Look here.' She produced a bunch of photographs strapped with an india-rubber band. There must have been eighty of them. 'A gentleman who was touring over in Britain last fall, took these for me.'

Now, to tell the truth, it was these photographs and not Miss Perugini which gave me my first real deep interest in the pursuit.

On the run between Queenstown and Holyhead a light began to dawn upon me; and as the pilot took us up through the shipping and shoals of the Mersey beyond, I saw my way to making Miss Perugini a definite proposal of terms. But we had many talks together before it came to that. Photographs in hand we went over the estate of Dangay Fen inch by inch; and my first client told me how her father had rummaged the whole place from cellar to rafter; had sounded the walls and probed the bureaux; had raised floors and flagstones; had cut down and split the timber of the park; had wrenched the very roof-tiles from their lodgments. He had even—in memory, I suppose, of the Persian monarch—drained the pond round

the fountain in front of the house, in the vain hope of finding a concealed treasure-chamber beneath its weedy waters. But the floor of the pond was plebeian mud, and the effort was his last one. At that point he gave up the quest, and sought fortune dry-goods-wise elsewhere, as has been already stated.

Now it struck me that father had been prosecuting his search upon an entirely wrong principle. He felt English himself, and he acted as though his worthy parent were an Englishman also. A man of England, if he wants to hide something valuable, would very naturally dig in the ground, or delve a hole in a tree, or burrow in the walls of his house, or hoist a particularly heavy hearthstone and grovel out with the tongs his hoarding-place under that. Englishmen are not apt to dabble in the finer niceties of imagination.

On the other hand, the average Italian may be weak when it comes to the technique of secreting, but in the plotting and planning part he will be very much all there. (I used to travel for my firm a good deal in Northern Italy, so I can speak appreciatively.) Moreover, the original Signor Perugini of Trinidad, Jamaica, and elsewhere, was, as his grand-daughter frankly admitted, a violent professional conspirator. Finesse was part of his nature.

Having arrived at this conclusion, I began to see my way more clearly. As I proved many a time in my after-practice, it helps one vastly when you can gauge accurately the character of your hider.

I worked through the photographs again, putting myself in the standpoint of Perugini senior, arguing over each, and discarding one after another. I fined them down to half-a-dozen, then to three, and then, with a start, I found myself holding one of the prints, wondering why ever I had not thought of something before which came before me so vividly then. We were just making our number to the signal station on Holyhead when I told Miss Perugini that I fancied pretty strongly that I could locate her hidden treasure to a matter of eight or nine inches.

'Say,' she exclaimed, 'you mean that?'

'If things are as they were, and if the loot hasn't been reloated, I'm going Nap on what I told you.'

'Mr Clough,' she observed, 'you're just the nicest man I know.'

There was delay after this, because I had to go to Bradford to report on business, and it was a week before I could slip away to Lincolnshire. Miss Perugini was at the Dangay Fen waiting for me; and as we dined together in the growing dark, we saw across the feuland the lamplight kindle in the windows of the Hall.

'There's only a caretaker in charge,' she explained to me. 'We won't disturb him if we can help it. We'll stay here till midnight, and then go.'

'We?' I questioned. 'My dear young lady, it wouldn't be proper at that time of night, and it mightn't be safe. You must stay behind.'

I tried to say more on this point, but it was no use. Miss Perugini was firm—not to use a stronger word—and it ended in her coming with me.

We set out like a pair of poachers into a black moonless night, finding our way along the sloppy roads with a bull's-eye lantern. When it came to the point, excitement notwithstanding, I must confess I didn't like the job one little bit. It smacked so abominably of common midnight burglary. True, Miss Perugini was the real robber-in-intent, and I was only an agent; but that didn't absolve me from being an accessory before the fact. Moreover, I had not her incentive.

At last we came to the dividing dike of the estate, and hushed our voices as we crossed it on a railway sleeper. Gaunt willow-trees whispered around us mournfully, and the ground beneath the coarse grass squelched under foot. The place had run very much to seed. Through two plantations we made our way, and then across an acre of rank herbage which had once been a trim lawn. Beyond was the house, dark-windowed and silent, amongst straggling elms. Between us and it was a pond, wherein a green-slimed Venus upheld a feebly bubbling fountain.

It was a photograph of this last over which I had spent so many thoughtful hours on board the *Laconic*, studying its ill-balanced proportions from every point of view, gazing at it in detail through the magnifying lens of a ship's telescope. Why was it there, I had asked myself, this monstrous ill-shapen thing? At first the answer seemed to be plain. I remembered the bent of the owner's mind towards statuary, and I remembered also how I had been told that 'Grampà was no account as a sculptor.' But by degrees I noticed that the chief thing which made the Venus look grotesque, was her pedestal. I drew other pedestals on paper, and set them beneath her: with each she looked many per cent. better. Why, then, had she been set on this skimpy cylinder of stone an inch above the water's brim, which had originally been made to carry a water-pipe and nothing more? Perugini senior, though a bad sculptor, would not be utterly ignorant of effect in statuary. The obvious answer seemed to be that the Venus was put up hurriedly, and never afterwards meddled with for fear of calling undue attention to her.

From that point to assuming that the gems were stowed within the goddess's ill-shapen curves was a short step. Granted this, other matters became plain which were otherwise unexplainable. Where were the jewels stowed during those two years in Florida and Southern Georgia, when the original Perugini went about in daily fear of his injured compatriots? Where were they when he went North, getting rid little by little of these suspicious ingots of precious metal? And how were they smuggled untaxed beneath the eyes of the British Custom-house officer? And there were also other points which I will not bore you with, because on the data in these pages you can easily think them out for yourself.

There was no plank to be found near, and I was too scared, when it came to the point, to search far for one. So I stepped into the slime of the pond, and waded knee-deep across to the middle. I grasped the ill-shapen Venus by the neck, and the slop of water from her

upraised hands splashed coldly into my face. Then I pulled and pulled, and at last she came reluctantly away, leaving one foot and some leaden tubing behind her. In my arms I carried her to the bank of the pond.

Then—there was a tinkle as of breaking pottery, and quick withdrawal of a kicking foot, and a blaze of rainbows shone in the glow of the lamplight. The jewels were there before us, reset in a white matrix behind the breasts of the Venus. On our knees we crouched beside them, and quarried them out till none were left. With the gray breaking dawn, we passed the finely powdered dust of the Venus through finger and thumb, to make sure that not so much as a humble sapphire remained; and then we looked at the hoard, which sparkled in my handkerchief amongst the dewdrops on the grass blades. At a very rough guess there must have been the value of sixty or eighty thousand pounds lying there on the earth between us.

'I'm going to pick out the best diamonds to wear,' said my companion, 'because I'm an American woman and love diamonds. The rest of the stones shall go to Hatton Garden. My! won't I have a just elegant time when I get back to our country. Mr Clough, I think you're just the cleverest gentleman I ever met, and if you'll come back to the house, I'll hand you over your commission right now.'

Then she picked up my handkerchief by the four corners, and led the way back through the planting and over the railway sleeper to the road. As we walked back to the village, she told me more about Richmond (Virginia), but forbore all mention of the cigarette industry. She said the Richmond men were delightful, especially some of those who were of recent English importation, and worse off as regards mere dollars than some of their neighbours.

At this point, as we had reached the inn, I ventured to ask her if she had any particular one in her mind's eye; but that brought her back to business at once. We went into the cold smoky coffee-room, and she counted out my commission there and then on the spot.

I have often wondered since, what did happen when Miss Perugini got back to Richmond, in the State of Virginia, with her fortune.

#### D A W N.

Low sobbing waves upon a shadowed shore,  
Within the mead a scent of sleeping flowers,  
A waning moon behind the hill-top towers,  
And darkness darker than it was before.

Gray stretch of ocean 'neath a sky of gray,  
Within the pearléd East a far faint light,  
A wind among the grasses on the height;  
Below, the distant murmur of the bay.

Dim light that trembles o'er the sombre sea,  
Pale sky that flushes suddenly to rose,  
Then golden bright the sun his glory shows —  
And lo! a bird is singing from the lea.

LYDIA M. WOOD.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,  
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 582.—VOL. XII.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1895.

PRICE 1½d.

## POLITENESS.

It is rather a favourable sign of character when we are willing to take on trust the experience of those who have gone before us; yet probably there have been many popular opinions in the world, taking even the stamp of proverbs, which, like spurious coin, long passed current till the hour of detection arrived. First, they were suspected, and then rigidly examined, and proved to be worthless. Surely the notion that habitual politeness is more or less allied to insincerity of character is one of these fallacies. Those rough-natured people who insist on saying unpleasant things solely because they are true, generally depreciate urbanity of manner and habits of courtesy. In season and out of season they clamour about 'deeds, not words,' as if good deeds and kind words were not in reality closely allied. We have said, in season and out of season, the phrase being an idiomatic expression for frequent occurrence; but probably the occasions are very rare when it is necessary to divorce kind words from kind deeds.

A good action, if performed in a kindly and gracious manner, is doubly valued; and in default of the power to render a service, words of sympathy are very sweet to one in trouble. Shakespeare, whose word we may take, says, 'Assume a virtue if you have it not;' and when lovers of harsh frankness scoff at the adage, they fail to fathom the depths of its moral teaching.

If the darts of a hasty, and, therefore, probably an unfair judgment, and the fire of a quick temper, are constantly crushed down by habitual urbanity of manner, they lose a great deal of their harshness; for a moment's reflection may soften the judgment and cool the temper. At any rate they have not raised that spirit of antagonism which only produces evil.

It has been truly said that 'politeness is the oil which allows the wheels of society to turn easily,' and it is an aphorism worth bearing in

mind. It may safely be said that the habit of politeness is a very subtle and fine thing; and for it to last and wear well, and be as productive of happiness as it is capable of being, it must never be laid aside, even in the most intimate relations of life; nay, it is in them that it is most valuable. Children who in their nursery have been taught politeness—which is the outward sign of consideration for the feelings of others—have through life an advantage over their less fortunate contemporaries. They are liked by their elders—perhaps without much reasoning why—at the age when the good feeling of elders is most precious; and if they rise in the world, they bear about them that stamp of 'good breeding' which fits them for an exalted station. Brothers do not always respect their sisters in the same sort of way as the true gentleman respects all womanhood; and girls may be rude too, though this is generally from the want of a better example. Manners are very contagious, and possibly the feminine nature is a trifle more imitative than that of man. A flat contradiction, in which unmannerly people are rather apt to indulge, often provokes some equally harsh retort, while a real difference of opinion may be expressed in courteous language and gentle tones.

Perhaps, however, it is in the closest relation of social life that the habit of politeness is most essential. The more truly womanly a woman is, the more quick she is to detect the careless negligence which sometimes replaces the assiduity of other days, or the rough instead of the tender manner of fault-correcting. We should all beware of letting our politeness be only a varnish of manner easily rubbed off, instead of something ingrained by early training and habitual practice. The want of habitual courtesy in domestic life has too often occasioned that 'rift in the lute' which prevents complete harmony. When women fail in politeness, and show a coarse nature beneath the 'varnish,' they place themselves at even a greater dis-

advantage than men do, for they break the spell of their influence, which is sometimes as potent as visible control.

Undoubtedly, there are people so happily constituted that courtesy of manner seems natural to them: the present writer has met with it in people of very humble station, who somehow elevated menial employment by the manner in which it was performed. After all, politeness of manners is only carrying out the Divine precept of doing as we would be done by, for we all like civility from others, whatever our own shortcomings in that particular may be. There is a daring expression in one of the old Elizabethan dramas which it might be deemed profane to repeat here, but which some readers may recall to mind, as to Who was the first gentleman that walked the earth; but undoubtedly the self-sacrifice which habitual 'politeness' may sometimes entail, the generous thought of others before ourselves—altruism, according to modern phraseology, and readiness to protect the weak and aid the struggling, are Divine attributes which go far to mould the heroic character.

Of course, changes of manners are among the social changes which are always at work; and it would not be possible, even if it were desirable, to return altogether to the stately manners of a past generation.

'Mamma, dear,' is a more loving phrase to a mother's ear than 'Honoured Madam,' though it would have astonished our great-grand-mothers; and the spontaneous caresses of a child are very sweet. Yet it is possible so to err on the side of familiarity both with the young and with subordinates, that the sense of reverence for elders and superiors is undermined. But human nature is slow to adopt the happy medium in any of its ways, and elderly people declare that manners are daily deteriorating. Only the very old can fully realise the order of things which prevailed up to the early years of the present century; but it has left a leaven behind it which we recognise among the thoroughly well-bred members of society.

It would not suit our railway, steamship, telegraphic days to return to the stately bearing of our forefathers; but we may look back with something like artistic interest and admiration on the days when

Fine manners were among the well-born class  
Implanted at such early date, they grew  
To be but second nature; never seemed  
The gilded fetters, awkward in their fit,  
But rather polished staves to lean upon,  
Suggesting rest and ease in daily life,  
Suppression of harsh tempers and rude speech.  
Our stately grandams with their curtsies low,  
Who practised deference with a gentle grace,  
That had no servile touch of cringing mien,  
Would be amazed at half our modern ways,  
Curt speeches, with a something from the lips  
That hits the ear like pebbles lightly flung,

And is the stony, mindless flow of slang  
Which springs from idleness, that will not delve  
For fitting phrase in that rich mine of words  
Which yields its wealth to them who clearly  
think.

## THE CHRONICLES OF COUNT ANTONIO.\*

### CHAPTER IV. (continued).

THEN the Duke set Antonio again on his horse, and the three rode together towards Firmola, and as they went, again and again the Duke tested the operation of the drug, setting Antonio many strange, ludicrous, and unseemly things to do and to say; and Antonio did and said them all. And he wondered greatly that the drug had no power over him, and that his brain was clear and his senses all his own, nor did he then believe that the Duke had, in truth, slain the wizard for any reason save that the wizard had harboured him, an outlaw, and suffered him to hear the Duke's counsels: and he was grieved at the wizard's death.

Thus they rode through the night; and it was the hour of dawn when they came to the gates of Firmola. Now Antonio was puzzled what he should do; for having been in a swoon, he knew not whether the Duke had more of the potion; nor could he tell with certainty whether the potion would be powerless against the senses of a weak girl as it had proved against his own. Therefore he said to the Duke, 'I pray you, my lord, give me more of that sweet drink. For it has refreshed me and set my mind at rest from all trouble.'

'Nay, Antonio, you have had enough,' said the Duke, bantering him. 'I have another use for the rest.' And they were now nearing the gates of Firmola. Then Antonio began to moan pitifully, saying, 'These bonds hurt my hands;' and he whined and did as a child would do, feigning to cry. The Duke laughed in bitter triumph, saying to Lorenzo, 'Indeed it is a princely drug that makes Antonio of Monte Velluto like a peevish child!' And being now very secure of the power of the drug, he bade Lorenzo loosen the bonds, saying to Antonio, 'Take the reins, Antonio, and ride with us into the city.'

And Antonio answered, 'I will, my good lord.'

'It is even as I saw when I was with the Lord of Florence,' whispered the Duke in exultation.

'Yet I will still have my sword ready,' said Lorenzo.

'There is no need; he is like a tame dog,' said the Duke carelessly.

But the Duke was not minded to produce Antonio to the people till all his Guards were collected and under arms, and the people thus restrained by a great show of force. Therefore he bade Antonio cover his face with his cloak; and Antonio, Lorenzo's sword being still at his breast, obeyed; and thus they three rode through the gates of Firmola and came to the Duke's Palace; and Antonio did all that the Duke ordered, and bubbled foolishly like a

\* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

bewildered child when the Duke asked him questions, so that His Highness laughed mightily, and, coming into the garden, sat down in his favourite place by the fish-pond, causing Antonio to stand over against him.

'Indeed, Antonio,' said he, 'I can do no other than hang you.'

'If it be your pleasure, my lord.'

'And then Lucia shall drink of this wonderful drug also, and she will be content and obedient, and will gladly wed Lorenzo. Let us have her here now, and give it to her without delay. You do not fret at that, Antonio? You love not the obstinate girl?'

'In truth, no,' laughed Antonio. 'She is naught to me!' And he put his hand to his head, saying perplexedly, 'Lucia? Yes, I remember that name. Who was she? Was she naught to me, my lord?'

Then Lorenzo wondered greatly, and the doubts that he had held concerning the power of the wizard's drug melted away; yet he did not laugh like the Duke, but looked on Antonio and said sadly to the Duke, sinking his voice, 'Not thus should Antonio of Monte Veluto have died.'

'So he dies, I care not how,' answered the Duke. 'Indeed, I love to see him a witless fool even while his body is yet alive. O rare wizard, I go near to repenting having done justice on you! Go, Lorenzo, to the officer of the Guard and bid him fetch hither the lady Lucia, and we will play the pretty comedy to the end.'

'Will you be alone with him?' asked Lorenzo.

'Ay; why not? See! he is tame enough,' and he buffeted Antonio in the face with his riding-glove. And Antonio whimpered and whined.

Now the officer of the Guard was in his lodge at the entrance of the Palace, on the other side of the great hall; and Lorenzo turned and went, and presently the sound of his feet on the marble floor of the hall grew faint and distant. The Duke sat with the phial in his hand, smiling at Antonio, who crouched at his feet. And Antonio drew himself on his knees quite close to the Duke, and looked up in his face with a foolish empty smile. And the Duke, laughing, buffeted him again. Then, with a sudden spring like the spring of that Indian tiger which the Mogul of Delhi sent lately as a gift to the Most Christian King, and the king, for his diversion, made to slay deer before him at the *château* of Blois (which I myself saw, being there on a certain mission, and wonderful was the sight), Count Antonio, leaping, was upon the Duke; and he snatched the philtre from the Duke's hand and seized the Duke's head in his hands and wrenched his jaw open, and he poured the contents of the phial down the Duke's throat, and the Duke swallowed the potion. Then Antonio fixed a stern and commanding glance on the Duke, nailing his eyes to the Duke's, and the Duke's to his, and he said in a voice of command, 'Obey! You have drunk the potion!' And still he kept his eyes on the Duke's. And the Duke, amazed, suddenly began to tremble, and sought to rise;

and Antonio took his hands off him, but said, 'Sit there, and move not.' Then, although Antonio's hands were no longer upon him, yet His Highness did not rise, but, after a short struggle with himself, sank back in his seat, and stared at Antonio like a bird fascinated by a snake. And he moaned, 'Take away your eyes; they burn my brain. Take them away.' But Antonio gazed all the more intently at him, saying, 'Be still, be still!' and holding up his arm in enforcement of his command. And Antonio took from the Duke the sword that he wore and the dagger wherewith the Duke had killed the Wizard of Baratesta, the Duke making no resistance, but sitting motionless with bewildered stare. Then Antonio looked round, for he knew that Lorenzo would soon come. And for the last time he bent his eyes again on the Duke's eyes in a very long gaze, and the Duke cowered and shivered, moaning, 'You hurt me, you hurt me.'

Then Antonio said, 'Be still and speak not till I return and bid you;' and he suddenly left the Duke and ran at the top of his speed along under the wall of the garden, and came where the wall ended; and there was a flight of steps leading up on to the top of the wall. Running up them, Antonio stood for a moment on the wall; and the river ran fifty feet below. But he heard a cry from the garden, and beheld Lorenzo rushing up to the Duke, and behind Lorenzo, the Captain of the Guard and two men who led a maiden in white. Then Count Antonio, having commended himself to the keeping of God, leaped head foremost from the top of the wall into the river; and his body clove the water as an arrow cleaves the wand.

Now Lorenzo marvelled greatly at what he saw, and came to the Duke crying, 'My lord, what does this mean? Antonio flies!' But the Duke answered nothing, sitting with empty eyes and lips set in a rigid smile; nor did he move. 'My lord, what ails you?' cried Lorenzo. Yet the Duke did not answer. Then Lorenzo's eye fell on the fragments of the phial which lay broken on the rim of the fish-pond where Antonio had flung it; and he cried out in great alarm, 'The potion! Where is the potion?' And the Duke did not answer. And Lorenzo was much bewildered and in sore fear; for it seemed as though His Highness's senses were gone; and Lorenzo said, 'By some means he has drunk the potion!' And he ran up to the Duke, and caught him by the arm and shook him violently, seeking to rouse him from his stupor, and calling his name with entreaties, and crying, 'He escapes, my lord; Antonio escapes! Rouse yourself, my lord—he escapes!' But the Duke did no more than lift heavy dull eyes to Lorenzo's face in puzzled inquiry.

And, seeing the strange thing, the Captain of the Guard hurried up, and with him the Lady Lucia, and she said, 'Alas, my lord is ill!' and coming to His Highness, she set her cool soft hand on his hot throbbing brow, and took perfume from a silver flask that hung at her girdle, and wetted her handkerchief with it and bathed his brow, whispering soft soothing words to him, as though he had been a sick woman. For let a woman have what grudge she may against

a man, yet he gains pardon for all as soon as he becomes sick enough to let her nurse and comfort him; and Lucia was as tender to the Duke as to the Count Antonio himself, and forgot all, save the need of giving him ease and rousing him from his stupor.

But Lorenzo cried angrily, 'I at least have my senses!' And he said to the Captain of the Guard, 'I must needs stay with His Highness; but Antonio of Monte Velluto has leaped from the wall into the river. Go and bring him here, dead or alive, and I will be your warrant to the Duke. But if he be as when I saw him last, he will give you small trouble. For he was like a child for weakness and folly.' And having said this, he turned to the Duke again, and gave his aid to Lucia's ministrations.

Now the gentleman who commanded the Duke's Guard at this time was a Spaniard, by name Corogna, and he was young, of high courage, and burning to do some great deed. Therefore he said, 'I pray he be as he is wont to be: yet I will bring him to the feet of my lord the Duke.' And he ran swiftly through the hall and called for his horse, and, drawing his sword, rode alone out of the city and across the bridge, seeking Antonio, and saying to himself, 'What a thing if I take him! And if he slay me—why, I will show that a gentleman of Andalusia can die'—yet he thought for an instant of the house where his mother lived. Then he scanned the plain, and he beheld a man running some half-mile away; and the man seemed to be making for the hill on which stood the ruins of Antonio's house that the Duke had burnt. Then Corogna set spurs to his horse; but the man, whom by his stature and gait Corogna knew to be Antonio, ran very swiftly, and was not overtaken before he came to the hill; and he began to mount by a very steep rugged path, and he was out of sight in the trees when Corogna came to the foot. And Corogna's horse stumbled among the stones, and could not mount the path; so Corogna leaped off his back and ran on foot up the path, sword in hand. And he came in sight of Antonio round a curve of the path, three parts of the way up the hill. Antonio was leaning against the trunk of a tree and wringing the water out of his cloak. Corogna drew near, sword in hand, and with a prayer to the Holy Virgin on his lips. And he trembled, not with fear, but because fate offered a great prize, and his name would be famed throughout Italy if he slew or took Antonio of Monte Velluto; and for fame, even as for a woman's smile, a young man will tremble as a coward quakes for fear.

The Count Antonio stood as though sunk in a reverie; yet, presently, hearing Corogna's tread, he raised his eyes, and smiling kindly on the young man, he said, 'Very strange are the ways of Heaven, sir. I think that the Wizard of Baratesta spoke truth, and did not lie to the Duke. Yet I had that same power which the wizard claimed, although the Duke had none over me. We are children, sir, and our game is blind-man's buff; but all are blinded, and it is but the narrowest glimpse that we obtain now and again by some clever shifting of the handkerchief. Yet there are some things clear

enough—as that a man should do his work, and be clean and true.—What would you with me, sir? For I do not think I know you.'

'I am of Andalusia, and my name is Corogna. I am Captain of His Highness's Guard, and I come to bring you, alive or dead, to his presence.'

'And are you come alone on that errand, sir?' asked Antonio, with a smile that he strove to smother, lest it should wound the young man's honour.

'David slew Goliath, my lord,' said the Spaniard with a bow.

Then Count Antonio held out his hand to the young man and said courteously, 'Sir, your valour needs no proof and fears no reproach. I pray you suffer me to go in peace. I would not fight with you, if I may avoid it honourably. For what has happened has left me more in the mood for thinking than for fighting. Besides, sir, you are young, and, far off in Andalusia, loving eyes, and maybe sparkling eyes, are strained to the horizon, seeking your face as you return.'

'What is all that, my lord?' asked Corogna. 'I am a man, though a young one; and I am here to carry you to the Duke.' And he touched Antonio's sword with his, saying, 'Guard yourself.'

'It is with great pain and reluctance that I take my sword, and I call you to witness of it; but if I must, I must;' and the Count took up his position and they crossed swords.

Now Corogna was well taught and skilful, but he did not know the cunning which Antonio had learned at the school of Giacomo in Padua, nor had he the strength and endurance of the Count. Antonio would fain have wearied him out, and then, giving him some slight wound to cover his honour, have left him and escaped; but the young man came at him impetuously, and neglected to guard himself while he thrust at his enemy: once and again the Count spared him; but he did not know that he had received the courtesy, and taking heart from his immunity, came at Antonio more fiercely again; until at last Antonio, breathing a sigh, stiffened his arm, and, waiting warily for the young man again to uncover himself, thrust at his breast, and the sword's point entered hard by the young man's heart; and the young man staggered, and would have fallen, dropping his sword; but Antonio cast away his own sword and supported him, stanching the blood from the wound and crying, 'God send I have not killed him!'

And on his speech came the voice of Tommasino, saying carelessly, 'Here, in truth, cousin, is a good prayer wasted on a Spaniard!'

Antonio, looking up, saw Tommasino and Bena. And Tommasino said, 'When you did not come back, we set out to seek you, fearing that you were fallen into some snare and danger. And behold, we find you nursing this young spark; and how you missed his heart, Antonio, I know not, nor what Giacomo of Padua would say to such bungling.'

But Antonio cared not for his cousin's words, which were spoken in the banter that a man uses to hide his true feelings; and they three set themselves to save the young man's life;



for Tommasino and Bena had seen the better part of the fight, and perceived that he was a gallant youth. But as they tended him, there came shouts and the sound of horses' hoofs mounting the hill by the winding road that led past Antonio's house. And Tommasino touched Antonio on the shoulder, saying, 'We can do no more for him; and if we linger, we must fight again.'

Then they laid the young man down, Antonio stripping off his cloak and making a pillow of it; and Bena brought the horses, for they had led one with them for Antonio, in case there should be need of it; and they were but just mounted when twenty of the Duke's Guard appeared three hundred yards away, ascending the crest of the hill.

'Thank Heaven there are so many,' said Antonio, 'for now we can flee without shame; and they set spurs to their horses and fled. And certain of the Duke's Guard pursued, but only two or three were so well mounted as to be able to come near them; and these two or three, finding that they would be man to man, had no liking for the business, and each called out that his horse was foundered; and thus it was that none of them came up with Count Antonio, but all, after a while, returned together to the city, carrying the young Spaniard Corogna, their Captain. But as they drew near to the gates, Corogna opened his eyes and murmured some soft-syllabled name that they could not hear, and, having with failing fingers signed the cross, turned on his side and died. And they brought his body to the great hall of the Duke's Palace.

There in the great hall sat Duke Valentine: his face was pale and his frown heavy, and he gazed on the dead body of the young man and spoke no word. Yet he had loved Corogna, and out of love for him had made him Captain of his Guard. And he passed his hand wearily across his brow, murmuring, 'I cannot think, I cannot think.' And the Lady Lucia stood by him, her hand resting on his shoulder and her eyes full of tears. But at last the strange spell which lay on the senses of the Duke passed away: his eyes again had the light of reason in them, and he listened while they told him how Antonio had himself escaped, and had afterwards slain Corogna on the top of the hill where Antonio's house had stood. And the Duke was very sorry for Corogna's death: and he looked round on them all, saying, 'He made of me a log of wood, and not a man. For when I had drunk and looked in his eyes, it seemed to me that my eyes were bound to his, and that I looked to him for command, and to know what I should do, and that he was my God, and without his will I could not move. Yes, I was then to him even as he had seemed to be to me as we rode from Baratesta. And even now I am not free from this strange affection; for he seems still to be by me, and if his voice came now bidding me to do anything, by St Prisian, I should arise and do it! Send my physician to me. And let this young man lie in the Chapel of the Blessed Virgin in the Cathedral, and to-morrow he shall be buried. And when I am well, and this strange affection is passed from me, and hangs no more

like a fog over my brain, then I will exact the price of his death from Antonio, together with the reckoning of all else in respect of which he stands in my debt.'

But the Lady Lucia, hearing this, said boldly, 'My lord, it is by your deed and through your devices that this gentleman has met his death, and the blame of it is yours, and not my lord Antonio's.'

At her bold and angry words Duke Valentine was roused, and the last of his languor left him; and he glared at her in wrath, crying, 'Go to your house;' and he rose up suddenly from where he sat and went into his cabinet, Lorenzo attending him. And on the day after he walked first behind the bier of Corogna, and his face was very pale, but his air composed and his manner as it was wont to be. For the spell had passed and he was his own man again.

But Count Antonio heard with great grief of the death of the young man, and was very sorry that he had been constrained to kill him, and took great blame to himself for seeking counsel of the Wizard of Baratesta, whence had come death to the young man no less than to the wizard himself.

Such is the story of the drug which the Wizard of Baratesta gave to Duke Valentine of Firmiola. To me it seems a strange tale, but yet it is well attested, and stands on as strong a rock of testimony as anything which is told concerning the Count. The truth of it I do not understand, and often I ponder of it, wondering whether the Wizard of Baratesta spoke truth, and why the drug which had no power over Count Antonio bound the senses and limbs of the Duke in utter torpor and helplessness. And once, when I was thus musing over the story, there came to my cell a monk of the Abbey of St Prisian, who was an old man and very learned; and I went to walk with him in the garden, and, coming to the fountain, we sat down by the basin; and knowing that his lore was wide and deep, I set before him all the story, asking him if he knew of this strange drug; but he smiled at me, and taking the cup that lay by the basin of the fountain, he filled it with the clear sparkling water and drank a little, and held the cup to me, saying, 'I think the Wizard of Baratesta would have wrought the spell as well with no other drug than this.'

'You say a strange thing,' said I.

'And I do not marvel,' said he, 'that the Duke had no power over Count Antonio, for he knew not how to wield such power. But neither do I wonder that power lay in Count Antonio to bend the mind of the Duke to his will. I warrant you, Anselm, that the wonderful drug was not difficult to compound.'

Then I understood what he meant; for he would have it that the drug was but a screen and a pretence, and that the power lay not in it, but in the man that gave it. Yet surely this is to explain what is obscure by a thing more obscure, and falls thus into a fault hated of the logicians. For Heaven may well have made a drug that binds the senses and limbs of men—has not the poppy some such effect? And the ancients fabled the like of the lotus plant.

But can we conceive that one man should by the mere glance of his eye have such power over another as to become to him, by this means and no other, a lord and master? In truth I find that hard to believe, and I doubt whether a man may lawfully believe it. Yet I know not. Knowledge spreads, and men grow wiser in hidden things; and although I who write may not live till the time when the thing shall be made clear, yet it may be God's will to send such light to the men of later days that, reading this story, they may find in it nothing that is strange or unknown to their science and skill. I pray that they may use the knowledge God sends in His holy service, and not in the work of the devil, as did the Wizard of Baratesta.

But Count Antonio being, by his guile and adroitness, and by that strange power which he had from the drug or whence I know not, delivered out of the hands of Duke Valentine, abode with his company on the hills throughout the cold of winter, expecting the day when he might win the hand of the Lady Lucia; and she returned to her house, and said nothing of what had befallen the Duke. Yet the Duke showed her no tenderness, but rather used more severity with her. It is an evil service to a proud man to aid him in his day of humiliation.

(To be continued.)

#### A JAPANESE INFERNO.

DOES it not seem to you, who have a sensitive mind and love to dream of the fitness of things, that the gentle moon is distinctively a Japanese orb, whose especial pleasure it must be to shine on a gentle land, through the graceful stems of bamboo; to kiss the snowy brow of Fuji-yama, cold as chastity; to glimmer in the dusky rice-fields, where the sleeping heron stands like a huge dark flower on its slender stalk?

To me, standing at midnight in this lone valley, it seems so congruous that its strange shapes of leaf and rock, its little misshapen Buddhas, its quaint prayer-writings brushed here and there on to the smooth stones, should be revealed only in these soft subduing beams. Here the gaudy sun seems too harsh, too prosaic in its pitiless revelation of the commonplace and the ugly.

An old Japanese poet, unknown, but loved, has yielded to the charm of moonlight in words that suggest a delicate monochrome on scroll or fan: 'The moon, on an autumn night, rendering visible even the number of the wild geese as they fly past, their dark wings intercrossed on the white clouds!' Thus he presents the thought that rises within him, alone, without initial or tail-piece; even as his fellow-artist traces a shadowy circle and lightly throws across it the wings of a stork, or a few shivering reeds, careless of horizon or middle-distance, contemptuous of a posturing observer in the foreground.

Slowly floating across the night, the moon pauses to peep through the parted lips of the great volcano Osamiyama—lips that are always breathing forth a smoke-cloud, dimly lit by a dull glare from the centre of the earth; then

throws her pitying glance on this lonely village of Kusatsu, as it sleeps in a cup formed by volcanic hills. This is the abode of woe; this the Japanese *citta dolente*, whose daily scenes seem to invoke the spirits of the mighty Florentine and his Virgil, to gaze upon the tortures of the damned.

For to Kusatsu flock, from all parts of Japan, men and women whom retributive nature has visited with her deadliest scourges. No fashionable watering-place is here, no pleasure-cure for sauntering convalescents, but a hard, grim round of pain—pain such as few Europeans could voluntarily undergo, be their hope and their fortitude ever so high.

This is the vision of the past day. Picture to yourself a little Japanese town whose situation, steep streets, and overhanging red roofs, suggest memories of some village in the Tyrol. In the centre a large square, from which rises a perpetual cloud of steam; for here, within a vast wood-lined tank, are collected the seething waters of the hot sulphur-springs that bubble forth from the surrounding hills. The stain of the sulphur is thick on the woodwork; the stench of it fills the air; yea, the whole hollow is clogged with the suffocating odour. Yet there is beauty in the scene; in the wondrous glittering of the waters; the deep red roofs glowing in the morning sun; the faint purple hills beyond; the great yellow square, flecked with those bright clinging draperies that render every Japanese crowd a perpetual feast of colour and line.

Eight o'clock is the first hour for bathing in the central bath-house near the great tanks. A low-pitched horn winds dismally through the streets and across the echoing hills, and slowly there appear from all sides the poor wretches who form the first batch of bathers. Many of them are terrible to look upon as they troop into the bath-house.

Entering with them, one makes out through the thick, rolling vapours a dozen baths—rectangular pits about five feet deep and six or eight feet long—which are contrived in the wooden flooring. Standing on planks round these baths are a crowd of naked youths, each of whom grasps a wooden board, with which he churns up the seething waters. They all keep time in a swaying, up-and-down motion; through the noise of the plunging boards and the rush of water is heard their lugubrious chant. Their purpose is benevolent—namely, to make the smoking pits yield up a few degrees of their heat. Yet the dark, grinning faces, the naked, swaying figures half shrouded in steam, the suffocating smell, the wailing voices mingling with the general din of waters—all this renders it difficult not to believe that a crowd of gibbering demons are preparing new tortures for the shivering victims who stand behind them, watching with lack-lustre eyes the scene that they know so well as preliminary to their sufferings.

Suddenly, with a loud shout, all the boards are jerked out and dragged away out of sight. At once the bathers crouch down at the edges and begin to bathe their scalps and necks in the fiery liquid, to obviate a rush of blood to the head. This done, they coil long linen rags,

wringing wet, round their brows, and await the next signal.

Now, as the vapours grow less dense, one perceives at the far end of the building a hatchet-faced, gap-toothed man, standing with folded arms, grasping in one hand a rod of office. Above him is a clock with a large second-hand. Slowly his gaze travels round the naked figures who are standing and kneeling by the baths, intently watchful of his movements. The rod is lifted; instantly they begin to lower themselves into the water, each in his or her allotted place. One bath can contain four or five bathers, standing upright; and oh! how slowly, how almost imperceptibly, do their feet, legs, bodies, and arms sink beneath the smoking surface! The pain is excruciating; the least ripple caused by a hasty movement would be beyond human endurance. One or two poor wretches can hardly force themselves below.

At last they touch the bottom; all are immersed up to the chin; nothing is visible save a crowd of bandaged human faces, motionless, almost expressionless, the eyes staring dully in front; here and there a brow wrinkled in pain; the wreathing vapours wind slowly up. . . . Silence reigns.

Watching so much pain, one suffers too, knowing its extremity. For the water of these baths stands, after cooling, at the incredible temperature of from 125 to 130 degrees Fahrenheit, and contains moreover fifteen per cent. of natural sulphuric acid.

Only by submitting to regimental discipline can this marvellously resolute people compel their bodies to such anguish. I was told of one European—only one—who was courageous enough to undergo the penance.

All at once the lean-visaged form that presides calls harshly to the crowd below—his voice cuts the stillness like a knife—'One minute has now passed!' And the sea of motionless heads answer him back—'Ha-a-ai!' in a long, loud, unearthly wail, that echoes round the building.

How weirdly impassive is the Mongolian type! Though in these nearer faces the swollen veins are bursting through the dull yellow skin, yet one can detect no tension of feature, no writhing of lips, no setting of teeth hard, to conquer the torment. Their heavy jaws droop, their eyes are half-closed; there is no speculation in those dull, narrow orbs.

Slowly the reluctant hand drags itself afresh round the dial; never were seconds so prolonged, never minutes so interminable. Then again the harsh voice comes through the mist—'Two minutes have now passed!' And again rises the answering 'Ha-a-ai!'

A small child appears at one of the doors and asks some question in a pretty, pleading voice. One of the heads murmurs in answer; a woman's head—its mother's. The child flutters off with a pleased smile.

The third minute passes; at the last second of the fourth the leader exclaims, 'Condescend now to leave the honourable water!' His words are drowned in the universal leap of the tortured bodies, as they swing themselves out of their Stygian pits on to the slippery planking.

Five times a day this gruesome scene is repeated.

But to see it once is enough; outside, the sun is bright and the streets are full of picturesque life. Brightly clad children are running about like flower-petals chased by the wind. Yet, it is a joyless sight. On many of the throng are only too plainly writ the reasons of their presence here; and, as one gazes round, there recur involuntarily to the mind certain terrible lines from Tennyson's *Vision of Sin*.

One part of the village is a leper settlement, and the appearance of these unfortunates is hideous beyond belief. Their legs, arms, and faces are covered with deep brown spots, caused by burnings with *moxa*—a plant similar to our mugwort; pieces of which are rolled into a cone, applied to the skin, and ignited. The faith in this torture seems to be as strong as in the medicinal power of the hot springs.

Descartes might have said, 'Je souffre, donc je suis.' And though, by curious imaginings, one may persuade one's self of many things, and of the unreality of most, yet Pain looks on with a grim sneer at the would-be soarer in ecstatic clouds, knowing that one breath from her hot lips will shrivel up the poor fool's wings and stretch him, abject and quivering, at her feet.

Nevertheless, mercy is vouchsafed us in the magic of the night.

Standing now, at this late hour, in the midst of the high valley that pours its sulphur-laden waters down to the reservoirs, the past day seems an evil dream. The moonlit rills bubble along like veins of silver in the pale sand. From the thick bushes on the hill-sides comes the *crik-crik* of a few drowsy cicalas. Farther up the valley loom the strange shapes of the 'children's pillars'—small rocks and stones piled up in columns by pious mothers in memory of their dead offspring. And the little town and all the encircling hills are bathed in the comforting moonlight.

To gaze at the pale, heavenly face that gazes back so benignly—to watch the myriad stars as they 'attain their mighty life,' floods the mind with a great joy, in whose depths all grosser memories seem vain and unreal. Let us yield to the spell; let suffering be but as an evil day-dream, born of a cynical, distorting sun; and gentle night, that nurses the senses to sleep, be the only true reality. C. H. F.

## THE GOVERNESS AT GREENBUSH.

### CHAPTER IV.—CONCLUSION.

A HORSE's mane and withers, rubbed by the rider's beard as he stooped to peer into the hut, deepened the gray dusk within and made the lamp burn brighter. Then came the squatter's voice, in tremulous, forced tones, as of a man who can ill trust himself to speak: 'And so, Miss Winfrey, you are here!'

The Governess came close to the threshold and faced her employer squarely, though without a word. Then her song had awakened a memory, but nothing more! So ran her thoughts.

'Your explanation, Miss Winfrey?'

'We knew each other years ago.' And she

waved with her hand towards the man who would not stand beside her in her shame.

'When did you find that out, Miss Winfrey?'

'Yesterday afternoon.'

'Ah, when he came in for his cheque. I may tell you that I saw something of it from the store; and my wife happened to overhear some more when she went to fetch you and my daughter in to dinner.'

'That was very clever of Mrs Pickering!'

'It was an accident; she couldn't help hearing.'

'I daresay!' cried the Governess, flaring up all at once. 'But I shall tell her what I think of such accidents when I see her again!'

There was no immediate answer; and the girl took a cold alarm; for a soft meaning laugh came through the door; and either behind her, or in her imagination, there was an echo which hurt her ten times more.

'May I ask,' said Mr Pickering, 'when you expect to see my wife again?'

'Never!' said the girl, as though she had known that all along; but she had not thought of it before, and the thing stunned her even as she spoke.

'Never,' repeated the squatter, with immense solemnity. 'You've treated her very badly, Miss Winfrey; she feels it very much. You might at least have consulted her before going to such a length as this. A length which has nothing to do with me, mark you; but I must say it is one of the most scandalous things I ever heard of in all my life. I'm sorry to speak so strongly. I'm sorry to lose you for the children; but you must see that you're no longer quite the sort of person we want for them. You will find your boxes on the coach which leaves the township this evening, and your cheque'—

'Stop!' said a hoarse voice fiercely. At the same moment Miss Winfrey was forced to one side, and Wilfred Ferrers filled her place: she had never admired him so much as now, with his doubled fists, and his rough dress, and the cold dawn shining on his handsome, haggard face. 'You've said quite enough,' he continued; 'now it's my turn, Mr Pickering. Miss Winfrey hasn't been at the hut ten minutes. She came because we were old friends, to try and make me the man I was when she knew me before. Unfortunately it's a bit too late; but she wasn't to know that, and she's done no wrong. Now apologise—or settle it with me!' and he laid hold of the bridle.

'You may let go those reins,' replied Pickering. 'I'm not frightened of you, though you have the better of me by twenty years. But I think you're on the right side in a more important respect than that; and if I've done Miss Winfrey an injustice, I hope I'm man enough to apologise in my own way.' He slid from his horse, and walked into the hut with his wideawake in one hand, and the other outstretched. 'I beg your pardon,' he said.

'I don't blame you,' she replied.

He kept her hand kindly. 'Perhaps we shall meet again,' said he. 'I hope so! I don't know how it stands between you two, but I can give a guess. You're a good girl;

and we've always known what Bill was underneath. Good luck to you both! I shall send another man out here to-night.'

The girl stood still and heard him ride away. The soft words stung worse than the harsh, she hardly knew why. She was bewildered and aching in heart and body and brain. On some point she should have enlightened Mr Pickering, but she had let it be, and now what was it?

Ferrers had accompanied the squatter outside; had seen him off; and yet now he was standing in front of her with a look she remembered in his sunken eyes. 'Two men have insulted you this morning,' he was saying. 'One has apologised; it is the other's turn now. Forgive me, Lena!'

It was his old voice. The tears rushed to her eyes, and she stepped out blindly for the door. 'I have nothing to forgive!' she cried. 'Let me go. Only let me go!'

'Go where?'

'To the township—anywhere! I should have told Mr Pickering. Call him back!—Ah, he's so far away already! What am I to do? What am I to do?'

Ferrers pushed the wooden box into the doorway, where she stood leaning heavily against the jamb. 'Sit down on that,' said he, 'while I brew you some tea. You're tired to death. Time enough to think of things after.'

The girl sat down, and for a while she cried gently to herself. Her physical fatigue was enormous, rendering her perfectly helpless for the time being, with a helplessness which she resented more bitterly than the incomparable mental torments of the situation. These she deserved. If only she could get away, and turn this bitter page before it drove her mad! If only she could creep away, and close her eyes for hours or for ever! But it was impossible; and that was at once the refinement of her present punishment, and, surely, the ultimate expiation of her early sin.

The red sun burst out of the plains, as it were under her very eyes, blinding them. But she would not look round. She heard matches struck, sticks crackling, and later, the 'billy' bubbling on the fire. She knew when the 'slush-lamp'—a strip of moleskin in a tin of mutton fat—was put out; her sense of smell informed her of the fact. She heard a rasher frizzling at the fire, and the cutting of the damper on the table; but not until Ferrers touched her on the shoulder, telling her that breakfast was ready, would she turn her head or speak a word. The touch made her quiver to the core. He apologised, explaining that he had spoken thrice. Then they sat down; and the girl ate ravenously; but Ferrers did little but make conversation, speaking now of the Pickerings, and now of some common friends in London; the people, in fact, who had brought these two together.

'They knew I had come out here; didn't they tell you?'

'I never went near them again.'

This answer set Ferrers thinking; and, after refilling the girl's pannikin and cutting more damper, he took a saddle from a long peg. He must catch his horse, he said; he would come back and see how she was getting on.

He did not come back for nearly an hour: the horse was a young one, and the horse-paddock, which was some little distance beyond the hut, was absurdly large. He returned ultimately at a gallop, springing off, with a new eagerness in his face, at the door of the hut. It was empty. He searched the hut, but the girl was gone. Then he remounted, and rode headlong down the fence; and something that he saw soon enough made his spurs draw blood. She was lying in the full glare of the morning sun, sound asleep. He had difficulty in awakening her, and greater difficulty in dissuading her from lying down again where she was.

'Have you spent half a summer up here without learning to respect the Riverina sun? You mustn't think of going to sleep in it again. It's as much as your life is worth.'

'Which is very little,' murmured Miss Winfrey, letting some sand slip through her fingers, as if symbolically.

'Look here!' said Ferrers. 'I shall be out all day, seeing to the sheep and riding the boundaries. There's a room at the back of my hut which the boss and those young fellows use whenever they stay there. They keep some blankets in it, but I have the key. The coach doesn't go till eight o'clock to-night. Why not lie down there till five or six?'

'I'm not a fool in everything,' said the girl at length, with a wan smile. 'I'll do that.'

'Then jump on my horse.'

'That I can't do!'

'I'll give you a hand.'

'I should fall off!'

'Not at a walk. Besides, I'll lead him. Recollect you've nine miles before you this evening!'

She gave in. The room proved comfortable. She fell asleep to the sound of his horse's canter, lost in a few strides in the sand, but continuous in her brain. And this time she slept for many hours.

It was a heavy, dreamless sleep, from which she at last awoke refreshed, but entirely non-plussed as to her whereabouts. The room was very small and hot. It was also remarkably silent, but for the occasional crackling of the galvanised roof; and rather dark, but for the holes which riddled that roof like stars, letting in so many sunbeams as thin as fingers. Miss Winfrey held her watch in one of them, but it had stopped for want of winding. Then she opened the door, and the blazing sun was no higher in the west than it had been in the east when last she saw it.

On a narrow bench outside her door stood a tin basin, with a bit of soap in it, cut fresh from the bar; a coarse but clean towel; and a bucket of water underneath. The girl crept back into the room, and knelt in prayer before using these things. In the forenoon none of them had been there.

Going round presently to the front of the hut, the first thing she saw was the stock-rider's boots, with the spurs on them, standing just outside the door; within, there was a merry glare, and Wilfred Ferrers cooking the chops in his stocking soles before a splendid fire.

'Well!' she exclaimed in the doorway, for she could not help it.

'Awake at last!' he cried, turning a face

ruddy from the fire. 'You've had your eight hours. It's nearly five o'clock.'

'Then I must start instantly.'

'Time enough when we've had something to eat.'

The first person plural disconcerted her. Was he coming too? Mr Pickering had taken it for granted that they would go together; he was sending out another man to look after the outstation; but then Mr Pickering was labouring under a delusion; he did not understand. Wilfred was very kind, considering that his love for her was dead and buried in the dead past. The gentleman was not dead in him, at all events. How cleverly he managed those hissing chops! He looked younger in the firelight, years younger than in the cold gray dawn. But no wonder his love of her was dead and gone.

'Now we're ready,' he cried at last. 'Quick, while they're hot, Lena!' His tone had changed entirely since the early morning; it was brisker now, but markedly civil and considerate. He proceeded to apologise for making use of her Christian name; it had slipped out, he said, without his thinking. At this fresh evidence of his indifference, the girl forced a smile, and declared it did not matter. 'Surely we can still be friends,' said she.

'Yes, friends in adversity!' he laughed. 'Don't you feel as if we'd been wrecked together on a desert island? I do. But what do you think of the chops?'

'Very good for a desert island.'

She was trying to adopt his tone; it was actually gay; and herein his degeneracy was more apparent to her than in anything that had gone before. He could not put himself in her place; the cruel dilemma that she was in, for his sake, was evidently nothing to him; his solitary dog's life had deprived him of the power of feeling for another. And yet the thought of those boots outside in the sand contradicted this reflection; for he had put them on soon after her return, thus showing her on whose account he had taken them off.

Moreover, his next remark was entirely sympathetic. 'It's very hard on you!' he exclaimed. 'What do you mean to do?'

'I suppose I must go back to Melbourne.'

'And then?'

'Get another place—if I can.'

He said no more; but he waited upon her with heightened assiduity during the remainder of their simple meal; and when they set out together—he with all his worldly goods in a roll of blankets across his shoulders—she made another effort to strike his own note of kindly interest and impersonal sympathy. 'And you,' she said as they walked; 'what will you do?'

'Get a job at the next station; there'll be no difficulty about that.'

'I'm thankful to hear it.'

'But I am in a difficulty about you!'

He paused so long that her heart fluttered, and she knew not what was coming. They passed the place where her resolution had given way in the dark hour before the dawn; she recognised that other spot, where, later, he had found her asleep in the sun; but the first fence was in sight before he spoke.

'I can't stand the idea of your putting in

another appearance in the township,' he exclaimed at last, thrilling her with the words, which expressed perhaps the greatest of her own immediate dreads. 'It won't do at all. Things will have got about. You must avoid the township at all costs.'

'How can I?'

'By striking the road much lower down. It will mean bearing to the right, and no more beaten tracks after we get through this gate. But the distance will be the same, and I know the way.'

'But my trunks'—

'The boss said he would have them put on the coach. They'll probably be aboard whether you are or no. If they aren't, I'll have them sent after you.'

'I shall be taking you out of your way,' objected the girl.

'Never mind. Will you trust me?'

'Most gratefully!'

She had need to be grateful. Yes, he was very kind; nevertheless, he was breaking her heart with his kindness: her heart, that she had read backward five years ago, but aright ever since. It was all his. Either the sentiment which was one of her inherent qualities, or the generosity which was another, or both, had built up a passion for the man she had jilted, far stronger than any feeling she could have entertained for him in the early days of their love. She had yearned to make atonement, and having prayed, for years, only to meet him again, to that end, she had regarded her prayer now as answered. But answered how cruelly! Quite an age ago, he must have ceased to care; what was worse, he had no longer any strong feelings about her, one way or the other. This, indeed, was the worst of all. His first hot scorn, his momentary brutality, had been better than this. She had made him feel then. He felt nothing now. And here they were trudging side by side, as silent as the grave that held their withered love.

They came to the road but a few minutes before the coach was due. Ferrers carried no watch; but he had timed their journey accurately by the sun. It was now not a hand's-breadth above the dun horizon; the wind had changed, and was blowing fresh from the south; and it was grateful to sit in the elongated shadows of two blue-bushes which commanded a fair view of the road. They had been on the tramp upwards of two hours; during the second hour they had never spoken but once, when he handed her his water-bag; and now he handed it again.

'Thank you,' she said, passing it back after her draught. 'You have been very kind!'

'Ah, Lena!' he cried, without a moment's warning, 'had you been a kinder girl, or I a stronger man, we should have been happy enough first or last! Now it's too late. I have sunk too low. I'd rather sink lower still than trade upon your pity.'

'Is that all?'

'That's all.'

He pointed to a whirl of sand half a mile up the road. It grew larger, giving glimpses of half-harnessed horse-flesh and heavily revolving wheels. The girl's lips moved; she could hear

the driver's whip, cracking louder and louder; but the words came hard.

'It is not true,' she murmured at last. 'That is not all. You—do not—care!'

He turned upon her his old, hungry eyes, so sunken now. 'I do!' he said hoarsely. 'Too much—to drag you down. No! let me sink alone; I shall soon touch bottom.'

She got to her feet. The coach was very near them now, the off-lamp showing up the vermilion panels; the bits tinkling between the leaders' teeth; the body of the vehicle swinging and swaying on its leather springs. The Governess got to her feet, and pointed to the coach with a helpless gesture.

'And I?' said she. '*What's to become of me?*'

The south wind was freshening with the fall of night; at that very moment it blew off the driver's wideawake, and the coach was delayed three minutes. A few yards farther it was stopped again, and at this second exasperation the driver's language went from bad to worse; for the coach was behind its time.

'What now? Passengers?'

'Yes.'

'The owner of the boxes?'

'Yes.'

'And you too? Where's your cheque?'

There was a moment's colloquy between the two dusky figures in the road; then the man took a slip of paper from the left-hand pocket in his moleskins, and held it to the off-lamp for the driver's inspection. 'The two of us,' he said.

'All right; jump up!'

And with his blankets round her, and her hand in his, the little Governess, and her lost love who was found, passed at star-rise through the Greenbush boundary-gate, and on and on into another life.

### MIRRORS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

ACCORDING to the learned Beckmann, it is highly probable that a limpid brook was the first mirror. Primitive man, or rather woman, was not content for long with that inconvenient looking-glass, and it is very likely that early in the Stone Age vanity and ingenuity found an artificial substitute for the meandering brook. Some stones answer fairly well for the purpose, and, in fact, we read in ancient writers of stone mirrors. Pliny mentions the obsidian stone or agate in this respect, and we know that the ancient Peruvians, besides mirrors of silver, copper, and brass, possessed some which slightly astonished their Spanish conquerors. These were made of a black and opaque stone, which was susceptible of a fine polish. The earliest written records we have refer to metal mirrors; but the opinions as to time, place, and composition seem to be as numerous and various as the antiquaries and commentators themselves. The endeavours to trace their origin remind one of the arduous labours of another body of students—namely,

Those learned philologists who chase

A panting syllable through time and space;

Start it at home, and hunt it in the dark  
To Gaul—to Greece—and into Noah's ark!

Some, following Cicero, conjecture that Æsculapius was the inventor of mirrors; while others point out that the old Roman alludes to a probe, an invention more in the line of the reputed father of medicine.

The Greeks were at an early period possessed of small mirrors, chiefly of bronze, and occasionally covered with a thin coating of silver. Besides its use at the toilet table in the preparation of Psyche knots and graceful drapery, it was also used in divination. The practice was to let one down into a well by means of a string to within a few inches of the water, when it was pulled up, and, after a few minutes, was expected to show the face of the sick person in whose behalf the ceremony was performed. Roman writers like Pliny and Seneca, in declaiming against increasing luxury, state that it was the ambition of every foolish woman to possess a silver mirror. Examples of these Greek and Roman articles are to be seen in collections of antiquities at towns wherever those old civilisations had spread; and from a specimen found in Cornwall, it is supposed that the Celtic population of England copied the form and substance of the Roman mirror. It was not, however, till the early part of the sixteenth century that they became common as articles of furniture and decoration. Previously, they were carried at the girdle, being merely small circular plaques of polished metal fixed in a shallow box. The outsides were often of gold, enamel, ivory, or ebony, and much ingenuity and art was expended in their decoration with relief representations of love, domestic, hunting, and other interesting scenes. As early as 625, we find Pope Boniface IV. sending Queen Ethelberga of Northumberland a present of a silver mirror. After the method of covering glass with thin sheets of metal was discovered—sometime during the middle ages, it is vaguely supposed—steel and silver mirrors were still cherished, to the neglect of the new-fangled glasses. Their manufacture on a commercial basis was first developed in Venice about the year 1507, and in England, early in the seventeenth century, the business was started by Sir Robert Mansell.

Mirrors of metal are still common in Oriental countries among people not afflicted with that malady styled progress. Bronze is the favoured substance in Japan, and the first mirror ever made in that charming country is religiously preserved at Ise as an object of the highest veneration; while that said to be presented by the Sun goddess at the foundation of the empire is an important item in the Japanese regalia.

In addition to the historical and utilitarian interest, the mirror is famous in the wide realms of mystery and superstition. According to Brand, mirrors were used by magicians 'in their superstitious and diabolical operations.'

The great and mythical Prester John possessed a mirror which showed him everything that took place in his dominions. The celebrated magic mirror which Merlin gave to King Ryence—it was called 'Venus's looking-glass'—revealed to its holder anything that a friend or foe was doing, and other interesting incidents usually associated with the detective's profession. Britomart, King Ryence's daughter, saw in it her future husband, and also his name—Sir Artagal. According to the old mythology, Vulcan made one which revealed the past, present, and future. Sir John Davies, in his poem entitled *The Orchestra*, declares, with a delicate poetical and courtier-like fancy, that Cupid once handed it to Antinoüs when he was in the court of Ulysses, and Antinoüs gave it to Penelope, who beheld therein the Court of Queen Elizabeth and all its grandeur!

Vulcan, the king of fire, that mirror wrought. . .  
As there did represent in lively show  
Our glorious English Court's divine image  
As it should be in this our golden age!

Another famous mirror was that belonging to Kelly, the speculator or seer in the service of Dr Dee. It resembled a piece of cannel coal, and is thus celebrated in *Hudibras*:

Kelly did all his feats upon  
The devil's looking-glass, a stone.

There is a tradition that the Gunpowder Plot was discovered by Dr Dee and his wonderful mirror. In a Prayer-book printed by Baskett, is a curious engraving representing the discovery through its agency. 'The plate,' says a correspondent in *Notes and Queries*, 'would seem to represent the method by which under Providence—as is evidenced by the eye—the discovery of the Gunpowder Plot was at that time seriously believed to have been effected. The tradition, moreover, must have been generally believed, or it never could have found its way into a Prayer-book printed by the king's printer.'

In the pleasant regions of folklore the mirror holds a fairly prominent place. To break one is considered an unlucky affair, a notion which is one of the most prevalent and persistent bits of modern superstition. In many parts of England, seven years of trouble is considered the penalty for such an accident; but the still more serious Scottish people regard it as a sign that a member of the family will soon die. In the south of England it is looked upon as a bad omen for a bride on her wedding morning to take a last peep at the glass before starting for church, and the struggle between superstition and vanity is no doubt very keen. The Swedish girls are afraid to look in the glass after dark, or by artificial light, lest they should forfeit the good opinion of the other sex. Most people still appear to regard it as a bad omen to see the new moon for the first time through a window pane or reflected in a mirror. In some districts the practice of covering the looking-glass, or removing it, in the presence of death still exists. The reason for this is not very obvious, though Mr Baring Gould says there is a popular notion that if a person looks into a mirror in the chamber of death, he will see the corpse looking



over his shoulder. Such superstitions seem to suggest a near approach to the primitive modes of thought of the men who found mirrors in stones and glasses in the running brook.

#### 'BLACKFOOT': A TRUE STORY.

'WELL, laddie,' said the old schoolmaster, carefully stopping his time-honoured briar with the tobacco he had just cut and carefully rubbed, 'it's a right interesting thing to hear your exposition of Socialism; but I'm no that sure how the universal brotherhood will turn out after a'. Did I ever tell you how I was sworn brother to a mason?'

I said nothing, but looked interested. Mr Whackbairn settled down in his chair, took several puffs, and began:

It was thirty years ago, when I was a young callant like yourself, that I was also much taken with the notion of universal brotherhood. I was just three months out of Glasgow College, and had been going up and down Scotland, and walking to and fro in it, looking for a school wherein to display my talents, when the heritors of Colston offered me the parochial school, twenty pounds a year, fees, a furnished house, and the privilege of a 'cow's gang' on the Hill of Colston. As I did not propose to take unto myself a cow, this last allurement counted for little; but nevertheless I accepted Colston.

And Colston accepted me! I am bound to say that the hearty kindness of those Lanarkshire farmers and miners was a great deal more than I deserved. I ceased to regret that inestimable privilege the 'cow's gang,' when I found that the goodwives were quite willing to keep the 'maister' in butter, eggs, and cheese.

But very lonely I should have found life in that upland village, if it had not been for the evening class of young men to whom I taught what I called land-surveying, though they declined to recognise it by any name except 'lan'-mizzerin'. With one of these young fellows I contracted a friendship on the very best Brotherhood-of-man principles. James Robertson was a mason by trade, with an aspiration after a croft, which accounted for the 'lan'-mizzerin'. He was a young giant of six-feet-three, and his bashfulness was even greater than his size. It was popularly believed that he would go two miles out of his way at any time to avoid speaking to a girl. Yet there was one girl for the privilege of speaking to whom he would cheerfully have gone twenty miles out of his way, even though all she said was to ask if he would be at the kirk the morn, which he was sure to be—but whether Katie Gray or the minister's excellent discourse on Jeremiah was the attraction, is open to question.

Katie Gray, the local beauty, lived at the croft of Burnbraes along with her father and her twin-sister Nellie, the other local beauty. Indeed, the two girls were so like that it was difficult to distinguish them, except that Nellie's eyes were brown, and Katie's a dancing hazel. But the little puss rarely gave one an oppor-

tunity of studying her eyes, so mistakes between the sisters were not infrequent. But it was reserved for me to make the monumental mistake.

Many an evening after school was closed, a tap would come to the door, and James would enter, at first with the excuse of some problem concerning 'chains' and 'acres,' afterwards ostensibly to have a 'crack,' which always sooner or later resolved itself into a monologue on the perfections of Katie Gray. Now, I could not see why James should despair; for it is not every swain who is allowed to see the lady of his affections and her sister home from 'the practising' every Friday night, and occasionally further permitted the bliss of singing with her thereafter; for James had a very good bass voice, and nourished wild aspirations after the position of precentor; and Katie sang like a lintie. I constantly heartened him up to press his suit. James was willing and even anxious so to do, but somehow the affair hung fire. At last, in an access of despairing bashfulness, he explained his laxness and the reason which made him a laggard in love.

'Eh, guid kens it's no that I dinna want the lassie! Ower an' ower have I gane doon to Burnbraes to tell her sae; but jist whan I've led up to it, an' my heart's thumpin' like my ain hammer, in comes Nellie, an' there have I to ask aboot her auntie's neuralgy or the like, an' then say I maun be steppin'. I'm no sayin' anything against Nellie; Nellie's a bonny lassie when Katie's no there' (James was nothing if not generous); 'but if she could only be keepit oot o' my way for twa hoors some Friday night, I'd maybe screw up courage to ask Katie!' And the perplexed lover came to a stand-still.

Who would not have sympathised with a good fellow in such a whimsical plight? I gallantly threw myself into the breach by proposing that he should take me to Burnbraes, and introduce me to the sisters, when I would do my best to keep Nellie from disturbing the *tête-à-tête* of James and his fair one. Never was a proposal received with such sincere though semi-articulate gratitude, and we fixed on the following Friday evening at seven.

James was punctual; and we walked down the 'loan' together almost in silence. My friend was, I conjecture, considering the phrases in which he was to put his fate to the test, and win or lose it all; while I was remembering that even James admitted that Nellie was a bonny lassie when Katie wasna there. We entered under a honeysuckle arch and tapped at the door. It was opened by the neuralgic aunt.

'Hoo's a' wi' ye the nicht? An' ye've brocht the maister wi' ye. Come ben the hoose, sir, an' see the lassies!' and she bustled in before us.

Katie and Nellie were named; and after some polite conversation, dealing mostly with the crops, the cat, and the window-geranium, I asked Miss Nellie to take me outside, professing a wild desire for some of the gooseberries which were hanging in red ovals of sweetness on the bushes at the foot of the garden.

It is an absorbing business gathering goose-

berries, especially if you get a thorn into your first finger during the process. How can a man get it out with his left hand? We were obliged to sit down on the seat, while my pretty companion produced a needle, and taking my hand, began to make those frantic little dabs with which even the most charming of women attacks a thorn or splinter in the hand of masculinity. Somehow, that thorn took half-an-hour to extract, and at the end of the half-hour we felt justified in sitting another half-hour. The pair in the window seemed not to be saying much, and I thought it my duty to give James as long as possible. In fact, I would have gone on sacrificing myself nobly till ten o'clock, if it had not been that my land-surveying class began at nine, and I had reluctantly to go.

We walked up the garden walk together, and I saw my friend in the window heave himself to his feet. He emerged from the door just as Miss Nellie was pinning one of the monthly rosebuds into my button-hole—you see, I was afraid of getting another thorn in my finger, if I did it myself. We were both invited to come back soon, made our adieux, and departed.

My pupil did not say a word to me as we went down that walk. His brow wore a distinct scowl, and I judged that the case called for sympathy. Whenever we were out of eyeshot and earshot, he suddenly stopped short, and shook me—*me*, the schoolmaster of Colston—in a way that made me feel as if every tooth was loose in my head. There are moments, as Carlyle tells us, when the overwrought human being loses all respect for church-clothes. James certainly seemed to have lost all respect for the educational collar.

'What garred you do yon?' he demanded savagely.

'Whatever do you mean? Haven't I done just what you asked?' I gasped.

'When did I ask you to hold my lassie's han' for half-an-hour?' and another attack seemed imminent.

I had been sedulously keeping the wrong girl out of James's way! Was ever such a funny mistake? I am a very near-sighted man, and had confused the names of the two sisters, so that while I had been sitting with Katie on the seat, my luckless pupil had been left for an hour to the society of Nellie and the cat!

On thinking the matter over, I magnanimously forgave the shaking, feeling that under the circumstances I should have done the same. Furthermore, after the class was over for the evening, I aided and abetted James in writing Katie a formal proposal of marriage, addressed in full to Miss Katherine Gray, to prevent mistakes.

His next visit was not paid to me in the capacity of schoolmaster, but in the equally onerous position of session-clerk. He requested me to 'put in the cries,' announced that they were to be married Friday three weeks, and asked my attendance, which I agreed to give, in the capacity of best-man only.

A year after, I attended a christening in the same family; but long before that happy event James had let the story of that evening leak out, and I do believe every bashful lover in

Colston parish had been exhorted by scoffing friends to 'ask the maister to be blackfoot.' But this was my first and last appearance in this character of proxy.

## THE MONTH:

### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

IN No. 556 (page 540) we recorded a case of accidental charring of a fabric by contact with the bulb of an electric glow-lamp. From experiments lately made by Captain Exler it is shown that a sixteen-candle lamp sunk in paraffin reaches a maximum temperature of 94 degrees C., while a twenty-five-candle lamp will reach 101 degrees C. Gunpowder and gun-cotton are not ignited, but when spread upon wood or other material opaque to heat rays, the powder will be decomposed and the cotton darkened. Cotton-wool, cloth, and black silk will all char when bound round a glow-lamp, but will not actually take fire unless saturated with india-rubber solution. The breaking of a lamp did not ignite gun-cotton, but fired an explosive gaseous mixture.

Billiard players will be interested to hear that balls of steel have recently been made for this popular game at Stockholm. They are about the same weight as ivory balls of the same size, but cost about a quarter the price of the latter. Cast steel is employed in the manufacture, but the balls are afterwards turned in the lathe, after which they have a thickness of one-sixteenth of an inch. We are not told whether these balls possess the same amount of elasticity as those of ivory. In connection with this matter we may mention that billiard balls of a composition of which celluloid forms a chief part have been in use for some time.

M. Marey, whose name is widely known as an investigator who has made much use of photography in obtaining records of animal movements, has lately been busying himself with trying to solve the problem why a cat always falls on its feet, even though it be dropped down with its paws upwards. The photographs show precisely by what succession of motion the cat gets its feet undermost.

In response to a deputation which lately waited upon the President of the Board of Trade, that official expressed the hope that it might be in his power to introduce a Bill in Parliament for dealing with the question of immature fish. The importance of preventing the capture of fish under a useful size has again and again been urged by those who are in the best position to know what injury is done to our fisheries under the present fool-hardy system. We may hope now that something definite will be done before it is too late. With reference to the limit of size, the general feeling seems to be in favour of the example which has been set by most Continental countries. This fixes the limit for soles and plaice at eight inches, and for turbot and brill at ten inches. At present it is a common thing to see fish for sale far under these sizes.

In the meantime valuable work is being done at Dunbar under the auspices of the

Fishery Board for Scotland. Here has been established a large hatchery for the artificial propagation of the more valuable marine food-fishes. It is proposed to hatch here every season hundreds of millions of the eggs of plaice, turbot, sole, and other fishes, and to place the fry in the various fishing-grounds round the coast. Curiously enough, this work is carried on within the confines of the old castle of Dunbar. The arrangements include a tidal pond for brood-fishes, a concrete tank in which the spawn is deposited, and an incubating room capable of containing at one time eighty million fish-eggs. The pond has been formed in a space under the castle which at one time formed a dungeon, and the fish confined in it are fed daily. This experiment in marine pisciculture is attracting great attention, not only in our own country but abroad.

It is curious to note that modern workers, with all their boasted improvements of manufacture, will occasionally revert to very old methods and discover much that is good in them. A case in point is presented by certain trials of mortar batteries at Sandy Hook. Now a mortar is a stumpy little gun whose mission it was to throw a shell high in the air so that it might drop upon the enemy. Of late years it has hardly been seen except in museums; but now it has once more come to the front, and has been proved to be of considerable value. In the trials referred to it was desired to ascertain the value of mortars in repelling an enemy, and more particularly to find out whether the missiles could be thrown with sufficient accuracy to perforate the deck of a ship. The shots were made to hit a floating target repeatedly, and it was shown that when four shots were fired simultaneously, they fell so near together that they made but one splash.

The discoloration of flowers when they are preserved and dried as botanical specimens is said to be due to ammonia in the atmosphere. In order to prevent this action, it has recently been recommended to use for pressing absorbent paper which has been baked in a one per cent. solution of oxalic acid and dried. The use of such paper enables specimens to be preserved with their colours unimpaired.

A French doctor has pointed out that several fallacies are common with regard to the weight of the human body. The man who congratulates himself on his gain of several pounds in weight over a given period, may have no cause for rejoicing, for he may be under a delusion. Very few people, says this French investigator, have any correct idea of their own weight. As a rule, the correctness of his scales may be doubted, the weight of the clothing not taken into account, the time which has elapsed since eating, &c. As a matter of fact the weight of the body is continuously changing, owing to innumerable influences. On a warm day after breakfast a man will lose more than a third of a pound per hour. Seventy per cent. of the body consists of water, and thus its weight must vary with the transpiration of moisture. Therefore the inferences drawn from the loss or gain of a pound or two may be mistrusted. Fluctuations of a few ounces

per day are a sign that the body is in a healthy state.

The Medical Officer of Health attached to the large parish of Islington, in the streets of which ice-cream vendors are numerous, has been making some inquiry into the quality of the delicacy which these swarthy sons of Italy are dispensing to the youth of the metropolis. He has discovered countless microbes in this compound of flour, milk, eggs, and flavouring essences, as well as in the water for washing the glasses. One is a deadly microbe commonly found in sewage. The officer laconically attributes this state of things 'to the dirty conditions under which the creams are manufactured, to the dirt of the vessels, and the uncleanly habits of the men engaged in the industry.'

The war between China and Japan is recognised by all as a valuable object lesson to the European powers, for the combatants are fighting with modern ships and modern weapons. So far the great value of quick-firing guns on shipboard has been abundantly made manifest. So also has the awful destruction possible by one well-directed shot from a weapon of heavy calibre. One such shell was received on board the Japanese flagship at the battle of the Yalu, with the result that a heavy barbette gun was dismounted and thrown into the sea, great havoc was caused in the ship's fittings, and no fewer than fifty-one men were killed and wounded. If it had not been for this terrible shot, the Japanese loss on that occasion would have been insignificant. It is noteworthy that many of our British ships are still armed with muzzle-loading guns, and possess none of the quick-firing variety in their armament.

The teaching of medicine and philosophy in the University of modern Japan has long been mainly under the influence of German Professors. But till of late, English was not merely the principal foreign language in general use, but at all governmental schools, colleges, and the University took the first place, while German was second, and French third in standing. By a recent decree of the Japanese Minister of Education this arrangement is definitively altered: English takes now only the second place, and all students coming from the advanced schools to the University who propose to study medicine, literature, history, philosophy, or law, must have proved their mastery of German. At present there are seven German Professors in the University of Tokio.

Eight millions a year seems a fearful sum for the afflicted farmers of the United Kingdom to lose, not by bad weather or American competition, but by the industry of the warble fly or ox bot. That amount, however, is believed by the best authorities not to exceed the loss caused by this insect pest, which, rather like a small humble-bee, lays its eggs on or in the skin of cattle. The maggot grows to a chrysalis in the skin or flesh of the animal; and the damage caused by its presence to the marketable value of the hide, to the health of the animal, and to the milk-production, may be guessed when it is known that five hundred maggots have been found in one cow. Miss Ormerod, already so well known for her labours on injurious insects, has published (Simpkin,

Marshall, & Co.) a pamphlet which fully describes the warble fly and its development, with careful illustrations; and indicates how, by simple, harmless, and efficacious methods, the damage caused by it may be checked or wholly prevented.

Brick-dust mortar as a substitute for hydraulic cement, where the latter cannot be obtained, has been lately recommended, and experiment shows that the mortar will, after setting and immersion in water for several months, bear an extraordinary amount of pressure without giving way. It is also stated that an addition of ten per cent. of brick dust to ordinary mortars prevents that disintegration which is so commonly experienced. In Spain a mixture of brick dust, sand, and lime is used in preference to cement in culverts, drains, &c.; and the proportions recommended as giving the best results are one part brick dust and one part lime to two of sand. The ingredients are mixed together in a dry state, and are afterwards tempered with the necessary amount of water.

A rat is credited with having caused a strange accident which recently occurred on the electric-lighting system at Baltimore. Without any warning, a large number of the city lamps were suddenly extinguished, owing to a rat stepping from one copper terminal to another, and thus short-circuiting the current. The rat's skin is supposed to have been wet at the time, thus helping it to be a good conductor of the current. Its hair was burnt off, and the body had become quite rigid. Much damage was done to the attached switchboard and other fittings, owing to the great heat generated by the accidental contact.

The value of Anti-toxic serum as a remedy for that terrible disease diphtheria seems to be established beyond reasonable doubt. Dr Woodhead, Director of the Research laboratories of the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons, in lecturing upon this new curative agent, said that a great deal of nonsense had been written about the danger of injecting organic fluids into the human body, from a horse which might be suffering from glanders or tuberculosis. He pointed out that the presence of such ailments in a horse could be predetermined with the greatest accuracy, and therefore that the danger was non-existent. It was also pointed out by another speaker, Lord Playfair, that the system advocated by the lecturer was not attended by any suffering to the animals from which the serum was obtained. 'All the pain caused was less than that of a single lash of the whip.' See article in this *Journal*, No. 572 (Dec. 15, 1894).

Notification has been made that the seeds of hardy plants which have been gathered at Kew Gardens during the past year will be available for distribution—by way of exchange—with the colonial, Indian, and foreign botanical gardens. A list of the seeds is published in the *Kew Bulletin*, and requests should be forwarded to the Director of the Gardens as soon as possible.

In many districts, domestic water cisterns are practically done away with, the household water being drawn direct from the main. This is as it should be, for the cistern is a source of danger

of a very grave nature. In a recent Report by the Medical Officer of a large London parish, the results of examining the cisterns of forty-one 'model' dwellings is given. These water receptacles were mostly at the top of the houses, were imperfectly covered, and in dangerous proximity to drain-pipes, &c. The contents were frequently filthy, the water being covered with snails, and in some instances decayed vegetable matter lay two inches thick on the bottom of the cistern. Private dwellings in the district were no better; and it has been resolved to put in force certain by-laws which exist for dealing with the matter. But the enforcement of such laws is a somewhat difficult matter, particularly with a class of persons to whom cleanliness is not a matter of grave consideration.

A few weeks ago the Church of St Columb, Cornwall, was struck by lightning just at the commencement of morning service. The current seems to have struck the tower, stunning the ringers in its progress through the belfry, and appearing in the body of the church as a ball of fire. The glass of the belfry window was blown to pieces, and a slight explosion occurred through injury to the gas meter. The church was not protected by a lightning-conductor.

On some of the American railways compressed air is being used by the carriage cleaners for removing dust from the interior of the vehicles. A rubber hose is carried to any part of the car, and is used just like a garden hose, only that it discharges air instead of water. A powerful stream of air is said to be far more effective than dusters or brushes, and will remove all dry dirt from cloth, and even from glass and wood. It has the further recommendation that it searches into all crevices and corners, and effectually cleanses them of the dirt which they harbour.

In the course of a recent lecture at Owens College, Manchester, Professor S. J. Hickson described several of the fishes which were found in the Museum there. In alluding to the gorgeously coloured fish of the coral reefs, he pointed out that the bright and variegated tints of the immediate surroundings on the reef rendered similar colours on the fish a protective necessity. Were the fish dull or sombre-coloured, they would be readily detected by their enemies. He also pointed out that although the 'fish out of water' had become a recognised expression for any one in an uncomfortable position, many fish lived a considerable portion of their lives in the air. Such were the flying-fish, the climbing perch of the Indian Archipelago, and others. The lecturer considered that the Manchester Museum collection was a good one, but that it required many additions. He trusted that those who made use of the new Ship Canal would bring some specimens from foreign ports which they might visit.

The inconvenience which arises on many of our railways through the names of the stations becoming indistinguishable amid the crowd of advertisements which adorn those buildings, has led to the introduction on the District (London) Railway of what is known as the Station Indicator. Upon the ceiling of each carriage there is a kind of glass case, and within it

appears the name of the next station at which the train will stop, while at the same time a bell rings. This notification does not take place until the train is within about one hundred yards of the stopping-place. The system has been thoroughly tested with successful results, and will soon be adopted throughout the District Company's system. It may be mentioned that the Great Northern Railway is also adopting special means to make the names of their stations more prominent by placing them on all lamps, station windows, &c.

A 'new method,' distinct from any mere surface schemes—trapping, poisoning, tinning, and the like—having for its object the complete extermination of the rabbit pest, is, we learn from a correspondent, being adopted in New South Wales and Victoria with much success. Inextinguishable cartridges generating copious and penetrating volumes of deadly smoke or poisonous gas are placed in the burrows, the apertures of which are then closed. Thus are suffocated and buried by one process the old and young together, a scheme said to be that of a Liverpool competitor for the prize offered for the best means of extermination.

People think of France as a wine-drinking country, and understand in a general way that in the wine-growing districts wine is consumed more largely than, say, in French Flanders. But it is not commonly known how very widely one part of France differs from another in regard to the standard beverage and the quantities consumed. At Nice, in the south, for example, the consumption of wine is at the rate of four hundred and twenty-five English imperial pints a year per head of the population! At Cherbourg, on the other hand, the quantity of wine used is only eighty-four pints per head; at Rennes, in Brittany, less than sixty pints; and at Lille, only fifty-six pints. But at Rennes, cider is taken to the amount of eight hundred and fifty-one pints per head of the population; and at Lille, beer to the amount of six hundred and sixty pints per head; while at Cherbourg they drink spirits in the formidable proportion of thirty-two pints per head annually. These figures are selected from a large list in an official Report, which proves conclusively that where the consumpt of spirits is large, the use of what in France are reckoned 'hygienic drinks'—namely, wine, cider, and beer—is proportionately decreased, or nearly so. And in this regard it is at present proposed to regulate and modify this tendency in the liquor trade by legislation and administrative measures—one plan proposed being to abolish or largely reduce the taxation on the hygienic drinks, while greatly raising the duties on all kinds of spirits, treated most justly as vastly more dangerous to the public health and well-being than the milder beverages. Paris is mainly a wine-drinking town, but, like Marseilles and Lyons, does not consume so much as many of the smaller towns; though when examined in detail, the provision seems to be on a sufficiently generous scale. In Paris the annual rate per head is three hundred and forty pints of wine, sixteen of cider, twenty-one of beer, and rather over twelve pints per head of spirits. In whisky-drinking Scotland the annual rate per head of whisky

consumption was, in 1892-93, just a little over twelve and a half pints—little more than the proportion of spirits demanded by the Parisians, without regard to the large quantity of wine also required there for their annual wants. In view of this, it is strange that travellers still report that drunkenness—as we unfortunately know it in Great Britain—is a thing of very rare occurrence. The Parisians are represented as temperate drinkers though they drink just about as many glasses of spirits as the Scotch (the largest consumers of spirits in Britain), besides nearly thirty times as many glasses of wine as they do of spirits, not to speak of a fair allowance of cider and beer! And at Cherbourg the inhabitants take two and three-quarter times as much spirits as the Scotch, not to speak of cider, beer, and wine. As it is to be hoped and presumed that women and children have little or nothing to do with the figures for the consumpt of spirits, and as very many men take none at all, some folks must take pretty large doses. If French toppers can without visible and unpleasant consequences carry such quantities of liquor, this must be one of the 'things they do better in France.'

#### EVERLASTING SUMMER.

It needs not woods with violets paved,  
Nor roses in the lane,  
Nor lilies by cool waters laved,  
Nor gorses on the plain,  
Nor song of birds in bush and brake,  
Nor rippling wavelets' chime,  
Nor blue and cloudless skies, to make  
For me the summer-time.

My lady's cheeks twin roses are,  
That bloom the whole year round;  
My lady's throat is whiter far  
Than whitest lily found;  
When thick and fast fall hail and sleet,  
The blue of summer skies  
I find where'er my glances meet  
My lady's azure eyes.

When blackbirds' notes shake not the dew  
From lilac blooms away—  
When larks sing not in heaven's blue  
At dawning of the day—  
When orioles no more rejoice  
High in the chestnut tree—  
My lady's sweet and joyous voice  
Brings summer back for me.

#### \* \* TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.
- 2d. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3d. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the *writer's Name and Address written upon them in FULL*.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,  
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 583.—VOL. XII.

SATURDAY, MARCH 2, 1895.

PRICE 1½d.

## THE ANGEL OF THE FOUR CORNERS.\*

BY GILBERT PARKER,

AUTHOR OF 'PIERRE AND HIS PEOPLE,' 'MRS FALCHION,' 'THE TRAIL OF THE SWORD,' &c.

IN FOUR PARTS.

I.—THE DANCE OF THE LITTLE WOLF.

'WHAT is the good?' said Babette. 'There is no one to play—no fiddle—no music. What is the good?'

'Truly!' replied Antoine. 'Here it is New-year's Day—snow three feet deep—the house so hot you can't breathe—thirty pair of feet waiting—lots of *tabac*—of cold pork—plenty of cider behind the door—and no music! So droll—that! Pshaw! I'll stand on a tub and whistle.'

Babette laughed. 'See Alphonse. Watch how he shakes his black head, and his eyes dance so! Ah, poor Alphonse! He would give his neck for Marie; but she sits with a half-dozen *galants* beside her; she flash her big brown eyes over at Alphonse, and they drive him mad. You think she care for him, with his purty eyes and black hair? No, no. You see! You hear her feet tap the floor! She long to dance like us all; and Alphonse, he long for her.'

'So,' rejoined Antoine, 'I do not understand that Marie. Why is't all get on their knees to her, and she care for no man?'

'You think that?' asked Babette. 'Pish! you are only a man with a man's eyes. You think because she not care for you, she care for nobody. That's like a man. He is so vain. When a woman care not for him, he is so happy when she care not for any one else.'

Antoine bristled up. 'Come, come, Babette. You think I care for Marie? No; only for you. You are the one great woman in the world!'

Babette laughed merrily, her little white teeth flashing. She tapped him on the arm. Oh, you foolish—foolish! A man can never see, when it is a woman. He think her great when she's very little. He think he understand himself, and he know nothing. There is Marie! What do you know? You think her all coquette. You think I'm better. If I were in the same way as Marie, I'd be like her.'

Antoine ran his fingers through his hair, knotted his forehead, and smiled in a quaint way. 'I do not understand,' he said. 'Who is there Marie loves? You can see she play the game with them all; but there is no one. She has them—Jacques, Adrien, Jules, Alphonse, and the rest! They are on their shins, and she put her little foot on them all. What does she care? Ah, Babette, what does she care? There's no one.'

Babette suddenly became grave, and her eyes watched Antoine with a wondering kind of sadness. She was younger than he, yet she was wiser, for every good woman is wiser than any man. She wondered why he did not know that, when love first stirs in a woman's heart, she begins to be wise; when in a man's, he begins to be foolish; for the one becomes unselfish, and the other vain.

After a moment she said, with a serious little twist of the head: 'Antoine, I do not know who 'tis, but there's some one Marie loves. Do you think I'm a woman, and not know the look of love in another? There is,

some one—somewhere, and it is all unhappy. I know that! Do you think if 'twas all right, she would play with them like that—so cold, so heartless? No; but she must do something. A woman will go mad unless.—Poor Marie! Perhaps the man does not love her. I cannot tell. Perhaps he loved her, and should not. Perhaps something prevents. *Bien*, it is all the same. She is as you see.'

Antoine was a little nervous, facing Babette's seriousness. He had not the care of life—only the shanties in the winter, the river in summer, the little farming in the autumn, and courting Babette in a happy, irresponsible fashion all the time. But take it seriously—life—love! Watch how his feet tap the floor impatiently. He is wild for the dance.

It was New-year's Day, the time of festivity, beyond all others, in a French Canadian home; and the young people of the parish were gathered, ready to dance until the morning; but to the house of Marie's father, old Vigord the fiddler had not come. For the last hour there had been nothing but 'Vigord! Vigord! Why doesn't Vigord come?' Every one seemed troubled save Marie. She did not worry. Perhaps that was because she had been a year at school in Quebec City, and therefore had got a kind of manner, was playing the self-possessed lady, or that if she could not enjoy herself in one way she could in another. There was something in her different from the other girls in the room. You felt that you did not know her as you knew them. All that they thought or were flashed in their brown eyes, on their red careless lips, and in the loose softness of their hair; but in Marie's strong chin, dark coquettish eyes, and strong brow, there hid something which had little to do with the life moving at the moment. Perhaps, as Babette had said, there was a man somewhere in the world whose love, or lack of love, had given her wisdom; but she said herself that she was only a trifle, that she cared only to enjoy herself.

Antoine, to relieve the situation, which was becoming strained, started a song. That did very well for a little time. It was a pretty fantasy of love and wild life, dashed with a spice of devilry; but it soon lost its effect, for the spirits which it raised sent a mad sprightliness into the feet of all, which only the rasp of a fiddle or the breath of a concertina could appease or command. At last, tall Medallion—whose ways were those of the blessed of this world, and who had his fingers on all the little comedies and tragedies of the parish—stood up in the middle of the floor and proposed a game. Every one was still in a moment, for Medallion had great resources and whimsical ideas. His was the gift of making men and women laugh, not so much at himself as at themselves. Besides, he had a heart. Protestant though he was, even the curé trusted him, and the little chemist worshipped him.

'See, my children,' he said, with his sharp eyes twinkling, 'since Vigord is late, let's have something agen his coming. Give him a half-hour longer; then, if he isn't here, I'll play the fiddle myself. Let's have now "The Dance of the Little Wolf." I'll whistle. Well, whoever at the end shall stand alone in the centre

must tell a very fine story. It must be of love. It must be like a play, and it must be true.'

At this, every one laughed. 'M'sieu' Medallion was so droll! they said. 'The Dance of the Little Wolf, and then a true story of love.—Certainly, M'sieu' Medallion was amusing.'

They all came to their feet, eager for the dance, keen to see on whom the mantle of romance would fall. Hand in hand with tripping step they wound in and out of the room, Medallion, standing in the centre of the floor, having changed his whistling to a sing-song kind of chant. The long, waving, loving line presently began to twine in and out, linking like chains, curving into circles, parting, joining again, first slowly, then faster and faster, now, suddenly, in a pretty column, back and forth, the men together, then the women—flashing eyes, waving black hair, the warm breath of youth filling the room with an ecstasy, wherein every little care and alarm of life was swallowed up; and at last there came a sudden moment of confusion, and the hurlyburly of laughter, as the hazard of the dance grew.

Presently all parted, and Marie stood alone in the centre of the floor, with Antoine on one side not far, and Alphonse on the other. There was laughter and a storm of clapping. 'Marie! Marie!' they all cried. 'The story—the true love-story!'

Antoine ran his fingers through his hair, shook the little gold rings in his ears, and grinned at Marie, then at Babette. Alphonse was nervous, and his eyes had a kind of wild hunger as he also looked at Marie.

Marie glanced round the room, smiling naively, gave Alphonse a quick side-long glance of torturing coquetry, and then caught Medallion's eyes. He was looking at her with a whimsical suggestive smile. She flashed one back. Suddenly something defiant swept over her face—a wave of emotion which seemed to lift her all at once into an atmosphere apart from them all, independent of them all. Some inherent, dramatic strain in her mastered her for the moment. She was alive to her finger-tips. She stepped back a little from Alphonse and Antoine. They drew back on either side; but Medallion folded his arms, and watched her from under his bushy brows, steadily, kindly.

'The story—the story, Marie!' they called.

The moment before, Marie was lost to everything around her, now she was back again, conscious of their presence, but still in the atmosphere where her inspiration was born. A smile, too brilliant, too airy, played on her lips. Her voice had a feverish lightness. Her eyes, though, were burning with a look hard to read.

'I will tell you a wonderful, sad, beautiful, dreadful story,' she said. 'Once upon a time'—at this they all laughed—'once upon a time,' she repeated very lightly, 'there was a girl, and she thought herself beautiful. She used to dream of a great Prince who would come one day and tell her that his houses, his lands, and all the riches of his kingdom, were for her. She only lived in a cottage in a village—but that didn't matter. She rode in a tiny cariole, and she had only a little Indian pony to take



her to mass and to market—but that didn't matter. She was a woman, and a woman is like a bird—she has wings, and she flies where she will in the dreams of the night, and in the quick hours of the day, when her hands work and her tongue is busy. A man may stoop, but a woman always soars—till a man breaks her heart.

'And so this girl watched for her Prince; and when the mist was sweet, and flashed in the violet light of summer upon the river, he did not come that way; and when all the fields were white with snow in winter, and all the world was waiting like the girl, he did not come that way. And since he did not come to her, she would go to him. So, one morning she filled a bag with meat, honey, and dried fruits; and she put on her thickest mittens, her little fur cap, her greatcoat of dog-skin fur, and a woollen cloud about her throat—under which was the little gold brooch her mother gave her, which she would wear before the Prince, that he should see she was born for the fine things of this world. She had braided a hand with a bow and arrow on one moccasin, and a hand with a sword upon the other. She started forth all alone. She travelled on and on through thick woods, and the wild hills, and over plains; and when the winds blew hard, she laughed back at them; and when at night something cried in the trees like spirits begging her to speak to them, she sang the song of the "Scarlet Hunter," and the chant of the "White Swan;" for she had no fear. The birds are not afraid till a shot from the hunter's gun, or an arrow from his bow, strikes into the heart. When that comes to a girl, she is afraid if she lives, and if she dies—it is no matter.

'It is no matter.' She paused, and stood looking straight before her, repeating the phrase still again, as though, having learned the tale by heart, she had forgotten something. But she was merely lost for a moment in scenes which were flashing before her mind, having for the time passed beyond her audience to the world where, in despair, one's own soul flees, and the Angel of the Four Corners can show us no right of way as we travel.

Some girl in the crowd giggled nervously. Another, she knew not why, gave a quick gasping sob. Babette, who was next her, said: 'You goose, it's only a story.'

This brought Marie back. She took up the thread again, lightly but plaintively too. 'By-and-by she came to a city. It stood high on a great hill. It had splendid houses, churches, and palaces; and beneath, at the foot of the mountain, there flowed a fine wide river. Every stone of that city was made of gold, and every drop of that river was a sweet white wine. Whenever the girl looked at the city, she knew it was so. Whenever she looked at the river, she knew it was so. And when she looked in the eyes of her Prince, she knew it was so; for they were all gold and wine also, and she could have lived just ever and ever looking at those eyes, till the Scarlet Hunter blindfolded her, and led her out on the lonely Trail of the White Valley, from which no man returns. Yes, she had found

her Prince. It does not matter where she saw him first, in a palace, or a house, or a church, for she saw him—that was enough!

'She was only a poor peasant girl; but he was a great man, so wise, so splendid, so kind. He said that she was beautiful, and she believed him; he said that he loved her, and she trusted; but when she threw herself on his breast and cried that she would never leave him, there came into his face a strange, pitiful look. That look broke her heart, for it couldn't be—it couldn't! She was only a foolish peasant girl, or she would have known that a Prince could never be her husband. Yet she knew that he loved her.

'Then there came a sad, terrible day, when all the great men of the kingdom came together, and decided that she must go away, or the Prince would lose his kingdom as well as lose her. What could she do? She could not wait about the palace gates. She could not defy all the great men, who were so strong, and who could make happy or destroy as they wished. What could she do? But she saw him once again. It was at the altar of a great church. Oh, a church like none any of you ever saw; with a beautiful Calvary above the altar, and angels with large flaming wings, and a thousand candles burning, and such wonderful, sweet music. It was so she saw him, and that was their good-bye. She looked into his eyes, and they had the same look as when she first heard him tell his love; and she got upon her feet and called out to him, but he raised his hand at her as though to say, "No—no! Never—never!"

'And that was the end. She left the great city; and as she went, she saw that it was only built of stone, and not of gold; and that the river was only bleak, dark water, and not wine, after all. Her eyes were not the same, and they would never be the same, never—never—never.'

The strange, searching pathos of her voice filled the room, like the eerie music of a violin, and Medallion felt his face flush and his fingers tingle, for he was reading the story of a girl's life in the allegory. Perhaps only he and one other understood, and that other was the simple Babette. She pinched Antoine's arm. 'Can't you understand?' she said.

Antoine shifted from one leg to the other, ran his fingers through his hair, and said only: 'It's a good story—very good! *Bien*, she could go on the stage. Ah! once when I was in Montreal, I saw a play. *Voilà*, that was a good play. Well, she could act in such a play, that Marie.'

Babette sighed, shrugged her shoulders, lifted her eyes, and caught Medallion's, and each knew of what the other was thinking.

Marie now almost breathlessly hurried her story. 'So the poor girl came back over the plains and over the hills to her little home. But she was never the same again. She laughed when others laughed, and she was gay, and she danced, and everybody said that she had good times in the world. But you—do you think she had? Because, when she thought of the city now, it was no longer of gold; and when she thought of the river, it was black

and wicked; and when she remembered—the man, she saw the great rulers of his kingdom frowning at her, and the hand of her Prince raised as if it said, “No—no! Never—never!”

When she finished, there was silence for a moment, so deep, that only the breathing of her audience was heard. They could not read the thing. They took her story literally, and it did not seem so strange to them, for they were a simple people; but they were romantic too, having in their veins—nor did they know this—the feeling of an antique time. So they applauded heartily, grandly. They called ‘Bravo!’ and said there was no one in the parish, not in ten parishes, who could tell a fine true love-story like Marie. And Alphonse looked at her with his hungry eyes as though to say that were he that Prince, he would have followed her from that city, and have lost his kingdom—and his soul—for her.

### AMONG THE MOORS IN SPAIN.

FOR some reason, Spain is not so popular with the travelling public as many other countries in Europe which could be named. It may be that Spanish scenery, although there are notable exceptions, is not remarkable for beauty; or that travelling in the Peninsula is rather behind the age. The hotels in the main thoroughfares are generally speaking comfortable; but in out-of-the-way places this is not always so, and in these a knowledge of the language is almost essential. So that upon the whole the ordinary British tourist, who likes comfort and shuns trouble, gives Spain a wide berth. In this he is wrong. There are things in Spain which should be seen, and the recollection of which will always be a source of pleasure, such as the Museum at Madrid; the Mosque at Cordova; the Alcazar, Giralda, and Cathedral at Seville; and not least, the Alhambra and Generalife at Granada.

Madrid is probably as uninteresting a capital as could well be conceived, and its climate is detestable; but its Museum is worth going from the ends of the earth to visit. In no other country in the world, not excepting France and Italy, can such a collection of the Spanish, Italian, Dutch, and Flemish schools be found. There are 64 pictures in it by Velasquez, 46 by Murillo, 62 by Rubens, 53 by Teniers, 10 by Raphael, 22 by Van Dyck, 42 by Titian, 34 by Tintoretto, 23 by Paul Veronese, 34 by Breughel, 23 by Snyder, 19 by Poussin, 10 by Wouverman, 55 by Giordano, 58 by Ribera, 10 by Claude Lorraine; besides smaller numbers by such artists as Guido Reni, Domenichino, Andrea del Sarto, Correggio, Albert Dürer, Holbein, Salvator Rosa, Watteau, Rembrandt, and Antonio Moro. Those who love fine art should certainly visit Madrid; and if they do, they will not be disappointed.

Madrid has nothing to do with the Moors in Spain; but undoubtedly Cordova has. Cordova

is now an almost dead city; but it contains an old Moorish Mosque which, though sadly marred by its conversion into a Christian Cathedral, is even yet a wonder to all beholders, and surpasses any similar building either at Cairo or Damascus. We enter the Mosque through a court planted with orange-trees, palms, and cypresses, and having a marble fountain in the centre, where, of old, the Moslems made their ablutions before entering their sanctuary. Passing through the door of the Mosque, the visitor is literally staggered by the forest of beautiful pillars of marble, jasper, and porphyry which he sees before him, and which at first sight seem to be placed without order and without design. There are between a thousand and eleven hundred of these pillars; their lines cross each other, and this at first gives rise to the idea of want of plan. The eye cannot detect the end of the long avenues which they form. After the conquest of Cordova, in 1236, by the Spaniards, the Mosque was, without any alteration of importance, changed into a place of Christian worship, and so it remained till 1532, when the very foolish Chapter of Cordova of the day resolved to erect a coro or choir in the centre. In spite of all opposition, they levelled sixty columns, and built up a hideous erection which greatly disfigured the Mosque. When King Charles V. saw what had been done, he gave his opinion to the monks perhaps more plainly than politely. He said: ‘You have built here what you or any one might have built anywhere else; but you have destroyed what was unique in the world. You have pulled down what was complete, and you have begun what you cannot finish.’ Even in its degradation, no one ever yet regretted a visit to the Mosque of Cordova.

From Cordova to Seville is but a short journey, but it is a passage from death to life. There is no want of life in the gay Andalusian city, and in it there is much to interest the traveller. The Cathedral is not a Moorish edifice, but it is a wonderful work of art. It is, or was till recently, probably the most beautiful church in the world; but a few years ago, some of the enormous pillars that support the roof showed signs of giving way; in consequence, the interior is now boarded up, and is a thing of beauty no more. Whether it will ever again be restored to its former state is a question time alone will answer. Had it been in any other country, we should have had no doubt; but being in Spain, all we can say is, ‘¿Quien sabe?’ The pictures, however, remain; and the famous one of ‘St Antony of Padua’ by Murillo—which our readers may recollect was some years ago mutilated and the principal figure cut out of the frame and mysteriously removed; but it has been recovered, and skilfully replaced in its former position. The Giralda—now used as a belfry or campanile of the Cathedral

—is entire. It, at least, is Saracenic to the top of the square tower. In the sixteenth century, a belfry, in a totally different style of architecture, was added, and which certainly does not conduce to the beauty of the original. Every one visiting Seville should ascend to the top of the Giralda. Although 350 feet in height, the walk up is so gradual and easy, that one scarcely realises when at the top how far he has come; and the view is worth all the trouble. The chief glory of Seville, however, is the Palace of the Alcázar, with its gardens. The Alcázar is, next to the Alhambra, the best specimen of Moorish architecture in Spain, and those who have not seen the Alhambra will doubt if anything can be finer. It was not, indeed, built in the time of Moorish supremacy, but in the reign of Don Pedro I. (1362); but it was constructed by Moorish architects; and we have in it the same pillars, arches, and decorations as in the Alhambra.

To visit the Alhambra at Granada is excuse sufficient, if that were needed, for a journey to Spain. The three cities last mentioned, and more particularly the last, Granada, contain the most perfect relics of the Moors in Spain; and the traveller wonders, as he looks at the beautiful architecture, if this can be the work of a people now believed to be only a little removed from the savage. The city of Granada is not remarkable for beauty, and would pass for an ordinary Spanish city; but climb the hill round the base of which it clusters, and enter the enclosures of the Alhambra, and the gardens of the Generalife, and what a change! A sudden transition from a city of the living to a city of the dead; from the modern commonplace, bustling town to the stillness and repose of the long-distant past, and the wonderful creations of architects who then lived and laboured. There are few who are not familiar with the Alhambra, either from having visited it, or from the pages of Washington Irving, or in pictures of its salient features, such as the Court of the Lions, the Hall of the Ambassadors, the Court of the Myrtles, and many others which might be mentioned. The wonderful beauty of the architecture, with its horse-shoe arches, its light and graceful pillars, its mosaic groundwork and exquisite carvings, has attracted the attention of visitors for centuries that are past, and will do so for centuries that are to come; while those who have not seen it with the bodily eye have yet, in the pictured page of the American writer, or in the numberless sketches from the pencil of the artist, to some extent realised it. The work is a thing of beauty; but who were the builders? Moors still exist, as any one can see for himself by crossing the narrow strait between Gibraltar and Tangier; but can there be any connection, remote or otherwise, between the fierce-looking ruffians who frequent the market-place of the African city and the skilful architects who have left such imperishable monuments in Spain?

The narrative of the Moorish conquest of Spain is so wrapped up in monkish legends, that it is now difficult to say with any certainty what is history and what is fiction. Possibly,

something of the same kind may be said for much that elsewhere passes for history, but of the fact itself there can be no doubt. The probability is that about the year 711 the army of the invaders crossed the strait under their leader Tarik, landed at Tarifa, and first established themselves in Gibraltar. This famous rock was originally called Calpe; but after its conquest by the Moors, it was called, in honour of their leader, Gebel-el-Tarik, or Hill of Tarik; and from this the present name of Gibraltar is derived. Having thus established a footing on the Spanish soil, the army of the invaders commenced a career of conquest almost unexampled in its speed, so that in about two years, over the whole land, with some trifling exceptions, the Crescent superseded the Cross. The Moors were by no means harsh governors, and both Christian and Jew enjoyed tolerable freedom. It was while they held the country that the works to which we have referred at Cordova, Seville, and Granada were executed, and particularly the crowning glory of all, the Alhambra.

Although the Moors were practically masters of all Spain, the period of their peaceful occupancy of the country did not long continue. The native races were too warlike to allow the infidel to hold their country in undisturbed possession. Dissensions, too, broke out among members of the different tribes into which the conquerors were divided; and this, weakening, as it did, their strength, finally led to their entire overthrow and expulsion from the land. It would be tedious to give here a chronological account of the places taken from the Moors; suffice it to say that one after another of the districts into which Spain was divided were recaptured, until at last nothing remained to them except Granada. This, too, must fall; and as we stand on the rocky height on which their king turned his last look upon his lost kingdom, and which to this day is called 'El ultimo Suspiro del Moro' (the last Sigh of the Moor), the lines of the poet occur to us while looking at the proud Alhambra:

Look on its broken arch, its ruined wall,  
Its chambers desolate, and portals foul:  
Yes, this was once ambition's airy hall,  
The dome of thought, the palace of the soul:  
Behold through each lack-lustre, eyeless hole,  
The gay recess of wisdom and of wit,  
And passion's host, that never brooked control:  
Can all saint, sage, or sophist ever writ,  
People this lonely tower, this tenement reft?

Deprived of their power, the Moors were yet for a time tolerated in Spain; but as the power of the Spaniard increased, it soon became evident that the days of toleration were drawing to a close. First, the Jews suffered, and hosts of them were driven from the land. The Moors' turn came next, and they, too, were driven out. These were uncalled-for and unwise acts, and they have left their mark on Spain to-day in a thinly populated country, a decaying exchequer, and the loss of arts which would have raised a nation. If evidence were needed as to the deplorable state of the national finance, it will be found in the premium paid on British gold—the par value of an English sovereign is twenty-five pesetas; but thirty pesetas, and sometimes more,

are now given for it—that is, a profit of four shillings and upwards on the pound. The agriculture, too, is primitive to a degree, and more nearly resembles patriarchal times than the nineteenth century. In travelling through Andalusia we saw the grain trodden out, not indeed by oxen, but by mules or mares. In all our journeyings we only once saw the flail used, and that being near Gibraltar, probably owed its inspiration to British ideas. And if it be so with Spain, what of the Moors? Where are the descendants of the architects who erected these glorious buildings, which to this day are unrivalled? But only Echo answers. Where? Their ancestors have left their mark in Spain on everything, except religion, which makes a nation great, and now, you seek for their descendants in vain. It may be that the advancing tide of Western civilisation swallowed them up and carried them for ever away. We must recognise the fact, and we perhaps rejoice in a higher civilisation. But while we do so, let us not altogether forget what we owe to these early pioneers.

Before concluding these desultory notes, it may not be out of place, especially if we have awakened in any a desire to see the works of those departed artificers, to indicate the easiest mode of gratifying it. Travellers may visit Spain either by land or water. If they prefer land, the railway through Paris, Orleans, Tours, and Bordeaux will take them to Madrid, Cordova, Seville, and Granada. If good sailors, they can go to Gibraltar by one of those sumptuous floating hotels despatched weekly from London by the Peninsular and Oriental and the Orient lines. From Gibraltar, or rather from Algeciras, a short sail across the bay, the railway system now connects with Seville and Granada, and from Granada with Cordova and Madrid. One advantage of going by sea, at least one way, is that in an hour or two from Gibraltar the traveller can cross the narrow strait to Africa, and in the old city of Tangier see the Moor of the present day. Spring is perhaps the best time for such a visit; summer is too hot in Spain for comfort; but in spring, everything is lovely. In Madrid, Cordova, Seville, Granada, Gibraltar, and Tangier, comfortable hotels will be found; and in Granada there are two such on the top of the hill on which the Alhambra stands, and at its very gates. In the Spanish hotels, as a rule, there is a fixed charge per day, which covers everything including wine, unless the traveller desires special vintages, and the charge is moderate. This certainly is a great convenience to the inexperienced traveller, who in other countries is often puzzled by the elaborately detailed hotel bills. As regards the currency, in Spain there is no difficulty, at all events to those who have travelled in France. In France the current coin is called a franc, in Spain a peseta, but the par value of each is the same.

We have confined ourselves to the Moors in Spain, and what they have left behind; but it need scarcely be added that there are many most interesting places in Spain we have not spoken of, and many things to see which, in the connection in which we are writing, we have not mentioned. The churches are very beauti-

ful; and for those who desire that characteristic kind of amusement, there is the bull-fight. No doubt, the day usually selected for the performance is Sunday, and there does seem a certain grim irony in selecting that day for an entertainment of so brutal and debasing a character. However, it is a national institution, and one very highly prized, especially by the gentler sex in that country; indeed, as a Spaniard said to us of his countrymen: 'Nowadays, they care for nothing except churches and bull-fights.'

As we have already indicated, there are some disadvantages in Spanish travelling, but these are met with more or less in other lands. Perhaps in Spain they are more conspicuous. But travellers will find much to interest them not only in the towns and country, but in the manners and habits of the people. There is a calm dignity about the Spaniard of every class which will strike a stranger; even the beggars—of whom, goodness knows, there are plenty—seem to stand on a higher platform than their confrères in other lands. In our country, the statutory address is, 'Could you spare me a copper?' but a Spanish beggar thus addressed us at a railway station, and we give his address as typical of his class: 'O Señorito, da me una limosnita, y rogaré por su feliz viaje!' which may be translated into English thus: 'O little gentleman, give me an alms, and I will pray for you a happy journey.'

## THE CHRONICLES OF COUNT ANTONIO.\*

By ANTHONY HOPE, Author of *The Prisoner of Zenda*.

### CHAPTER V.—COUNT ANTONIO AND THE SACRED BONES.

THERE is one tale concerning Count Antonio of Monte Velluto, when he dwelt an outlaw in the hills, which men tell with fear and doubt, marvelling at the audacity of his act, and sometimes asking themselves whether he would in very truth have performed what he swore on the faith of his honour he would do, in case the Duke did not accede to his demands. For the thing he threatened was such as no man of Firmola dares think on without a shudder; for we of Firmola prize and reverence the bones of our saint, the holy martyr Prisian, above and far beyond every other relic, and they are to us as it were the sign and testimony of God's enduring favour to our country. But much will a man do for love of a woman, and Antonio's temper brooked no obstacle: so that I, who know all the truth of the matter, may not doubt that he would have done even as he said, braving the wrath of Heaven, and making naught of the terror and consternation that had fallen on the city and the parts round about it. Whether that thought of his heart was such as would gain pardon, I know not: had the thing been done, I could scarce hope even in Heaven's infinite mercy. Yet this story also I must tell, lest I be charged with covering up what shames Antonio; for with the opinions of careless and faithless men (who are too many in this later age)

\* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

I have no communion, and I tell the tale not to move laughter or loose jests, but rather to show to what extremity a man by nature good may be driven by harshness and the unmerited disfavour of his Prince.

In the third year, then, of Count Antonio's outlawry, His Highness the Duke looked upon the Lady Lucia and found that she was of full age for marriage. Therefore he resolved that she should be wed, and, since Robert de Beauregard, to whom he had purposed to give her, was dead, he chose from among his lords a certain gentleman of great estate and a favourite of his, by name Lorenzo, and sent word to Lucia that she had spent too much of her youth pining for what could not be hers, and must forthwith receive Lorenzo for her husband. But Lucia, being by now a woman and no more a timid girl, returned to His Highness a message that she would look on no other man than Antonio. On this the Duke, greatly incensed, sent and took her, and set her in a convent within the city walls, and made her know that there she should abide till her life's end, or until she should obey his command; and he charged the Abbess to treat her harshly, and to break down her pride: and he swore that she should wed Lorenzo; or, if she were obstinate, then she should take the vows of a nun in the convent. Many weeks the Lady Lucia abode in the convent, resisting all that was urged upon her. But at last, finding no help from Antonio, being sore beset and allowed no rest, she broke one day into passionate and pitiful weeping, and bade the Abbess tell His Highness that, since happiness was not for her in this world, she would seek to find it in Heaven, and would take the vows, rendering all her estate into the Duke's hand, that he might have it, and give it to Lorenzo or to whom he would. Which message being told to Duke Valentine, weary of contending with her, and perchance secretly fearing that Antonio would slay Lorenzo as he had slain Robert, he cursed her for an obstinate wench, and bade her take the vows, and set a day for her to take them: but her estate he assumed into his own hand, and made from out of it a gift of great value to Lorenzo. And Lorenzo, they say, was well content thus to be quit of the matter. 'For,' said he, 'while that devil is loose in the hills, no peace would there have been for the lady's husband.'

But when it came to the ears of Count Antonio that the Lady Lucia was to take the veil on the morrow of the feast of St Prisian, his rage and affliction knew no bounds. 'If need be,' he cried, 'I will attack the city with all my men, before I will suffer it.'

'Your men would all be killed, and she would take the veil none the less,' said Tommasino. For Antonio had but fifty men, and although they were stout fellows, and impossible to subdue so long as they stayed in the hills, yet their strength would have been nothing against a fortress and the Duke's array.

'Then,' said Antonio, 'I will go alone and die alone.'

As he spoke, he perceived Martolo coming to him, and, calling him, he asked him what he would. Now Martolo was a devout man,

and had been much grieved when Antonio had fallen under a sentence of excommunication by reason of a certain quarrel that he had with the Abbot of the Abbey of St Prisian in the hills, wherein the Count had incurred the condemnation of the Church, refusing, as his way was, to admit any rule save of his own conscience. Yet Martolo abode with Antonio from love of him. And now he bowed and answered, 'My lord, in three days it is the feast of St Prisian, and the Sacred Bones will then be carried from the shrine in the church of the saint at Rilano to the city.' For it was at Rilano that Prisian had suffered, and a rich church had been built on the spot.

'I remember that it is wont to be so, Martolo,' answered the Count.

'When I dwelt with my father,' said Martolo, 'I was accustomed to go forth with all the people of my village and meet the Sacred Bones, and, kneeling, receive the benediction from the Lord Archbishop as he passed, bearing the bones in their golden casket. And the like I would do this year, my lord.'

'But are you not excommunicated in company with Count Antonio and me?' asked Tommasino, lightly smiling; for Tommasino also stood condemned.

'I pray not. I was not named in the sentence,' said Martolo, signing the cross.

'Go in peace, Martolo; but see that you are not taken by the Duke's men,' said Count Antonio.

'But few of them go with the Archbishop, my lord. For who would lay hands on the Sacred Bones? The Guard is small, and I shall easily elude them.' So Martolo departed, and told the man they called Bena what had passed; but Bena was a graceless fellow and would not go with him.

Now when Martolo was gone, Count Antonio sat down on a great stone and for a long while he said nothing to Tommasino. But certain words out of those which Martolo had spoken were echoing through his brain, and he could not put them aside; for they came again and again and again; and at last, looking up at Tommasino, who stood by him, he said, 'Tommasino, who would lay hands on the Sacred Bones?'

Tommasino looked down into his eyes; then he laid a hand on his shoulder; and Antonio still looked up and repeated, 'Who would lay hands on the Sacred Bones?'

Tommasino's eyes grew round in wonder: he smiled, but his smile was uneasy, and he shifted his feet. 'Is it that you think of, Antonio?' he asked in a low voice. 'Beside it, it would be a light thing to kill the Duke in his own Palace.'

Then Antonio cried, striking his fist on the palm of his hand, 'Are dead bones more sacred than that living soul on which the Duke lays hands to force it to his will?'

'The people reverence the bones as God Himself,' said Tommasino, troubled.

'I also reverence them,' said Antonio, and fell again into thought. But presently he rose and took Tommasino's arm; and for a long while they walked to and fro. Then they went and sought out certain chosen men of

the band—for the greater part they dared not trust in such a matter, but turned only to them that were boldest and recked least of sacred things. To ten of such Antonio opened his counsel; and by great rewards he prevailed on them to come into the plan, although they were, for all their boldness, very sore afraid lest they, laying hands on the bones, should be smitten as was he who touched the Ark of the Covenant. Therefore Antonio said, 'I alone will lay hands on the golden casket; the rest of you shall but hold me harmless while I take it.'

'But if the Lord Archbishop will not let it go?'

'The Lord Archbishop,' said Tommasino, 'will let it go.' For Tommasino did not love the Archbishop, because he would not remove the sentence of excommunication which he had laid upon Antonio and Tommasino on the prayer of the Abbot of St Prisian's.

Now when the feast of St Prisian was come, the Lord Archbishop, who had ridden from the city on the eve of the feast, and had lodged in the house of the priests who served the church, went with all his train into the church, and, the rest standing afar off and veiling their eyes, took from the wall of the church, near by the High Altar, the golden casket that held the bones of the Blessed St Prisian. And he wrapped the casket in a rich cloth and held it high before him in his two hands. And when the people had worshipped, the Archbishop left the church and entered his chair and passed through the village of Rilano, the priests and attendants going first, and twelve of the Duke's Guard, whom the Duke had sent, following after. Great was the throng of folk, come from all the country round to gaze upon the casket and on the procession of the Lord Archbishop; and most devout of them all was Martolo, who rested on his knees from the moment the procession left the church till it was clear of the village. And Martolo was still on his knees when he beheld go by him a party of peasants, all, save one, tall and powerful men, wearing peasants' garb and having their faces overshadowed by large hats. These men also had knelt as the casket passed, but they had risen, and were marching shoulder to shoulder behind the men of the Duke's Guard, a peasant behind every pikeman. Martolo gazed long at them; then he moistened his lips and crossed himself, murmuring, 'What does this thing mean? Now God forbid!—' And, breaking off thus, he also rose and went to the house of his father, sore vexed and troubled to know what the thing might mean. But he spoke of it to none, no, not to his father, observing the vow of secrecy in all matters which he had made to Count Antonio.

At the bounds of the village the greater part of the people ceased to follow the procession of the Sacred Bones, and, having received the Archbishop's blessing, turned back to their own homes, where they feasted and made merry; but the twelve peasants whom Martolo had seen followed the procession when it set forth for the next village, distant three miles on the road to Firmola. Their air manifested great devotion, for they walked with heads bent on

their breasts and downcast eyes, and they spoke not once on the way; but each kept close behind a pikeman. When the procession had gone something more than a mile from the village of Rilano, it came where a little stream crosses the highway; and the rains having been heavy for a week before, the stream was swollen and the ford deeper than it was wont to be. Therefore the officer of the Guard, thinking of no danger, bade six of his men lay down their pikes and go lift the Archbishop's chair over the ford, lest the Archbishop should be wetted by the water. And on hearing this order, the tallest among the peasants put his hand up to his hat and twisted the feather of it between his thumb and his forefinger: and the shortest of them whispered, 'The sign! The sign!' while every man of them drew a great dagger from under his habit and held it behind his back. Now by this time the priests and attendants had passed the ford; and one-half of the Guard had laid down their pikes and were gone to raise the Archbishop's chair, the remainder standing at their ease, leaning on their pikes and talking to one another. Again the tallest peasant twisted the feather in his hat; and without speech or cry, the peasants darted forward. Six of them seized the pikes that lay on the ground; the remaining six leaped like wild-cats on the backs of the pikemen, circling the necks of the pikemen with their arms, pulling them back and coming near to throttling them, so that the pikemen, utterly amazed and taken full at disadvantage, staggered and fell backward, while the peasants got on the top of them and knelt on their breasts and set the great daggers at their hearts. While this passed on the road, the remainder of Antonio's band—for such were the peasants—rushed into the stream and compelled the unarmed pikemen to set down the Archbishop's chair in the midst, so that the water came in at the windows of the chair; and the pikemen, held at bay with their own pikes, sought to draw their poniards, but Antonio cried, 'Slay any that draw!' And he came to the chair and opened the door of it, and, using as little force as he could, he laid hands on the casket that held the Sacred Bones, and wrested it from the feeble hands of the Archbishop. Then he and his men, standing in line, stepped backwards with the pikes levelled in front of them till they came out of the water and on to the dry road again; and one pikeman rushed at Antonio, but Tommasino, sparing to kill him, caught him a buffet on the side of the head with a pike, and he fell like a log in the water, and had been drowned, but that two of his comrades lifted him. Then all twelve of the band being together—for the first six had risen now from off the six pikemen, having forced them, on pain of instant death, to deliver over their pikes to them—Antonio, with the casket in his hands, spoke in a loud voice, 'I thank God that no man is dead over this business; but if you resist, you shall die one and all. Go to the city; tell the Duke that I, Antonio of Monte Velluto, have the bones of the Blessed St Prisian, and carry them with me to my hiding-place in the highest parts of the hills. But if he will swear by these bones that I hold, and by his princely word, that he

will not suffer the Lady Lucia to take the vows, nor will constrain her to wed any man, but will restore her to her own house and to her estate, then let him send the Archbishop again, and I will deliver up the Sacred Bones. But if he will not swear, then, as God lives, to-morrow, at midnight, I will cause a great fire to be kindled on the top of the hills—a fire whose flame you shall see from the walls of the city—and in that fire will I consume the Sacred Bones, and I will scatter the ashes of them to the four winds. Go and bear the message that I give you to the Duke.'

And, having thus said, Antonio, with his men, turned and went back at a run along the road by which they had come; but to the village of Rilano they did not go, but turned aside before they came to it, and, coming to the farm of one who knew Antonio, they bought of him, paying him in good coin of the Duchy, three horses, which Antonio, Tommasino, and Bena mounted; and they three rode hard for the hills, the rest following as quickly as they might; so that by nightfall they were all safely assembled in their hiding-place, and with them the bones of the Blessed St Prisian. But they told not yet to the rest of the band what it was that Antonio carried under his cloak; nor did Martolo, when he returned from Rilano, ask what had befallen, but he crossed himself many times and wore a fearful look.

But Tommasino came to Antonio and said to him, 'Why did you not ask also pardon for all of us, and for yourself the hand of Lucia?'

'A great thing, and a thing that troubles me, I have done already,' answered Antonio. 'Therefore I will ask nothing for myself, and nothing may I ask for you or for my friends. But if I ask nothing save that right and justice be done, it may be that my sin in laying hands on the Sacred Bones will be the less.'

Now after Antonio and his men were gone, the Archbishop's train stayed long by the stream on the road, lamenting and fearing to go forward. Yet at last they went forward, and, being come to the next village, found all the people awaiting them at the bounds. And when the people saw the disorder of the procession, and that the pikemen had no pikes, they ran forward, eagerly asking what had befallen; and learning of the calamity, they were greatly afraid and cursed Antonio; and many of them accompanied the Archbishop on his way to the city, where he came towards evening. A great concourse of people awaited his coming there, and the Duke himself sat on a lofty seat in the great square, prepared to receive the Sacred Bones, and go with them to the Cathedral, where they were to be exposed to the gaze of the people at High Mass. And they set the Archbishop's chair down before the Duke's seat, and the Archbishop came and stood before the Duke, and his priests and the pikemen with him. And the Duke started up from his seat, crying, 'What ails you?' and sank back again, and sat waiting to hear what the Archbishop should say.

Then the Archbishop, his robes still damp and greatly disordered, his limbs trembling in anger and in fear, raised his voice; and all the

multitude in the square were silent while he declared to His Highness what things Count Antonio had done, and rehearsed the message that he had sent. And when the Archbishop told how Antonio had sworn that as God lived he would scatter the ashes of the Sacred Bones to the winds, the men caught their breath with a gasp, and the women murmured affrightedly, 'Christ save us;' and Duke Valentine dug the nails of his hand, whereon his head rested, into the flesh of his cheek. For all the city held that, according to the words St Prisian himself had uttered before he suffered, the power and prosperity of the Duchy and the favour of Heaven to it rested on the presence among them and the faithful preservation and veneration of those most holy relics. And the Archbishop having ended the message, cried, 'God pardon my lips that repeat such words,' and fell on his knees before Duke Valentine, crying, 'Justice on him, my lord, justice!' And many in the throng echoed his cry; but others, and among them a great part of the apprenticed lads, who loved Antonio, muttered low one to another, 'But the Duke has taken his sweetheart from him,' and they looked on the Duke with no favourable eye.

Then Duke Valentine rose from his seat and stood on the topmost step that led to it, and he called sundry of his lords and officers round him, and then he beckoned for silence, and he said, 'Before the sun sets to-morrow, the Lady Lucia shall take the vows;' and he, with his train, took their way, the pikemen clearing a path for them, to the Palace. And now indeed was silence; for all marvelled and were struck dumb that the Duke said naught concerning the Bones of St Prisian, and they searched one another's faces for the meaning of his words. But the Archbishop arose, and, speaking to no man, went to the Cathedral, and knelt before the altar in the chapel of St Prisian, and there abode on his knees.

Surely never, from that day until this hour, has such a night passed in the city of Firmola. For the Duke sent orders that every man of his Guard should be ready to start at break of day in pursuit of Antonio, and through the hours of the night they were busied in preparing their provisions and accoutrements. But their looks were heavy and their tongues tied, for they knew, every man of them, that though the Duke might at the end take Antonio, yet he could not come at him before the time that Antonio had said. And this the townsmen knew well also; and they gathered themselves in groups in the great square, saying, 'Before the Duke comes at him, the Sacred Bones will be burnt, and what will then befall the Duchy?' And those who were friendly to Antonio, foremost among them being the apprenticed lads, spread themselves here and there among the people, asking cunningly whether it concerned the people of Firmola more that the blessing of St Prisian should abide with them, or that a reluctant maiden should be forced to take the veil; and some grew bold to whisper under their breath that the business was a foul one, and that Heaven did not send beauty and love that priests should bury them in convent walls. And the girls of the city, ever most bold by



reason of their helplessness, stirred up the young men who courted them, leading them on and saying, 'He is a true lover who risks his soul for his love;' or, 'I would I had one who would steal the bones of St Prisian for my sake, but none such have I;' with other stirring and inflaming taunts, recklessly flung from pouting lips and from under eyes that challenged. And all the while Duke Valentine sat alone in his cabinet, listening to the tumult that sounded with muffled din through the walls of the Palace.

Now there was in the city a certain furrier, named Peter, a turbulent fellow, who had been put out of his craft-guild because he would not abide by the laws of the craft, and lived now as he best could, being maintained in large measure by those who listened to his empty and seditious conversation. This man, loving naught that there was worthy of love in Count Antonio, yet loved him because he defied the Duke; and about midnight, having drunk much wine, he came into the square and gathered together the apprentices, saying, 'I have a matter to say to you—and to you—and to you,' till there were many scores of them round him: then he harangued them, and more came round; and when at last Peter cried, 'Give us back the Sacred Bones!' a thousand voices answered him, 'Ay, give us back the bones!' And when the pikemen would have seized him, men, and women also, made a ring round him, so that he could not be taken. And sober men also, of age and substance, hearkened to him, saying, 'He is a knave, but he speaks truth now.' So that a very great throng assembled, every man having a staff, and many also knives; and to those that had not knives, the women and girls brought them, thrusting them into their hands; nay, sundry priests also were among the people, moaning and wringing their hands, and saying that the favour of St Prisian would be lost for ever to the city. And the square was thronged, so that a man could not move unless all moved, or raise his hand to his head save by the favour of his neighbour. Yet presently the whole mass began to move, like a great wave of water, towards the Palace of the Duke, where the pikemen stood in ranks, ready now to go against Antonio. Suddenly arose a cry, 'The Archbishop comes!' and the venerable man was seen, led through the crowd by Peter and some more, who brought him and set him in the front ranks of the people; and Peter cried boldly, 'Where is the Duke?' But the Captain of the Guard came forward, sword in hand, and bade Peter be still, cursing him for insolence, and shouted that the people should disperse on pain of His Highness's displeasure. 'Where is the Duke? Let him come out to us!' cried Peter; and the Captain, despising him, struck him lightly with the flat of his sword. But Peter with a cry of rage struck the Captain a great blow with his staff, and the Captain staggered back, blood flowing from his head. Such was the beginning of the fray; for in an instant the pikemen and the people had joined battle: men cried in anger and women in fright: blood flowed, and sundry on both sides fell and rose no more; and the

Archbishop came near to being trodden under foot till his friends and the priests gathered round him; and when he saw that men were being slain, he wept.

### THE DOCKISATION OF THE RIVER AVON.

AT a very early period of English history Bristol held the proud position of the second port of the kingdom. It was the centre of an English slave-trade with Ireland which was as flourishing as it was shameful, and laid the foundation of the commercial prosperity of the port. Centuries later, Bristol plunged with avidity into the African slave-trade, and grew in wealth and importance on the proceeds of this inhuman traffic. It was from the port of Bristol that John and Sebastian Cabot started on the voyages which resulted in the discovery of the coast of North America from Labrador to Florida. The sieges of Bristol form a separate and most important chapter of the civil wars between Charles I. and his Parliament. During the period of the prosperity of the West Indian colonies, Bristol was the chief seat of the West Indian trade. It is a curious circumstance that the *Great Western* steamship, the first steamer which crossed the Atlantic in 1838, was built in Bristol, for it was to the enormous development of the Atlantic traffic which has come about during the present century that the port of Liverpool owes its extraordinary rise in a comparatively short time to the position of the second port and city in the kingdom.

The deposition of Bristol from the place which it had occupied for so many centuries is relatively quite recent. The southern city has neither accepted nor forgiven its discomfiture. It has been the dream of every citizen who has come to the front since that day to restore to Bristol the substance of her former greatness, and it has been agreed by generations of municipal politicians that this can only be effected by wresting from the competing ports a very considerable portion of the rich Atlantic traffic, which occupies such an enormous fleet of the biggest ships that have yet been launched. Of the various proposals which have been brought forward for this purpose, decidedly the most ambitious, and the one which seems to bear most promise of success, is that which is locally known as 'the dockisation scheme,' which is at present occupying the attention of the town-council and the citizens, even to the extent of influencing the municipal elections. In order to grasp the full bearing of this scheme, it is necessary to have a clear notion of the geographical position and advantages of the town of Bristol.

Though it is a seaport, Bristol is not situated on the sea. It stands seven miles inland, on the estuary of the river Avon, which flows into the estuary of the river Severn, commonly known as the Bristol Channel. Now the Bristol Channel is a great wedge of water which has split a great crack in the land, up which big ships can sail to towns which would be inland cities if the contour of the coast were more

regular. The estuary of the Avon is similarly a long thin wedge of tidal water which splits an opening into the land even through a chain of rocky downs which lie between Bristol and the Bristol Channel. The result is that at high-tide, when the estuaries of the Severn and the Avon are flooded by the sea, Bristol is connected with the Atlantic by a great natural ship-canal many miles in extent, up which big ships can sail into the very heart of Bristol, and unload their cargoes under the windows of the warehouses.

Bristol, moreover, lies at the junction of three great highways—the road from London, the road from the North, and the road from Devonshire and Cornwall. It was therefore naturally marked out to be a mart and a centre of traffic, even if nature had not further designed it for a seaport. The traders by sea and the traffickers by land met there quite naturally. It was the line of least resistance for both. Bristol, in short, possessed in a minor degree many of the advantages which have rendered London the principal port and market of the world, and which are not united in any other town in the south of England. It was natural that Bristol with these advantages should for centuries hold the position of the second port in the kingdom. On the other hand, it was as natural that she should lose this place when the East Indian and galleon of ancient days were replaced by the 'liner,' 'trooper,' and other gigantic structures of our own time.

The explanation is, that while enjoying many of the advantages which have made London what it is, Bristol is hampered by disadvantages from which the capital does not suffer at all. At low-tide, the Avon estuary is nothing but a gaping trench with black precipitous sides, at the bottom of which rushes a narrow stream just deep enough to permit of the passage of a row-boat; while the Severn estuary is transformed into an archipelago of mud-banks, split up by winding deep-water channels. Bristol is then an inland town, cut off entirely from the sea by many miles of solid land, and this state of geographical blockade lasts for quite half the day, in two periods. Ships which have missed the flood have to wait outside in the Bristol Channel for the return of the tide; and vessels may be detained in the floating harbour at Bristol by lack of the tide several hours after they are ready to sail. Deep, moreover, as the river-channel undoubtedly is, it does not admit of the passage of the bigger kind of Atlantic liners, still less of the larger ones which are in course of construction. Bristol is therefore completely closed against the Atlantic service, and it is easy to understand that, putting aside all other considerations, a port is not likely to be popular among the biggest class of vessels if there is a chance of a wait of several hours before it is possible to get into port, or a risk of running aground in the narrow, winding channel of the approach owing to the unexpected failure of the tide.

It was a keen consciousness of the extent to which their port is handicapped by this physical defect that induced the citizens of Bristol to spend nearly a million on the improvement of

the dock at Portishead—which is situated on the Bristol Channel a few miles to the south of the embouchure of the Avon—and the construction of a deep-water dock at the Avon mouth itself, so that big ships might enter and discharge their cargoes there without waiting for the tide to take them up to Bristol. The results of this expenditure have been satisfactory so far; but it has not assisted Bristol at all towards the realisation of its favourite dream—namely, successful competition with Liverpool and Southampton. Avonmouth does not possess the advantages which Bristol offers. It is neither a well-known mart, nor a great railway junction, nor a manufacturing centre where cargoes can be taken in from the hands of the shippers. It is, moreover, at the wrong end of the seven miles of Avon estuary. It is necessary, therefore, that everything embarked or disembarked at Avonmouth should travel over the line of local railway which connects that dock with the great railway junction at Bristol; and as land-carriage is proportionally more expensive than water-carriage, there is a clear increase in the cost of conveyance by the exchange. Between the additional expense involved by the Avonmouth route and the possible delay attendant on the river route, the result is that the port of Bristol is given the go-by entirely by a great deal of heavy traffic.

It is at this point that the advocates of 'dockisation' come forward with their plans. There are many of them; but the differences consist mainly of structural details and total cost. The object of all is to render the Avon estuary entirely independent of the tides, and to maintain it perpetually full of water of a sufficient depth to admit of the passage of the biggest ships up to the quays at Bristol. The main proposal of all, in fact, is to construct a huge dam across the mouth of the Avon of a sufficient height to ensure the retention of the necessary depth of water within the channel; and to pierce this dam at one point by an entrance furnished with stop-gates, which will admit or discharge ships early on the tide by the ordinary processes of a lock, and at another point by sluices which will let out the overflow of the river when the required depth of water within has been obtained. One scheme proposes that the lock should be quite independent of the existing dock at Avonmouth. Another, that the existing dock with its lock-entrance should be deepened and connected with the river so as to form the entrance to the dockised river. A third conjoins both of the above schemes, and would give the dockised river two entrances—one by a new lock, and the other by the existing dock. A fourth—which is the most ambitious of all—would have two entrances—one by a new lock, and the other by a practically new dock, which would be constructed by enormously increasing the area and depth of the present dock. There are also various alternative proposals with regard to graving-docks, deep-water entrance channels from the Bristol Channel, piers, breakwaters, improvements in the course and bed of the river, and other subsidiary works. In this connection it may be added here that the estimated cost is proportional to the size and extent of the undertaking, and it varies

from about one million four hundred thousand pounds to over two millions.

For the purposes of the present article, however, the dockisation scheme may be roughly generalised as a proposal to construct a dam across the mouth of the Avon of sufficient height to transform the estuary into a deep-water floating-dock nearly seven miles long, and furnished with a lock entrance, either single or double, of sufficient width and depth to admit ships of the greatest draught as yet achieved or projected, which may be fixed at not less than thirty-two feet. It is urged in favour of this scheme, that it would restore to Bristol all her lost advantages, would attract a very large increase of general traffic to her quays, and would enable her to offer such facilities to the Atlantic steamers as could not fail to make her the principal *dépôt* of the passenger-service, and the station for the American mails. Dockisation, it is claimed, would make her reap once more to the full the advantage of her geographical position and her vicinity to the capital; and the result would be such a development of the wealth and prosperity of the port as would enable the authorities to pay the interest on the debt incurred for the construction, and eventually to liquidate the debt itself without imposing any burden on the rates.

Whether this would actually be the case can only be proved by experience, and, unluckily, half-measures would be of no avail for this purpose. A thorough test could not be taken until the scheme was completely executed, for the full advantage offered by it could not be reaped until the dam and the lock were put into perfect working order. The utmost that can be said is that the balance of probability is strongly in favour of a considerable increase of the trade of the port.

On the other hand, it must be borne in mind that nothing less than a very extensive development of the traffic up the Avon would enlarge the revenues of the port sufficiently to permit of the payment of interest on the heavy debt incurred; and that, if the enterprise failed to achieve the results anticipated, the ratepayers of Bristol would find themselves burdened with an annual payment of something like £80,000 for ever. This is an important consideration, which may well give pause to the authorities of the town and harbour. It must be remembered that the true success of the scheme really depends upon the prospect of diverting a good portion of the Atlantic steamers from their present goal. This is only likely to be effected if Bristol is able to offer greater advantages than those presented by Liverpool now, for the cost of altering their present arrangements is not likely to be incurred by the steamship Companies unless there is some decided gain thereby. The question of the moment, therefore, is, Would dockisation place Bristol in a position so much superior to Liverpool that it would become worth while for the Government and the Atlantic lines to change their station for the American service from the northern to the southern port? In the opinion of a number of nautical and engineering experts, the answer to this question is, 'Yes.' In the opinion of a similar body of equal distinction, the reply

should be a negative. Where doctors disagree, the patient has to decide for himself, and this is what the town of Bristol is engaged in doing.

There is one point, however, in which the watering-place of Clifton, with its villas, schools, and college, is even more interested than Bristol, which is already accustomed to evil odours from its sluggish floating harbour and reeking factories. Would the outfall of the river from the sluices be strong enough to create a current sufficient to prevent this immense body of water from becoming stagnant, and consequently foul, a begetter of smells which would transform Clifton into a pest-stricken wilderness of empty houses? In the opinion of a learned authority, Mr John M'Currich, the official engineer of the Bristol docks (to whose careful Report on the various schemes, and personal information on the subject, the writer is glad to express his debt here), the current created by the outfall would be quite sufficient to avert such a calamity, provided efficient steps were taken by the various towns on the Avon—Bristol, Bath, Trowbridge, and Bradford—to prevent the discharge of their sewage into the Avon and its tributaries. In this connection, it may be mentioned that Bath is at present engaged in diverting its sewage from the river, with the view of improving its own sanitary condition, which has been seriously impaired by the drainage which is discharged into the Avon during its passage through the town. This is an example which Bristol might well follow at once, for even if dockisation should not be undertaken, the result of such a purification would be to considerably abate the odours from the mud which is exposed in the channel of the Avon at low-tide. Thus cleansed from sewage, the dockised river might be regarded as a lake—the outfall at the sluices fulfilling the office of the effluent river which prevents a lake from becoming stagnant. Examination, moreover, will show that enormous masses of water are kept in a pure and wholesome state by very small currents. If we compare the body of water in the Lake of Geneva, and the volume of the Rhone at its point of departure from the lake, with the body of the Avon in its dockised state and the discharge from the sluices at Avonmouth, the advantage as regards motion will be largely in favour of the latter.

### 'BIRIBI.'

#### SIDELIGHTS ON THE DISCIPLINE OF THE TROOPS EMPLOYED BY FRANCE IN HER COLONIAL CONQUESTS.

By JOHN DILL ROSS.

BIRIBI, a word unknown to most Englishmen, is one of dread to the whole French army. Biribi represents to the French soldier a long term of dangerous foreign service, made subject to the most extraordinary conditions of discipline, and such savage punishments as that of the *crapaudine*. When France is bent on a policy of colonial conquest, she is careful not to risk the lives of too many of her more cherished sons, and the corps that is sent to carry the tricolour to the most distant parts of

the world is largely made up of men whom society can well spare, and who are, in fact, considered as being best 'expended' in such service.

It was doubtless observed by many that when the Madagascar question came before the French Chamber, an effort was made to limit the choice of the Minister for War to 'Colonial Troops,' certain disinterested deputies insisting that at all events no Parisians should be drafted from their regiments for service in Madagascar. But although General Mercier claimed a free hand in the matter, the expedition to Madagascar will doubtless be composed of the same elements as the army which subjugated Tonkin. Black troops such as the Turcos will be mingled with the motley soldiers of the Foreign Legion, while the famous *Compagnies de Discipline* will certainly send a strong contingent. These men will be sent to bear the brunt of the fighting; any especially dangerous work will be thrust upon them if it is possible to do so; and to render justice to these troops, and to say at the same time all the good that can be truthfully said about them, they fight well, and certainly are not wanting in courage. Still, such troublesome, dare-devil regiments have never been brought together under any flag. Half the time the men are a perfect terror to their officers; while, on the other hand, the officers are allowed to punish their men with a savage severity which would never for a moment be tolerated in the regiments of the line or any other branch of the service.

Whilst admitting that these troops generally fight well, it must be said that they are most difficult to keep in hand, and they seldom fail to become a terrible scourge to the unfortunate country on which they are let loose. The Foreign Legion is from its very origin a most extraordinary body of troops. No questions are asked of the man who wishes to become a *Légionnaire*. Provided he is physically fit, he is enlisted under any name he may choose to give, whatever his nationality may be. The Legion naturally becomes a refuge for the *déclassé*, the deserter from other flags and the adventurer of every degree. It is said that there are highly educated men of good family in the Legion, and in this there is nothing improbable. In Tonkin I once saw one of my own countrymen, wearing the dismal uniform of the Legion, quarrelling with a German belonging to the same regiment. They came to blows, and were finally beaten into something like order by an officer who struck them with the flat of his sword.

If, however, the Foreign Legion embodies some very questionable elements, how much worse must be the *Compagnies de Discipline*, which are entirely composed of what are really military convicts! These luckless soldiers, the *zéphirs* and the *joyeux* of French military slang, are the refractory and criminal cases of the whole army. When a hardened offender becomes too much of a nuisance in his regiment, he is tried before a special military tribunal; his *livret matricule*—a sort of personal register of his deeds and misdeeds, which every French soldier is bound to produce at any moment—is put in, and his long list of punishments is

read out for the edification of the Court. The trial almost invariably ends in the man being sentenced to serve for a term of years in one of the *Compagnies de Discipline*. Our *zéphir* is then shipped off to Africa, where he joins his new regiment under the charge of a gendarme, and with his wrists shackled in handcuffs, a befitting commencement to the career in store for him.

The convict companies are scattered over the dreariest and most desolate districts of the French African possessions, in which they are often employed in road-making and constructing buildings for military purposes. Harassed, moreover, with constant drills under a burning sun, badly fed, isolated from all but their own miserable society, and punished with the most relentless severity for the slightest offence, the unhappy soldier realises what it is to be *envoyé à Biribi*. The derivation of the word Biribi appears to be obscure, but its meaning soon becomes clear enough to the victim of the system.

We, of course, have nothing like it in our own diminutive army; but if we had over half a million of men with the colours in times of peace, we should find ourselves confronted with a good many problems which we are not at present called upon to study; and it is a more or less recognised fact that the African campaigns of the French have had a rather brutalising effect on their troops, who have borrowed much that is undesirable from their Arab foes.

To the soldiers of the convict companies, active service is a pleasant relief from the well-nigh intolerable bondage in which they are held, and considering that they suffer such terrible punishments as the *crapaudine*, which can easily be prolonged to a fatal issue, it is small wonder that they are merciless men. They are perfect adepts at 'eating up a country,' and leave a trail of desolation and ruin behind them wherever they go. But in commenting upon any excesses committed by the French troops in Tonkin, it must be remembered that they were frequently subjected to intolerable provocation. The Chinese with their fiendish barbarity inflicted the most atrocious tortures on their wretched prisoners; and the French on more than one occasion came upon the bodies of their unhappy countrymen who had been actually and literally skinned alive! Men flushed with the heat of battle and with arms in their hands cannot look calmly upon such things; and if the Japanese under similar circumstances took vengeance upon the Chinese at Port Arthur, it is impossible to justify them; but that they did take vengeance will be readily understood by fallible human nature in every part of the world.

It would, of course, be no easy matter for France to conquer any country with troops composed entirely of the soldiers of the Foreign Legion, the *Fusiliers de Discipline*, and her African regiments. In all her colonial campaigns, a most honourable part is borne by the regiments of the *infanterie de marine*, than whom it would be hard to find better and steadier soldiers anywhere. They are really the backbone of the whole expedition, and, apart from their services in the field, they are

much in demand as a military police to keep the turbulent irregulars in something like order. The navy is another mainstay of France in her colonial conquests, and French sailors, both officers and men, must be acknowledged to be very fine fellows. Nothing, for instance, could have been much better done than the way in which the *Inconstant* and *Comète* recently passed and fought the Paknam batteries through a shallow and obstructed channel laid with mines and torpedoes, in the teeth of a fleet of Siamese ships which ought to have swept them out of existence. The dash and pluck with which these two little gunboats were handled deserved the success they achieved. The French blue-jackets, with their machine guns and light artillery, will no doubt contribute their full share to the successes of the columns invading Madagascar.

There is seldom much scope for cavalry in these colonial enterprises; but during the Tonkin War, the French sent some *Spahis* from Algeria; and amongst other troops, I noticed a very fine Zouave regiment at Hai-fong, which I once saw employed in restoring order. Although, at the time to which I refer, the war was in full swing, General de Négrier having just been defeated at Langson, the French in Hai-fong were in full enjoyment of a theatre—that is to say, a ramshackle barn, with a stage at one end of it, constructed of planks laid over a number of empty barrels. Notwithstanding the primitive nature of the stage and its accessories, the acting of the adventurous little troupe which ran the theatre was excellent; and such pieces as *Le Piano de Berthe* were played to the intense satisfaction of crowded houses of soldiers and sailors. The theatre stood near what is now a fine square, surrounded by handsome buildings, but which was then a howling wilderness, known as the *carrefour des écrasés*, around which were scattered the miserable *paillotes* or attempts at huts in which such of us lived as were fortunate enough to go in for 'housekeeping' at all.

During a performance one evening, I heard the sounds of a row going on outside; and quietly creeping out of the theatre, I saw surely enough a regular pitched battle going on between a number of blue-jackets from the fleet in the river and a crowd of men belonging to the Foreign Legion. Before long, the rapid regular tramp of troops coming up at the double was heard—it was a company of Zouaves sent to put things straight. The way in which they wheeled into line and charged across the open ground was a sight worth seeing. They simply swept everything before them with the butts of their rifles, and were formed up and marched off again almost as rapidly as they had come. Then everything was quiet again—especially quiet were the dark recumbent forms which dotted the surface of the suggestively named *carrefour des écrasés*, but they were picked up before morning, and very little was said about it next day.

There were a good many executions amongst the troops in Tonkin. Some of the unfortunate rogues—more to be pitied than punished—deserted, with the idea that they would actually find gold lying about the country, which they

could take away with them. The famous stories floated about the *pépites d'or* to be found in Tonkin made a few victims in this way; nor was I at all astonished to read the other day of a gentleman in Madagascar having gone for a morning ride, and finding on his return that a nugget of gold had obligingly embedded itself in his horse's hoof. Why not? In fact, such occurrences appear to be inevitable in a country about to be invaded by France.

Much worse things happened, however, than the desertion of soldiers in search of gold. There was the case of an officer of one of the *Compagnies de Discipline* being shot dead on parade. He had been a bit too hard on his men, and four of them had settled by means of a pack of cards which of them was to kill him; and the loser availed himself of the first opportunity he had of murdering his unfortunate officer. To men of this stamp, death has very few terrors if they are simply to be shot by a firing party; and I believe that these four men endured the tortures of the *crapaudine* until they died under them.

The French are, of course, at liberty to maintain discipline in their own army in any way they please; but the punishments to which their irregular troops are subjected are certainly very cruel. Take the case of a man sentenced to the *cellule avec fers*. The *cellule* may be any hut or tent, or, for that matter, the open air will serve. The irons consist of two heavy rings on a bar about eighteen inches long; the whole thing screws up, and is fastened by a padlock. The man's ankles are shackled by the rings to the bar, and the contrivance is more fit for chaining up a wild beast than a man. In addition to this, however, the man's hands are brought behind his back, and fettered by two rings moving on an iron rod worked by a powerful screw, so that any pressure desired may be brought to bear on the man's wrists. This also is secured by a padlock. The man thus put in irons is placed on his stomach; he gets his *gamelle* of soup once in thirty-six hours, and a *litre* of water every twenty-four hours, which he has to lap up like a dog if he wants it.

The *crapaudine*—obviously derived from the word *crapaud*—is simply this punishment made much more severe and dangerous by having a rope rove through a ring provided for the purpose in the wrist shackles. One end of the rope is made fast to the bar to which the man's ankles are ironed, and then a good pull on the rope running through the ring at the man's wrists brings his hands and feet together, when all is made fast, and the sufferer is left in that position. If he cries out, he is immediately gagged. Should the man not be released in time, he generally dies in convulsions, it is said; but a man thus treated may die from any cause, and at times he has been known to quit this world when it has not been the intention of his officers that he should do so.

It is not astonishing that the *zéphirs* should try to desert when they think they have a chance. Not so very long ago, about half-a-dozen of them jumped overboard from a French hired transport as she was leaving Singapore harbour. The sentries on board im-

mediately opened a hot fire on the fugitives, of whom but two reached the shore; the bodies of the others were swept out to sea by the currents of New Harbour, and whether they were shot or drowned matters but little. They at least will fight no more to extend the colonial empire of France.

## NICOTIANA.

Sublime tobacco! which from east to west  
Cheers the tar's labour or the Turkman's rest.

A GENIAL Professor once remarked to his students: 'Smoke away, gentlemen; it does not annoy me in the least. I look on tobacco in the same light as on hay. I don't eat it myself, but I like to see others enjoy it.' There is a neatly veiled hint behind the Professor's seemingly affable observation, that in his opinion the youths were merely making beasts of themselves by indulging in this seductive habit; for habit it undoubtedly is, and a curious one too, since we are quite unable to tell in the dark whether our pipe is alight or not; or, for that matter, our cigar or cigarette either, except for its glowing tip. However, could every one regard the weaknesses of his fellow-men in the same unselfish light as this Professor, what a happy world this would be!

The first account of tobacco was published in 1496, by a Spanish monk, Romanus Pane, who had accompanied Columbus to America; but it does not seem that Europeans smoked it until 1535. It is, however, a question whether it did not find its way into Europe, like everything else, from the East rather than from the West, for we find in Ulloa's *Voyage to America*: 'It is not probable that the Europeans learnt the use of tobacco from America; for, as it is very ancient in the Eastern countries, it is natural to suppose that the knowledge of it came to Europe from those regions by means of the intercourse carried on with them by the commercial States of the Mediterranean Sea. Nowhere, not even in those parts of America where the tobacco plant grows wild, is the use of it, and that only for smoking, either general or very frequent.' Some seed of the plant was sent from Portugal to Paris by Jean Nicot, then French envoy to Queen Catherine de' Medici in 1559; hence the name Nicotine. Its importation into this country is ascribed to Sir Francis Drake, about 1580; and the practice of smoking it to Sir Walter Raleigh, some twenty-four years later, when it was a luxury that could only be indulged in by the most wealthy. John Aubrey says that it was sold for its weight in silver, and that men preserved their biggest shillings to lay in the scales against the tobacco.

The chemical qualities of the plant are peculiar. It owes its active character to the presence of a vegetable alkali not found in any other plant, which has been named Nicotine, as stated above, and, as will be noticed from its equivalent ( $C_{10}H_{11}N$ ), it differs from most others in the absence of oxygen; as also in its liquid condition at the ordinary temperature. Another peculiarity of the plant is the very large quantity of ash that it leaves when burnt,

about one-fifth the weight of the dried leaf; while a further distinguishing property is the great amount of nitrate of potash present, to which is due its peculiar smouldering combustion.

Scientists are much exercised nowadays as to whether smoking is injurious, for, except in rare cases, it cannot be either necessary or beneficial; and even then, it must be indulged in with caution. A Major Chalmers died recently at Southampton under remarkable circumstances. For some years he was afflicted asthmatically, and sought relief in smoking tobacco steeped in turpentine. One day on applying a match an explosion occurred. His beard was burnt off, and serious injuries in the region of the chest sustained, with a fatal result. Since we are told that the enormous sum of fourteen million pounds is puffed away each year in tobacco smoke, the question of its influence for good or ill on the world's health is of considerable importance. On one point there appears to be little doubt—namely, that Nicotine is fatal to a large number of the microbes that cause some of our most serious sicknesses. In our issue of February 23, 1889, we noticed the results of investigations on this head by an Italian Professor, Dr Vincenzo Tassinari; and the results of the intended further experiments therein alluded to have recently appeared in the *Italia Termale*. He finds (1) That the smoke of the Cavour, Virginia, and Tuscan cigars, and all black and chopped tobaccos, possesses a very pronounced bactericide power, especially against the bacillus of Asiatic cholera. (2) This microbicide action may in all probability be attributed to the products of Nicotine. (3) In epidemics of cholera and typhus, the use of tobacco may be rather useful than hurtful. (4) Tobacco smoke merits special consideration on the hygiene of the mouth as a prophylactic means of combating microbial affections of the buccal cavity:

Non-smokers have hitherto fumed, and declared  
That the succus of baccy will kill us;  
But what say they now Tassinari has proved  
That the sucking it slays the bacillus?

Sucking or drinking tobacco were the terms applied to smoking on the first introduction of the plant into England. The native of India to this day says, 'Tamaku pūa hai' (He is drinking tobacco), which forms another link in the chain of argument that the weed came to us from the East, and not from the West.

The earliest pipes were nothing but long leaves rolled up into the shape of a funnel, still much in use among the natives of Hindustan. Those employed at first by Sir Walter Raleigh and other young men of fashion were exceedingly rude and simple, consisting of half a walnut-shell with a straw inserted. The first clay pipes were made in this country about 1585, copied from those used by the natives of Virginia; while to a Hungarian shoemaker, named Kaval Kowates, is accredited the manufacture of the first meerschaum pipe, in 1723, which has been preserved in the Museum at Pesh.

Means of rendering tobacco harmless to the consumer have been given to the world at frequent intervals. As long ago as 1670, glass globules were attached to pipes to intercept the tobacco juice and Nicotine; and in 1689 Jacob Francis Vicarius, an Austrian physician, recommended the insertion of a small piece of sponge in the tube for a like purpose. Vigier recommended citric acid, which, however, has the serious disadvantage of spoiling the taste of the tobacco. Dr Gautrelet of Vichy asserts that a piece of cotton-wool steeped in a solution (five to ten per cent.) of pyrogallic acid, and inserted in the pipe or holder, will neutralise all possible effects of the Nicotine; while the number of patented pipes designed with a like view increases day by day. And now, on the principle that prevention is better than cure, a smoker comes to the rescue of slaves to the weed. He says that chewing calamus root allays the craving for tobacco; further, that it is a harmless substance and a beneficial tonic. Another ascribes a like virtue to a plentiful consumption of watercress two or three times a day; but doubtless many, feeling with Hamlet's father that

Diseases, desperate grown,  
By desperate appliance are relieved,  
Or not at all,

will prefer the disease to the suggested remedies.

Like all innovations, the introduction of tobacco met at first with much opposition, our King James I. being one of its principal enemies; and throughout Europe, severe penalties and punishments were inflicted on those who ventured to indulge in the blowing of it; and in 1624, Pope Urban VIII. issued a decree of excommunication against any person found taking snuff in church. However, its charms, sung by Byron—

Divine in hookahs, glorious in a pipe,  
When tipped with amber, mellow, rich, and ripe;  
Like other charmers, wooing the caress  
More dazlingly when daring in full dress;  
Yet thy true lovers more admire by far  
Thy naked beauties—Give me a cigar!—

have proved too strong for all its opponents; and what a firm hold the habit gets on its devotees is forcibly illustrated in the following case. 'When I was an officer,' writes a naval man, 'in Messrs Money Wigram's ship the *Kent*, in 1857, on a voyage to Melbourne and back, we found that by some mistake no tobacco had been shipped, so, being on the high seas, the men could get none till we fell in with some vessel (meeting other ships was rarer then than now). A curious thing happened. First, the topmen, and then the rest of the crew, lost in a great measure the use of their hands, which trembled as if palsied; they grew so nervous that we were quite afraid to order them to do anything. On a strict inquiry being made, we found out that they had been smoking their rations of tea. Old rope being substituted, they recovered; and, falling in with a Dutchman just after we got round the Horn, we were able to get some tobacco from her.'

The plant has afforded abundant food for legislation, and its adulteration must have been rampant during the reigns of the Georges to

call for the stringent laws that were enacted, one example of which will suffice: 'If any person shall mix any fustic, or other wood, or any leaves, herbs, or plants (other than tobacco), or any earth, clay, or tobacco-sand, with any snuff-work or snuff; or shall colour the same with any sort of colouring (water tinged with colour only excepted), he shall forfeit two hundred pounds. And if any manufacturer or dealer in snuff shall sell, or expose for sale, or have in his entered premises, any fustic, yellow ebony, touchwood, logwood, red or Guinea-wood, Braziletto or Jamaica-wood, Nicaragua-wood, or Saunders-wood; or any walnut tree, hop, or sycamore leaves; or shall have in his possession any of the aforesaid articles; or any other wood, leaves, herbs, plants, earth, clay, or tobacco-sand, mixed with any snuff-work or snuff, he shall forfeit fifty pounds, and the same shall be forfeited, and may be seized.' (29 Geo. III. c. 68.)

The following epigram may fitly find a place in these stray notes:

Of lordly men, how humbling is the type,  
A fleeting shadow, a tobacco pipe!  
His mind the fire, his frame the tube of clay,  
His breath the smoke so idly puffed away,  
His food the herb that fills the hollow bowl  
Death is the stopper. Ashes end the whole.

At least once in history the 'devil's weed,' as a certain king called it, played an important part in a political movement. When the revolution of 1848 came on, the Austrian government enjoyed a monopoly of the manufacture and sale of tobacco in those parts of Italy under its control. The Liberals, resenting the tyranny of the Austrians, and disliking to see so large a revenue pouring into the Austrian treasury from the sale of cigars and tobacco, left off smoking—a patriotic method of resenting the Austrian domination. The Austrian Government thereupon supplied its troops with cigars, and the men of the garrisons went about the streets of Italian towns puffing smoke into the faces of the non-smoking Italians. The insult was warmly resented. The Milanese rose in rebellion, and expelled the Austrians; Venice did the same; and thus was the revolution begun, which ended in the loss to Austria of all the Italian possessions.

#### THE DIAL AT NIGHT.

I SAID unto my soul: 'The whole long night  
The Dial skyward turns how blank a space!  
How purposeless it tarries in its place!  
Though moon and star and meteor-glance unite  
In vain their shadowy message there to write,  
Till the Sun shines in glory on its face,  
Making all lesser glories pale apace—  
The faithful Dial waits the larger light.'

Thou Sun of faith! who tarriest to shine out—  
To light my life, and make its meaning plain,  
What am I here without Thee? Look on me!  
I wait Thy message in the night of doubt,  
Whose alien glories visit me in vain—  
Loyal in darkness to my thoughts of Thee.

E. BLAIR OLIPHANT.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,  
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.



# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 584.—VOL. XII.

SATURDAY, MARCH 9, 1895.

PRICE 1½d.

## EASTER IN RUSSIA.

IN Russia, Easter constitutes the greatest festival of the year, and not only the greatest religious festival, but also the most important national holiday. For a whole week all places of business are shut, all banks and public offices, and the whole country gives itself up to pleasure and amusement.

Simple, light-hearted, and hospitable to a degree, a Russian when he takes holiday surrenders himself to the full enjoyment of it with all the eagerness and abandonment of a child. Not that plenty of opportunity is denied him. In his case, familiarity certainly does not breed contempt, for the public holidays in Russia amount to one-quarter of the year. But he welcomes each and every one with the same zest, though to none does he look forward with such happy anticipations as to Easter.

During the long cold winter months, this season of hope and joy has shone out like a beacon in the distance, the herald of spring, telling that summer with her sunshine and warmth is near. Sometimes it does happen that the great feast arrives in the midst of snow and frost. What does that matter? Spring must soon be there; and in a little while, with the marvellous rapidity which is one of the wonders of the Russian climate, all will be changed, and in the place of frost and snow, the tender blades of grass will show themselves above the hard ground; the violets will peep from under their green shelter, filling the air with their sweet fragrance; the trees will bow down beneath their load of white and pink blossoms; and nature will seem only to speak of a joyful resurrection and life.

The joy and happiness of Easter would appear to be only increased by the long fast which precedes the festival. Perhaps in no other country is Lent kept so strictly; not only is all meat forbidden, but milk, eggs, cheese, butter, and fish. Caviare, dried fish, and shellfish are allowed, and on Sundays and

Saturdays the rigour is a little lessened. The fast is kept usually most strictly by the peasants during the whole period it lasts; but the rich, unless very old-fashioned, only keep it during the first and last weeks.

The season of abstinence and mortification is ushered in by what is called the 'Butter-week,' corresponding somewhat to the Carnival—the last week in which butter is supposed to be allowed. During this time, every one eats 'blivnes,' a kind of pancake served with sour cream or melted butter and caviare. Festivities and merry-makings of all kinds are in full swing, to prepare for the dull period to follow. Lent always commences on a Monday, and from then till Easter the only break is Palm-Sunday, or, as it is called, Willow-Sunday. If the weather happens to be fine and warm, then the streets on the eve of Willow-Sunday present a pretty appearance. Peasants, with huge bundles of willow and palm branches, line the sides of the road. Peasant girls in their bright skirts and head-dresses stand at the church doors with baskets of artificial flowers, made by themselves, which they offer for sale to the passers-by. Every one must be provided with some flower or branch to carry into the church to be blessed by the priest. There is a curious custom among the peasants on this night, which gives rise to no little amount of rough play—namely, that whoever strikes another with the sacred flowers earns the right to a salute like that connected with our mistletoe at Christmas. On Sunday, when every one is exempt from fasting, the whole town seems to turn out of doors; and the people in their bright dresses, with the bunches of gaily-coloured flowers and fresh twigs, create an agreeable relief to the monotony of the preceding weeks.

The next six days are a universal fast, most rigorously kept. Visits are not paid; no amusements may take place; all are preparing for the solemn duty of confession and of partaking of the Holy Communion. Confession in

Russia is a duty enforced by the civil law upon every one at least once a year. So much importance is attached to this duty, that the first question put to a witness, after that respecting his name, is, 'When did you confess last?' Passion-week presents a curious contrast. A great deal of time is spent in church, and what is left is taken up with shopping, in anticipation of the great feast. Immense stores of eatables of all descriptions have to be bought in. Every one gives and receives presents, and much time and thought are expended in the preparation and colouring of the eggs, without which no Easter would be complete. These eggs are of all sorts, real eggs hard-boiled and coloured brightly, or wooden eggs, made and sold by the peasants. Indeed, one of the principal sights during Passion-week is the shops filled with eggs, not only the confectioner's with its chocolate and sugar wares, but the silversmith's with its lovely little egg-shaped cases, enclosing rings and other pretty articles.

At Easter, everybody considers it essential to appear in new clothes; so the milliners' and drapers' shops are crowded, and scarcely a single person can be seen who is not loaded with parcels—generals of high rank, 'popes' or priests, ladies of fashion; indeed, it would be strange to meet any one without some square, oblong, or round package in his hand. On Saturday the 'dvorniks' or porters struggle along the streets, weighed down by huge sacks of groceries, sweetmeats, and fruits of all kinds. In the houses, all is turmoil and confusion; for everything must be turned out, and every corner cleaned, the kitchen floors made as white as possible, and the tables spread. All this must be done on Saturday; Friday is too sacred. No work is done. All persons who possibly can are in church. Many even go into deep mourning. Then commences one of the most peculiar services—namely, the 'Burial of Christ.' During the usual vespers, the 'tomb of Christ' is brought from the holy place and set in the centre of the church; after which, at the head of a solemn procession of choir-boys and 'popes,' the representation of the 'body of Christ'—an oblong piece of silk having the painting of the dead Saviour upon it—is brought from the altar and laid upon the tomb. At night, a solemn service is held; and amidst the tolling of bells, and the soft, low chanting, the icon representing the body is placed in its last resting-place, the lights are put out, and it is left in the darkness.

On Saturday towards evening the streets become quiet; the shops are closed, so that at nine o'clock you wonder where all the busy throngs can be gone. But wait another hour, and what a change! All is again alive, but with this difference, that every one now has on his best things, has bathed, even to the poorest peasants, and is hurrying along to join in the wonderful midnight service, preparing for Easter, which is called the 'Splendour-bearing Sunday,' the 'Great and Holy Sunday,' the 'Opener of the Gates of Paradise,' the 'Sanctifier of the Faithful,' the 'Passage from Darkness to Light.'

We spent this memorable night with some

Russian friends. Meeting them about ten o'clock at their own house, we found them in elaborate evening dress, which must be either white or of a very light colour, with flowers and jewellery. A little before eleven we drove off, having elected to witness the ceremony in a chapel belonging to a large boys' school or 'gymnasium,' the cathedral being so crowded.

We found the finely decorated chapel filled, many officers in their uniforms, ladies and children beautifully dressed, giving almost the appearance of a ballroom. As in all Russian churches, there were no seats, every one being required either to kneel or stand, which makes the services very fatiguing. In the centre of the nave stood the tomb of Christ, covered with a black pall, and surrounded by lighted candles, showing a dim light over the rest of the chapel, which was not yet lit in any other way. The altar or sanctuary was hidden by the 'iconostasis,' which derives its name from the 'icons' or holy pictures depicted on it. It has three doors. On the right of the centre door on entering is always the icon of our Lord; on the left, that of the Virgin Mary; the rest those of saints, according to the devotion of the founder. In front of all the icons were ranged huge candelabra, holding great numbers of unlit candles, and having many little holes, in which the devotee could place other candles.

At a quarter to twelve, one priest appeared, then others; then the chanting, low and soft, commences with the 'Gospodi pomilni' (Lord, have mercy upon us) constantly repeated in chorus; and at every repetition the people cross themselves three times and bow to the ground. The effect was truly impressive: the dimly lighted chapel; the priests, just to be seen standing round the tomb in their robes of pure white and dazzling silver; the silent crowd around holding each one an unlighted taper in the hand; and the solemn chant, with no accompaniment—for organs are not allowed in the Eastern Church. Just before the midnight hour, the presiding priest came from behind the 'iconostasis,' where he had been praying inside the sanctuary, and advancing to the tomb, stooped, and discovered that the body of Christ was no longer therein. Raising himself, he announced the fact to the people; and then, in solemn procession, followed by the priests bearing the censers, and swinging them as they went, left the chapel to seek the place 'where they have laid Him.'

Through all the rooms they go, the solemn chant never ceasing, till, having searched everywhere and not found what they seek, the procession again reaches the chapel just on the stroke of twelve. All at once is heard in the distance the clear boom of the cannon announcing the hour of midnight. The priest, standing on the steps of the altar, swings his censer, and announces in tones which penetrate to the farthest corners of the edifice, 'Christós voskrés' (Christ hath risen), and the people answer him with one voice: 'Vo istiné voskrés' (In truth, He hath risen). The woman standing nearest the priest lights her taper at the consecrated one presented to her by him; her neighbour in turn receives the light from her; and so on, till in a minute, as it were, the

chapel was illuminated with a hundred lights. Fathers and mothers, sons and daughters, friends and relations, embraced one another, kissing three times on the forehead and either cheek and exchanging the Easter greeting. With all boys belonging to the 'gymnasium' the head-master exchanged the Easter kiss and greeting. The whole congregation, then passing before the priest, did the same with him, and high-mass now followed.

As we drove home through the streets, the illuminations were hardly necessary, so beautiful and clear was the moonlight. Along the sides of the roads, placed upon low posts, were small earthenware dishes containing a lighted wick floating in melted tallow, and producing a weird and singular effect.

Arriving home, we found the tables spread with a sumptuous repast, decorated with pots of beautiful flowers; cold joints of every description, ham and roast sucking-pig, regular Easter dishes which never fail. Then the servant enters, bringing with him the 'paskel' cheese, made from sour-milk; and the 'kulitch' or Easter cake, which is something like bread-cake with raisins in it. These, the cake and cheese, as well as a great bowl full of coloured eggs, have been taken down to the church to be blessed by the priests. In large establishments, a priest is invited to supper, in order that he may bless the whole table; indeed, some priests spend the whole night going from house to house performing this duty.

Before we sat down to supper, the servants came in, and were saluted by their mistress with the Easter greeting and presented with an egg. We sat talking and laughing far into the morning, and listening to the merry peals of bells ringing from the steeples of the numerous churches, almost deafening at times with their volume of sound.

The servants are never forgotten: they receive handsome presents, besides a large ham, several joints, a cheese and cake, and about twenty eggs each. They decorate their own table, after the fashion of peasants, with branches of willow, and place above it the holy picture, beneath which a lamp is kept burning. Then, till the holiday is over, the kitchen is the meeting-place of all their relations and friends; and no mistress dares put any restriction on the most unbounded hospitality.

Easter-Sunday morning broke fine and clear as we made our way home about nine o'clock. Not a soul was to be seen; the whole city seemed sleeping after the exertions of the night. By-and-by the streets will be again crowded; carriages with their gaily-dressed occupants and splendid black horses will come dashing along; visits must be paid, cards left, and congratulations offered to all the highest officials. Balls and parties, concerts and theatres, are the order of the day now; and when the week is over, life will gradually return to its ordinary routine. But, as we stood on one of the heights overlooking the sleeping city, the cupolas and domes of its many churches glittering in the morning sunshine—for it was in the old city of Kieff that we spent this Easter—the deep silence seemed eloquent of praise; and the warm air, the tender green, the sweet

scent of spring, to whisper to each other the beautiful words, 'Christ hath risen'; the soft breeze bringing back the answer, 'In truth, He hath risen indeed.'

## THE CHRONICLES OF COUNT ANTONIO.\*

### CHAPTER V. (continued).

THEN the lord Lorenzo hastened to the cabinet of the Duke, whom he found pacing up and down, gnawing his finger-nails, and told him of what was done outside.

'I care not,' said the Duke. 'She shall take the vows! Let the pikemen scatter them.'

Lorenzo then besought him, telling him that all the city was in arms, and that the conflict would be great. But the Duke said still, 'She shall take the vows!' Nevertheless he went with Lorenzo, and came forth on to the top-most step of the portico. And when the people saw him they ceased for a moment to assail the pikemen and cried out, 'Give us back the Sacred Bones!'

'Scatter these fellows!' said the Duke to the Captain of the Guard.

'My lord, they are too many. And if we scatter them now, yet when we have gone against Count Antonio, they may do what they will with the city.'

The Duke stood still, pale, and again gnawing his nails; and the pikemen, finding the fight hard, gave back before the people; and the people pressed on.

Then Peter the furrier came forward, and the hottest with him, and mocked the pikemen; and one of the pikemen suddenly thrust Peter through with his pike, and the fellow fell dead; on which a great cry of rage rose from all the people, and they rushed on the pikemen again and slew and were slain; and the fight rolled up the steps even to the very feet of the Duke himself. And at last, able no longer to contend with all the city, he cried, 'Hold! I will restore the Sacred Bones!' But the people would not trust him, and one cried, 'Bring out the lady here before us and set her free, or we will burn the Palace.' And the Archbishop came suddenly and threw himself on his knees before the Duke, beseeching him that no more blood might be shed, but that the Lady Lucia should be set free. And the Duke, now greatly afraid, sent hastily the Lieutenant of the Guard and ten men, who came to the convent where Lucia was, and brooking no delay, carried her with them in her bedgown, and brought and set her beside the Duke in the portico of the Palace. Then the Duke raised his hand to heaven, and before all the people he said, 'Behold, she is free! Let her go to her own house, and her estate shall be hers again. And by my princely word and these same Holy Bones I swear that she shall not take the vows, neither will I constrain her to wed any man.' And when he had said this, he turned sharply round on his heel, and, looking neither to the right nor to the left, went through the great hall to his cabinet and shut the door. For his heart was very sore that he must yield to

Antonio's demand, and, for himself, he had rather a thousand times that the Bones of St Prisian had been burnt.

Now when the Duke was gone, the people brought the Lady Lucia to her own house, driving out the steward whom the Duke had set there, and, this done, they came to the Archbishop and would not suffer him to rest or to delay one hour before he set forth to carry the Duke's promise to Antonio. This the Archbishop was ready to do, for all that he was weary. But first he sent Lorenzo to ask the Duke's pleasure; and Lorenzo, coming to the Duke, prayed him to send two hundred pikes with the Archbishop. 'For,' said he, 'your Highness has sworn nothing concerning what shall befall Antonio; and so soon as he has delivered up the bones, I will set upon him and bring him alive or dead to your Highness.'

But the Duke would not hearken. 'The fellow's name is like stale lees of wine in my mouth,' said he. 'Ten of my pikemen lie dead in the square, and more of the citizens. I will lose no more men over it.'

'Yet how great a thing if we could take him!'

'I will take him at my own time and in my own way,' said the Duke. 'In God's name, leave me now.'

Lorenzo therefore got from the Duke leave for but ten men to go with the Archbishop, and to go himself if he would. And thus they set out, exhorted by the people, who followed them beyond the bounds of the city, to make all speed. And when they were gone, the people came back and took up the bodies of the dead; while the pikemen also took up the bodies of such of their comrades as were slain.

Yet had Duke Valentine known what passed on the hills while the city was in tumult, it may not be doubted, for all his vexation, that he would have sent the two hundred whom Lorenzo asked: never had he a fairer chance to take Antonio. For when the Count and those who had been with him to Rilano were asleep, Antonio's head resting on the golden casket, a shepherd came to the rest of the band and told them what had been done, and how all the country was in an uproar. Then a debate arose amongst the band, for, though they were lawless men, yet they feared God, and thought with great dread on what Antonio had sworn; so that presently they came altogether, and roused Antonio, and said to him, 'My lord, you have done much for us, and it may be that we have done somewhat for you. But we will not suffer the Sacred Bones to be burnt and scattered to the winds.'

'Except the Duke yields, I have sworn it, as God lives,' answered Antonio.

'We care not. It shall not be—no—not though you and we die,' said they.

'It is well: I hear,' said Antonio, bowing his head.

'In an hour,' said they, 'we will take the bones, if you will not yourself, my lord, send them back.'

'Again I hear,' said Antonio, bowing his head; and the band went back to the fire round

which they had been sitting, all save Martolo, who came and put his hand in Antonio's hand.

'How now, Martolo?' asked Antonio.

'What you will, I will, my lord,' said Martolo. For though he trembled when he thought of the bones of St Prisian, yet he clung always to Antonio. As for Bena and the others of the ten who had gone to Rilano, they would now have burnt not the bones only, but the blessed saint himself, had Antonio bidden them. Hard men, in truth, were they, and the more reckless now, because no harm had come to them from the seizing of the bones—moreover, Antonio had given them good wine for supper, and they drank well.

Now the rest of the band being gone back to their fire, and the night being very dark, in great silence and caution, Antonio, Tommasino, Martolo, Bena, and their fellows—being thirteen in all—rose from their places, and taking naught with them but their swords (save that Antonio carried the golden casket), they stole forth from the camp, and set their faces to climb yet higher into the heights of the hills. None spoke: one following another, they climbed the steep path that led up the mountain side; and when they had been going for the space of an hour, they heard a shout from far below them.

'Our flight is known,' said Tommasino.

'Shall we stand and meet them, my lord?' asked Bena.

'Nay, not yet,' said Antonio; and the thirteen went forward again at the best speed they could.

Now they were in a deep gorge between lofty cliffs; and the gorge still tended upwards; and at length they came to the place which is now named 'Antonio's Neck.' There the rocks came nigh to meeting and utterly barring the path; yet there is a way that one man, or at most two, may pass through at one time. Along this narrow tongue they passed, and, coming to the other side, found a level space on the edge of a great precipice, and, Antonio pointing over the precipice, they saw in the light of the day, which now was dawning, the towers and spires of Firmola very far away in the plain below.

'It is a better place for the fire than the other,' said Antonio; and Bena laughed, while Martolo shivered.

'Yet we risk being hindered by these fellows behind,' said Tommasino.

'Nay, I think not,' said Antonio.

Then he charged Tommasino and all of them to busy themselves in collecting such dry sticks and brushwood as they could, and there was abundance near, for the fir-trees grew even so high. And one of the men also went and set a snare, and presently caught a wild goat, so that they had meat. But Antonio took Bena and set him on one side of the way where the neck opened out into the level space; and he stood on the other side of the way himself. And when they stretched out their arms, the point of Bena's sword reached the hilt of Antonio's. And Antonio smiled, saying to Bena, 'He had need to be a thin man, Bena, that passes between you and me.'

And Bena nodded his head at Count Antonio,

answering, 'Indeed this is as strait as the way to heaven, my lord—and leads, as it seems to me, in much the same direction.'

Thus Antonio and Bena waited in the shelter of the rocks, at the opening of the neck, while the rest built up a great pile of wood. Then, having roasted the meat, they made their breakfast, Martolo carrying portions to Antonio and to Bena. And, their pursuers not knowing the path so well, and therefore moving less quickly, it was but three hours short of noon when they heard the voices of men from the other side of the neck. And Antonio cried straightway, 'Come not through at your peril! Yet one may come and speak with me.'

Then a great fellow, whose name is variously given, though most of those whom I have questioned call him Sancho, came through the neck, and, reaching the end of it, found the crossed swords of Antonio and Bena like a fence against his breast. And he saw also the great pile of wood, and resting now on the top of it the golden casket that held the Sacred Bones. And he said to Antonio, 'My lord, we love you; but sooner than that the bones should be burnt, we will kill you and all that are with you.'

And Antonio answered, 'I also love you, Sancho; yet you and all your company shall die sooner than my oath shall be broken.'

'Your soul shall answer for it, my lord,' said Sancho.

'You speak truly,' answered Antonio.

Then Sancho went back through the neck and took counsel with his fellows; and they made him their chief, and promised to be obedient to all that he ordered. And he said, 'Let two run at their highest speed through the neck: it may be they will die, but the bones must be saved. And after them, two more, and again two. And I will be of the first two.'

But they would not suffer him to be of the first two, although he prevailed that he should be of the last two. And the six, being chosen, drew their swords, and with a cry rushed into the neck. Antonio, hearing their feet, said to Bena, 'A quick blow is as good as a slow, Bena.' And even as he spoke the first two came to the opening of the neck. But Antonio and Bena struck at them before they came out of the narrowest part or could wield their swords freely; and the second two coming on, Bena struck at one and wounded him in the breast: and he wounded Bena in the face over the right eye; and then Bena slew him; while Antonio slew his man at his first stroke. And the fifth man and Sancho, the sixth, coming on, Antonio cried loudly, 'Are you mad, are you mad? We could hold the neck against a hundred.'

But they would not stop, and Antonio slew the fifth, and Bena was in the act to strike at Sancho, but Antonio suddenly dashed Sancho's sword from his hand, and caught him a mighty buffet, so that he fell sprawling on the bodies of the five that were dead.

'Go back, fool, go back!' cried Antonio.

And Sancho, answering nothing, gathered himself up and went back; for he perceived now that not with the loss of half of his men

would he get by Antonio and Bena; and beyond them stood Tommasino with ten whom he knew to be of the stoutest of the band.

'It is a sore day's work, Bena,' cried Antonio, looking at the dead bodies.

'If a man be too great a fool to keep himself alive, my lord, he must die,' answered Bena; and he pushed the bodies a little farther back into the neck with his foot.

Then Sancho's company took counsel again; for much as they revered the Sacred Bones, there was none of them eager to enter the neck. Thus they were at a loss, till the shepherd who had come along with them spoke to Sancho, saying, 'At the cost of a long journey, you may come at him; for there is a way round that I can lead you by. But you will not traverse it in less than twelve or thirteen hours, taking necessary rest by the way.'

But Sancho counting the time, cried, 'It will serve! For although a thousand came against him, yet the Count will not burn the bones before the time of his oath.'

Therefore he left fifteen men to hold the neck, in case Antonio should offer to return back through it, and with the rest, he followed the shepherd in great stealth and quiet; by reason of which, and of the rock between them, Antonio knew not what was done, but thought that the whole company lay still on the other side of the neck.

Thus the day wore to evening as the Archbishop with the lord Lorenzo and the Guards came to the spur of the hills; and here they found a man waiting, who cried to them, 'Do you bring the Duke's promise to the Count Antonio?'

'Yes, we bring it,' said they.

'I am charged,' said he, 'to lead the Archbishop and one other after the Count.' But since the Archbishop could not climb the hills, being old and weary, Lorenzo constrained the man to take with him four of the Guards besides; and the four bore the Archbishop along. Thus they were led through the secret tracks in the hills, and these Lorenzo tried to engrave on his memory, that he might come again. But the way was long and devious, and it was hard to mark it. Thus going, they came to the huts, and, passing the huts, still climbed wearily till they arrived near to the neck. It was then night, and, as they guessed, hard on the time when Antonio had sworn to burn the Sacred Bones; therefore they pressed on more and more, and came at last to the entrance of the neck. Here they found the fifteen, and Lorenzo, running up, cried aloud, 'We bring the promise, we bring the promise!'

But scarcely had he spoken these words, when a sudden great shout came from the other side of the neck; and Lorenzo, drawing his sword, rushed into the neck, the fifteen following, yet leaving a space between him and them, lest they should see him fall, pierced by Antonio and Bena. And Lorenzo stumbled and fell over the five dead bodies which lay in the way of the neck. Uttering a cry, 'What are these?' he scrambled again to his feet, and passed unhurt through the mouth of the neck, and the fifteen followed after him, while the Guards supported the Archbishop in their

hands, his chair being too wide to pass through the neck. And when they all thus came through, wild and strange was the sight they saw. For it chanced that at the same time Sancho's company had completed their circuit, and had burst from behind upon Antonio and the twelve. And when the twelve saw them, they retreated to the great pile and made a ring round it, and stood there ready to die rather than allow Sancho's men to reach the pile. It was then midnight, and the time of Count Antonio's oath. Count Antonio stood on the top of the great pile; at his feet lay the golden casket containing the Sacred Bones, and in his hand was a torch. And he cried aloud, 'Hold them, while I fire the pile!' and he leaped down and came to the side of the pile and laid his torch to the pile. And in an instant the flames shot up, for the pile was dry.

Now when Sancho's men saw the pile alight, with shouts of horror and of terror they charged at the top of their speed against the twelve who guarded the pile. And Lorenzo and his men also rushed; but the cries of Sancho's company, together with the answering defiance of the twelve, drowned the cries of Lorenzo; and Antonio and the twelve knew not that Lorenzo was come. And the flames of the pile grew, and the highest tongue of flame licked the side of the golden casket. But Antonio's voice rose above all, as he stood, ay, almost within the ambit of the fire, and cried, 'Hold them a moment, Tommasino—a moment, Bena—and the thing is done!' Then Lorenzo tore his casque from his head and flung down his sword, and rushed unarmed between Antonio's men and Sancho's men, shouting louder than he had thought ever to shout, 'The promise! the promise!' And at the same moment (so it is told—I but tell it as it is told) there came from heaven a great flash of lightning, which, aiding the glare of the flames, fully revealed the features of Lorenzo. Back fell Sancho's men, and Antonio's arrested their swords. And then they all cried as men cry in great joy, 'The promise, the promise!' And for a moment all stood still where they were. But the flames leaped higher; and, as Antonio had said, they were seen by the great throng that gazed from the city walls; and they were seen by Duke Valentine as he watched from the wall of his garden by the river; and he went pale, gnawing his nails.

Then the Count Antonio leaped on the burning pile, though it seemed that no man could pass alive through it. Yet God was with him, and he gained the top of it, and, stooping, seized the golden casket and flung it down, clear of the pile, even at the lord Lorenzo's feet; and when Lorenzo sought to lift it, the heat of it blistered his hands, and he cried out with pain. But Count Antonio, choked by the smoke, his hair and his eyebrows scorched by the fire, staggered half-way down the pile and then sank on his knees. And there he had died, but that Tommasino, Bena, and Sancho, each eager to outstrip the other, rushed in and drew him forth, and fetched water and gave it to him, so that he breathed again and lived. But the flames leaped higher and higher; and they said

on the city walls, 'God help us! God help us! The Sacred Bones are burnt!' And women, ay, and men too, fell to weeping, and there was great sorrow, fear, and desolation. And the Duke gnawed his nails even to the quick, and spat the blood from his mouth, cursing Antonio.

But Lorenzo, having perceived that the greater number were against Antonio, cried out to Sancho's men, 'Seize him and bring him here!' For the Duke's promise carried no safety to Antonio.

But Sancho answered him, 'Now that the Sacred Bones are safe, we have no quarrel with my lord Antonio;' and he and his men went and laid down their swords by the feet of Antonio, where he lay on the ground, his head on Tommasino's lap. So that the whole band were now round Antonio, and Lorenzo had but four with him.

'He asks war!' growled Bena to Tommasino. 'Shall he not have war, my lord?'

And Tommasino laughed, answering, 'Here is a drunkard of blood!'

But Count Antonio, raising himself, said, 'Is the Archbishop here?'

Then Lorenzo went and brought the Archbishop, who, coming, stood before Antonio, and rehearsed to him the oath that Duke Valentine had taken, and told him how the Lady Lucia was already free and in her own house, and made him aware also of the great tumult that had happened in the city. And Antonio listened to his tale in silence.

Then the Archbishop raised a hand towards heaven and spoke in a solemn and sad voice, 'Behold, there are ten of the Duke's Guard dead in the city, and there are twelve of the townsmen dead; and here, in the opening of the neck, there lie dead five men of those who followed you, my lord. Twenty-and-seven men are there that have died over this business. I pray more have not died in the city since I set forth. And for what has this been done, my lord? And more than the death of all these is there. For these Sacred Bones have been foully and irreverently stolen and carried away, used with vile irreverence and brought into imminent hazard of utter destruction: and had they been destroyed and their ashes scattered to the four winds, according to your blasphemous oath, I know not what would have befallen the country where such an act was done. And for what has this been done, my lord? It has been done that a proud and violent man may have his will, and that his passion may be satisfied. Heavy indeed is the burden on your soul, my lord; yes, on your soul is the weight of sacrilege and of much blood.'

The Archbishop ceased, and his hand dropped to his side. The flames on the pile were burning low, and a stillness fell on all the company. But at last Count Antonio rose to his feet and stood with his elbow on Tommasino's shoulder, leaning on Tommasino. His face was weary and sad, and he was very pale, save where in one spot the flame had scorched his cheek to an angry red. And looking round on the Archbishop, and on the lord Lorenzo, and on them all, he answered sadly, 'In truth, my

Lord Archbishop, my burden is heavy. For I am an outlaw, and excommunicated. Twenty-and-seven men have died through my act, and I have used the Sacred Bones foully, and brought them into imminent peril of total destruction, according to my oath. All this is true, my lord. And yet I know not. For Almighty God, whom all we, whether honest men or knaves, men of law or lawless, humbly worship—Almighty God has His own scales, my lord. And I know not which thing be in those scales the heavier—that twenty-and-seven men should die, and that the bones of the Blessed St Prisian should be brought in peril, ay, or should be utterly destroyed—or again that one weak girl, who has no protection save in the justice and pity of men, should be denied justice and bereft of pity, and that no man should hearken to her weeping. Say, my lord—for it is yours to teach and mine to learn—which of these things should God count the greater sin? And for myself I have asked nothing; and for my friends here, whom I love—yes, even those I have killed for my oath's sake, I loved—I have dared to ask nothing. But I asked only that justice should be done and mercy regarded. Where, my lord, is the greater sin?

But the Archbishop answered not a word to Count Antonio; but he and the lord Lorenzo came and lifted the golden casket, and, no man of Antonio's company seeking to hinder them, they went back with it to the city and showed it to the people; and after that the people had rejoiced greatly that the Sacred Bones, which they had thought to be destroyed, were safe, the Archbishop carried the golden casket back to the shrine in the village of Rilano, where it rests till this day. But Count Antonio buried the five men of his band whom he and Bena had slain, and with the rest he abode still in the hills, while the Lady Lucia dwelt in her own house in the city; and the Duke, honouring the oath which he had sworn before all the people, did not seek to constrain her to wed any man, and restored to her the estate that he had taken from her. Yet the Duke hated Count Antonio the more for what he had done, and sought the more eagerly how he might take him and put him to death.

#### THE GREAT INDIAN SURVEY.

In the last official decennial Report on the Progress and Condition of India (1882-92), issued from the India Office, it is incidentally mentioned that the great Trigonometrical Survey was approaching its centenary. It is now almost complete, only the triangulation of outlying parts of Burma and Beluchistan remaining in progress; and as it is one of the most remarkable works ever undertaken, and is renowned in other countries for the extent of the operations and the boldness of their conception, we propose to give a brief account of the scheme.

Up to the beginning of the present century the geography of the interior of the Indian Peninsula was little known. Rather more than a hundred years ago, Major Rennell, of the Hon-

ourable East India Company's service, did, as Surveyor-general of Bengal, survey and map out a large portion of the province; but for the most part, knowledge of the topography of the interior was derived only from the route-maps of travellers and of armies in the field. Route-surveys, however, are necessarily inaccurate; and about the beginning of the present century, one William Lambton, Captain and afterwards Colonel in the Company's service, drew up a plan for the measurement of a long 'arc of the meridian,' and for a 'Trigonometrical Survey of the whole of the southern portion of India.' It is said that Lambton elaborated this plan on the suggestion of Colonel Wellesley (afterwards Duke of Wellington) in or about 1800. However this may be, the project was warmly supported by the Governor of Madras, and was sanctioned by the Government, with Colonel Lambton as Director of operations, and two Lieutenants of the Company's service as assistants. The first proceeding was to obtain a base-line, and this was obtained, after long and patient experiments, on a stretch of land about seven and a half miles long, near Madras, in April 1802. This, then, was the beginning of the Trigonometrical Survey of India, which has proceeded without cessation—except during the Mutiny—ever since, and is still going on.

But what is a Trigonometrical Survey? We will endeavour to explain.

It is easy enough to measure the distance from one place to another; but it is a complicated process to combine all the measurements and lay them down so accurately on paper as to form a perfect map, exact in all its proportions and dimensions. For such a purpose the method usually adopted is the Trigonometrical one, and Trigonometry, as every school-boy knows, is the measurement of triangles.

In preparing to map out a new country, then, the first thing to do is to form a base-line. Before this can be done, a good deal of superficial, or ocular, surveying is needed—the surveyors examining the ground carefully within an agreed radius, so as to gain a general idea of its main features and prominent marks. A place is then selected on which can best be drawn a long straight line within sight of flags placed at various points in such a way that lines drawn from one to the other will form a series of triangles. At least two of these flag-stations must be visible from the base-line, which has to be measured with the extremest accuracy.

Everything depends on the accuracy of the measurement of this base-line, for the slightest error in it will make all the rest of the work wrong. If possible, the ground at the base is levelled; but if this is impracticable, uprights are fixed, between which the measuring-chain can be stretched tight and true. Each end of the base-line is marked with a flagpost, and the



thing to determine within the minutest fraction of an inch is the exact distance between these flagposts. The measuring chain is first carefully tested and checked with a 'standard' chain, to which it must be exactly adjusted. This is a very troublesome job, because the variations of the temperature necessarily affect the metal of the chain. For this reason, one measuring does not suffice; but many measurements are taken along the base-line, back and forward, and day after day. No two of these measurements will agree absolutely, in spite of all the care taken; but after a great number of measurements have been noted of the same line, they are all added together, and divided by the number of times the measurement has been made. This gives what is known as the 'mean measurement,' and it is as near to the true length as can be obtained. The mean measurement of the base-line, then, forms the basis of the triangular survey.

Having obtained the dimensions of the base-line, the surveyor now brings into operation the theodolite, which is an instrument for measuring angles. With this instrument at one end of his base-line, he sights one of the distant flagposts, and measures the angle formed by it with the other end of the base-line. Then he goes over to the other end and measures the angle formed with the second distant flagpost. He is thus able to calculate the two sides of his triangle from the known length of the base, and the calculation is even more accurate than if each side were measured with the chain separately.

The third side of his first triangle gives him a base-line for a second triangle (formed by other flagposts, on hill-tops or other elevated ground where possible); and so he goes on laying down a network of triangles, which he carefully records on paper by drawing the plots on a fixed scale. On reaching the limit of the land to be mapped, or at some suitable point, he will test the accuracy of the work done by applying the measuring-chain to one side of the last triangle at which the stoppage is made. If the measurement by the chain agrees exactly, or sufficiently closely, with the measurement given by the triangular calculation, then it is all right, and a fresh start is made from the new base-line. But if the measurements do not correspond, then there has been some mistake somewhere, and the whole thing has to be gone over again from the very beginning, until perfect results are obtained.

In this way the face of a country is covered with a network of accurately measured triangles, which form the skeleton on which can be built up the body and details of the topography. To fill up the triangles is the work of the local surveyors, who within each triangle may form a series, or several series, of smaller triangles. To lay down, for instance, the line of a mountain-range, or of a river, or of a coast, the surveyor will measure the distances from the side of his triangle to the chief points of irregularity in the line of the river, coast, &c. These side measurements are called 'offsets,' and are carefully drawn on the triangular plan. To

complete the configuration, all that is needed is to draw lines between the outer ends of the 'offsets.' By means of these 'offsets,' and of smaller triangles and measured lines within the main triangles, the local surveyor fills in the details of the map.

This, in brief, is the process of triangulation, or Trigonometrical Survey. But in a large country like India, to form a continuous network of triangles from south to north would have made the progress too slow. Instead of a network, therefore, what is known as the 'gridiron' system has been adopted. The 'gridiron' means a series of chains of triangulation, running north and south, with cross connections east and west. These chains or strings of triangles leave large interior spaces to be filled up by the local surveyors, while the main survey goes on. The main triangles necessarily vary much in size with the character of the country, and in India have ranged from fifteen to thirty miles or so of base. Such long distances required the most perfect instruments, and involved great physical exertion. It will be obvious that to measure for checking purposes a base-line of several miles, must be a very much more difficult and arduous task than to measure one of, say, one mile.

A thing always aimed at in trigonometrical surveys is to have neither very acute nor very wide angles—never 'sharper' than thirty degrees, nor wider than a right angle (ninety degrees). For a base-line as great a length as possible is desirable, but in fact it is seldom practicable to get one of more than seven or eight miles in length, for the surface must be level and unencumbered enough to leave each end perfectly visible from the other, and to leave the signal-stations to form the first triangle visible from both ends. But when only a short base-line can be measured by the chain, there are methods of elaborating from it, by triangulation, lines as long as may be necessary.

When Colonel Lambton succeeded in laying down his base-line in 1802 near Madras, with the Observatory as a sort of starting-point, he used a chain similar to what some of us have seen used by the Ordnance Surveyors in this country. It was supported on tripods twenty feet high, and was adjusted and tightened by a delicate screw-arrangement. On each tripod was placed a thermometer, to determine the temperature of the chain, and the necessary corrections were made according to the rate of expansion. The steel chain was regulated by a standard chain, whose length had been fixed at a temperature of fifty degrees. Every degree Fahrenheit in the temperature required a correction of  $\cdot 00725$  inch in the chain. It took forty-two days to measure the Madras base-line, before the first angle could be taken. Some thirty years later, Colonel Colby of the Irish Survey invented a self-correcting method of measuring lines by using bars instead of chains. These bars are composite of brass and iron, and so joined that movements of contraction and expansion take place evenly at the extremities. When this new apparatus was introduced, the old base-lines were re-measured with it, and the calculations revised.

From Madras, Lambton carried his triangles

inland, westward to Bangalore. This distance of one hundred and sixty miles occupied two years to cover, and then it was determined to measure with the chain a base of verification, as already explained. The measurement revealed a difference of only three and three-quarter inches from the calculation founded on the Madras base-line. The Bangalore line was then made the base of a fresh series of triangles right across to the west coast, at Mangalore. The distance across from Madras was then found to be three hundred and sixty miles, and not four hundred miles, as had up till then been given on the maps.

The new base-line at Bangalore was taken as the foundation of a long 'meridional' series of triangles to be carried right through the heart of the country from Cape Comorin, in the extreme south, to the Himalayas, in the extreme north. This is called, technically, the 'Great Arc Series,' and it is 1540 miles in length. Lambton first carried the triangulation southwards to Cape Comorin, where a base of verification was measured; and then, in 1811, began to work northward from Bangalore. But he was also working east and west, and by the year 1815 had laid down a complete network of triangles between Madras, Bangalore, and the Godavery River, although he was kept very short of money, and was constantly being harassed by Government officials, who could not be made to understand the utility of his operations.

Lambton had not only pecuniary difficulties and official opposition to contend with. The country was in a state of political disturbance. Yet he succeeded in demonstrating not only that the accepted breadth of the Peninsula at Madras was forty miles wrong, but also that Arcot was ten miles out of place on the maps; and that Hyderabad was eleven minutes in latitude and thirteen minutes in longitude wrong. The disturbed condition of Central India caused a suspension of the 'Great Arc' series of surveys for a while, and Lambton went south again to complete the network of triangles there. Later, he resumed the 'Great Arc,' and broke down under the severe exertion and exposure on the survey between Hyderabad and Nagpore. He died at a lonely spot in the Central Provinces, on the 20th of January 1823, and a modest pillar now marks the place where lies the body of the Father of the Great Indian Survey.

Colonel Lambton died at the age of seventy, and he had been twenty-one years engaged exclusively on this great work. His operations comprised a triangulation of 165,342 square miles, at a cost of £83,537. He was succeeded by Colonel Everest, whose memory is perpetuated in the name of one of the highest summits of the Himalayas. Everest, indeed, had been for some years Lambton's chief assistant, and had carried the 'gridiron' along the Bombay coast. When appointed Superintendent, he at once took up the 'Great Arc,' which in 1824 he carried up to Sironj, where he measured a base-line. Then he had to go home to recruit, and was absent for five years, during which the assistants carried on a chain of triangles east and west, known as the 'Calcutta Longitudinal' series. This series was completed on a measured base-

line of verification at Calcutta in 1832. This was, however, after Everest had returned to the head of affairs, and had taken out with him the new Colby measuring apparatus, which was for the first time in India applied to the Calcutta base-line.

Then the 'Great Arc' series of triangulations was resumed with ardour, as forming the main axis of the Trigonometrical Survey. A great deal of the work had to be done during the rainy season, for the sake of the clearer atmosphere then, but at the cost of much loss of health and life to the surveying party. In traversing the plains, permanent towers had to be erected to gain the necessary elevation, and this involved tremendous labour and delay. There were between Sironj and the hills seventeen of these towers, each fifty feet high, and each containing a stone platform, on which the instruments might rest without vibration. They were at great distances apart, and a special system of signalling, both for day and night, had to be devised.

A party was sent on ahead to prepare a site for a terminal 'base of verification' to complete the 'Great Arc' series. The site was selected in the Dehra Doon Valley, between the Sewalik hills and the Himalayas. When the calculations were corrected, the difference at the base-line as between triangulation and actual measurement was only seven inches and one-fifth. This shows how careful was the work, and how accurate the instruments. But some other verifications had to be made; and it was 1841 before the 'Great Arc,' the central meridional survey of India, was completed. It is a stretch of 1540 miles; it comprises an area of triangulation about 57,000 square miles, and the triangulation had occupied nearly forty years.

In the same year (1841) the Bombay longitudinal series was also completed, extending a distance of 315 miles, and comprising an area within the triangulation of 15,198 square miles.

Now had to be undertaken a series of parallel meridional chains to the 'Great Arc' with cross-connections, to complete the 'gridiron.' Colonel Everest retired in 1843, broken down in health; and it was he who introduced the gridiron or intersecting chains of triangles, in preference to the continuous network with which operations began in the south.

The work of the several chains, or arcs, has been carried on by different parties, and under successive leaders, from year to year. The mortality among the officials of the Survey has been very heavy; and the swamps and jungles of India have exacted fearful tribute for the imposition of the measuring-chain. It would take too long, and would be too tedious to name all the technical and territorial divisions of the work; but we may say that the 'North-eastern Himalayan' series formed a sort of cap to the whole, by connecting the northern ends of the several chains of triangles, and forming a sort of framework for the gridiron. This Himalayan series includes some of the highest mountains in the world, whose heights and distances had to be determined—including Mount Everest, 29,000 feet above the sea. East and west, north and south, the work of triangulation has proceeded since the completion of the 'Great Arc' without

intermission, save during the Mutiny; and in 1883, the main triangulation, or gridiron, was completed over an area of a million square miles. But since then, the chains have been extended eastwards into Burma, and westwards towards Beluchistan and Afghanistan; while all the time, as the framework was being built up, and since, the work of filling up the triangles with details has been industriously going on. The gridiron is the skeleton upon which every contour and feature of the country has to be impressed. The whole system of the Indian Survey now rests upon ten measured base-lines, all now revised with the Colby apparatus—namely, at Cape Comorin, Bangalore, Beder, Sironj, and Dehra Doon; at Calcutta and Sonakoda; at Attock, Karachi, and Vizagapatam.

The Great Indian Trigonometrical Survey has been a marvel of patient persistence and of resolute grappling with obstacles of the most stupendous kind. It remains a model of precision and accuracy, certainly not the least noble of the monuments to British skill, energy, and devotion to duty.

## THE ANGEL OF THE FOUR CORNERS.\*

### II.—THE COMING OF THE FIDDLER.

THE dance of the Little Wolf had been a success, and now Medallion bustled in and out among them, breaking them up into groups, while they kept calling for another dance. As he passed Marie, he whispered to her: 'Well done, Ma'm'selle, well done! But you must find another Prince, *toute suite!*'

She shook her head at him, laughing in a plaintive kind of way, but said nothing.

Just then, there was a bustle at the door. 'Vigord! Is it Vigord?' some cried.

It was not Vigord, but the crowd parted, making way for a young man, tall, with a handsome, clean-shaven face, warm, keen, dark eyes, and a strong brow above them. He smiled in a grave kind of way on them, turning his face from right to left, as though looking for some one. He carried under one arm a violin. Every one knew the old battered box. It was Vigord's.

'Why, it's Vigord's, it's Vigord's fiddle!' said Antoine.

'Yes, it's Vigord's fiddle,' said the young man, still looking round. 'Vigord is down at the house of Big Babiche. He was taken sick. I saw him there, and told him I would fetch the fiddle and play for you—and here I am!'

He tossed his hand up in a gay, free fashion. Just then he saw a face looking out at him from behind half-a-dozen others—a pale, half-frightened, bewildered face, with the eyes full of an anxious questioning, and a smile, too, struggling for life about the lips—just such a smile as might falter at the lips of one condemned to death, who thought he saw the bearer of a reprieve. God gives even the poor, the laborious, and the foolish of this world, whose brains are set to shine under gray skies, moments of wisdom and of feeling so deep, that all the

rest of their lives, in days and months and years, are as nothing beside those moments; as a guarantee that, at the end, as at the beginning, all souls are the same, and the rest is according to the Angel of the Four Corners, who wards the thousand paths of life.

Something in the young man's look warned her, and she dropped her eyes, while he came on, the crowd still gathering around him.

'You will play for us, then? you will play for us?' they cried.

'Yes, I'll play for you,' he answered, his eyes wide open and shining like two black diamonds. 'But see,' he continued. 'I must have the prettiest girl in the parish to supper, and at every fourth dance she must sit beside me while I play.' He laughed as he said it, and tossed his fingers again in an airy, gallant fashion. It was strange, too, this buoyant manner, for, in spite of his flashing eyes and smiling lips, there was a grave, ascetic expression behind all—something of melancholy, too, in the turn of his straight, manly body.

Medallion, standing apart, watched him musingly. He had not seen that first glance at Marie, or Marie's glance in return, but he felt there was something strange and uncommon in the man. He had the bearing of a gentleman, and his voice was that of education and refinement. The girls simpered and whispered among themselves, and the men turned with one consent to Marie.

'Well, it must be Marie,' said Antoine. 'She's the prettiest girl in the parish.'

'Yes, Marie! Marie!' said others.

Alphonse had a mind to speak, but he dared not, for he saw that he could not contradict Antoine, and he also saw that Marie would be handed over to this handsome stranger.

'Good!' said the stranger. 'Then, let it be Marie—not looking toward her. 'That is,' he added, 'if Marie—is willing.'

Now they made way for her to come forward, and said: 'Here—here she is.'

Marie came down slowly, not looking at the stranger, and his eyes did not dwell upon her face. They rose no higher than her neck, where she wore a little cross of gold.

'Good!' he said again—'good!' Then, as she came nearer, he continued, in an off-hand way: 'My name is Camille—Marie.'

She did no more than whisper the words 'Monsieur Camille,' and held out her hand, still not raising her eyes to his face.

He took her hand and clasped it. As he did so, a sound almost like a moan broke softly upon her lips. There was so much noise and chattering, that perhaps no one noticed it except Babette and Medallion, but they were watching—watching.

All at once Marie broke away with a wild, little laugh. 'Chut!' she said, as she danced in among the other girls, changed all in an instant; 'he'll be tired of me before the thing's over.'

'Yes,' said Medallion under his breath, 'as he was before. Yet I'm not so sure, either.' However, Medallion was only speculating.

Ten minutes after, Monsieur Camille was seated on a little platform at the end of the room, raised about six inches from the floor,

\* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

playing for the dancers. Marie was dancing with Alphonse. 'You think he's handsome?' asked Alphonse furtively.

'Oh, he's so vain!' she said. 'Look at the way he switches the bow!'

'And listen how he calls off the dances,' continued Alphonse, delighted—'not half so good as Vigord, and such airs! such airs!—Who's he, anyhow? We don't know. Likely some scalliwag from Quebec.'

'Perhaps he's a Prince!' said the girl, laughing.

'Prince? Bosh! Where's his moustache?' Alphonse stroked his own carelessly, one arm around Marie's waist. 'Why, he's shaved like a priest.'

Something peculiar flashed into Marie's eyes, and she looked for a moment inquiringly at Alphonse. 'Yes, just like a priest,' she said.

The dance went on. Monsieur Camille's clear, resonant voice rang out over the heads of the dancers: 'Ladies' chain—there you go—right and left—balance to partners—promenade all! And so on; the words bending and inflecting to the music like a song, with here and there a laughing phrase thrown in at a stumbling *habitant*, or a pretty compliment to some blushing girl, whose eyes, as well as her feet, danced a reply to the Master of the Revels. Never was such music heard in the parish of Pontiac. Vigord's sun had gone out in darkness, and Monsieur Camille's was at high noon. Already had Medallion made friends with the fiddler, and had become at once Monsieur Camille's lieutenant in the jocund game. For Medallion had no vanity, and he knew a man of parts when he found him, and loved the man for the parts.

In the third dance, Marie took her place on a chair beside Monsieur Camille. The crowd gave a little cheer for her—for them both—before the dance began, and then they were all hard at it, heel and toe, knee and elbow, warm shoulder to warm shoulder, enjoyment panting through the room. Suddenly Monsieur Camille's voice was heard as he paused at the beginning of a set.

'It's my turn to talk. Who'll call off the dance? Will you?' he added, looking at Medallion.

Medallion nodded, and took up the parable. The music was riotous, and Medallion's voice abundantly cheerful, as he danced with Babette.

And now behind the joyous riot there passed a little drama.

'Do you wonder why I've come—Marie?' said the Master of the Revels.

'Why have you come?' she asked.

'Have you forgotten my name?' he urged reproachfully.

'Why shouldn't I?'

'That's so—that's so!' he answered.

'You told me to forget it,' she added.

'That's true!' he agreed sorrowfully.

There was a pause, in which nothing was said between them, and then, in an awed, shrinking kind of voice, she said: 'Are you—a priest—now?'

His voice in reply had a kind of disdainful recklessness. 'Do you think I'd be here if I

was?' He drew the bow across the E string with a vigour more raw than sweet.

'How should I know?' she answered. 'Am I—my brother's—keeper?' He winced, and the bow rasped on the E string, so that the dancers looked up wonderingly; but Monsieur Camille's head was only nodding to the music, and the dancing went on the same. Still, her arrow had gone home; for he remembered when, in the shadow of the great Cathedral in Quebec, one Christmas eve, he had bid her forget him as Camille, her lover, and think of him only as Camille, her brother, who was vowed to become a priest.

Sorrow and pain had sharpened her mind, as only these things can sharpen the mind of a woman. This was not the simple, loving girl from a country village, who had stolen his heart while he studied in Laval Seminary. This was a little woman, grown, oh! so bitterly wise. And when a woman grows bitter and wise, the bravest should be humble, for she needs the help of neither gods nor men to aid her tongue.

'When did you become a priest?' she asked, with slow inquisition.

'A fortnight,' he said, 'is the time fixed.'

'Then, as I said, why do you come?' she asked sharply.

'Can't you understand?' he replied with a strong rush of feeling.

'Shouldn't a priest be about his Father's business, not at a dance?' she replied scornfully.

'Marie, Marie! aren't you glad to see me?' he said—'running all this risk, as I do?' He had his eyes on the little cross at her throat. He had once given it to her.

'I have my own confessor,' she replied—'the good Father Fabre. I don't need another.' Her fingers felt for the cross, then suddenly dropped it. She got to her feet.

'Marie, Marie!' he whispered.

But with a laugh she sprang down from the little platform among the dancers and caught Medallion's arm.

With rollicking laughter, Medallion swung both her and Babette through the flirting changes of a cotillon.

## POISONS AND THEIR ANTIDOTES.

'DEATH by poisoning!' How often that heading attracts our attention to some paragraph in the daily paper. We are not much impressed, perhaps, the case seems so far removed from our own individuality. It is only when some one near and dear to us inadvertently takes an overdose of poison, that we suddenly realise the awful fear, pain, and anxiety, attendant upon death by poisoning. What is to be done? The first thing is to send for a doctor; then, while waiting for his arrival, try and find out the sort of poison which has been taken. If the patient is too ill to give any details for himself, watch the symptoms, for by them it is quite possible to judge which antidote will be best under the circumstances.

Poisons may be divided into three classes:

Corrosives, Irritants, and Neurotics. In poisoning by corrosives, of which sulphuric acid, nitric acid, and hydrochloric acid are the chief, pain and discomfort follow immediately after swallowing. The action of these acids in burning and destroying everything with which they come in contact is so prompt and so fatal that it is impossible to give an antidote in time. A little calcined magnesia beaten up in water or milk is the best thing, and helps to alleviate the acuteness of the pain. Or, if no magnesia should be handy, a little whiting, or even common plaster from the wall ground up in water, is a good remedy. It is frequently the very simplest things which are the most efficacious.

Irritants are known by the violent purging and sickness which commence almost immediately after the dose. Encourage the vomiting by every means in your power; a tablespoonful of salt, or the same quantity of mustard in lukewarm water, will produce the necessary sickness. The chief irritants are salts of zinc, tin, silver, iron, as also croton oil, and, in large doses, scammony and gamboge.

Neurotic poisons act directly upon the nerves, and opium is the chief of this class. The symptoms differ widely from those following poisoning by acids. The patient has only one desire—to be allowed to sleep, and that is precisely what he must on no account do: sleep in this case means death. The stomach pump is the best thing to be used, but only a doctor can use it, therefore, while awaiting his arrival, give the patient a strong emetic and keep him awake somehow. If the first few hours can be safely tided over, there is much less danger; and twenty-four hours will generally see him practically restored to health. A cup of strong black coffee is an excellent antidote; and a galvanic-battery shock, if obtainable, would be most useful.

So much for poisons in general; now for a few details about some of those we are most in the way of hearing of as causing illness or death. Nuxvomica and strychnine may be placed together, inasmuch as their symptoms are similar and the same antidote can be used in each case. These poisons cause violent convulsions and spasms closely resembling tetanus or lockjaw. An emetic must be given at once. Powdered charcoal in a little water is the best antidote. The action of the poisons is so rapid, and the results so fatal, that it is almost useless to hope for recovery after a strong dose. The most that can be done—after the emetic and charcoal—is to keep the patient as quiet as possible by giving him an occasional whiff of chloroform or ether to allay the spasms and deaden the pain.

Aconite is really the plant monkshood, found in nearly every garden, and is one of the most fatal poisons known. One form in which it may be inadvertently taken is in mistaking the root, in winter, for that of horse-radish, which

it closely resembles. When taken, it causes a tingling sensation in the mouth, quickly followed by the feeling known as 'pins and needles' in the hands and feet; this again being succeeded by numbness. An emetic must be given at once, followed by some charcoal, or a strong cup of tea or coffee, the tea to be boiled a minute or two, that all the tannin may be extracted.

Arsenic is frequently used in medicines, and in small doses is of great use for skin diseases. One also hears of it being used by ladies for the improvement of their complexions. The results at first are very good, but soon the skin looks puffy and opaque, the eyes smart, and the eyelids thicken; the hair also looks dull and lifeless. In cases of poisoning by arsenic, an emetic must be given first, then raw eggs beaten up in milk, charcoal, or hydrated oxide of iron (from a chemist).

Belladonna is a poison obtained from the deadly nightshade, which flowers in England during the months of June and July. Children especially are attracted by the pretty berries. The patient is inclined to sleep, but not quietly, as in the case of opium-poisoning; on the contrary, he is violent and delirious. Give an emetic at once, and do not let him sleep. Use the battery if possible, and give strong black coffee.

Prussic acid is so speedy and so fatal in its action, that there is rarely time for an antidote to be administered. A little ammonia may be given; and if the dose has been small, hydrated oxide of iron may be used, as for arsenic.

Mercury resembles the corrosive poisons in its symptoms. Albumen is the best antidote; white of egg should therefore be given, beaten up in milk.

Oxalic acid must be treated as the other acids, with magnesia in water or milk, or common chalk. Always give the calcined magnesia (the oxide); the carbonate generates too much carbonic acid, which would only aggravate the evil.

Laburnum seeds are often eaten by children, and produce vomiting, purging, and cramp. An emetic of mustard and warm water or of ipecacuanha wine, half an ounce for the dose, must be given at once; the patient must also be made to take a little brandy or ammonia, after the emetic has acted, to ward off all fear of collapse.

It is very rare that a case of acute lead-poisoning comes under one's notice; the illness is gradual in its onset. Painters are most liable to suffer from it, though cases have been known arising from people sleeping in newly painted rooms, or from taking snuff which has been wrapped up in lead paper. The first noticeable symptom is acute pain in the stomach; and if the mouth of the patient be examined, there will be found a faint blue line along the gum where it joins the teeth. If not treated at once, the whole body suffers, becoming thin and emaciated. The muscles in the arms and shoulders lose their strength, and are useless, so that the patient is unable to lift the smallest things. One's first endeavour must be to get rid of the poison. Give frequent doses of Epsom salts—half an ounce to the dose—and allow the

patient to have a warm bath. After the salts have acted, a quarter of a grain of belladonna may be given to relieve pain. The salts must be continued in small doses, while full doses of iodide of potassium should be given to try to remove all the lead still in the system. The weakened muscles must be treated by electricity and massage.

Copper-poisoning is caused by allowing verdigris to accumulate in kettles or saucepans used for cooking. Great care should be taken to thoroughly clean and dry these vessels after using. In cases of poisoning, vomiting must be induced by large draughts of warm water containing tannic acid.

Mackerel and mussels are distinctly poisonous to some people, and when that is the case, and vomiting does not result from the eating of them, it must be induced by an emetic of mustard and warm water. The symptoms are violent pain in the head and stomach, and a feeling of nausea. In most cases, sickness and purging commence almost immediately after eating, and must on no account be stopped until all the poisonous matter has been expelled. Afterwards, the patient will be found very much exhausted, and must be given a little brandy and soda water and allowed to sleep as long as possible.

## THE MEN IN STONE.

By C. J. CUTCLIFFE HYNÉ.

It is not always a desirable thing to come into possession of a large and beautiful estate. I used to think otherwise; but when I came to learn how, by your English laws, landed property could be hobbled by mortgage, and second mortgage, and third mortgage, and other mortgages, then I had to change my opinion. An active and fatal hereditary curse which I was forced to take up with the rest of the succession also helped in part to warp my mind to this unorthodox opinion. My upbringing had been in the Western States of the American Union; and when I landed in Liverpool, I was as firm a disbeliever and as eloquent a scoffer on the matter of family curses as any man in the Eastern hemisphere. Afterwards, I came to change opinion; but that was not until I learned how this ban had horribly deprived no fewer than four of my own progenitors of life, and had seen with my own eyes what was left of their mortal bodies, monstrous in death.

My inheritance of the estate was a thing of blank surprise to me. I had almost forgotten its existence, so remote was my collateral relationship to the last owner. But when the lawyer's letter came which announced the succession, I gladly gave up nothing in Seattle, Washington State, and shipped to England, where I fancied a very considerable something awaited me.

I must confess, however, that after landing, my spirits were damped from the outset. The rambling Elizabethan house was gloomy as a cave. The family man of business who received me was a glum old file, whose talent lay in bringing up the darkest side of everything. I

thought at first that he resented me as practically a foreigner: looked upon me as an interloper. But this was not so. Dismalness as regards the affairs of the Devlin estate was the man's chronic attribute; and when I came to know more about my predecessors in the holding, I began to understand why this should be so. The lives and the ends of the men who had been before me as heads of that ill-starred family were not conducive to mirth on the part of any one who was paid to overlook them.

We were dining when Mr Field, the lawyer, gave me a first brief outline of how my ancestors had fared, and I account it that I am stout-hearted when I say that the recital did not take away my appetite. Of nine men who had sat where I sat then, in the high carved chair at the head of the black oak dining-table, no more than three had died peaceably in their beds. Of the rest, one had been slain in a brawl brought on by his own savagery; another had been done to death by some unknown marauder who would have despoiled him of his papers; and of other four, who should say how Fate had dealt with them? They were here to-day: to-morrow, they were not; and no man could say whence they had gone, or of what nature was their end.

'Of all of these unfortunate gentlemen, except one,' said Mr Field in conclusion, 'I only know through the hearsay of history. But of the last victim of this mysterious ban, Mr Godefroy Devlin, to whom you, sir, succeeded, I can tell you a little more. I warn you that the little I know is meagre and unsatisfactory; but I think right that you should hear it. Who can say but what, joined to other knowledge which you will acquire from the iron box of family papers marked "Private," it may help you (in some manner which I myself cannot discern) to avoid the fate which has befallen Mr Godefroy and so many of his forebears?

'You must know then, sir, that the estate in Mr Godefroy's time was, as it always had been, desperately encumbered. Mr Godefroy was a thoughtful man; careful almost to nearness; and deeply impressed with his responsibility of putting the family affairs on a more sound financial basis. To this end he lived with the utmost quietness, and put aside every penny he could spare; I regret to say, without much visible avail. Monetary fortune seemed always against him. He left the estate as he found it fifteen years earlier, still heavily encumbered, as you will discover when to-morrow you go into the accounts.

'Please mark, then, that it was not till after fifteen years of ineffectual struggle—or, to be more precise, fifteen years and four months—that he made up his mind to attempt another course. He did it with a heavy sense of impending misfortune, and nothing but so protracted a series of dismal failures could have nerved him to the essay. And believe me here, sir, that I do not speak without the book. Mr Godefroy told me all this himself; told me also that he had known of the venture he was now going to put to the test throughout all his period of possession; and nothing short of despair could have shouldered him

into it. I sought to restrain him, considering it my duty to do this. He waived my suggestions impatiently aside. "Mr Field," he said, "I have been a coward now for fifteen years, and have despised myself afresh every morning I woke. Life on these terms is no longer endurable. If I succeed in restoring this estate, why, then, I do succeed; if I fail, I shall have died in an honourable attempt."

"What you tell me, Mr Godefroy," said I, "is—pardon the comment—vague and mysterious. Surely some practical method could be found of avoiding the danger you so feelingly hint at. We live now in the nineteenth century, and I myself value nothing a wordy curse propounded in the year of our Lord sixteen ninety; and I fancy that most other men are of my way of thinking. I cannot, of course, compel your confidence; I am speaking in a measure through the dark; but I cannot help thinking that if you shared this gloomy secret of yours with some responsible person, a means might be found whereby the dangers you allude to might be sensibly counteracted."

"He broke out at me passionately. "Do you imagine," he cried, "that I have not already thought this out a hundred score of times myself? Do you think me dolt enough to run into a horrible unknown danger if I could take with me a companion who could shield that danger aside?"

"Yes, sir, those were Mr Godefroy's very words—"Horrible unknown danger;" and I judge from them that he was as ignorant of what he felt himself called upon to face as you and I are this moment. But I had no more from him. He curtly informed me that he was shortly about to make his attempt, and that if he disappeared, I was to "presume" his death in the ordinary legal course, and put myself in communication with the next-of-kin."

The old lawyer prosed on till deep into the night, but I must confess that his droning tones well-nigh sent me into a doze. You see, I was American bred, and thought little then of ancestral curses, and vague dangers that could stand against a pocket weapon of '38 calibre.

As I have told you, later on I had my eyes opened; and an inspection of the papers in that iron box marked 'Private' began the process.

It was with a preliminary feeling of eeriness that I made the key grate through the rusty wards of the strong-box's lock. Sooner than let the papers which I was going to view pass into alien hands, one of my ancestors had delivered up life itself. The stiff hinges screamed as the lid swung back, and I was astonished to find the interior was well-nigh empty. It contained but one slim yellow packet, bound about with a thong of leather, and nothing beside, unless one takes account of some gray flue, and a blotch or so of ancient spider's web.

The packet was labelled on the outside in a mean cramped handwriting: 'To my son, Anno 1690, Chaucer d'Evlín;' and underneath were dockets by the various holders—'Read by me, George d'Evlín, 1709.' 'By me, Armytage

Devlin, 1723;' and so on down, and the signature of Godefroy Devlin, who had made perusal some sixteen years before myself.

Curiosity did not permit me to linger long over the exterior. Unknottting the thong, I dashed at once amongst the contents. Here, however, my haste was stayed. The crabbed old penmanship, the queer dead forms of expression, made a puzzle which I was many a weary hour in disentangling; and even when the task was completed, and a fair copy of what I judged to be the just translation lay on the desk before me, the import of it bewildered me much. The letter was merely a long vague rambling statement of fact. About this much-threatened curse there was no more mention than one finds in a table of logarithms.

Paraphrased, the contents amounted to this: The old gentleman who in 1620 put quill to that yellow paper, had by one means and another scraped together a goodly inheritance. But knowing the ways of the world, he foresaw it possible that some of his descendants, either through personal extravagance, or political uproar, or some other cause, might dissipate this, and stand in need. On which account he here spoke of a treasure hidden away, to be broached only in case of the most urgent necessity. To discourage its being unhoarded without due cause, he warned any raider that the approach was a matter of trouble and much personal danger.

This made up the contents of the first two folios. The remaining sheet gave directions for unearthing the booty; and I had a sort of vague fancy that it was in a different hand of writing, as if (perhaps) it had been penned at some subsequent time.

The searcher was directed to a certain moor in the neighbourhood (giving the name) 'at a time when a low-flying moon shall cast the shadow of Wild Boar Pike into the fall of Stanton's Ghyll. At the point where the rim of this shadow cuts the midway line between the great stone monuments which uprear from the floor of the moorland, there lies a mossy cleft which receives a runlet of water. Within, this mouth widens, leading to the lip of a prodigious deep pit, which in turn gives entrance to the bowels of the mountain. In the depths below this lies that which if brought to shrewd use shall reset up this my house, which thou (my son) hast made to totter. Yet guard against being overlooked in that thy search, for should human eye espy thee, so surely shall this treasure which is buried for thy maintenance be reft entirely from thee.'

Now it was the very plainness and simplicity of these instructions which troubled me. In this original document there was no mention of curse whatever; yet current gossip spoke confidently of an active ban, and the mysterious disappearance of those four Devlins (all of whom had read precisely what I read then) seemed to give definite ground for the rumour.

I puzzled over this point for many days, making neither head nor tail out of it, and at last resolved to go the one step further. Money I must have, or else return to the old drudging life on the Pacific slope. The estate was



dipped to the neck, and because of the cursed entail, I could not sell the acreage of a penny piece. I wrote to the next heir, telling him how matters stood. But he did not feel the pinch. He was a sordid fellow, rich himself, and gunmaker in Birmingham; and he refused to break the entail. To remain as I was, meant common starvation, neither more nor less. The warning of what had happened to my four predecessors in the quest was grim enough, Heaven knows. But my needs were great, and they rode it down.

Too impatient to wait for moonlight, I set out there and then in the full glare of day for the upper ground. I found a wide upland plateau walled in on either side by steep gray cliffs of limestone. One of these ran up to Wild Boar Pike, a bare grim crag of stone that was an eminence for miles round. The Pike made a sky-line running up at a gentle slope from the north-east, till it finished in a little nipple of rock, and then being cut away vertically for a thousand feet as stunt as the end of a house.

The fall of Stanton's Ghyll was a patch of noisy whiteness two miles away in a slantwise direction on the opposite hill face; and the 'great stone monuments' were two jagged outcrops of rock, which sprouted in bare loneliness from the flat floor of the valley.

It seemed to me at first blush that old Chaucer d'Evlín's cross-bearings were simple enough to work out, despite the slightly fantastic way in which they were written; and congratulating myself that I had no cause to blunder about the moor in the night-time, I hazarded a guess at the course of the shadow, and set about searching for the cleft which received the little stream. All around me was rough bare brown moorland, patched here and there with pea-green plateaus of bog, and here and there with conical pits, where some cave in the limestone beneath had broken in. The place was noisy with the screams of curlew and the crowings of startled grouse.

I searched that day, and the next, and for many days afterwards, but found no trace of entrance to the regions beneath. And then I took to poacher-prowlings by night; but many a weary black hour passed before a moon threw the Pike's shadow on to the waterfall.

Yet at last a chance was given me. The night was windy and full of noise; cold besides; and clouds were riding in the heavens at racing pace. The walk was a long and a rough one, and I sat down under the lee of a rock to wait. At times, the ring of the moon glared out with crisp distinctness, crawling along low in the sky below the Wild Boar's haunch. More often, the drift of cloud-banks eclipsed it. Then in its creeping progress it drew behind the upward slope of the Boar's back, and I lost sight of it altogether. I knew only of its presence from now and then a reflected glow from an upper stratum. But as it drew ahead, a fun of light stole out from the vertical wall of the Pike, and spread up the valley; and as the moon swept on, the edge of this light-fan drifted backwards down the valley, driving the black swathe of shadow before it.

At last the creeping shadow of the Pike with

the first moon-ray on its heels swung into the little gorge of the waterfall, and the valley floor was ruled in half by a clean line of ink black. I glanced up. One of the jagged stone 'monuments' was brilliant in moonlight; the other bristled through the gloom behind me like some great uncouth beast; I was standing in the direct line between the two. The mark of the shadow cut this not a score of yards from my feet in the centre of a patch of oozy green.

A cloud drifted over the moon then, and the moorland was filled with cold rustling gloom. But I had learned enough to find out if old Chaucer d'Evlín's words were true. I had marked down the spot, and ran to it, with the dark bog-water squelching over my boots. But in the middle of the patch the water drained away; and listening, I could hear a silvery tinkle which came to my ears between the gusts of the gale.

With growing excitement I tore the moss away eager-handed. Beneath was wet shining rock, cleft with a two-foot gash that was floored with pebbles. Dropping down upon these away from the draught of the gale, I lit my lantern and found before me a gallery sloping gently downwards with the strata. It was partly earth-fissure—partly water-worn; and it led me along for forty yards. Then I stopped, and saw before me evidence of those who had been before.

In the rock-floor was a shaft, fluted and smoothed, descending vertically downwards towards I knew not what abysses. It was a formation common enough in limestone, and known as a Pot.

Across the mouth of this was a new-cut beam laid, and from the beam depended a knotted rope which hung lankly and wetly down till my lantern's glow could trace it no farther in the heavy darkness. Down that rope Godefroy Devlin had met his fate; down other similar ropes three of his forebears had preceded him into eternity.

Shall I be written coward if I confess that standing there in that still black silence, a heavy chill came over me as I gazed downwards, which not even the cold of the cave would account for?

Now it seemed to me that, if I waited, my courage would ooze still further away. So I made a dash at the attempt with all the blind haste of fright. I had with me a rope, and tied that fast to the beam alongside the knotted rope of Godefroy Devlin, watching with a shudder the snaky coils as they disappeared in the blackness of the Pot. Then I seized the two. I had descended two man-lengths when I remembered the light. In my hurry and scare I had left it behind. Ascending once more, I tied it to my neck, but finding it inconvenient there, slung it by a string round my ankle. The change saved my life.

Fathom after fathom I descended, the smooth stone sides of the shaft always keeping their precise distance—and then a vague dreaminess crept over me—and the candle in the lantern burnt dimmer—and I drew nearer towards sleep—and then the candle went out.

The loss of light roused me. I stopped my descent, sagging the twin ropes back and for-

wards like a man of lead. My hands weighed tons; my feet and head hundreds of tons. Instinctively I hauled myself upwards again, with perilous slowness at first, faster afterwards, with the speed of terror when nearing the top.

I did not faint when my feet were once more on the solid rock. I should have been happier if I had done, for, as it was, my heart was like to have burst an alley through my ribs. Heavy poisonous gas—carbon dioxide—lay in a layer at the bottom of the shaft. If it had not been for the warning lantern, I should have descended amongst it and dropped into death, even as had done those four others who preceded me.

You can be sure I was fit for little else that night besides tottering homewards as best I was able; and I thought never to visit the horrid spot again. But a day or two's rest changed this view, and I transported to the moor a small rotary blower from a portable blacksmith's forge, and a long length of rubber tubing, and exorcised the heavy gas from below till a candle would burn there as clearly as it would in the open. Then I descended again, and instead of the few shattered bones and other poor relics of humanity which I expected to find, saw as wonderful a sight as man's eyes have fallen on through all the ages. Water fell in a small spray from all around, and the lime in it had been deposited on the bodies of the four Devlins who had fallen there. Decay had never commenced. The shell of stone had begun to grow from the very moment of their arrival. The undermost man was a shapeless heap. The next was but a vague outline. Of the third, I could but make out that he had once been human, nothing more. But the last comer had fallen on his back resting against this ghostly pile, and the thin layer of stone which crusted him was transparent as glass. I could trace every fibre of his clothes; every line of his careworn face. He must have passed into death without pain. His features were more peaceful than those of a man asleep.

For a while this rocky horror fascinated me, and then I tore myself away, passing into a great jagged cave, which burrowed amongst the very entrails of the living rock. And here was the Treasure which had been kept so long inviolate, and at such a cost: not jewels or gold, as I had fondly anticipated, but a vein of galena—glittering lead ore—which when afterwards I bought up royalties and set on miners to work, made me richer by far than that old D'Emlin who had first discovered it, and had left it so contemptuously as a spare nest-egg for his posterity.

I found, too, something besides which showed how terribly one man's faults may be visited on his descendants, and showed, moreover, how a vengeance may be transmitted with many lethal blows down many centuries. There was a flask on the rock floor beside the sparkling vein of ore, a queer-shaped wine-vessel of glass stoppered with crimson wax. Inside were papers. I drew them out and read them by the shifting light of the lantern. The hair rippled on my scalp as I spelled through the crabbed sentences. The words were written by

one Thomas Field, steward to the D'Emlin who founded my family. They began with a description of the writer's station, and then there followed a list of his woes, and hate glowered from each faded letter.

'... in every carnal thing' (so the letter ran) 'has this man, Chaucer D'Emlin, done me wrong. He has gained cattle and horses that I should have possessed, farms that I should have had, and that by rights was mine. He stripped me of moneys till I had no dirt left. He made me his servant who should have been his master. Yet these things could have been forgiven. But for one matter wherein he ousted me, the man has earned my hate undying. He won for himself the woman I loved, and made her his wife who should have been mine.

'For this I write here my curse against him and against his till they are worms and dust as he is now. For this I have taken away the last sheet of the writing in the iron box, wherein he told how to draw away the noxious vapours which fill this Pot, and have left in their place other writings which shall form a snare. Hereby I know my soul is damned to all eternity. But I care not. Through Chaucer D'Emlin I have known my hell in this life; and so that this my curse may spread on all his spawn which is to follow, I willingly take the portion of Flames which will be mine in just recompense.

'Oh Duna, my love, my lost love, through memory of thee alone I do this thing. . . .

In that weird mysterious cavern I read these words, and the thought of that awful vengeance which Thomas Field's dead hand had carried out bit into me like a knife. My chest grew cramped; my head throbbed; the whispering noises of the place increased to clamour. It seemed to my frightened nerves that the steward's tortured spirit hovered and gibbered in the black vault above me.

I could not wait there longer. I fled to the shaft, treading on that mound of men in stone, and then leaped up the rope to air and daylight.

Dead Duna, your faithlessness—or your coercion, was it?—has been fearfully avenged.

#### A M U R M U R.

I WROTE her name on the soft, shifting sand,  
For Love had written it within my heart.  
Th' incoming tide with its incessant flood  
Dashed o'er the letters, leaving level sand;  
But as the expended foam crept slowly back  
Into the seething waves, it bore her name,  
And mingled it for ever with the surge.  
The billows murmur it along the shore;  
The wild waves echo it in every beat;  
The tempest shrieks it 'neath the midnight sky;  
While jealous mermaids wonder whence it came;  
And seamews, as they sport upon the waves,  
Hear it, and call their mates by that sweet name;  
And I for ever hear within my heart  
The murmur of her name borne from the sea.

J. K. L.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,  
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 585.—VOL. XII.

SATURDAY, MARCH 16, 1895.

PRICE 1½d.

## THE STATE AND THE TELEGRAPHS.

It is now twenty-five years since the telegraphs of the United Kingdom passed into the hands of the State, and the changes which have taken place during that period in the volume of the business transacted, the rapidity in the transit of messages, and the charges made for sending telegrams, are little short of marvellous. It was in the year 1852 that the acquisition of the telegraph system by the State was first suggested, but not until late in the year 1867, when Mr Disraeli was Chancellor of the Exchequer, did the Government definitely determine to take the matter up. At that time, as Mr Baines, C.B., tells us in his recently published book (*Forty Years at the Post-office: a Personal Narrative*, by F. E. Baines, C.B. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley & Son), 'Five powerful telegraph Companies were in existence—The Electric and International, the British and Irish Magnetic, the United Kingdom, the Universal Private, and the London and Provincial Companies. There were others of less importance. Terms had to be made with all of them. The railway interest had to be considered, and the submarine Companies to be thought of, though not bought.' With strong and well-organised interests like these fighting hard to secure for themselves the very best possible terms, the Government had not unnaturally to submit to a hard bargain before they could obtain from Parliament the powers which they required. However, after a severe struggle, the necessary Bill was successfully passed, and the consequent Money Bill became law in the following session. As the result of this action, the telegraphs became the property of the State upon the 29th of January 1870, and upon the 5th of the following month the actual transfer took place. The step seems to have been taken none too soon, for under the Companies the telegraphs had been worked in a manner far from satisfactory to the public. Many districts had been completely neglected,

and even between important centres the service had been quite inadequate. Moreover, charges had been high, and exasperating delays of frequent occurrence.

Six million pounds was the sum first voted by Parliament for the purchase of the telegraphs, and this was practically all swallowed up in compensation. The Electric and International Company received £2,938,826; the Magnetic Company, £1,243,536; Reuter's Telegram Company, £726,000; the United Kingdom Company, £562,264; the Universal Private Company, £184,421; and the London and Provincial Company, £60,000. But large as these amounts were, they only made up about one half of the expenditure which the Government had to incur, and the total cost ultimately reached the enormous sum of eleven millions. Some idea of the manner in which the extra five millions was expended may be gathered from the fact that between October 1869 and October 1870 about 15,000 miles of iron wire, nearly 2000 miles of gutta-percha-covered copper wire, about 100,000 poles, and 1,000,000 other fittings were purchased and fixed in position, 3500 telegraph instruments and 15,000 batteries were acquired, and about 2400 new telegraphists and temporary assistants were trained. The total expenditure was so vast that the Treasury eventually took fright, and in 1875 a Committee was appointed 'to investigate the causes of the increased cost of the telegraph service since the acquisition of the telegraphs by the State.'

This Committee found that the following were the three main causes of the increase: (a) The salaries of all the officials of the telegraph Companies had been largely increased after their entry into the Government service; (b) the supervising staff maintained by the State was much more costly than that formerly employed by the Companies; and (c) a large additional outlay had been forced upon the Government in connection with the maintenance of the telegraph lines. 'It would not,' they say in their Report, 'be possible, in our opinion, for various

reasons, for the Government to work at so cheap a rate as the telegraph Companies, but . . . a reasonable expectation might be entertained that the working expenses could be kept within seventy or seventy-five per cent. of the gross revenue, and the responsible officers of the Post-office Telegraph service should be urged to work up to that standard. Such a result would cover the cost of working, and the sum necessary for payment of interest on the debt incurred in the purchase of the telegraphs.' In regard to this question of cost, Mr Baines most truly remarks that the real stumbling-block of the Department was, and still is, 'the interest payable on £11,000,000 capital outlay, equal at, say, three per cent. to a charge of £330,000 a year.'

The transfer of the telegraphs to the State was immediately followed by a startling increase in the number of messages sent. In fact the public, attracted by the shilling rate, poured in telegrams so fast, and were so well supported by the news-agencies, who took full advantage of the reduced scale, that there was at first some danger of a collapse. Fortunately, however, the staff was equal to the emergency, and after the first rush was over, everything worked with perfect smoothness. The figures relating to 1870, as set out week by week in the Postmaster-general's Report, seem, it is true, small enough when compared with those appertaining to later years, but it must be remembered that in those early days circumstances were entirely different. The following may be taken as examples of the numbers of messages forwarded per week in that year from postal telegraph stations in the United Kingdom—in the week ending 5th February, 11,918; in the week ending 12th February, 128,872; in the week ending 18th June (Ascot week), 200,294; and in the week ending 31st December (Christmas week), 144,041.

During the next four years the enlargement of business was simply extraordinary. In 1875 the rate of increase was not maintained at quite so high a level, but nevertheless nearly 1,650,000 more messages were dealt with than during the previous year. The quantity of matter transmitted for Press purposes was also much greater than it had ever been before, and amounted to more than 220,000,000 words. The number of post-offices open for the transaction of telegraph business was at the close of the year 3730, being an addition of thirty-one during the twelve months; and there were also 1872 railway stations at which public telegraph business could be transacted. Through the five succeeding years work continued to grow rapidly. In 1880 the messages sent reached 29,966,965, exceeding the number of the previous year by 3,419,828. The number of new offices opened during the year was 107, the total number at its close being 5438.

The Postmaster-general's Report for the year 1885-86 called attention to the great change effected by the introduction of the reduced rate for inland messages. The new rate came into

operation on the 1st of October 1885; consequently, there were during the financial year six months under the old rate, and six months under the new one. These two periods may fairly be compared with one another on equal terms, for while the first six months of the financial year see, as a rule, the transaction of considerably more telegraphic business than the second six months, the latter period had on this occasion the advantage of a general election. The number of inland messages sent during the first six months, when the old rate was in force, was 11,314,423, and this number produced £604,436. In the last six months, under the new rate, the number was 16,787,540, and the amount produced £564,203. There was therefore an increase of forty-eight per cent. in the number of messages, but a decrease of £40,233 in the revenue. 'If, however,' says the Report, 'we add the sum of £18,214 received on account of the large additional number of abbreviated telegraphic addresses, the actual loss of revenue involved in the introduction of the reduced rate was only £22,019.' Moreover, it was shown that in three months following the close of the financial year such a considerable further improvement in the receipts had taken place, that in June the revenue was actually £2800 in excess of the amount received in the corresponding month the year before. On the 8th of April in the year dealt with in this Report, the introduction of the Home Rule Bill occasioned great pressure at the Central Telegraph Office, the number of words sent out from London being 1,500,000. The greatest number previously sent out on any one day had been only 860,000.

The Report for 1890-91 informs us that the ordinary inland telegrams numbered 54,116,413, as against 50,813,354 during the previous year, and that the increase of receipts from this source was £90,125. This year some improvements are noted as having been made in the Wheatstone automatic receiver in use on fast-speed telegraph circuits. 'These instruments,' the Report stated, 'as improved by the Department, can now, under experimental conditions, record no less than 600 words a minute, transmitted over a single wire, while a speed of about 400 words a minute can be conveniently and safely used in practical working—a very satisfactory result compared with the modest rate of sixty or seventy words a minute which obtained in 1870.'

The last Report issued deals with the year which ended on the 31st of March 1894. In it the number of telegraph offices at post-offices is given as 7028, in addition to 2182 at railway stations, or a grand total of 9210. The number of ordinary inland messages sent during the year was 1,189,563 in advance of the number sent during the previous twelve months—an increase of two per cent.—and the receipts from that source had increased by £22,691. Press messages, on the other hand, showed a decrease of 9472, but this falling off in number did not affect the revenue derived from such telegrams, which had in fact increased by £5471. Though post-office and telegraphs, taken collectively, bring profit to the national exchequer, the telegraph department, if

the interest on the debt be included, shows a large deficiency. For the year 1893-94 parliament voted for posts and telegraphs, £10,264,607; the actual receipts from the post-office, after all necessary deductions, Mr Baines puts at £10,250,000, and from telegraphs £2,500,000—collectively £12,750,000, and showing on the department as a whole a profit of £2,500,000 in round numbers.

In regard to the great increase of pace in the transmission of telegraphic messages, Mr Baines tells us that, 'looking back fifty years, we see wires working at the rate of eight words a minute, or an average of four words per wire per minute, over relatively short distances. Now, there is a potentiality of 400 words—nay, even 600 or 700 words—per wire per minute, over very long distances. As the invention of duplex working has been supplemented by the contrivances for multiplex working (one line sufficing to connect several different offices in one part of the country with one or more offices in another part), it is almost impossible to put a limit to the carrying capacity of a single wire.' In 1866 the time occupied in sending a telegram between London and Bournemouth was two hours, and between Manchester and Bolton two hours and a quarter; while in 1893 the times occupied were ten minutes and five minutes respectively.

Press telegrams have enormously increased in number and length since the purchase of the telegraph system by the State. When the Companies owned the wires, the news service from London to the provinces was ordinarily not more than a column of print a night. At the present time the news service of the Press Association alone over the Post-office wires to papers outside the metropolis averages fully 500 columns nightly. Since 1870 this Association has paid the Post-office £750,000 for telegraphic charges, and in addition to this, very large sums have been paid by the London and provincial daily papers for the independent transmission of news and by the principal journals in the country for the exclusive use, during certain hours, of 'special wires.' Some of the leading papers in the provinces receive ten or more columns of specially telegraphed news on nights when important matters are under discussion in Parliament; and from this some idea may be formed of the amount of business now transacted between the Press and the Telegraph Department.

Want of space has prevented any reference being made to the telephone in this article, and even in regard to the telegraphs it has not been possible to give, within such narrow limits, more than the merest sketch of the work accomplished during the past twenty-five years. Probably, however, enough has been said to show with tolerable clearness how vastly telegraphic business has grown during that period, and how successfully the Telegraph Department has contended with difficulties and dangers. Whether the old Companies, if they had been allowed to continue in existence, would have been able to show a record anything like so good, is more than doubtful; and, be that as it may, the public may well be content with things as they are, for State telegraphy most

certainly gives them at the present time 'cheap, extensive, swift, and accurate service, and in the transmission of news for the Press has done wonders for the general benefit.'

## THE CHRONICLES OF COUNT ANTONIO.\*

### CHAPTER VI.—COUNT ANTONIO AND THE HERMIT OF THE VAULT.

AMONG the stories concerning the Count Antonio which were told to me in answer to my questioning (whereof I have rejected many as being no better than idle tales), there was one that met me often and yet seemed strange and impossible to believe; for it was said that he had during the time of his outlawry once spent several days in the vault of the Peschetti, and there suffered things that pass human understanding.

This vault lies near to the church of St John the Theologian, in the suburb of Barabasta, on the banks of the river; and the Peschetti had a palace hard by, and were a family of high nobility, and allied by blood to the house of Monte Velluto. But I could find no warrant for the story of Antonio's sojourn in the vault, and although many insisted that the tale was true, yet they could not tell how or why the Count came to be in the vault; until at length I chanced on an aged woman who had heard the truth of the matter from her grandmother, and she made me acquainted with the story, pouring on me a flood of garrulous gossip, from which I have chosen as much as concerns the purpose. And here I set it down; for I believe it to be true, and I would omit nothing that touches the Count, so I can be sure that what I write is based on truth.

When Count Antonio had dwelt in the hills for the space of three years and nine months, it chanced that Cesare, last of the Peschetti, died; and he made a will on his death-bed whereby he bequeathed to Count Antonio his lands and also a store of money, and many ornaments of gold, and jewels; for Antonio's mother had been of the house of the Peschetti, and Cesare loved Antonio, although he had not dared to give him countenance for fear of the Duke's anger; yet, knowing himself to be dying, he bequeathed everything to him; for the Duke's wrath could not hurt a dead man. And so soon as he was dead, his steward Giuseppe sent secretly and in haste to Antonio, saying, 'My lord, you cannot take the lands or the house; but, if you will be wise, come quickly and take the money and the jewels; for I hear that His Highness the Duke, declaring that an outlaw has no right and can inherit nothing, will send and seize the treasure.' Now Antonio, though grieved at the death of Cesare, was glad to hear of the treasure; for he was often hard put to it to maintain his company and those who depended on him for bread. So he pondered anxiously how he might reach the palace of the Peschetti and lay hands on the treasure and return safely; for at this time Duke Valentine had posted above a hundred

\* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

of his Guard in the plain, and this troop watched all the approaches to the hills, so that the band could not ride forth in a body unless it were prepared to do battle with the Guards. Nor did Antonio desire to weaken the band, lest the Guards, learning that the bravest were away, should dare an attack. Therefore he would not take Tommasino or Bena or any of the stoutest with him; but he took four young men who had come to him from Firmola, having fallen into the Duke's displeasure through brawling with his Guards. These he mounted on good horses, and, having made a circuit to avoid the encampment in the plain, he came to Cesare's house on the day before that appointed for the funeral. Giuseppe came to meet him, and led him where the dead man lay, and, after the Count had gazed on his face and kissed his forehead, they two went to the treasury, and Giuseppe delivered the treasure to Antonio; and Antonio made him a present of value and confirmed him in his stewardship, although it was not likely that the Duke would suffer him to exercise any power, inasmuch as His Highness had declared his intention of forfeiting the estate into his own hand.

Now it chanced that one of the young men, being regaled with wine, drank very freely, and began to talk loud and boastfully of his master's achievements as the servants sat under the trees in front of the house; and there was with them a certain tailor, a lame man, who had furnished mourning garments for the funeral. The tailor, learning that Antonio was come, said nothing, and seemed not to hear or understand the drunken youth's talk; but at an early moment he took his departure and straightway hobbled as fast as his lame leg would let him to the Syndic of Baratesta, a very busy and ambitious fellow, who longed greatly to win the Duke's favour. And the tailor set the price of five pieces of gold and the ordering of a new gown on the news he brought; and the Syndic having agreed, the tailor cried, 'Antonio of Monte Velluto is at the house of the Peschetti, and his band is not with him. If you hasten, you may catch him.' At this the Syndic was very greatly delighted; for the Duke's Commissaries were not to arrive to take possession of the house in his name till the morrow, by which time Antonio would be gone; and the Syndic rubbed his hands, saying, 'If I can take him my glory will be great, and the gratitude of His Highness also.' And he gathered together all his constables, and had upon twenty discharged soldiers who dwelt in the town, and the fifteen men of the Duke's who were stationed at Baratesta to gather His Highness's dues; and thus, with a force of about fifty men, he set out in great haste for the house of the Peschetti, and was almost come there, before a little boy ran to Giuseppe crying that the Syndic and all the constables and many besides were coming to the house. And Giuseppe, who had but three men-servants of an age to fight, the other five being old (for Cesare had loved to keep those who served him well, even when their power grew less than their will), and moreover perceived that Antonio's four were young and untried, wrung

his hands and hastened to the Count with the news, saying, 'Yet weak as we are, we can die for you, my lord.'

'Heaven forbid!' said Antonio, looking out of the window. 'Are they all townsmen that come with this Syndic?'

'Alas, no, my lord. There are certain of the Duke's men, and I see among the rest men who have spent their days under arms, either in His Highness's service or in Free Companies.'

'Then,' said Antonio, smiling, 'unless I am to share Cesare's funeral, I had best be gone. —For I have seen too much fighting to be ashamed to run away from it.'

'But, my lord, they are at the gates.'

'And is there no other gate?'

'None, my lord, save the little gate in the wall there; and see, the Syndic has posted ten men there.'

'And he will search the house?'

'I fear that he will, my lord. For he must have tidings of your coming.'

'Then where is my horse?' said Count Antonio; and Giuseppe showed him where the horse stood in the shadow of the portico. 'Do not let the Syndic know,' added Antonio, 'that the young men are of my company, and send them away in safety.'

'But what do you, my lord?' cried Giuseppe.

'What I have done before, Giuseppe. I ride for life,' answered the Count.

Then the Count, delaying no more, ran lightly down the stairs, leaped on his horse, and, drawing his sword, rode forth from the portico; and he was among the Syndic's company before they thought to see him; and he struck right and left with his sword; and they fell back before him in fear, yet striking at him as they shrank away; and he had come clean off, but for one grizzly-haired fellow who had served much in Free Companies and learnt cunning; for he stooped low, avoiding the swoop of Antonio's sword, and stabbed the horse in its belly, and stood wiping his knife and saying, 'My legs are old. I have done my part. Do yours; the horse will not go far.' In truth the horse was wounded to death, and its bowels protruded from the wound; and Antonio felt it falter and stumble. Yet the gallant beast carried him for half a mile, and then he leaped off, fearing it would fall under him as he sat and he be crushed by it; and he drew his sword across its throat that it might not linger in pain, and then ran on foot, hearing the cries of the Syndic's company as it pressed on behind him. And thus, running, he came to the church of St John, and to the vault of the Peschetti by it; two men were at work preparing for Cesare's funeral, and the door of the vault was open. Antonio hurled one man to the right and another to the left, and rushed into the vault; for his breath failed, and there was no chance for his life were he overtaken in the open; and before the men regained their feet, he pulled the door of the vault close and sank on his knee inside, panting, and holding his sword in readiness to slay any who entered. Then the Syndic and his company came and called on him to surrender. And Antonio cried, 'Come and take me.' Then the Syndic bade the workmen pull open the door;

but Antonio held it with one hand against them both. Yet at last they drew it a little open; and Antonio lunged with his sword through the aperture and wounded the Syndic in the leg, so that he stumbled backwards with an oath. And after that none was willing to enter first, until the grizzly-haired fellow came up; and he, seeing the aperture, rushed at it sword in hand, fearing no man, not even Count Antonio. But he could not touch Antonio, and he also fell back with a sore gash in his cheek; and Antonio laughed, saying, 'Shall I surrender, Syndic?'

Now the Syndic was very urgent in his desire to take Antonio, but his men shook their heads, and he himself could not stand because of the sword-thrust in his leg; and, instead of fighting, his company began to tell of the wonderful deeds Antonio had done, and they grew no bolder by this; and the grizzly-haired fellow mocked them, saying that he would go again at the aperture if two more would attempt it with him; but none offered. And the Syndic raged and rebuked them, but he could not hurt them, being unable to stand on his feet; so that one said boldly, 'Why should we die? The Duke's Commissaries will be here to-morrow with a company of the Guard. Let the Count stay in the vault till then. He is in safe keeping; and when he sees the Guard he will surrender. It is likely enough that a great lord like the Count would rather die than give up his sword to the Syndic.' Whereat the Syndic was very ill pleased, but all the rest mighty well pleased; and, having heard this counsel, they could by no means be persuaded to attack again, but they let Antonio draw the door close again, being in truth glad to see the last of his sword. Therefore the Syndic, having no choice, set twenty to guard the entrance of the vault and prepared to depart. But he cried to Antonio, bidding him again to surrender, for the Guard would come to-morrow, and then at least he could not hope to resist.

'Ay, but to-morrow is to-morrow, Master Syndic,' laughed Antonio. 'Go, get your leg dressed, and leave to-morrow till it dawn.'

So the Syndic went home and the rest with him, leaving the twenty on guard. And to this day, if a man has more love for fighting than skill in it, folk call him a Syndic of Baratesta.

Count Antonio, being thus left in the vault, and perceiving that he would not be further molested that day, looked round; and though no daylight reached the vault, he could see, for the workmen had set a lamp there and it still burnt. Around him were the coffins of all the Peschetti who had died in five hundred years; and the air was heavy and stifling. Antonio took the lamp and walked round the vault, which was of circular form; and he perceived one coffin standing upright against the wall of the vault, as though there had been no room for it on the shelves. Then he sat down again, and, being weary, leaned his head against the wall and soon slept; for a man whose conscience is easy and whose head has sense in it may sleep as well in a vault as in a bed-chamber. Yet the air of the vault oppressed him, and he slept but lightly and

uneasily. And, if a proof be needed how legends gather round the Count's name, I have heard many wonderful stories of what happened to him in the vault—how he held converse with dead Peschetti, how they told him things which it is not given to men to know, and how a certain beautiful lady, who had been dead two hundred years, having been slain by her lover in a jealous rage, came forth from the coffin, with her hair all dishevelled and a great wound yet bleeding in her bosom, and sang a low sweet wild love-song to him as he lay, and would not leave him though he bade her soul rest in the name of Christ and the saints. But that any of these things happened I do not believe.

It was late when the Count awoke, and the lamp had burnt out, so that the vault was utterly dark. And as the Count roused himself, a sound strange in the place fell on his ear; for a man talked; and his talk was not such as one uses who speaks his own musings aloud to himself when he is alone (a trick men come by who live solitary), but he seemed to question others and to answer them, saying, 'Ay' and 'No,' and 'Alas, sweet friend!' and so forth, all in a low even voice; and now and again he would sigh, and once he laughed bitterly. Then the Count raised his voice, saying, 'Who is there?' And the other voice answered, 'Which of you speaks? The tones are not known to me. Yet I know all the Peschetti who are here.' And Antonio answered, 'I am not of the Peschetti save by my mother; my name is Antonio of Monte Velluto.' On this a cry came from the darkness, as of a man greatly troubled and alarmed; and after that there was silence for a space. And Antonio said, 'There is naught to fear; I seek to save myself, not to hurt another. But how do you, a living man, come to be in this vault, and with whom do you speak?' Then came the sound of steel striking on a flint, and presently a spark, and a torch was lighted; and Antonio beheld before him, in the glow of the torch, the figure of a man who crouched on the floor of the vault over against him; his hair was long and tangled, his beard grew to his waist, and he was naked, save for a cloth about his loins; and his eyes gleamed dark and wild as he gazed on Antonio in seeming fright and bewilderment. Then the Count, knowing that a man collects his thoughts while another speaks, told the man who he was and how he came there, and (because the man's eyes still wondered) how that he was an outlaw these three years and more because he would not bow to the Duke's will: and when he had told all, he ceased. Then the man came crawling closer to him, and, holding the torch to his face, scanned his face, saying, 'Surely he is alive!' And again he was silent, but after a while he spoke.

'For twenty-and-three years,' he said, 'I have dwelt here among the dead; and to the dead I talk, and they are my friends and companions. For I hear their voices, and they come out of their coffins and greet me; yet now they are silent and still because you are here.'

'But how can you live here?' cried Antonio. 'For you must starve for lack of food, and



come near to suffocation in the air of this vault.'

The man set his hand to his brow and frowned, and said sadly, 'Indeed I have forgotten much, yet I remember a certain night when the Devil came into me, and in black fury and jealousy I laid wait by the door of the room where my wife was; and we had been wedded but a few months. There was a man who was my friend, and he came to my wife secretly, seeking to warn her that I was suspected of treason to the Prince: yes, in all things he was my friend; for when I stabbed him as he came to the door, and, rushing in, stabbed her also, she did not die till she had told me all; and then she smiled sweetly at me, saying, "Our friend will forgive, dear husband, for you did not know; and I forgive the blow your love dealt me: kiss me and let me die here in your arms." And I kissed her, and she died. Then I laid her on her bed, and I went forth from my home; and I wandered many days. Then I sought to kill myself, but I could not, for a voice seemed to say, "What penitence is there in Death? Lo, it is sweet, Paolo!" So I did not kill myself; but I took an oath to live apart from men till God should in His mercy send me death. And coming in my wanderings to the river that runs by Baratesta, I found a little hollow in the bank of the river, and I lay down there; and none pursued me, for the Duke of Firmola cared not for a crime done in Mantivoglia. And for a year I dwelt in my little cave: then it was noised about that I dwelt there, and fools began to call me, who was the vilest sinner born, a holy hermit, and they came to me to ask prayers. So I begged from one a pick, and I worked on the face of the rock, and made a passage through it. And I swore to look no more on the light of the sun, but abode in the recesses that I had hollowed out. And I go no more to the mouth of the cave, save once a day at nightfall, when I drink of the water of the river and take the broken meats they leave for me.'

'But here—how came you here?' cried Antonio.

'I broke through one day by chance, as I worked on the rock; and, seeing the vault, I made a passage with much labour; and having done this, I hid it with a coffin; and now I dwell here with the dead, expecting the time when in God's mercy I also shall be allowed to die. But to-day I fled back through the passage, for men came and opened the vault and let in the sunshine, which I might not see. Pray for me, sir; I have need of prayers.'

'Now God comfort you,' said Count Antonio, softly. 'Of a truth, sir, a man who knows his sin and grieves for it in his heart hath in God's eyes no longer any sin. So is it sweetly taught in the most Holy Scriptures. Therefore take comfort; for your friend will forgive even as the gentle lady who loved you forgave; and Christ has no less forgiveness than they.'

'I know not,' said the hermit, groaning heavily. 'I question the dead who lie here concerning these things, but they may not tell me.'

'Indeed, poor man, they can tell nothing,'

said Antonio gently; for he perceived that the man was subject to a madness and deluded by fancied visions and voices.

'Yet I love to talk to them of the time when I also shall be dead.'

'God comfort you,' said Count Antonio again.

Now while Antonio and the hermit talked, one of those who guarded the vault chanced to lay his ear against the door, listening whether Antonio moved, and he heard, to his great dread and consternation, the voice of another who talked with Antonio: most of what was said he did not hear, but he heard Antonio say, 'God comfort you,' and the hermit answer something and groan heavily. And the legs of the listener shook under him, and he cried to his comrades that the dead talked with Antonio, he himself being from fright more dead than alive. Then all came and listened; and still the voice of another talked with Antonio; so that the guards were struck with terror and looked at one another's faces, saying, 'The dead speak! The Count speaks with the dead! Christ and the Blessed Mother of Christ and the Saints protect us!' And they looked neither to right nor left, but sat quaking on the ground about the door of the vault; and presently one ran and told the Syndic, and he caused himself to be carried thither in his chair; and he also heard, and was very greatly afraid, saying, 'This Antonio of Monte Velluto is a fearful man.' And the report spread throughout Baratesta that Count Antonio talked with the dead in the vault of the Peschetti; whence came, I doubt not, the foolish tales of which I have made mention. A seed is enough: men's tongues water it and it grows to a great plant. Nor did any man think that it was the hermit who talked; for although they knew of his cave, they did not know or imagine of the passage he had made, and his voice was utterly strange, seeing that he had spoken no word to any living man for twenty years, till he spoke with the Count that night. Therefore the whole of Baratesta was in great fear; and they came to a certain learned priest, who was priest of the church of St John, and told him. And he arose and came in great haste, and offered prayers outside the vault, and bade the unquiet spirits rest; but he did not offer to enter, nor did any one of them; but they all said, 'We had determined even before to await the Duke's Guard, and that is still the wiser thing.'

For a great while the hermit could not understand what Antonio wanted of him; for his thoughts were on his own state and with the dead; but at length having understood that Antonio would be guided through the passage and brought to the mouth of the cave, in the hope of finding means to escape before the Duke's Commissaries came with the Guard, he murmured wonderingly, 'Do you then desire to live?' and rose, and led Antonio where the coffin stood upright against the wall as Antonio had seen it; but it was now moved a little to one side, and there was a narrow opening, through which the Count had much ado to pass; and in his struggles he upset the coffin, and it fell with a great crash; whereat all who were outside the vault fled suddenly to a distance of a hundred yards or more in panic, expecting

now to see the door of the vault open and the dead walk forth: nor could they be persuaded to come nearer again. But Antonio, with a great effort, made his way through the opening, and followed the hermit along a narrow rough-hewn way, Antonio's shoulders grazing the rock on either side as he went; and having pursued this way for fifteen or twenty paces, they turned to the right sharply, and went on another ten paces, and, having passed through another narrow opening, were in the cave; and the river glistened before their eyes, for it was now dawn. And the hermit, perceiving that it was dawn, and fearing to see the sun, turned to flee back to the vault; but Antonio, being full of pity for him, detained him, and besought him to abandon his manner of life, assuring him that by now his sin was certainly purged: and when the hermit would not listen, Antonio followed him back to the opening that led into the vault, and, forgetting his own peril, reasoned with him for the space of an hour or more, but could not prevail. So at last he bade him farewell very sorrowfully, telling him that God had made him that day the instrument of saving a man's life, which should be to him a sign of favour and forgiveness; but the hermit shook his head and passed into the vault, and Antonio heard him again talking to the dead Peschetti, and answering questions that his own disordered brain invented.

#### SOME ASPECTS OF SLEEP.

Few of man's blessings have on the whole received worthier acknowledgment than Sleep. It wraps a man round like a garment, as Sancho Panza says, be that man monarch or mendicant. Deservedly beloved from Pole to Pole, Sleep is yet in certain of his aspects a very Robin Goodfellow, a tricky sprite, full of pranks and caprices. Where his presence is a matter of indifference, or where he is not wanted—where a suspicion of his presence is objectionable or insulting—where he is a burden and a disgrace, there Sleep drops and clings like a burr. Where he is longed for, prayed for, wooed—where, like a thrifty housewife, he might advantageously be employed knitting up 'the ravelled sleeve,' there, like the statue of Brutus, he is conspicuous by his absence. He is no mere domestic drudge, hired to make himself useful. Visits he a sick-room, he does so—not to bring refreshment and restore tranquillity to the invalid tossing, helplessly, open-eyed, hour after hour, on his feverish couch. By no means; here, the malicious elf slyly seals up the eyes of the nurse, and weighs down the eyelids of the would-be watcher.

Hovers he in churches or chapels—attracted to the former, perhaps, by the carved oaken pews, formed, as tradition relates, out of the massive bedsteads of a bygone generation, here he will alight, fantastically, on the most prominent personages. The portly Alderman, cosily seated in the cushioned 'Corporation Pew,' can scarcely incline his round and shining pate on his plump palm, ere he is caught napping. The hard-worked Doctor whom 'cases' have

kept waking these three nights, is seized *standing*, by the neglected god; and held thus, a spectacle of helpless imbecility, with eyelids dropped like his nether jaw, long after the rest of the congregation have resumed their seats, until some neighbour prods him with a hymn book in the back, and rescues him from Sleep's insidious toils. Does the imp perceive a Deacon, the 'properest' man in all the assembly, preparing to give edified and edifying attention to an impassioned and lengthened address, on a summer evening?—straightway he marks him for his own, and, presto! the Deacon is fast asleep, and resting a warm and confiding cranium against the newly varnished dado at his back. He will not, when he wakes, like the American youth, cry, 'Lemme go!' and strike out at an imaginary pinioner. He apprehends, from the significant looks about him, the trap into which he has fallen, and with as little display of emotion as convenient, and with a slight but perfectly audible rending sound, he will leave the warm precincts, and—a lock of his hair on the dado.

Like the simulator that he is, Sleep plays many parts, tragic as well as comic. Here, he will break off, by his inopportune importunity, a marriage; there, by an unlucky lapse, he will rob a legatee of his expected bequest. In the first instance, the would-be bridegroom was a highly respectable and respected middle-aged lawyer. He was about to bear the yoke in company with a lady hardly less respectable, learned, and middle-aged than himself. In common with Shelley's sister-in-law, the bride-expectant delighted in nothing so much as in reading aloud. The lawyer, unlike Carlyle, did not 'hate' being read aloud to; if he did not exactly hanker after it, he bore it, provisionally, with philosophy. One day, when the reading had been particularly controversial and long-winded, he had listened and made the required tokens of assent, or dissent, so punctually, that the lady, warming to her work, continued her periods—to which there seemed no period—with ever-increasing emphasis and enjoyment, until she was suddenly startled almost out of her chair by her admirer crying with a loud voice, 'Check!' What should this mean? Nothing more or less than that the word-wearied one—an ardent chess-player—enticed by Sleep, was playing over again the game he had won the previous night from his favourite adversary, the rector. His guilt was too audible to be denied. No allowance was made for Sleep's treachery. That day, *she* read no more.

In the second instance to which reference has been made, the legatee-expectant had less excuse for yielding to Sleep's blandishments. He was engaged on what the lawyer only dreamed of—playing chess, and with his presumptive patron. He was young; he was far and away the better player, and he had dined. All these things were against him. His opponent's play was remarkable for its deliberation. Hour after hour glided by. It is sometimes as difficult to lose a game discreetly, as at others to win one honestly. Before yielding to Sleep's seductions, the young fellow had laid an ingenious plan for his own defeat and his future benefactor's victory. Roused abruptly to action

by a stern inquiry if he were dreaming, he confessed his delinquency, lost his head, and won the game—a concatenation that cost him his patron's favour for ever.

Beside such Puck-like performances, Sleep has been credited time and again with sending warnings, cautions, revelations of the whereabouts of missing documents and valuable deeds, and even with giving a clew that has led to the detection of a murderer. The legend of the Red Barn retained its place until quite recently as a well-authenticated instance of discovery through information nocturnally received. Now, it is alleged that the dreams of Maria Martin's mother rose exactly in proportion as the subsidies from the murderer sank.

However that may be, certain it is that the mark is oftener lit by mortals, when under the dominion of Sleep, than the captious average-monger is willing to admit. A well-known accountant recently, when wearied almost out of his wits by an error which had crept into some banking books he was overhauling, and which a three days' search had failed to bring to light, was mysteriously enlightened in sleep. He dreamt that the books were all spread out before him, and that a finger pointed out to him the leaf, column, and exact spot in the column where the mistake arose. Immediately on waking, he hastened to test the information so received, and found it to be correct in every particular. That, during his researches, his brain had received and stowed away the information it had received until a more convenient season arrived to reveal it, is just one of those cerebral movements of which science has yet to unravel the windings.

Few things are related with more gusto, and, we may add, received with more deserved disgust, than dreams. The hero is so obviously his own compiler, editor, and publisher all in one, that his hearers may be pardoned if their attitude is too often like that of Joseph's brethren, one of jealous impatience. The question asked by the maid in *High Life Below Stairs* as to who wrote—or 'Who writ Shickspur?' as she puts it—has sometimes been answered—'Bacon.' Yet he who could so calmly and confidently say, 'Mine eyes begin to discharge their watch—and I shall presently be as happy for a few hours as I had died the first hour I was born,' was no dreamer, was no 'such stuff as dreams are made of,' and could no more have written Clarence's awful dream than he could have dreamt it.

Sleep being of so tantalising and capricious a nature, it might be supposed that among the many inventions sought out of men, means would be found to control, and, if need be, coerce so intractable an attendant. It has been even so. All the drowsy syrups of the East have been pressed into man's service, that, with their aid, he may command Sleep. And when we have an enemy, some fell disease to battle with, who shall be blamed for calling in the help of these powerful auxiliaries? Yet does the old proverb, that 'One volunteer is worth two pressed men,' still hold good. When Sleep visits us of his own accord, though he may arrive late and depart early, he bestows benefits too often withheld from those to whom he

comes upon compulsion. If forced into service in time of peace—that is, when not required to fight absolute disease—he comes, it is true, overpowered by narcotics, he lies bound and pinioned like a slave, but only for a time. From the first moment of his capture he meditates escape, flight, revenge. Then may the mercenary auxiliaries be doubled and trebled in vain; all the opiates in the world will bring not Sleep, but his brother, Death.

So paradoxical a blessing is Sleep, that he not only makes his votaries oblivious of every other blessing, but also unconscious of his own visits, until they are past. His approach is felt, his departure mourned, his presence unknown. He binds capriciously certain of our faculties, leaving the others free to make either a heaven out of a hell of carking cares, or a hell of heavenly happiness. So that the paradox that there is nothing either good or bad but thinking makes it so, is, as regards Sleep, a truism. Friendly where treated as a friend, his revenge for ill entertainment, for thwarting neglect, if slow, is sure. Youth flouts him for the sake of pleasure, to toss, later on, on a sleepless couch. The student baffles him for the sake of acquiring knowledge, and in long periods of insomnia has leisure to count his gains. The tie between man and Sleep is so strongly welded, that he who is divorced from Sleep will either die or become a madman.

Since, then, his presence means health, his absence, misery—since he possesses the power of renewing our spirits beyond books, music, wine, or play—since, with parental tenderness, he soothes us from infancy to extremest age, and never leaves us but with life—for such a guest, should not the guest-chamber be made ready? And while waiting silently for his approach, in the hour of quiet meditation that precedes his coming, while we review the day's deeds, repent its errors, feel grateful, it may be, for its joys, or submissive, perhaps, to its sorrows, as our hearts yearn in remembrance, or exult in anticipation, behold! our friend has arrived—he is softly closing our eyes, relaxing our limbs, bending our will, lighting up our fancy, juggling with our judgment, and leading us away, willing captives, to his realm of Dreamland.

## THE ANGEL OF THE FOUR CORNERS.\*

### III.—BETWEEN THE FIRES.

AN hour went by. Meanwhile, Marie was gay; but Medallion noticed that her hand was now hot, now cold, as they swung through the changes, and that her eyes had a hard kind of brilliance. He guessed that she and Monsieur Camille had some little comedy or tragedy between them, but it was not given him to read the heart of the romance. He would not try to probe the thing; he merely watched and waited. He had known Marie since she was only big enough to lean her chin on his knee; and many a time since she had grown up, he and old Garon the *avocat* had talked of her, and wondered what her life would be; for it

\* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

seemed to them both that there was no man in the parish who could make her happy—that year in Quebec had changed her so, had given her larger ideas of life and men.

He had talked much with her from time to time, and she had always seemed glad of that. She thought him wise, and he had wondered at some deep searching things she had said. He would have gone far to serve her, for the gossip, now almost legend, that he had cared for Marie's mother before she married Marie's father, had foundation. The curé had stepped in, for Medallion was a Protestant, and that ended it; but Medallion had never married, and, strange to say, the curé, and himself, and Marie's father were the best of friends. Medallion was also busy watching Monsieur Camille, for he felt that there was something wherein a friend might serve Marie—though how, he did not know. He liked the young man's face, for it had that touch of loneliness and native solitary thought, which the present gaiety of eye, voice, and manner made almost pathetic. He even saw something more—a recklessness natural to the youth's character, which sat on him like a touch of doom. And as he thought, Marie's allegory—her 'wonderful, sad, beautiful, dreadful'—those were her words—tale of love kept showing in vivid pictures in his eye.

But if he could have read the young man's mind, could have seen the struggle going on there, the despair, the wild hope, the daring, the revolt—the breaking up of all the settled courses of a life, he would have been as startled as apprehensive. For while Camille Debarrés was urging on this mirth and revel with a nervous eagerness, he kept saying to himself over and over again: 'I can't give her up, God forgive me! Marie—Marie!'

The words beat in and out of the music. Youth, humanity, flashing energies of the active world were crying out, fighting for mastery in the breast of one soon to be given to the separateness of the Church, wherein the love of man and maid must be viewed with a distant paternal eye. A hundred forces had been at work to put him and keep him in the Church; and when, as a student, Marie came into his life, these forces, with loving, yet severe apprehension, closed on him—and on the girl—and had separated them, as it seemed, for ever.

He was older now; but as he neared the final act that should set him apart from the world, and close up for always the springs of youth and desire, the old feeling had leaped up, had filled him; he had somehow got a few days of respite, and this was the result, this mad escapade, this dangerous playtime!

The night wore on. At last he was able to catch Marie's eyes. She could not resist that pleading, the inexpressible hunger in that look. She came and sat down beside him, and again Medallion called off the figures of the dance.

They spoke in very low tones, trying, with what desperate anxiety, to prevent their hearts showing in their faces.

'What do you want to say?' she asked, her breath catching.

'I want to know, Marie, if you still love me?' His voice whispered through the music.

'What does it matter?' she said. 'And is it right to ask?'

'I've come all the way from Quebec to ask it,' he said.

'You came to ask that; what did you come to say?' she flashed out, her lips quivering a little.

He understood. 'Forgive me. I thought you knew I couldn't ask you if you cared, unless I'—

He paused, for, if he spoke the words, the die would be cast for ever; he would never return to those quiet walls where incense, and not the breath of woman—a breath like this, soft, sweet, instinct with youth and delight—would touch his senses. Yet what had he come for? To rack a girl's heart and soul, and then return to his masses and his prayers, leaving an injured life behind him! When he started from Quebec, he scarcely knew what he was going to do—save that he must see this girl's face once—once again. He had had no thought beyond that. That desire was hot within him. He did not know—she might be married or dead, or the betrothed of another, but he would see her, then return to his sacred duties, and forget. In coming at all, he had committed a sin, for which he would have to atone bitterly when he returned—if he returned; but the latter thought had not presented itself to him definitely, though it had flashed in and out of the vapours of emotion like a flying flame.

But now, here was Marie, and here was he in the garb of the workaday world, and frivolity and irresponsible gaiety around them; and he, all on a sudden, with his far-away boyish recklessness again alive in him—the Master of the Revels.

'Unless?' Marie asked. 'Yes, "unless?"' There were two little lines at the corners of her mouth, lines which never come to a girl's face unless she has suffered and lost. Marie had not only a heart, but a sense of honour too—for the man. Having come to her thus, whatever chanced, he should justify himself, in so far as might be, by saying what any honest man would say. She had a right to know if he still loved her, and he had no right to know if she still loved him, until that was done. He must be justified in her sight. If he loved her—and said so—then let the Angel of the Four Corners point what way it would, she would submit.

She flushed with a kind of indignation. Must she always be the sufferer? He—a man—had a work of life to interest him; she had nothing, nothing save herself and the solitary path of meagre parish life. She would have her moment of triumph in spite of all. She would hear him say he loved her—she would make him give all up for her. She was no longer the wistful shrinking girl who had been hurried back to her home from Quebec, and handed over to the tender watchfulness of Monsieur Fabre, whose heart had ached for her, yet who felt that what was, was best.

She was very much a woman now, and if only for an hour, she would have her way.

'Unless what—Camille?' she asked.

Her voice dwelt softly on the 'Camille.' It was the first sound of tenderness that he had

heard from her since he came, and it thrilled him. It was three years since he had heard a voice with that sound in it—life was grave, and far from sentimental, in the Seminary. His youth—the old Adam—came to swelling life in him. He put it all in the words: 'I wouldn't have asked you if you loved me yet, Marie, unless I was sure you knew—that I loved you'—he drew his bow caressingly along the D string, so that a sweet aching joyfulness seemed infused into the dance—and that I've risked everything to come and tell you so.'

A low sound, half delight, half pain, came from her. But she turned her head away. There was silence for a moment.

'Won't you speak? What are you thinking? Don't turn your head away,' he continued.

Slowly her face came toward him, her eyes shining, her cheeks pale, her lips slow and moving gently, but the words dropping like metal. 'You are true to nothing,' she said; 'neither to the Church—nor to me.'

'Marie, haven't you any pity?' He did not know what or how he was playing now. His fingers wandered; the bow came and went, but he was not thinking of the music.

'Why are you so selfish, then?' she said. 'Why didn't you leave me here alone? A woman is always at a man's mercy!'

Something scorched him from head to foot. He now felt, as he had never felt before, what that incident three years ago meant, what this girl's life had been since, what was the real nature of that renunciation. The eight-hand reel was near its end. He got to his feet in his excitement, played faster and faster, and then, with a call to the dancers and Medallion, brought the dance to a close. In the subsequent jostling, as the revellers made their way to another room for supper, he offered his arm to Marie, nodded as gaily as he could to the frequent 'Merci, Merci, Monsieur!' and they walked together to the end of the room, saying nothing.

At that moment Alphonse entered, followed by Antoine, who grasped his arm and held him back. 'Don't be a fool!' Antoine said. 'A row won't get you the girl.'

But Antoine had had two seasons as a lumberman and river-driver, and he had just been drinking. He held the code of the river, that where two men and one woman were in the triangle of Love, war must be the end thereof.

'I'll give him the grand bounce!' said Alphonse in wild English idiom. 'He don't belong here—some lawyer's clerk, or loafer.'

'Bien,' said Antoine, still holding him back, 'suppose Marie stand up for him.'

'Pshaw! he don't belong here. And she said some things to me about him—I know. I'm going to ask her to supper with me.'

The two were standing silent at the end of the room, watching this scene, but not hearing the words. Marie, however, guessed what was meant.

Presently Alphonse with disjointed glances came and said to her: 'Have supper with me, Ma'm'selle?' He turned his shoulder on Camille.

Marie did not hesitate. 'Not now, Alphonse;

I have a guest'—she reached out her hand towards Camille—'and he's been working hard for us all the evening.'

Alphonse looked at her with an attempt to be disdainful; then, snapping his fingers under Camille's nose contemptuously, said 'Pah!' and walked away with a shrug of the shoulders.

'It wasn't so easy getting used to that again after I came back from Quebec—three years ago,' she said.

Strange how the priest in the youth was being so swiftly lost in the man. Camille's fingers opened and shut, and his brow knotted. He smarted, too, from Marie's last remark. He did not know that with all these bitter little speeches, she was ready to fall upon his breast and cry till she had emptied her heart out. But she had been humiliated once, and she would rather die than be humbled again, whether he meant it so or not.

The room was empty, but it could not be so long, for sentimental groups would wander back from the supper room.

As Alphonse disappeared, Camille said: 'Marie, I'm seeing things as I never saw them before. I want to talk with you alone, just ten minutes—that's all I ask; but alone, where no one can interrupt us.'

'Would it be right?' she asked.

He could not tell whether she was ironical or not. 'It shall be right,' he said stoutly.

'You won't mind if it's cold?' she questioned.

'I won't mind anything, if you'll give me that ten minutes,' he answered. 'But if it's going to be cold, wrap yourself up well.' He took a man's coat from the wall.

'Come,' she said, and opened a narrow door that led into a little hall way. As she did so, he threw the coat over her shoulders. 'Give me your hand,' she added, and, taking it, led the way for half-a-dozen steps in the dark. Then she took a key from the wall and turned it in a lock, which clicked back rustily. 'It's my brother Philippe's room,' she said, as she stepped inside, he following.

The moonlight on the frosted pane gave a ghostly kind of light to the chamber. Marie felt along the wall for a match-box. 'Oh, there's not a match here,' she added.

'Feel in that overcoat pocket,' he suggested. 'Its owner is a smoker—smell it.'

She did so, and drew out a handful. He took one and scratched it on the wall. Neither of them knew it, but it was Alphonse's coat. Camille lit a half-burnt candle that stood on a chest of drawers, and then turned to Marie.

'We have never used the room since Philippe died,' she said.

'I did not know,' he rejoined gently.

'Philippe had been to Montreal,' she said. 'There he'd fallen in with a girl'—her voice faltered—'an actress. He came back to see us, and mother begged him not to go to Montreal again; for we knew—a priest had written to us about the girl. One day he got a paper. He opened it at dinner. He saw something, gave a cry, and fell against the table. "Elle est morte! Elle est morte!" he cried; and that's all he said, day after day, till he died. A man had shot the girl because she loved

Philippe. It seemed to Philippe that he himself had killed her, that if he had been with her, it wouldn't have happened. Since then, the room has been as it was the day he died.'

### HISTORICAL PHRASES.

WE have preserved to us many historical sayings of famous or well-known personages, uttered in times of action or on some important occasion. Most of these serve as landmarks of history; some have passed into proverbs; while others have supplied us with convenient phrases, used without regard to their original motive. Of these last, we have an example from ancient history. Pyrrhus, king of Epirus, after a long and obstinately contested engagement, defeated the Romans in the battle of Heraclea. As he viewed the battle-field, where a large number of his best officers and men had fallen, he exclaimed, 'Another such victory, and we are undone!'—a sentiment which has been echoed more than once in modern wars.

There is another well-known saying of Cæsar Augustus, equally applicable to modern times. Hermann, or Arminius, a German chief high in favour with the Romans, became disgusted with the oppression exercised by Quintilius Varus, the Roman Governor. He induced Varus to advance his army beyond the Rhine, where he suffered a disastrous defeat near Lippe, three legions, with all the auxiliaries, being cut off. Augustus, when he heard of it, was overwhelmed with grief, and exclaimed, 'Varus! Varus! give me back my legions!'

One of the most famous historical *mots* is that attributed to Louis XIV. when seventeen years of age. The President of the French Parliament, speaking of the interests of the State, was interrupted by the king with, 'L'État, c'est moi!' Another version of the saying is, that Louis interrupted a judge who used the expression, 'The king and the State,' by saying, 'I am the State!' No authentic record of the saying exists, and it is discredited by modern French historians, being regarded as merely symbolical of the king's policy—that of absolute monarchy.

A remarkable utterance was that of the notorious Madame de Pompadour, the mistress of Louis XV. One day, as La Tour was engaged in painting the lady's portrait, Louis entered the room in a state of great dejection. He had just received news of the battle of Rossbach, in which Frederick the Great had inflicted a disastrous defeat on the combined forces of France and Austria. Madame de Pompadour told him he must not lose his spirits, because he would fall ill; and, besides, it was no matter—'After us, the deluge.' Prophetic utterance!

'All is lost save honour!' was the announcement, in a condensed form, of Francis I. in a letter to his mother after the defeat of Pavia. Napoleon used the same expression after the battle of Waterloo. On his arrival at the Elysée, three days after the battle, Caulaincourt exclaimed, 'All is lost!'—'Except honour,' added Napoleon.

The French Revolution gave us a saying which has become a proverb. Marmontel was one day regretting the excesses of the Revolution, when Chamfort, the French satirist, asked him, 'Do you think that Revolutions are made with rose-water?' Another phrase which owed its birth to the Revolution, and which will be inseparable from it, was that of Madame Roland. As she was being led to execution, she passed a statue of Liberty, erected by the Revolutionists. Looking at it intently, she exclaimed, 'O Liberty! how many crimes are committed in thy name!'

At the battle of Fontenoy occurred a well-known instance of politeness on the part of the English and French Guards, which, it is almost needless to say, could only have happened in those ceremonious times. The two battalions of opposing Guards were about to join in conflict, when the English commander advanced, and, saluting the French commander, exclaimed, 'Gentlemen of the French Guards, fire!' The French officer, not to be outdone in politeness, returned the salute, and replied, 'After you, gentlemen; the French Guards never fire first!' Upon which the English gentlemen, thinking further ceremony needless, fired, with such effect as to put nearly nine hundred of the French gentlemen *hors-de-combat*. Somewhat costly politeness for them.

Wellington did not stand on ceremony when he gave his celebrated order at Waterloo, 'Up, Guards, and at 'em!' This phrase has been the accepted form of the order, although the Duke afterwards said he did not remember using such words. The Guards were lying down beyond the crest of the hill, to escape the French fire; and when the enemy was almost close upon them, Wellington said he very probably gave some such order as, 'Stand up, Guards!' Be that as it may, 'Up, Guards, and at 'em!' has become a household word; and so it will likely remain.

Waterloo has given us other well-known phrases, although doubt has been cast upon their authenticity; but this is not to be wondered at, as in the heat and excitement of an action, exclamations, and even orders, might be imagined or misunderstood, as in the unfortunate charge of Balaklava. Wellington is said, late in the afternoon, while the fate of the day yet hung in the balance, to have pulled out his watch and muttered, 'Blücher or night.' Similarly, Napoleon is said to have given audible expression to his anxiety when he exclaimed, 'Oh that Grouchy or night were here!' At the close of the battle, when he saw that all was irretrievably lost, Napoleon is said to have exclaimed: 'They are mingled together; all is lost for the present; save himself who can!' In the rout, after the battle, a battalion of the French Guards threw itself into square, sullenly determined not to flee. When summoned to surrender, General Cambronne, the commander, is said to have returned the famous reply, 'The Guard dies, but never surrenders!' The battalion was cut to pieces, and Cambronne made prisoner. He afterwards denied having used the expression; naturally, having surrendered, he would not wish to claim the use of such a fine sentiment. A French

Guardsmen, who was also made prisoner, said he distinctly heard Cambronne use it twice. The phrase is now supposed to have been invented by Rougemont, a prolific French writer, in a description of the battle which he wrote for the *Indépendant*, two days afterwards.

Nelson, as well as Wellington, has given us some historical phrases. Each of his three great battles has its own particular motto, inseparably connected with it. 'Victory or Westminster Abbey!' was his exclamation before the battle of the Nile. During the battle of Copenhagen, three of the British line-of-battle ships became disabled, and Sir Hyde Parker, fearful for the issue, rendered doubly doubtful by the unexpected and desperate resistance of the Danes, made the signal to leave off action. Nelson, greatly excited, exclaimed, 'Leave off action now! — me if I do. You know, Foley' — turning to his Captain — 'I have only one eye, and have a right to be blind sometimes;' and clapping his telescope to his blind eye, he added, 'I really do not see the signal.' Presently he exclaimed, 'Keep my signal for close action flying — nail mine to the mast.' — Who does not know the immortal signal to the fleet on the eve of the battle of Trafalgar? 'England expects every man to do his duty.' According to the *Dispatches and Letters*, this was not the original form of the message. 'England confides that every man shall do his duty,' was the signal intended by Nelson. His flag-officer, however, pointed out to him that 'confides' would require to be spelled out, not being in the vocabulary, and suggested 'expects,' which was. Nelson at once agreed to the change.

We are indebted to Cromwell for one of the best known sayings in English history, that connected with the dissolution of the Long Parliament. On the fateful day, at the conclusion of a long speech in which he (figuratively) blew up the Parliament, Cromwell called in twenty or thirty musketeers, and expelled the members. Turning to the table, his eye fell upon the symbol of the sovereignty of Parliament, the Mace. Lifting it up, he said scornfully, 'What shall we do with this bauble? Take it away!' He gave it to one of his officers, and what became of it is one of the mysteries of English history.

Equally well known is Cromwell's advice to his troops as they were about to cross a river to engage the enemy. Having made a speech, as was his custom on such occasions, he finished up with, 'Put your trust in God, but be sure to see that your powder is dry.' There is surely something truly Cromwellian in such a happy combination of piety and practical advice.

A fit companion to the above is the prayer of Leopold, Prince of Anhalt-Dessau, the 'Old Dessauer,' a General under Prince Eugene and Frederick the Great. Before an engagement, he would reverently take off his hat and pray, 'Oh God, assist our side: at least, avoid assisting the enemy, and leave the result to me.'

Frederick the Great was the author of many sayings. One of his briefest and most forcible was when he shouted to his wavering troops at the battle of Kolin, 'Dogs! would ye live for

ever?' An address not quite calculated, one would think, to inspire his troops with fresh courage. Carlyle, the iconoclast of good sayings, does not believe in this tradition.

Among less known sayings is one of Charles XII. of Sweden, 'The Madman of the North.' During one of his quixotic wars, in which he had been a long time absent from Sweden, an urgent and earnest message came to him from the land he was supposed to rule over, asking him to come back and govern his country. But all the satisfaction his anxious subjects got was, 'I'll send one of my boots to govern them!' It was Oxenstierna, the Chancellor of Gustavus Adolphus, who said to his son: 'You know not, my son, with how little wisdom the world is governed.'

The proverbial 'Non possumus' of the papacy was originally the reply, quoted from Acts, iv. 20, of Pope Clement to the demand of Henry VIII. in the divorce controversy.

That sapient monarch, James I. — 'the wisest fool in Christendom' — had many wise and witty sayings, although none of them has gained much historical celebrity. Perhaps one of the most characteristic of those attributed to him illustrates the grievous troubles and annoyances to which the Commons subjected him. One day his horse was very unruly, and the monarch's wrath at last found vent in the tirade, 'The deil i' my saul, sirrah, an ye be not quiet, I'll send you to the five hundred kings in the House of Commons: they'll quickly tame ye!'

Sir Robert Walpole vehemently opposed the Spanish War in 1739. When he heard the London bells ring upon the declaration of war, he remarked, 'They may ring their bells now; before long, they will be wringing their hands.' Not strictly accurate, as it turned out; but an indifferent prophecy may perhaps be pardoned for the sake of a good pun.

There are not many who do not know the story of Sir Isaac Newton and his dog Diamond. The dog, in frolicking about, upset a lighted taper upon some papers, setting fire to them, and destroying the labour of years. 'Oh Diamond, Diamond! little do you know the mischief you have done me!' was the philosopher's only comment. Sir David Brewster denies this story, and says that Newton never had any connection with dogs or cats.

One of the briefest of despatches was that of Sir Charles Napier announcing the victory of Hyderabad in 1843, after he had entered upon the war without official sanction. 'Peccavi' (I have sinned).

'It is magnificent, but it is not war,' was the exclamation of General Bosquet, one of the French Generals of division, on witnessing the immortal charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava. The remark will be for ever associated with the brilliant but disastrous charge.

Scottish history affords us a few well-known phrases. Just before Robert the Bruce began his memorable struggle for Scottish independence, he was one day in conference with John Comyn, a claimant for the Scottish Crown. He accused Comyn of betraying his designs to Edward. 'You lie!' said Comyn. Bruce, enraged, drew his dagger and stabbed him; but, shocked at



what he had done, he rushed out of the church where they were and cried, 'I doubt I have slain the Red Comyn!'—'You doubt?' said Kirkpatrick of Closeburn, one of his followers, 'I mak siccar!' (I make sure); and running in, finished the deed. The Kirkpatricks have from that day adopted the words as their motto.

'Oh for an hour of Dundee!' was the cry of Gordon of Glenbucket at the battle of Sheriffmuir when the Jacobites were hard pressed by the royalist forces. This wish has been echoed, with the difference of another name for that of the redoubtable Viscount, in many a battle since.

During the war of Dutch independence, under the leadership of William, Prince of Orange, the Duke of Buckingham, who thought that the United Provinces were doomed to inevitable destruction, asked William whether he did not see that the Commonwealth was ruined. 'There is one certain means,' answered the Prince, 'by which I can be sure never to see the ruin of my country—I will die in the last ditch!'

During the battle of Buena Vista, fought in the war between the United States and Mexico, the United States infantry were at one time overwhelmed by numbers of the enemy. At the critical moment, Captain (afterwards General) Bragg's artillery was ordered up to its support, and one discharge of grape made the Mexicans waver. General Taylor, seeing this, shouted, 'A little more grape, Captain Bragg!' The Mexicans got it to such purpose that they fled in disorder. It was on his being renominated to the presidency during the civil war that Lincoln quoted, from a Dutch farmer he said, the unforgettable saying that it is not best to swap horses in crossing a stream. 'Stonewall' Jackson received his sobriquet from General Bernard Bee's exclamation during the battle of Bull Run, 'See, there is Jackson standing like a stone wall; rally on the Virginians.'

The Emperor Nicholas was the author of one of the most notorious phrases—perhaps the most notorious, in a political sense—which the nineteenth century has heard. In the beginning of 1853 he had several conversations with the English ambassador, Sir E. H. Seymour, in regard to the then probable dissolution of the Turkish Empire. In one of these he said, 'We have on our hands a sick man, a very sick man. It will be a great misfortune if he should slip away from us before the necessary arrangements have been made.' To divide the spoil, he meant. The result of his making these arrangements on his own account is well known. The phrase, however, was not altogether original. The ambassador of James II. at Constantinople wrote that the Ottoman Empire had 'the body of a sick old man, who tried to appear healthy, although his end was near.'

Every one knows Stanley's greeting to Livingstone when he 'found' him: 'Dr Livingstone, I presume?' This laconic salutation was, however, rendered politic by the fact that any show of emotion would have been looked upon by the Arabs and negroes present as a sign of weak-mindedness or inferiority.

It was Ollivier, Napoleon III.'s constitutional minister, who plunged into the disastrous war of 1870 'with a light heart.' And though the phrase 'blood and iron' is as old as Quintilian,

it was Bismarck who made it a historical phrase for what he regarded as the sole cure for Germany's political troubles.

In conclusion, a famous reply of Plato's may be given. When asked if any saying of his would be recorded, he replied, 'Wait until we become famous, and then there will be many.' Although true in the main, it is not always the person who utters it that makes a phrase famous, but sometimes the occasion which calls it forth.

## OLD BEN'S BARGAIN.

THE sun had just set, leaving a bright, luminous yellow behind it; opposite, in the pale, frosty blue, hung the clear silver moon, nearly at the full. The light of the dying sunset and rising moon blended, and the whole landscape was steeped in a faint mellow light. There was not a shadow anywhere; the pure soft glow was over everything alike—purple of wet plough-lands, brownish yellow of stubble-fields, pale green of young wheat, faint purple and gray of distant downs. The thick branches of the hawthorn in the hedge were outlined clear and sharp against the yellow glow in the west. The wind had gone down, and not a twig was stirring. A little bird was rustling in the hedge; and in the distance, a thrush was singing clear and soft. Two or three rooks floated slowly overhead.

The long, dusty, white road seemed deserted for the time being, but after a while there was a shuffling sound in the distance, and a man appeared driving two cows. He was a short, thin, wiry man, with a wooden leg. Everything about him expressed determination, from his steel-gray eyes which looked out steadily from under his heavy, grizzled eyebrows, to his square chin that stuck out aggressively with an air of contradicting his thick, strong-bridged, rather overhanging nose. Even his wooden leg seemed to emphasise his resolution—it went down with such a firm rap. Suddenly, down from a cross-road came half-a-dozen young cattle at a quick trot, followed by a man. They settled into a quieter pace: and the two men walked along side by side, keeping, however, the width of the road between them. They neither of them took any notice of the other, and they marched along silently for some way, save for an occasional contemptuous sniff or snort. The new-comer was a man about ten years younger than the first; he was taller, and of a milder expression. He was stout and red-faced, and carried himself with a faint lingering of a soldierly bearing. One sleeve was pinned across his breast.

These two men were the cattle-drivers of Shornstone parish, and were considered by its inhabitants to be peculiarly fitted for their office, owing to their respective misfortunes. Nervous old ladies and gentlemen, however,

were not so sure of this sometimes, when they met them driving fierce bulls in narrow lanes. Each regarded the other as defrauding him of his rightful dues, and they hated one another with a deadly hate in consequence.

'How set up some folks be, for sure, if they gets a few mis'able young calves to drive!' said the little man suddenly, apparently addressing the hedge.

'Ah! And there's others as thinks they be gwine to make their fortunes if they gets a couple o' old cows only fitten to goo to kennel,' said the other to his side of the hedge.

They walked on in silence again for a space, though both seemed to bristle with wrath.

'Some folks *may* hev only one arm, but they've fingers enough on it to put into other people's pockets and pick 'em of their honest rights,' said the little man, resuming his conversation with the hedge.

'And if others only hev one leg, their 'ooden uns can carry 'em along fast enough if they thinks they can get anything by it,' replied the other to his side. It was noticeable that his remarks were always a weak echo of the other.

'I may hev only one leg, but I lost it honest, as you med say. Now, if I'd lost it fur gwine fur a shillen a day and cutten off other people's, I'd say it sarved me jolly well right! Fur a shillen a day!'

Henry Legge, as the stout man was called, could think of no retort to this; he took off his hat, and pushed up his stiff gray hair angrily; whereupon the little man changed his tactics.

'I *have* a-heerd say as there be some as brags as they've a lost their arms in a battle, when 'twas only they fell under a cart when they was tight! Hee, hee, hee!'

This was too much for Henry; he turned round, dropping all pretence. 'That be a lie, Benjamin Creeth, and you know it be!'

Benjamin Creeth gave an affected start, and looked innocently at him. 'Lor! I didn't know as any one was there. I did hear a noise like, but I tho't 'twas the cow blaren.'

Henry's large red face turned purple. 'You one-legged old rascal!' he exclaimed furiously.

'Sure, yes! I hev only one leg; but fur all that, there be a Legge too many in the world,' said Benjamin, chuckling at his own bad joke.

'Ah! And there's a Legge as'll kick you, if you gets chicking me!' retorted Henry passionately.

At this moment, any one who did not know the two old men, might have feared, from their expressions, that they were coming to blows; but just then the road branched off, and they went away quite peacefully on their different routes.

Soon after, the cows made a rush in at an open gate. At the sound of their hoofs, a man came out of the cow-house and opened the door to let them in. As each one went into her own stall, he addressed Ben: 'They didn't goo off, then! Wull, I sort o' tho't they wouldn't.'

'No. Market was vurry full. I dunno when I've seed it so full.'

'They be proper glad to get home again,' said the man, with a backward glance at the cows.

'Ah! What be luck fur the fox, be loss fur the hounds!' replied Ben sententiously.

Ben's cottage, which was about a mile away, was a double one, his side being the nearest to the gate. The other side had an almost deserted appearance; there were no curtains in the window, only a pot or two of pinched-looking flowers. A great contrast to the window next door, with its cosy curtains, and brilliant flowers in their bright red pots.

'How late you be, Ben!' said his wife, hurrying to the door as she heard the tap of his wooden leg in the path. 'I didn't like to begin without you; but I be dyin' fur a cup o' tea; the dust gets down your throat so when you be cleanin' up.'

'I doubts if there be ever much dust in *your* house to get down your throat, missis!' replied Ben; whereupon Mrs Creeth flung her head back and laughed triumphantly; then stopped abruptly to call out: 'Don't you come in over my clean floor wi' all that dust on ye!'

Ben meekly took the broom and brushed himself, then followed her into the room, and seated himself at the table, his rough face beaming as he looked across at her.

'Seed anybody you know?' she inquired.

'Yes; I seed a good few. Market was on-common full,' he answered. 'I seed that old rascal, Harry Legge, too, and he chicked me that there, that if he haedn't bin such a antient old man, I'd a up'd wi' my stick and het un on the yead!'

'Old, indeed!' said Mrs Creeth. 'He be a good ten year younger nor you be!'

'No; he bain't; not more nor nine year; and I be twice the man he be, wi' his apple-plectic complexion and his husky voice, like a sheep wi' the dust down's throat!—There he goes now!' he broke off excitedly, rising up and resting his fists on the table, to lean over and watch a figure that passed the window. 'Drat un! The sight o' un spiles my vittals!' he continued, craning his neck.

'What d'ye look at him fur, then?'

'I can't help seein' un,' said Ben, sinking back into his chair. 'What call had he to come and bide next door to me, I should like to know? I can't do nothen w'out him folleren me. Coz I drives cattle, he takes and does it too. Coz I lives here, he comes next door. Why, I can't even hev one leg wi'out him havin one arm.—What be laughin' at?'

'I can't help laughin',' said Mrs Creeth with an irrepressible chuckle, 'you be so foolish! You knows as well as I do, there warn't no other cottage when he come here; and what were he to do wi' only one arm, if he didn't drive?'

'There be lots o' things,' began Ben argumentatively.

'Well, never mind if there be.—Did you see anybody else in town?' said Mrs Creeth, diverting the conversation into more peaceful channels.

After tea, Ben came to the door and stood there smoking his pipe. Henry Legge passed several times, fetching water from the well.

He was house-cleaning—that is to say, he had cleared all his furniture out into the garden, and was dashing buckets of water over the stone floor of his room. Ben, watching the water running in a little rill down the red-brick gutter in front of the cottages, was struck with a bright idea. 'Look here!' he said, bursting out of the door. 'This half o' the gutter be mine; your side only comes to here'—marking a line with his stick from the middle of the cottage. 'You must make it run off your side!'

Henry made no reply; he fetched some bricks, with which he made a little barricade across the gutter. Then he slowly mopped up the water and wrung the mop over the garden.

'Get along with your foolishness, do!' said Mrs Creeth, coming out and addressing them both. 'I han't no patience wi' you, allus getting aggrivating each other.—And you be the wust o' the two, I will say that fur ye,' she added to her husband; 'you've allus begun it.'

'Martha Creeth,' said her husband solemnly, following her indoors, 'I says, and I've said afore, as an 'oman as goose agen her husband, and tries to bring him down afore strangers, be about as bright as anybody 'ud be as climbed up on a high bough and then set to work to saw it off. They'd be bound to come down together!'

Mrs Creeth gave her good-humoured little chuckle. 'Well, I 'lows mine be but a crooked bough!' said she.

Next morning, being Sunday, Ben was leaning over the pigsty watching his pig. A field or two off was a flock of sheep, and the shepherd coming up presently, joined Ben. He, too, folded his arms on the rail of the pigsty, and became lost in contemplation of the pig. 'Dry weather we be havin', he remarked after a time.

'Sure, yes we be!' replied Ben. 'Good fur the sowin', he continued: 'they says, "A dry Febooary and a wet March—one fur the corn, and one fur the grass!"'

'Yea, a fine pig,' observed the shepherd after a pause.

'Ah! I'll warnt he do take kind to his vittals,' said Ben.

'Sure, yes, 'tis a fine pig,' repeated the shepherd.

'All my missis's pigs thrives,' said Ben with pride.

'Shouldn't a tho't it, to look at ye,' came from the distance, where Henry Legge was walking round his part of the garden, ostensibly looking at his gooseberry bushes, but really listening to the conversation.

Ben looked at the shepherd with an expression of contemptuous pity, and tapped his head significantly; which gesture being seen, as it was intended to be, by Henry, he asked angrily: 'What be tappin yer head fur? To see if 'tis holler? I'll warnt 'tis as holler as a empty beer-barrel.'

'Wull, Harry, how be times wi' you?' inquired the shepherd hastily, wishing to cause a diversion. He moved up the path as he spoke.

'Oh, pretty fair,' replied Henry; 'but I've a middlin' queer customer afore long. Farmer

Hoist's bull, they says, there'll be a regular to-do getting un off.'

'Ah! well, take care o' yer toes, Harry, when you gets anearst un!'

'Ah! I'll look pretty lively, I'll warrant. I hev 'a bin tossed once, but that was a good many year ago now. I 'lows I wouldn't come down so light now!'

'They says as you should take the bull by the horns.'

'Ah! and they must be pretty near simpletons to say it too,' replied Henry contemptuously. 'If anybody wants a lark's journey free o' cost, they'd better just try it, that's all I've got to say.'

'Wull, then, that's what they says. I don't answer fur the sense on it,' said the shepherd, departing.

A high east wind was blowing in great clouds of dust from the road across the garden, and showering the apple petals away to the blue sky like flights of white butterflies—one morning about two months later there was snow round the cottages again—snow of apple-bloom. Mrs Creeth's cottage was half-smothered in it; a tomtit was flying about in it, pecking out the roller caterpillars, stopping every now and then to give his quick note, like the sharp ringing of a little bell, which changed to a harsh note of warning as Mrs Creeth came out of her door and entered the next one. She went up-stairs, and presently her cheerful tones were heard alternating with a husky querulous voice. Presently she came down-stairs again and moved round the room, which had an unusual look of tidiness, dusting a table or chair here and there with her apron. Her husband came by and stopped at the door. 'Don't it look nice, Ben?' said she, looking up. 'I allus did think I'd like to hae a hand in cleanin' it, fur he've got nice furniture.'

'How be he to-day?' asked Ben.

'Oh! he be ter'ble low to-day, sayin' as how this yere illness 'ull eat up all his savins; and when he do get better, he'll hev no work to do, and 'll have to goo to House.'

'Why's that?' asked Ben grumpily.

'Why, he means fur sure as you'll hev got all his custom by then.'

'Ho!' interjected Ben, with a very cross expression.

'It do sim funny,' continued Mrs Creeth, 'to think how you've a bin gwine on so many year about that pore old man comin' and takin' your work, as you said; and to think now as if he'd never come, you'd a hev to hev drove that bull yourself, and got knocked down and injured yourself, 'stead o' pore Harry, and killed belike! It do sim funny fur sure!—But there; I must goo and make him some broth; he sims to fancy it, like.'

Ben walked slowly away, looking frowningly at the ground; then suddenly wheeled round and walked determinedly off to Henry Legge's door. He went straight up the stairs, and rapped firmly at the door at the top.

'Come in,' called Henry. He was sitting up in bed with an astonished air, for he had heard the tap of Ben's leg on the stair.

'Wull, Harry, how be you to-day?' asked Ben awkwardly.

'Nicely, thankye,' replied Henry, too much amazed to remember how he was.

An uncomfortable pause ensued; then Henry asked: 'Wull ye take a chair?' remembering his manners, as he afterwards said—'fur, seeing him come in like that, I was all struck o' a heap.'

'Thankye,' replied Ben, sitting down, and turning his stick about in his hand. 'Tes on-common hot fur this time o' year,' he observed.

'Sure, yes, it be!' replied Henry.

Then there was another pause, which Ben broke abruptly: 'My missis says as how you be frettin', thinkin' as I be gettin' hold o' your work. Now, look here, Henery Legge,' he went on emphatically, bringing his stick down on the ground. 'I sticks to it (I allus has, and allus shall) as you'd no business to come here, where I'd bid so many year, affrontin' me by takin' my trade. What you o't to hev done 'ud 'a bin to come to me and say: "Mr Creeth, owin' to me heaven lost my arm, there baint a-many things I can turn to; so, if you've no objection, we'll goo into partynership." That's what you o't to hev done; but then you didn't.—'Tis true, you and me's haed words now and agen; but if you thinks as I'd take a penny as o't to come to you, you be mistook—that's all I've got to say! You be mistook. 'Tis true, I've took your work sin' you've bin led by; but I've put every ha'porth o' it by.' Here Ben began to dive in his pocket, and, with some difficulty brought out a little leather bag, out of which he turned a small heap of coins on to the bed. 'And here it be,' he continued triumphantly; 'and I'll be bothered if I'd a touched a penny o' it if I'd bin starvin'!

'I wun't touch it, neyther,' said Henry stubbornly, shaking with excitement.

'Now, don't ye be foolish and obstinate—now, don't ye, now,' said Ben in almost pleading accents. 'You take it now, and 'twill be all fair and square, as the sayin' be.'

'No, 'twun't; I wun't touch it,' repeated Henry.

'There, I never know'd no one so contrairy as you be,' said Ben. 'I tellee—getting angry—as I wun't touch it.'

'And I tellee as I wun't!' said Henry.

Ben turned red with wrath; then, as he looked at Henry's changed face, with its hollow eyes and thin wan cheeks, his anger left him.

'Wull, then, we wun't say no more about it now,' he said patiently; 'but think over what I said about you and me bein' partyners. You sees how handy 'twould be if one o' us be ill, t'other can do his work; or if one's got more work at one time nor he knows how to do, there be t'other to help him; or if either on us wants to goo a day's pleasured wi's missis or a friend, why, there we be!'

'It hev accrossed my mind afore now,' allowed Henry.

'There, now! If you've atho't o' it, and I've atho't o' it, why, there 'tis now. You and me'll strike a bargain that we'll let bygones be bygones; and we'll get my missis to write out a paper—you o't to allus hae a third party to write out such matters.' The truth was Ben could only sign his name. 'We'll put it like this yere: "I, Benjamin Creeth, and Henery Legge, two poor but honest men, both o' this

parish, be gwine to goo into partynership;" and then we'll say if anybody has anything to say agen it, they be to declare it, or be for evermore silent; and then we'll sign our names to un.' Ben hitched his chair nearer the bed in his excitement. 'And I'll tellee what 'tis; we'd better take a bwoy between us. There be Joe Hill's bwoy, or my niece Em'ly's Tommy, I enclines to he, fur you o't to stick by your own folks; and we can get him sixpence a week cheaper.'

'Vurry well,' said Henry. He had a complacent expression on his face, as though well pleased at the turn affairs had taken.

'But look here, though; stop a bit,' said Ben. 'I wun't do none o' it, if you wun't take that there money!'

'Vurry well, then,' said Henry condescendingly.

'Then let's shake hands on it.'

Whereupon the two old enemies shook hands heartily. Mrs Creeth, coming in at this moment with a basin of broth, stopped short, transfixed with astonishment. Ben turned round and saw her; he rose from his chair, and extending his arm majestically over Henry, 'Missis!' he said, solemnly, 'what have passed afore betwixt that old man and me, let it be!'

#### AN OLD LOVE-SONG.

Ask me no gay refrain of love and leisure;  
I have no liltin' lay of light success.  
Here to the night I sing in graver measure  
My peerless lady and my dear distress.

Fairest is she—the very winds adore her,  
Whispering eloquent in sigh-soft speech  
How that they faint and fold their wings before her,  
How like a star she shines beyond my reach.

Love her I must, not seeking her compassion,  
In no stray hope to mend my sweet mischance:  
Love her alone, in tender, rev'rent fashion,  
And kiss her feet as queen of my romance.

Proud to the world, to her I humbly render  
All knightly homage on my bended knee;  
Proud but in this my absolute surrender  
For life or death to her sweet sov'reignty.

Hers to command; my true allegiance keeping  
Prompt to the doing of her light behest,  
As to the charge where battle's storm is sweeping,  
Her colours plaited in my helmet's crest.

I will not breathe the name the gods have lent her—  
Call her my Lady of the Golden Heart—  
Nor point the bower that she alone may enter,  
The bright, chaste shrine wherein she reigns apart.

Here 'neath the stars that claim her as their fellow,  
I sing my lady and my dear duress.  
Tell her, ye winds that kiss her shining pillow,  
The sad, sweet story of my faithfulness.

A. H. RAIKES.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,  
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 586.—VOL. XII.

SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1895.

PRICE 1½d.

## OUR OLDEST COLONY.

So little interest is taken by many of us in our colonies, that probably the only two facts popularly known about the island of Newfoundland is that it has fisheries and produces a famous breed of noble dogs! And yet Newfoundland is our oldest colony, and our colony nearest to the mother-country.

Newfoundland was discovered in 1497 by John and Sebastian Cabot (or Cabotto), Italians settled and trading in Bristol—foreigners prepared to do yeoman service for their adopted land. The Cabots went out in their ship *Matthew* at their own charges, and on St John's Day (24th of June) first sighted the shore, to which they gave the name of Prima Tierra Vista—'first-seen land.' Henry VII. gave the bold mariners his 'letters patent,' which authorised them to set up the Royal Standard, and secured the stingy king a share in their profits, without involving him in any share of their expenditure.

Seven years after the first Cabot expedition, French fishermen, intermingled with a few British adventurers, began to open up the Newfoundland cod fisheries. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth, Sir Walter Raleigh's half-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, formally took possession of the island in the name of Great Britain. But on his return journey, his vessel, the *Squirrel*, foundered in a great storm with all hands—its companion ship, the *Golden Hind*, reaching home to tell how the brave sea-king

sat upon the deck;

The book was in his hand.

'Do not fear: Heaven is as near,'

He cried, 'by water as by land.'

In 1610 a British 'Company,' among whose promoters appears the name of the great Lord Bacon, was formed to settle a colony in Newfoundland. This proved unsuccessful; and the next movement in the same direction was a Government-commissioned Survey by one Captain Whitbourne, who had traded with the

place for forty years, and had the most enthusiastic faith in its possibilities. We need not quote his rhapsodies, which paint Newfoundland as a (rather chilly) Garden of Eden. Suffice it to say that recent scientific investigation actually confirms much of the old mariner's assertions! In 1871 it was declared that the valley of the Exploits, the largest river in the island, is capable of maintaining a thriving population of over seventy thousand. Its present inhabitants are numbered by a few hundreds, and the population of the whole island is smaller than that of the city of Edinburgh.

After Captain Whitbourne's report, Lord Baltimore made a fruitless attempt to settle the island. Then followed Lord Falkland. The emigrants he took out were chiefly Irish, and many more of that nation have since joined them. Yet in the year 1655 there were not more than two thousand Europeans living in the island, scattered in fifteen small settlements on the eastern coast. But every summer many thousands of fishermen plied their temporary labours on the shores.

Selfishness and greed prevented the speedy permanent settlement of the island, and have always stood in the way of its development from a basis of sound prosperity. Merchants and ship-owners from the west of England wished to use it solely for their own benefit. The Star Chamber was brought to issue all sorts of oppressive edicts to hinder substantial and agricultural colonisation. For instance, masters of vessels were bound, under heavy penalty, to bring back all persons who sailed out with them. No settlement was permitted within six miles of the shore. The veriest shanty within that limit was not to be permitted to have a chimney or any arrangement for lighting a fire. (Let the Newfoundland climate be borne in mind, and it will be seen that this restriction meant absolute prohibition.) Anybody accused of petty theft or other misdemeanour committed in Newfoundland was to be brought back to this country to be tried and

sentenced by the Mayors of such towns as Weymouth or Southampton.

The same greedy monopolists, who (about 1700) actually endeavoured to induce the British Government to forbid the landing of any woman in Newfoundland, and to adopt means to remove any already there, also took every opportunity to calumniate the resources of the island, thereby giving the lie alike to the ancient mariner Whitbourne, and to the modern men of science, yet creating a popular 'prejudice,' which exists to this very day.

The next difficulty was the petty feud between the French and English fishermen, whose unneighbourly feelings were increased by the war between France and England. The treaty of Utrecht, however (1713), assured the island to the British, and defined the rights of the French in a fashion which, while it secured a certain amount of peace, certainly did not smooth away all difficulties, nor invariably tend to island prosperity.

Meanwhile, things had gone badly indeed with the aborigines of Newfoundland. Cabot's advice to his captains concerning them and other 'natives of strange countries' was 'that they should be enticed aboard and made drunk with your beer and wine, for then you shall know the secrets of their hearts.' It is said, however, that he brought two to England, and, that, after a two years' experience of civilisation, they were seen 'in the Palace of Westminster,' and 'not to be distinguished from Englishmen until I was told who they were.'

One of Sir Humphrey Gilbert's party, and also good Captain Whitbourne himself, have only kindly words for the aborigines, describing them as 'harmless,' 'ingenious, and tractable,' 'full of quick and lively apprehension,' and willing to work for a small hire. But, alas! they did not at once understand the 'rights of property,' and indeed it might have been hard to explain why they might not take a few nails or a knife from those who had taken possession of their land and their rivers with all their mineral and funny riches. But 'circumstances seem to alter cases.' For every petty theft—or suspicion thereof—they were ruthlessly flogged and shot down by the invaders. The Home Government made futile appeals to its settlers to 'conciliate' the natives. But the Indians' experience of the white strangers was of a nature to cause the tribes presently to withdraw to remote lake settlements. Of these, in the year 1828, the traveller Cormack found but the deserted and decayed remains.

In the beginning of this century, a tardy and ill-conceived method of drawing the tribes from their retreat into friendly relations with civilisation was attempted. 'A reward was offered for the capture of a Red Indian; and in 1804 a female was taken by a fisherman and brought to St John's (the capital), where she was kindly treated and sent back to her tribe loaded with presents. A strong suspicion was entertained that the presents aroused the cupidity of the man entrusted to take her back to her people, and that the wretch murdered her and took possession of the property.'

In 1819 another female was taken by a

party of trappers on Red Indian Lake. Her husband and an Indian friend, who resisted her capture, were at once shot. She, too, was brought to St John's, named 'Mary March' after the month of her capture, 'treated with great kindness,' and sent back 'loaded with gifts.' But she had pined so terribly that she died in the hands of her captors on her way back to her (desolated) home. Her body was placed in a coffin and left where it was thought her people would find it. Years after, the traveller Cormack discovered it by the side of her murdered husband in the Indian burying-ground near the deserted settlement on Red Indian Lake.

Yet again, in 1823 three Indian women were seized in their wigwag by a party from Twillingate. They were a mother and two daughters. The mother and one daughter soon pined and died. The other endured her solitude among aliens for some years, and became 'useful as a housemaid.' She is described as six feet high, of a fine presence and handsome features, and of a nature gentle, courteous, and affectionate. A pencil and a piece of paper being given to her, she drew a deer perfectly with a few strokes, but began her sketch from the tip of the tail! She was the last of the aboriginal Indians ever seen alive. Even of their skulls, but one is known to have been preserved. It had a narrow escape from being thrown into a dust-bin, but is now stored in the Museum at St John's.

Not a snake, lizard, toad, frog, or any noxious reptile lives in Newfoundland, but game of all kinds abounds—ducks and geese, ptarmigan, sable martens, lynxes; foxes, red, black, and gray; otters, beavers, and reindeer. Even wolves and black bears still linger in the interior.

We said that Newfoundland is perhaps best known by its famous breed of dogs. But it appears that these, like the island's present humanity, are not indigenous. They seem to have been produced by some happy crossing of breeds. It is said that in the island they appear to degenerate, and that the Newfoundland dog thrives better out of Newfoundland. Old settlers are reported as saying that the genuine breed consisted of a dog twenty-six inches high, with black naked body, gray muzzle, gray or white stockinged legs, with dew-claws behind. The Leonberg dogs—a cross between the Newfoundland, the St Bernard, and the Pyrenean wolf-dog—are said to thrive well in the island, and to possess 'some of the highest moral qualities of the noble races whose blood blends in their veins.'

In the vegetable kingdom, Newfoundland, though a land of frost and fog, is reported by competent experts to be singularly rich. Common English flowers, with care, thrive well in sheltered gardens. Even the dahlia will survive the winter. Perennials do better than annuals. Among wild-flowers, lilies are developed in great luxuriance, also heart's-ease, Solomon's seal, columbine, bell-flowers, and pitcher-plants. Grasses are rich and abundant. Potatoes are unsurpassed anywhere; and cucumbers, marrows, melons, cabbages, cauliflowers, beans, carrots, and peas are abundant. Straw-

berries, raspberries, and gooseberries are fair. A farmer from Cape Breton settled near Deer Lake reports great satisfaction with his land. Clover and buckwheat grew luxuriantly, and the soil favoured the growth of flax.

It must always be borne in mind that there is great difference between the eastern and western shores of Newfoundland. On the western shore fog is rarely seen, and the climate is an 'ameliorated' one. The southern shore suffers most from fog. There is least fog in winter. Newfoundland is said to escape alike the fierce heats and the intense colds of Canada and some of the States. The inhabitants make no Arctic preparations for winter clothing, and open fireplaces suffice to warm the houses.

The interior of the island is clothed with magnificent forests of pine, spruce, birch, juniper, larch, &c. The aspen, the poplar, and the willow thrive. There are no cedars, beeches, elms, or oaks; and authority does not say whether any attempt has been made to introduce them.

It appears that in the language of the aborigines the island was called Baccalaos, or 'cod-fish'; and it is doubtful whether the most has even yet been made of these fisheries which have hitherto been almost its only source of wealth. For they have been managed in haphazard, old-fashioned, unscientific methods; and the fishermen are cramped and disheartened by finding themselves—owing to the 'truck' system—almost wholly in the hands of remote capitalists.

Newfoundland has a seal-fishery of comparatively recent date, not much older than the present century; but its seals are not those which furnish the daintiest wraps. Four species are found around Labrador and Newfoundland—the bay seal, the harp, the hood, and the square flipper. The skins of these are used rather for boots, harness, &c., though those of the harp seal with their lyre-like marking make fine mats for study or parlour.

There are large copper mines in the vicinity of Notre Dame Bay; but apart from these, the minerals of the country, said to include coal, lead, and iron, have scarcely yet been heeded.

The capital, St John's, stands on the northern side of the harbour of that name. It has been three times burned down. Each time, effort has been made to rebuild it on a safer plan, but its articles of commerce are, alas! of essentially inflammable material. Before the last fire, when property of the estimated value of four millions was consumed in a single night, it was fondly believed that St John's was fire-proof! The city clothes the slope of a hill which is crowned by the Barracks and the 'best houses,' commanding splendid views of the harbour and its hilly shores. The streets of St John's, save, perhaps, the chief, are little better than muddy lanes with wooden pavements of varied elevation, and at night they are but imperfectly lit.

By 'one who knows,' the scenery of Newfoundland (which residents in the island pronounce New-fund-land) is said to be 'Scottish' in character, with the variation (on the coast) that icebergs are seen drifting past, looking very pretty (like iridescent glass) in the June

sunshine! But even yet the island remains but little known even to its own inhabitants. A new arrival in St John's, zealously making inquiries with a view to the surroundings of an appointment he had received near Notre Dame Bay, wrote home: 'Nobody here seems to know much about the other parts of the island.' It is sincerely to be hoped that the severe crisis through which England's oldest colony is now passing may speedily give place to a period of increased prosperity, developed resources, and closer relations with the mother country.

THE CHRONICLES OF COUNT ANTONIO.\*

CHAPTER VI. (*continued*).

THUS it was full morning when Antonio came again to the little cave by the river, and bethought him what he should do for his own safety. And suddenly, looking across the river, he beheld a gentleman whom he knew, one Lepardo, a Commissary of the Duke's, and with him thirty of the Duke's Guard; and they were riding very fast; for, having started at midnight to avoid the heat of the sun (it being high summer), so soon as they reached the outskirts of Baratesta, they had heard that Antonio was in the vault, and were now pressing on to cross the bridge and come upon him. And Antonio knew that Lepardo was a man of courage and hardihood, and would be prevented by nothing from entering the vault. But on a sudden Lepardo checked his horse, uttering a loud cry; for to his great amazement he had seen Antonio as Antonio looked forth from the cave, and he could not tell how he came to be there: and Antonio at once withdrew himself into the shadow of the cave. Now the banks of the stream on the side on which Lepardo rode were high and precipitous, and, although it was summer, yet the stream was too deep for him to wade, and flowed quickly; yet at Lepardo's bidding, six of his stoutest men prepared to leap down the bank and go in search of Antonio; and Antonio, discerning that they would do this, and blaming himself for his rashness in looking out so incautiously, was greatly at a loss what to do; for now he was hemmed in on either side; and he saw nothing but to sell his life dearly and do some deed that should ornament his death. So he retreated again along the passage and passed through the opening into the vault; and he summoned the hermit to aid him, and between them they set not one only, but a dozen of the coffins of the Peschetti against the opening, laying them lengthwise and piling one on the top of the other, hoping that Lepardo's men would not discover the opening, or would at least be delayed some time before they could thrust away the coffins and come through. Then Antonio took his place by the gate of the vault again, sword in hand, saying grimly to the hermit, 'If you seek Death, sir, he will be hereabouts before long.'



But the Count Antonio was not a man whom his friends would abandon to death unaided; and while the Syndic was watching Antonio, the four young men who were with the Count made their escape from Cesare's house; and, having separated from one another, rode by four different ways towards the hills, using much wariness. Yet three of them were caught by the Duke's company that watched in the plain, and, having been soundly flogged, were set to work as servants in the camp. But the fourth came safe to the hills, and found there Tommasino and Bena; and Tommasino, hearing of Antonio's state, started with Bena and eighteen more to rescue him or die with him. And they fell in with a scouting party of the Duke's, and slew every man of them to the number of five, losing two of their own number; but thus they escaped, there being none left to carry news to the camp; and they rode furiously, and, by the time they came near Baratesta, they were not more than a mile behind Lepardo's company. But Lepardo, when he had detached the six men to watch Antonio, rode on hastily to find the Syndic, and learn from him the meaning of what he had seen; and thus Tommasino, coming opposite to the mouth of the hermit's cave, saw no more than six horses tethered on the river bank, having the Duke's escutcheon wrought on their saddle-cloths. Then he leaped down, and running to the edge of the bank, saw a man disappearing into the mouth of the cave, dripping wet; and this man was the last of the six who had swum the river, and were now groping their way with great caution along the narrow track that the hermit had made. Now Tommasino understood no more than Lepardo that there was any opening from the cave to the vault, but he thought that the Duke's men did not swim the river for their pleasure, and he bade Bena take five and watch what should happen, while he rode on with the rest.

'If they come out again immediately,' he said, 'you will have them at a disadvantage; but if they do not come out, go in after them; for I know not what they are doing unless they are seeking my cousin or laying some trap for him.'

Then Tommasino rode after Lepardo; and Bena, having given the Duke's men but the briefest space in which to come out again from the cave, prepared to go after them. And the Duke's men were now much alarmed; for the last man told them of the armed men on the bank opposite, and that they did not wear the Duke's badge; so the six retreated up the passage very silently, but they could not find any opening, for it grew darker at every step, and they became much out of heart. Then Bena's men crossed the river and entered the mouth of the cave after them. Thus there was fair likelihood of good fighting both in the passage and by the gate of the vault.

But the Count Antonio, not knowing that any of his band were near, had ceased to hope for his life, and he sat calm and ready, sword in hand, while the hermit withdrew to a corner of the vault, and crouched there muttering his mad answers and questions, and ever and again

hailing some one of the dead Peschetti by name as though he saw him. Then suddenly a coffin fell with a loud crash from the top of the heap on to the floor; for the Duke's men had found the opening and were pushing at it with hand and shoulder. Antonio sprang to his feet and left the gate and went and stood ready by the pile of coffins. But again on a sudden came a tumult from beyond the opening; for Bena and his five also were now in the passage, and the foremost of them—who indeed was Bena himself—had come upon the hindmost of the Duke's men, and the six, finding an enemy behind them, pushed yet more fiercely and strenuously against the coffins. And no man in the passage saw any man, it being utterly dark; and they could not use their swords for lack of space, but drew their daggers and thrust fiercely when they felt a man's body near. So in the dark they pushed and wrestled and struggled and stabbed, and the sound of their tumult filled all the vault and spread beyond, being heard outside; and many outside crossed themselves for fear, saying, 'Hell is broke loose! God save us!' But at that moment came Lepardo and his company; and he, having leaped from his horse and heard from the Syndic that Antonio was in very truth in the vault, drew his sword and came at the head of his men to the door; and hearing the tumult from within, he cried in scorn, 'These are no ghosts!' and himself with his boldest rushed at the door, and they laid hold on the handles of it and wrenched it open. But Antonio, perceiving that the door was wrenched open, and not yet understanding that any of his friends were near, suddenly flung himself prone on the floor by the wall of the vault, behind two of the coffins which the efforts of the Duke's men had dislodged; and there he lay hidden; so that Lepardo, when he rushed in, saw no man, for the corner where the hermit crouched was dark; but the voice of the madman came, saying, 'Welcome! Do you bring me another of the Peschetti? He is welcome!' Then the Duke's men, having pushed aside all the coffins save one, came tumbling and scrambling over into the vault, where they found Lepardo and his followers; and hot on their heels came Bena and his five, so that the vault was full of men. And now from outside also came the clatter of hoofs and hoarse cries and the clash of steel; for Tommasino had come, and had fallen with great fury on those of Lepardo's men who were outside and on the Syndic's levies that watched from afar off. And fierce was the battle outside; yet it was fiercer inside, where men fought in a half-light, scarcely knowing with whom they fought, and tripping hither and thither over the coffins of the Peschetti that were strewn about the floor.

Then the Count Antonio arose from where he lay and he cried aloud, 'To me, to me! To me, Antonio of Monte Velluto!' and he rushed to the entrance of the vault. Bena, hailing the Count's voice, and cutting down one who barred the way, ran to Antonio in great joy to find him alive and whole. And Antonio came at Lepardo, who stood his onset bravely, although greatly bewildered to find a party of Antonio's men where he had looked for Antonio alone.

And he cried to his men to rally round him, and, keeping his face and his blade towards the Count, began to fall back towards the mouth of the vault, in order to rejoin his men outside; for there also he perceived that there was an enemy. Thus Lepardo fell back, and Antonio pressed on. But, unnoticed by any, the mad hermit now sprang forth from the corner where he had been; and, as Antonio was about to thrust at Lepardo, the hermit caught him by the arm, and with the strength of frenzy drew him back, and thrust himself forward, running even on the point of Lepardo's sword that was ready for Count Antonio; and the sword of Lepardo passed through the breast of the hermit of the vault, and protruded behind his back between the shoulders; and he fell prone on the floor of the vault, crying exultantly, 'Death! Thanks be to God, death!' And then and there he died of the thrust that Lepardo gave him. But Antonio with Bena and three more—for two of Bena's five were slain—drove Lepardo and his men back before them, and thus won their way to the gate of the vault, where, to their joy, they found that Tommasino more than held his own; for he had scattered Lepardo's men, and the Syndic's were in full flight, save eight or ten of the old soldiers, who had served in Free Companies; and these stood in a group, their swords in their right hands and daggers in the left, determined to die dearly; and the grizzly-haired fellow who had killed Antonio's horse had assumed command of them.

'Here are some fellows worth fighting, my lord,' said Bena joyfully to Tommasino. 'Let us meet them, my lord, man for man, an equal number of us.' For although Bena had killed one man and maimed another in the vault, he saw no reason for staying his hand.

'Ay, Bena,' laughed Tommasino. 'These fellows deserve to die at the hands of men like us.'

But while they prepared to attack, Antonio cried suddenly, 'Let them be! There are enough men dead over this matter of Cesare's treasure.' And he compelled Tommasino and Bena to come with him, although they were very reluctant; and they seized horses that had belonged to Lepardo's men; and, one of Tommasino's men also being dead, Bena took his horse. Then Antonio said to the men of the Free Companies, 'What is your quarrel with me? I do but take what is mine. Go in peace. This Syndic is no master of yours.' But the men shook their heads and stood their ground. Then Antonio turned and rode to the entrance of the vault where his band was now besieging Lepardo, and he cried to Lepardo, 'Confer with me, sir. You can come forth safely.' And Lepardo came out from the vault, having lost no fewer than five men there, and having others wounded; and he was himself wounded in his right arm and could not hold his sword. Then the Count said to him, 'Sir, it is no shame for a man to yield when fortune is against him. And I trust that I am one to whom a gentleman may yield without shame. See, the Syndic's men are fled, and yours are scattered, and these men, who stand bravely together, are not enough to resist me.'

And Lepardo answered sadly—for he was

very sorry that he had failed to take Antonio—'Indeed, my lord, we are worsted. For we are not ten men against one, as I think they should be who seek to overcome my lord Antonio.'

To this Antonio bowed most courteously, saying, 'Nay, it is rather fortune, sir.'

And Lepardo said, 'Yet we can die, in case you put unseemly conditions on us, my lord.'

'There is no condition save that you fight no more against me to-day,' said Antonio.

'So let it be, my lord,' said Lepardo; and to this the men of the Free Companies also agreed, and they mingled with Antonio's band, and two of them joined themselves to Antonio that day, and were with him henceforward, one being afterwards slain on Mount Agnino, and the other preserving his life through all the perils that beset the Count's company.

Then Antonio went back to the house of Cesare, and brought forth the body of Cesare, and, having come to the vault, he caused those who had been slain to be carried out, and set the coffins again in decent order, and laid Cesare, the last of the house, there. But when the corpse of the hermit was brought out, all marvelled very greatly, and had much compassion for him when they heard from the lips of Count Antonio his pitiful story; and Antonio bestowed out of the moneys that he had from Cesare a large sum that masses might be said for the soul of the hermit. 'For of a surety,' said the Count, 'it was Heaven's will that through his misfortune and the strange madness that came upon him, my life should be saved.'

These things done, Antonio gathered his band, and, having taken farewell of Lepardo, and commended him for the valour of his struggle, prepared to ride back to the hills. And his face was grave, for he was considering earnestly how he should escape the hundred men who lay watching for him in the plain. But while he considered, Tommasino came to him and said, 'All Baratesta is ours, cousin. Cannot we get a change of coat, and thus ride with less notice from the Duke's camp?' And Antonio laughed also, and they sent and caught twenty men of Baratesta, grave merchants and petty traders, and among them Bena laid hold of the Syndic, and brought him in his chair to Antonio; and the Count said to the Syndic, 'It is ill meddling with the affairs of better men, Master Syndic. Off with that gown of yours!'

And they stripped the Syndic of his gown, and Antonio put on the gown. Thus the Syndic had need very speedily of the new gown which he had contracted to purchase of the lame tailor as the price of the tailor's information. And all Antonio's men clothed themselves like merchants and traders, Antonio in the Syndic's gown taking his place at their head; and thus soberly attired, they rode out soberly from Baratesta, neither Lepardo nor any of his men being able to restrain themselves from laughter to see them go—and most strange of all was Bena, who wore an old man's gown of red cloth trimmed with fur.

It was now noon, and the band rode slowly, for the sun was very hot, and several times they paused to take shelter under clumps of

trees, so that the afternoon waned before they came in sight of the Duke's encampment. Soon then they were seen in their turn; and a young officer of the Guard with three men came pricking towards them to learn their business; and Antonio hunched the Syndic's gown about his neck and pulled his cap down over his eyes, and thus received the officer. And the officer was deluded, and did not know him, but said, 'Is there news, Syndic?'

'Yes, there is news,' said Antonio. 'The hermit of the vault of the Peschetti is dead at Baratesta.'

'I know naught of him,' said the officer.

By this time Antonio's men had all crowded round the officer and his companions, hemming them in on every side; and those that watched from the Duke's camp saw the merchants and traders flocking round the officer, and said to themselves, 'They are offering wares to him.' But Antonio said, 'How, sir? You have never heard of the hermit of the vault?'

'I have not, Syndic,' said the officer.

'He was a man, sir,' said Antonio, 'who dwelt with the dead in a vault, and was so enamoured of death, that he greeted it as a man greets a dear friend who has tarried overlong in coming.'

'In truth, a strange mood!' cried the officer.

'I think this hermit was mad.'

'I think so also,' said Antonio.

'I cannot doubt of it,' cried the officer.

'Then, sir, you are not of his mind?' asked Antonio, smiling. 'You would not sleep this night with the dead, nor hold out your hands to death as to a dear friend?'

'By St Prisian, no,' said the young officer with a laugh. 'For this world is well enough, Syndic, and I have sundry trifling sins that I would be quit of, before I face another.'

'If that be so, sir,' said Antonio, 'return to him who sent you, and say that the Syndic of Baratesta rides here with a company of friends and that his business is lawful and open to no suspicion.' And even as Antonio spoke, every man drew his dagger, and there were three daggers at the heart of the officer and three at the heart of each of the men with him. 'For by saying this,' continued the Count, fixing his eyes on the officer, 'and by no other means can you escape immediate death.'

Then the officer looked to right and left, being very much bewildered; but Tommasino touched him on the arm and said, 'You have fallen, sir, into the hands of the Count Antonio. Take an oath to do as he bids you, and save your life.' And Antonio took off the Syndic's cap and showed his face; and Bena rolled up the sleeve of his old man's gown and showed the muscles of his arm.

'The Count Antonio!' cried the officer and his men in great dismay.

'Yes; and we are four to one,' said Tommasino. 'You have no choice, sir, between the oath and immediate death. And it seems to me that you are indeed not of the mind of the hermit of the vault.'

But the officer cried, 'My honour will not suffer this oath, my lord.' And hearing this, Bena advanced his dagger.

But Antonio smiled again and said, 'Then I

will not force it on you, sir. But this much I must force on you—to swear to abide here for half-an-hour, and during that time to send no word, and make no sign to your camp.'

To this the officer, having no choice between it and death, agreed; and Antonio, leaving him, rode forward softly; and, riding softly, he passed within half-a-mile of the Duke's encampment. But at this moment the officer, seeing Antonio far away, broke his oath, and shouted loudly, 'It is Antonio of Monte Veluto;' and set spurs to his horse. Then Antonio's brow grew dark and he said, 'Ride on swiftly, all of you, to the hills, and leave me here.'

'My lord!' said Tommasino, beseeching him.

'Ride on!' said Antonio sternly. 'Ride at a gallop. You will draw them off from me.'

And they dared not disobey him, but all rode on. And now there was a stir in the Duke's camp, men running for their arms and their horses. But Antonio's band put themselves to a gallop, making straight for the hills; and the commander of the Duke's Guard did not know what to make of the matter; for he had heard the officer cry 'Antonio,' but did not understand what he meant; therefore there was a short delay before the pursuit after the band was afoot; and the band thus gained an advantage; and Antonio turned away, saying, 'It is enough. They will come safe to the hills.'

But he himself drew his sword and set spurs to his horse, and he rode towards where the young officer was. And at first the officer came boldly to meet him; then he wavered, and his cheek went pale; and he said to the men who rode with him, 'We are four to one.'

But one of them answered, 'Four to two, sir.'

'What do you mean?' cried the officer. 'I see none coming towards us but Count Antonio himself.'

'Is not God also against oath-breakers?' said the fellow; and he looked at his comrades. And they nodded their heads to him; for they were afraid to fight by the side of a man who had broken his oath. Moreover, the figure of the Count was very terrible; and the three turned aside and left the young officer alone.

Now by this time the whole of the Duke's encampment was astir; but they followed not after Antonio, but after Tommasino and the rest of the band; for they did not know Antonio in the Syndic's gown. Thus the young officer was left alone to meet Antonio; and when he saw this his heart failed him and his courage sank, and he dared not await Antonio, but he turned and set spurs to his horse, and fled away from Antonio across the plain. And Antonio pursued after him, and was now very near upon him; so that the officer saw that he would soon be overtaken, and the reins fell from his hand and he sat on his horse like a man smitten with a palsy, shaking and trembling: and his horse, being unguided, stumbled as it went, and the officer fell off from it; and he lay very still on the ground. Then Count Antonio came up where the officer was, and sat on his horse, holding his drawn sword in his hand; and in an instant the officer began

to raise himself; and, when he stood up, he saw Antonio with his sword drawn. And Antonio said, 'Shall men without honour live?'

Then the officer gazed into the eyes of the Count Antonio; and the sweat burst forth on his forehead. A sudden strange choking cry came from him; he dropped his sword from his hand, and with both hands he suddenly clasped his heart, uttering now a great cry of pain and having his face wrung with agony. Thus he stood for an instant, clutching his heart with both his hands, his mouth twisted fearfully, and then he dropped on to the ground and lay still. And the Count Antonio sheathed his sword, and bared his head, saying, 'It is not my sword, but God's.'

And he turned and put his horse to a gallop and rode away, not seeking to pass the Duke's encampment, but directing his way towards the village of Rilano; and there he found shelter in the house of a friend for some hours, and when night fell, made his way safely back to the hills, and found that the Duke's men had abandoned the pursuit of his band and that all of them were alive and safe.

But when they came to take up the young officer who had been false to his oath, he was dead—whether from fright at the aspect of Count Antonio and the imminent doom with which he was threatened, or by some immediate judgment of Heaven, I know not. For very various are the dealings of God with man. For one crime He will slay and tarry not, and so, perchance, was it meted out to that officer; but with another man His way is different, and He suffers him to live long days, mindful of his sin, in self-hatred and self-scorn, and will not send him the relief of death, how muchsoever the wretch may pray for it. Thus it was that God dealt with the hermit of the vault of the Peschetti, who did not find death till he had sought it for twenty-and-three years. I doubt not that in all there is purpose; even as was shown in the manner wherein the hermit, being himself bound and tied to a miserable life, was an instrument in saving the life of Count Antonio.

### THE HUMOURS OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

WHEN a new member makes his first appearance in the House of Commons, he has to be escorted to the table to take the oath by two other members of Parliament. This is one of the immemorial usages of the House of Commons. It originated in a far remote past, when it was really necessary, in order to prevent personation, that two members of the House should identify the claimant of a seat after a by-election as the person named in the writ of the returning officer. The precaution has been unnecessary for many a year. But such is the reluctance of the House of Commons to part with any of its quaint and antique ceremonies, that it is still retained; and though a representative may come to the Bar of the House as

the unanimous choice of a constituency of ten thousand electors and produce his credentials, he will not be permitted to take his seat unless he can get two members to act as his sponsors.

Dr Kenealy, the famous counsel for 'The Claimant,' presented himself at the Bar unattended, after his election for Stoke-upon-Trent in February 1875. The Speaker informed him of the usage of the House; and as he could not get two members to accompany him to the table, he was obliged to leave. It was only by a special resolution of the House, moved by Mr Disraeli, its Leader at the time, that Dr Kenealy was allowed to take his seat without complying with the usual practice.

When men assemble together in social life, as in a theatre or at a meeting, the ordinary custom is to uncover while they are seated, and to don their hats as they enter or leave the place. In Parliamentary life that rule is reversed. Members can wear their hats only when they are seated on the benches. As they walk to their seats or rise to leave the Chamber, they must be uncovered.

This custom is the source of much confusion and embarrassment to new members. The House never fails to show its resentment of a breach of its etiquette, however slight. It will, without distinction of party, unanimously roar with indignation at a new member who, ignorant or unmindful of the Parliamentary custom, wears his hat as he walks down the floor of the Chamber. An amusing incident occurred in the early days of the first session of the present Parliament. An offending member, startled by the shout which greeted him as he was leaving the Chamber with his hat on his head instead of in his hand, paused in the middle of the floor and looked around with a mingled expression of fright and perplexity. 'Hat, hat!' shouted the House. This only embarrassed him the more. He felt his trousers pockets and his coat tails for the offending article of attire. He even looked at his feet to see if he were wearing it at that extremity of his person. It is impossible to conjecture what might have happened further, had not Dr Tanner walked up to the offending member, and, amid the loud laughter of the House, politely took off his hat and then handed it to him with a courtly bow.

The hat plays many important parts in Parliamentary customs. It also contributes occasionally to the gaiety of life in the House of Commons. No incident is greeted with more hearty laughter than the spectacle of a member, after a magnificent peroration, plumping down on his silk hat on the bench behind him. The bashful and awkward member generally figures in those accidents; but the misfortune has befallen even old and cool Parliamentary hands like Mr Chamberlain and Sir William Harcourt,

and has completely spoiled the effect of a few of their most eloquent speeches.

A few years ago Mr R. G. Webster, member for East St Pancras, sat down, after his maiden speech, on a new silk hat which he had provided in honour of the auspicious occasion; and as he was ruefully surveying his battered headgear, to the amusement of the unfeeling spectators, Mr Edward Harrington, an Irish representative, rose and gravely said: 'Mr Speaker, permit me to congratulate the honourable member on the happy circumstance that when he sat on his hat his head was not in it.' The strident call of 'Order, order!' from the Speaker was drowned in roars of laughter.

In probably every other legislative Chamber in the world each member has a special seat allotted to him. But though there are 670 members in the House of Commons, the Chamber, strangely enough, was built to accommodate only about half that number; and the only members who are certain of seats are Ministers and ex-Ministers, the occupants respectively of the Treasury bench and the first Opposition bench. The consequence is that on occasions of great interest there is always a scramble for places. A large crowd of members gathered at Westminster in the early morning of the evening on which Mr Gladstone introduced the Home Rule Bill of 1892; and when, after hours of waiting, the door giving immediate entrance to the Chamber was opened at seven A.M., so mad was the rush for seats that several members were crushed, knocked down, and trampled upon.

On such occasions, a member secures a seat for the evening by leaving his hat on it. But it must be his own workaday headgear. If he brings with him a second hat and leaves the precincts of the House wearing that hat, he forfeits all right to the seat. These two ancient but unwritten regulations have recently been the subjects of definite and specific rulings by the Speaker. After the split in the Irish party, and when the personal relations between the rival sections were very strained, one Irish member took possession of a seat on which another Irish member had placed his hat in the usual way. On the member aggrieved bringing the matter publicly under the notice of the House, the Speaker declared that he had an unquestionable right and title to the seat. Again, in connection with the fight for places on the occasion of the introduction of the Home Rule Bill in 1892, the House was informed that Dr Tanner brought with him a dozen soft hats to Westminster that morning, and with them secured twelve seats for colleagues who did not go down to the House till the ordinary hour of meeting in the afternoon; and again the Speaker ruled that the only hat which can secure a seat is the real *bonâ fide* headgear of the member and not any 'colourable substitute' for it. During the recent influenza epidemic the Speaker, in mercy for the hatless wanderers in lobbies, departed from the old usage so far as to recognise a card left on the bench as sufficing in place of the hat.

Members are not allowed to refer to each other by name in debate. The only member

who is properly addressed by name is the Chairman who presides over the deliberations of the House in Committee. On a member rising to speak in Committee he begins with, 'Mr Mellor,' and not with 'Mr Chairman,' as at public meetings. When the Speaker is in the Chair, the formula is, 'Mr Speaker, Sir.' In debate a member is distinguished by the office he holds, as 'The Right Honourable Gentleman the Chancellor of the Exchequer;' or, 'The Honourable Gentleman the Member for York.' Some make use of the terms, 'My Honourable Friend;' or, 'My Right Honourable Friend;' but the rule is in every case to use the word 'Honourable.'

This custom has sometimes led to odd results. During the last Parliament, two members were ignominiously expelled from the House after their conviction for gross immoral offences; and yet in the discussion that took place on each occasion the criminal was still punctiliously described as 'The Honourable Gentleman.' Again, lawyers are styled 'Honourable and Learned;' and officers of the army and the navy, 'Honourable and Gallant.' The late Mr W. H. Smith, who was not a lawyer, was once referred to in a speech as 'The Right Honourable and Learned Gentleman.' 'No, no,' exclaimed the simple old man, disclaiming the distinction amid the merriment of the House. 'I beg the Honourable gentleman's pardon; I am not Learned.'

It is a breach of order for a member to read a newspaper in the House. He may quote an extract from one in the course of a speech; but if he attempted to peruse it as he sat in his place, his ears would soon be assailed by a stern and reproving cry of 'Order, order!' from the Chair. Some members resort to the deception practised by the young lady who had *Vanity Fair* bound like a New Testament and was observed reading it during service in St Paul's Cathedral. The 'Orders of the Day' is a Parliamentary paper containing the programme of business, which is circulated amongst the members every morning. Into this programme members often slip a newspaper or periodical, and read it while the Speaker imagines they are industriously studying the clause of a Bill or its amendments.

The House of Lords is less strict, oddly enough, in little matters of this kind than the House of Commons. The Peers allow the attendants to pass up and down their Chamber delivering messages; and they have a reporter—the representative of the Parliamentary Debates—sitting with the clerks at the table. But in the House of Commons no one but a member is allowed to pass up and down the floor. An attendant, even when he has letters and telegrams to deliver, dare not pass beyond the imaginary line known as the Bar, just inside the main entrance to the Chamber. He gives the messages to some member sitting near the Bar, and they are passed on from hand to hand till they reach their owners.

Another curious and amusing custom is the performance known as 'Counting the House.' No business can be transacted unless a quorum of forty members is present. But, all the same, business proceeds even though only one or two

members are present; and the Speaker never notices the paucity of the attendance unless a member rises in his place and says, 'Mr Speaker, I beg to call your attention to the fact that there are not forty members present.' That being said, the Speaker must proceed to count the House. He does not, however, simply count the members who are present in the Chamber at the moment. He sets going the electric bells which ring in every room of the vast building a summons to members to return to the House. The members come rushing in from all quarters, and after the lapse of three minutes, the doors are locked. Then, and not till then, the Speaker, using his cocked hat (which, by the way, he never wears over his huge court wig) as a pointer, proceeds to count the number in the House. When he arrives at the fortieth member he cries out 'Forty' in a loud voice, resumes his seat, and business again proceeds from the point at which it was interrupted. But if there were not forty present, he would simply quit the Chair without a word, and the sitting would be over.

It is a favourite resort for a member who desires to secure an audience for a colleague to move 'a count.' The object, however, is not always attained, for members rush out again when the Speaker announces 'forty,' and leave the benches as deserted as before.

A few sessions ago, a London Radical member, who was to have resumed a debate after the Speaker returned from dinner, at 8.30 o'clock, found when the time arrived no one in the House but himself, the Speaker, and the clerks at the table. Not relishing the idea of having to talk to empty benches, he gravely called the attention of the Speaker to the obvious fact that there were not forty members present. The division bells rang out their summons as usual; but only thirty-six members responded to the call, with the result that the member, instead of obtaining an audience, had the sitting suspended and lost his chance of making a speech. A member is occasionally 'counted out' in that fashion by an opponent, who, after a survey of the precincts of the House, discovers there are not forty members in attendance; but this is the only instance on record of a member having 'counted out' the House to his own confusion.

The forms of the House throw difficulties in the way of a member who desires to relinquish his legislative functions. He cannot resign his seat theoretically. He must be either a bankrupt or a lunatic; be expelled, or accept an office of honour or profit under the Crown—such as the nominal stewardship of the Chiltern Hundreds—before he can quit the House of Commons. On the other hand, the forms of the House afford him few opportunities of exercising his legislative functions by initiating a little legislation on his own account. Every session at least three hundred Bills are introduced by 'private members,' as the unofficial members of the House are called. Not three per cent. of these Bills pass through all the stages necessary before they can be inserted on the Statute Book. The vast majority of them are killed by the curious system known as 'blocking.' The Government appropriates so

much of the time of the House to its own business, that Bills of private members can only come on for consideration at twelve o'clock at night, or at half-past five on Wednesday sittings. Now, as no opposed business can be taken after these hours, unless a Bill meets with universal favour it can make no progress. The opposition of a single member is sufficient to prevent any progress being made with a Bill. And if that opposition is exercised, the Bill is said to be 'blocked.'

Twelve o'clock at night arrives. Government business which occupied the attention of the House till that hour is then postponed; and the clerk goes through the remaining 'Orders of the Day,' in which as many as eighty of these Bills of private members often appear. The clerk reads out the first of the Bills—'The Chimney-sweepers Registration Bill.' The member who has introduced it says 'Now,' meaning that he desires the Bill to be proceeded with there and then. Immediately another member cries out, 'I object,' and—bang! goes the Bill into the waste-paper basket. The Bill has been 'blocked!' And so on through the entire list of Bills. The witching hour of night brings a terrible slaughtering of 'the innocents of legislation' in the House of Commons.

'Blocking' has degenerated into a system of reprisals. The Bills of Liberal members are blocked by Conservatives; and the Bills of Conservative members are blocked by Liberals. Frequently, the most pathetic appeals are made at this time of the sitting. 'Spare my little ewe lamb!' the author of the Bill cries out when he has heard the dreaded words 'I object' from the benches at the opposite side of the House; 'No, no!' comes the relentless response; 'my little duckling was killed by your colleagues. I must have my revenge.'

Of course, many of these Bills represent pernicious fads and hobbies of members, or quixotic attempts to make straight the crooked things of this world—Bills it would never do to pass into law. Some members get so passionately attached to a hobby that night after night, session after session, parliament after parliament, they will strive, in face of cruel disappointments, to get it inserted on the Statute Book. An old and eccentric member of the House, who died recently, vainly endeavoured during half a century of Parliamentary life to get passed into law a Bill for preventing persons from standing outside windows while cleaning them. During his last session, the poor old fellow complained to a colleague that his object in introducing the Bill had been quite misunderstood by the House for these fifty years. 'I introduced the Bill,' said he, 'not for the sake of the window-cleaners, but for the sake of the people below, on whom they might fall. The idea of the Bill was suggested to me by the fear that a window-cleaner might fall on myself.'

A member addressing the House stands uncovered; but not always. There is an occasion when it is positively out of order for a member to speak on his feet and with his hat off. He must speak in his seat with his hat on his head. When a debate has terminated, and the question which has been discussed is

put from the Chair, an interval of two minutes—during which the electric division bells ring out their summons all over the precincts of St Stephen's—is allowed to enable members to get to the Chamber. The time is taken by a sand-glass on the table, and when it has elapsed, the doors of the Chamber are locked. It is at this particular juncture that it is essential that a member who desires to address the Chair should retain his seat and wear his hat. If he were to follow the ordinary practice, and stand up uncovered, he would be roared and shouted at from all sides of the House for his breach of etiquette. Mr Gladstone had occasion a few years ago to address the Chair just as a division was about to be taken; and as he never brought his hat into the Chamber, he was obliged to put on the headgear of one of his lieutenants who sat on the bench beside him. Now, Mr Gladstone's head is of an abnormal size. He has to get his own hats made to order. It is improbable that the hat of any other member in the House would fit him; but the hat available on the occasion of which we write only just covered his crown, and members made the rafters ring with laughter at his comical efforts to balance it on his head for the few minutes he occupied in speaking from his seat on the front Opposition bench.

But there is nothing more amusing, perhaps, in all the quaint and curious 'customs' of the House of Commons, than the strange ceremony which marks the termination of its every sitting. The moment the House is adjourned, stentorian-voiced messengers and policemen cry out in the lobbies and corridors, 'Who goes home?' These mysterious words have sounded every night for centuries through the Palace of Westminster. The performance originated at a time when it was necessary for members to go home in parties for common protection against the footpads who infested the streets of London. But though that danger has long since passed away, the cry of 'Who goes home?' is still heard night after night, receiving no reply, and expecting none.

### THE ANGEL OF THE FOUR CORNERS.\*

#### IV.—FROM THE CLOISTER'S SHADE.

OUTSIDE, the trees were snapping in the frost, and now and again a dull boom told that the ice was cracking on the river. A night of deep wrenching frost, the snow three feet deep, the cold steely sky brooding above. Presently, as the two stood there, the bells of the parish church rang out. It was midnight—the morning of the New Year. There were voices, too, of men singing as they drove past the house, sleigh bells joining with the song and the church bells. They could not hear the words, but they knew the air, and they knew what the song was:

Three men went forth to woo a maid—  
Heigh-ho, those lovers three!—  
And the first one was a roving blade,  
And the second came from the cloister shade,  
And the third from the gallows-tree.  
C'est ça! Ho! ho! C'est ça!

Try as Camille would, the second verse of the song kept beating in his ears. It did not leave him all that night, and it followed him for many a day, with a kind of savage irony.

Three men knelt down with a lover's plea—  
Ho, ho, for such a maid!—  
And she chose not him of the gallows-tree,  
And the roving blade had an eye too free,  
But sweet is the tongue from the cloister's shade!  
C'est ça! Ho! ho! C'est ça!

The song died away, but the bells kept on ringing, and there came to them distantly laughing voices. There was a strange look in Camille's eyes and swimming in his face. He stood still, and did not offer to touch the girl, though he stood very near, and her hand rested so near his, she leaning against the bureau, as though to steady herself. But standing so, he spoke.

'Perhaps you will never understand,' he said, 'how it all was. No one can ever quite know. I was younger; they told me it was better for you—better for me, better for the Church, that we should part. I thought you would forget. I thought that perhaps I should never see you again. I used to pray for us both. I never heard from you or about you. But I could not forget. . . . This week it all came back to me—to shut myself out from you always—for ever—by the sacred office! I sat up in my bed choking—I could have shrieked. I could not rest till I had seen you again. I thought, perhaps she is married; perhaps she no longer cares; perhaps she—is dead. So I came here. Somehow, I seemed to break loose when I put off my student clothes, and you see me as I am to-night. You think I am wicked, that I am untrue to the Church and to you. Ah, Marie, you no longer care as you once did, and I—God help me!—I cannot go back now to the other. And I cannot live without you. I am punished—punished!' He dropped his head, and a sob caught him in the throat—he was so boyish, so honest. There was a silence.

'Camille!' The voice was low and sweet, and very near. It drew his head up like a call. Their eyes swam in one burning hungry look; then there was a little cry from her, and in an instant he was kissing away two tears that slowly gathered, and as slowly fell down her hot cheek. The woman had conquered at last—in spite of the 'great men of the kingdom!' For the man there was no going back now. He had cast the die for ever. But she did not know that, for she was a woman, and having conquered, having justified herself, she was ready for sacrifice. Now when the man had wiped out all his past to begin life with her, she was ready to immolate herself. She loved him so well that she thought only of his good.

'Camille,' she said, gently disengaging herself, 'I am paid for those three years! But now—now, it must go no farther. The others parted us before, and made you appear unmanly—'twas that which hurt me so. Now it is I that part us, dear. You must go back. You mustn't ruin your life. Think of it all—what would be against you. Go back. Be a priest; and I'—

\* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.



He was very pale and quiet. 'And you—what would you do?' he said.

'There is always the nunnery left,' she answered wearily yet bravely.

'You think that I ought to go?' he questioned.

'You wish me to go, Marie?'

'For your own good. Think of the trouble that would come unless. You will go, Camille?'

'Never—never! Remember how your brother blamed himself—and she was an actress, you said. To leave you now; how I would hate myself! . . . Never!' His voice was strong and decisive. There was no wavering. 'There are a hundred men—better men—to take my place—there, Marie; but is there any to take my place—here?' He ran his arm around her waist. 'There is no one!' he added.

'No one, Camille,' she said faintly.

The man had in a vague, yet direct way, too, realised that to save a bruised life at your feet is better than to go a-hunting for souls with the King's Men. He had wandered out to the Cross-Roads, and the Angel of the Four Corners had motioned him back to his own door. The woman had been willing to save the man, but her heart beat for joy that he did not go.

'Come what will, Marie,' he said fervently, clasping her hands and gathering her eyes to his, 'we must not part again.'

'You do not fear the Church?' she asked.

'I am a man!' he cried, drawing himself up proudly.

'Perhaps they will not'—She paused in a sweet confusion.

'Perhaps they will not—marry us?' he said, piecing out the sentence. His eyes flashed. 'How dare they not?' he added. 'I was not yet a priest.'

How strange that *was* sounded in her ears! Already they had begun a new life. And how proud she was of him—the rebel for her sake. She moved a hand over his shoulder. 'You must go to the curé,' she said—'to good Monsieur Fabre. He knows all. I confessed to him.'

He thought a moment. 'Yes, I will go,' he said—'I will go.'

'You must go at once—now,' she urged. Then she added hastily: 'We have been here too long—I forgot!'

With a laugh he picked up the overcoat which had dropped from her shoulders, and carefully wrapped it around her. He was big with energy, emotion, and courage. He was a rebel who doubted not of success.

A moment afterwards, they were about to issue into the other room.

'Wait,' she said discreetly. 'You can go out by another door leading from this room, and the curé lives just above on the top of the hill.'

She opened a creaking door. He shut it for an instant, clasped her to his breast, then opened the door again, drew his cap from his pocket, put it on, and was gone into the frosty night. She shut the door slowly, and went back to the dancing-room. It was nearly filled, and dancers were clamouring for the fiddler and Marie. As she entered the room, Alphonse strutted over to her.

'Been for a walk with the fiddler in my coat?' he said in a rough way.

'Here is your coat, and thank you, Alphonse,' she said quietly and reprovingly.

He flung it over his shoulder. 'Lucky that the fiddler wasn't wearing it, or I'd never seen it again. Perhaps he was running off with it, and you stopped him,' he added.

She turned on him with a still cold face, her eyes all fire. 'Behind his back, Alphonse—it's so easy.'

'I'll say it to his face. He's only a tramp, anyway.'

'You'll find him at the curé's,' she coldly added, turning away to Medallion.

Anxiety showed in Medallion's eyes. 'What has happened?' he said.

She hesitated.

'I wish you would tell me,' he added. 'It's better that a girl should not go through some things alone.'

Their eyes met. The love that he had once borne her mother gave now a kind of fatherliness to his look. Vaguely she felt it, and, with her fresh frank nature, responded at once. 'You remember the story I told after the Dance of the Little Wolf?' she asked.

He nodded. 'Yes, yes.'

'Well, that was all true. He—Camille—was studying for a priest; it could not be, and we parted. He has come back; that's all.'

'What has he come back for?' Medallion gravely asked.

A kind of triumph showed in her eyes. 'What do you think?' she said.

'Is he a priest now?'

'No.'

'He is giving it all up for you, Marie?'

'For me,' she said, with a flash of her brown eyes.

Medallion's hand closed on hers warmly, strongly. 'Faith, then, he's a man!' he said; and, in truth, you're worth it, and a hundred such men!'

'Oh, you don't know—you don't know how good and brave he is,' she rejoined.

Medallion smiled quizzically. 'Ah, I know men, and I know no man, my dear, that's as good as a good woman!—and you're of the best.—Where has he gone?'

Again a smile crossed her face. To a woman there come but few moments of triumph, only a few great scenes in her life. She could not resist the joy of saying with a little dash of vanity: 'He has gone to the curé.'

Medallion gave a noiseless whistle. Frankly and promptly he said: 'Well, a happy New Year to you both, my girl! It's just now five minutes inside the New Year.'

Meanwhile, Alphonse had hurried from the room and was hard on the trail of Camille. He could see the tall figure striding on in the moonlight. Even in the vague glimmer he could see a swinging pride in the bearing of the stalwart youth. When he left the house he had no definite purpose in his mind. Now he had a kind of devilry which gets into the blood of men when a woman stands between them. In the river-driver's veins there beat the shameless agony of Cain. He broke into a run. Before Camille had half climbed the

hill to the curé's house, he was panting hard after. A cry broke from him before he reached Camille, the snarl of a man in whom there are working envy and hate.

Camille heard, and turned. He recognised Alphonse.

'What you go to the curé's for?' asked Alphonse roughly.

Camille shrugged his shoulders. 'What's that to you, my man?' he said.

Alphonse ripped out an oath. 'What you put on airs with me for! "*My man! My man!*" Take that back, you tramp.'

Perhaps it was a long training in the cloister, perhaps it was a superior nature, but Camille responded calmly: 'Yes, I will take it back, if you like, but you must not call me a tramp.'

You cannot exorcise a devil in a moment. The game had gone too far. War was in Alphonse's heart. 'I want to know what for you go to the curé? For the banns?' he sneered.

But there was also in Camille's face the freedom of his new life. 'Perhaps,' he answered meaningly.

'Then you fight me first!' shouted Alphonse, and blocked the way.

An instant after he struck out. It was not altogether an unequal battle, for although Alphonse was powerful and hardened by a laborious life, Camille was well knit, supple, and had, unlike most of his comrades in college, been constant in athletic exercises. Alphonse discovered this. By a sudden trick, Camille, who was being pressed and punished hard, suddenly brought his assailant to the ground, just as a figure appeared on the hill above them—the curé, on his way to visit a sick parishioner.

The curé called out apprehensively. At that instant, with a helpless moan, Camille rolled off Alphonse, and blood gushed from his neck. Alphonse sprang up and disappeared in the woods. A moment later the curé knelt beside the youth, stanching the blood from the wound. Sleigh bells sounded near. He raised his head, and called loudly. Camille was unconscious. The curé lifted him up, and felt his heart to see if there was life.

A few moments afterwards, Camille lay in the curé's little room, conscious now, and able to tell, little by little, his story—why he had come to the parish, and why he was seeking the curé. But he did not tell then, and he never told, whose knife it was that left a scar upon his neck. People guessed, for Alphonse never came back to the parish, but guessing does not put a man in prison.

The curé was a wise man. There was but one way now, and he was sorry that that way had not been entered on three years before; for the lives of these two young people had been on the road to misery ever since. In any case, after this affair with Alphonse, the Church was impossible to Camille. The best words that Camille had heard in his life came now from the curé, who, after walking up and down the room thoughtfully for a time, said: 'My son, I will send for Marie.'

Marie, Medallion, and the curé saw the first

sunrise of the New Year from beside the saved and sleeping Camille.

The Church had one priest the less, but two human souls were travelling to that good tavern which men call Home.

#### LEMONS AT MASSA-LUBRENSE.

WHO has not read descriptions of Sorrento, the fairest gem in Southern Italy, and its orange groves? In April and May the air is heavy with the scent of orange blossom; and the trees, which are still laden with the golden fruit of the last year's crop, are covered at the same time with the white flowers which promise a rich harvest. Underneath the trees are carpets of the fallen blossom, which, as it is trodden under foot, sends forth a scent oppressive in its fragrance. The sun does not strike on the roots of the trees, for they stand so close together as to form an impenetrable shade. Only the common spring violet can flourish in the gloom of an orange grove.

As the carriage winds its way up the road which leads from Sorrento to Massa-Lubrense, the orange gardens disappear, and give way to groves of lemons. As one sees the pale yellow fruit through its shining dark-green leaves, it appears as if the beauty of the lemon-tree surpasses that of the orange. The former is the most delicate of the two, and requires a dry and warm climate. The damp, soft air of Sorrento is perfect for the cultivation of the orange; but Massa-Lubrense, which is dry and more sheltered, is given up to the produce of lemons, which yield an enormous percentage to the fortunate possessors of land that can be used for that purpose. Orange-trees are here and there mingled with the lemons, just as lemon-trees will be seen in the midst of the orange groves of Sorrento, though in neither case are they the chief produce of the place.

Massa-Lubrense is largely indebted for its salubrious air to its lemon plantations. Three years must pass before a newly planted lemon-tree begins to bear fruit; and in order to bring it to perfection, it must be freely watered. A hollow is dug round the base of the tree to receive the water as in a basin, so that it may slowly penetrate to the roots. Poles are planted at intervals in the ground, somewhat higher than the trees, and smaller poles or canes are placed crossways above them, which are covered with matting when the winter approaches. It is not removed till the spring is well advanced, for lemon-trees must be most carefully sheltered from wind or frost. The fruit is gathered chiefly during the summer months, especially in May, July, and September, though there are lemons on the trees all the year round.

Much depends on the situation in which they are placed as regards the time of ripening. The fruit on the upper branches is the first to ripen, because it is more exposed to the sun. Men are employed to gather it; and young girls place the lemons carefully in the baskets waiting to receive them. Those that fall on the ground are not fit for exportation, but are sold in the Naples market. The stems which remain attached to the fruit are carefully cut

off with scissors. Those which have been omitted from the baskets on the ground in heaps must be counted in the presence of the proprietor, or some trustworthy person whom he has deputed to replace him. Women are employed for counting, and with the greatest dexterity they snatch up three lemons in their right hand, and two in their left, and in a sing-song tone chant out 'E uno, e due,' and so on, till they are all counted. The overseer who jots down the numbers knows that every number called represents five lemons.

Now the process of packing begins. Girls from ten to twenty years of age wrap each one carefully in tissue-paper, while older women place them in the boxes ready to receive them. Great care must be taken by the girls deputed to hand the lemons to the packers to choose those of equal size. The women by long practice can tell at a glance the size of the lemons required for the different cases. Each layer must fill the empty space without pressing the fruit too close together. The cases are of different sizes, containing from one hundred to five hundred lemons. The wood used for these boxes is sent to Massa-Lubrense from America, and also from Trieste. The wood, which must be pliable, so as to yield to the pressure of the lemons, is not to be obtained in Italy. A carpenter who is employed by the day assists at the process of packing, not only to make the cases as they are wanted, but also to nail the cover on each box as it is filled. A thin strip of the same wood is used as a band to bind round the finished cases.

The greater number of lemons, as well as the finest and choicest, are exported to America; and those of an inferior quality are sent to England. Steamers come expressly from America to Sorrento to export them. During the summer months, a steamer is always at anchor in the Bay of Sorrento waiting for its cargo. Large fishing-boats convey the ready packed cases from Massa-Lubrense to Sorrento. The girls who are employed in wrapping up the fruit carry the boxes down to the shore on their heads at a steady run. The impetus is often so great, owing to the heavy weight they carry, that they are obliged to shout to the passers-by to move out of their way, as they cannot easily swerve aside or draw up suddenly. Some of these girls go from the village, which is on a height, to the shore, three or four times in the course of a morning; but those less strong cannot manage it more than twice. Some of the boxes weigh as much as a hundred and fifty or two hundred English pounds, and such great weights strain the backs of those who carry them considerably. Nevertheless, they seldom lay down their burden to rest unless it be unusually heavy. Their wages are one franc a day; but the women who fill the boxes are paid two francs, as the work requires the greatest dexterity. The largest proprietor of lemon groves in the place employs these women and girls all the year round, and for that reason gives them even lower wages.

Most of the proprietors are unfortunately hard, grasping men, who take advantage of the necessity of those they employ. Some of the richest of these were originally peasants, and

they only care to hoard and accumulate money. A man with over three thousand a year will spend less than three hundred, and so his fortune rapidly increases. Few of them sell their products themselves to the American markets; but the lemons are bought up in large quantities by speculators who have direct dealings with America. Each day they receive telegrams giving them information as to the state of prices, which vary considerably, and a proprietor often feels that he has been taken in, when, after selling his lemons at an apparently good price, he finds that the buyer had secret information by which his profits had been trebled. The current price during the summer of 1894 was between forty and fifty francs a thousand, though the price in America is much higher. This price is lower than the average; but the great abundance of lemons last year has more than made up to the sellers for what they have lost on the price.

The smallest lemon-tree is calculated to yield twenty francs a year clear profit. Many of the proprietors make fifteen or sixteen per cent. on their produce. The population of Massa-Lubrense from the richest landowner to the poorest peasant may be said to live by the lemon plantations. Some parents who are unusually careful of their daughters, object to their working with a large number of companions who may draw them into evil ways; but the employers as a rule are particular as regards the conduct of the women and girls who work for them.

When evening approaches, they say the rosary together and sing hymns while they continue their work; and who can doubt their being unconsciously influenced by the beauty that surrounds them, as the gorgeous colours of sea and sky form a fitting framework to the fair landscape, with its olive yards and lemon groves interspersed by vineyards?

## MY MYSTERIOUS CLIENT.

### IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

I STARTED to practise as a solicitor without a shred of influence or connection. I simply hired a couple of third-floor-back rooms in a gloomy city building, exhibited my name on an imposing brass plate at the entrance door, engaged a diminutive lad for a clerk, and waited for clients. Needless to say that I found it weary and uphill work for several years; and I used to employ my abundant leisure time in writing short stories for the magazines. I mention this fact merely because I remember very well that I happened to be thus occupied one momentous afternoon when my clerk entered the room and said that a gentleman wished to see me.

'What name?' I inquired, shuffling away my writing, and producing a bundle of legal documents which I kept handy for the purpose.

'Please, sir, he says you wouldn't know him,' replied the lad, lowering his voice.

'Has he come on business, do you think?' I whispered anxiously.

'I think he is all right, sir,' replied the boy, who took quite a filial interest in my affairs,

and was always immensely excited when a client appeared upon the scene.

'Show him in,' I said, bending over the papers with an air of absorption.

'Morning, sir,' said a hearty voice the next moment. 'Mr Carruthers, I presume?'

I looked up, and beheld a burly figure in a tweed suit blocking up the doorway, and completely eclipsing my small clerk, who hovered in the background. My visitor looked like a well-to-do farmer, with a round red weather-tanned face, reddish hair and whiskers, and a pair of very light steel-blue eyes. I judged him to be about forty years of age, and as he entered, he extended towards me in cordial greeting a hand of the dimensions of a leg of mutton.

'Hope I see you well, sir?' he exclaimed, as he nearly shook my hand off.

'Thank you, yes,' I replied with professional curttness.

'That's all right; that's capital,' he cried absently, while he cast a quick keen glance round the room. 'You are Mr Carruthers the lawyer, I suppose?'

'A solicitor,' I said gravely.

'Yes. Duly qualified and all the rest of it,' he observed, placing his hat carefully on the floor beside his chair.

'Of course,' I replied. 'And what is your name? My clerk said you would not give it.'

'You're welcome to it. It was no good sending it in to you, because you wouldn't have recognised it. I'm a stranger, I am, only landed two days ago from South Africa. James Dreaver, of Durban, is my name. I've been more than twenty years over there,' he explained, jerking his thumb vaguely over his shoulder.

'Farming?' I inquired.

'Mostly, but other things as well. I've come home for a bit of a spree, and to see some o' the old folk, if there's any left. Suffolk is my county,' he added.

After some inquiry as to his credentials, he alleged that my name had been mentioned to him while coming up in the train from Plymouth.

I was not yet by any means convinced that my new client was speaking the truth, yet I felt tolerably satisfied of his respectability from his manner and appearance, and my circumstances were not so prosperous as to induce me to stand on ceremony. I was curious, also, to learn what his business was, and I therefore magnanimously waived the point of etiquette and said: 'Well, what can I do for you?'

Mr Dreaver seemed relieved at my condescension, and he at once assumed a confidential tone, and began to give me some details of his family history. It appeared that he wished to purchase the freehold of the farm which a widowed sister occupied in Suffolk; to seek out a brother, and, if necessary, to establish him in business; in fact, he was full of benevolent schemes for the benefit of his relations. His communications were interesting to me because they revealed a prospect of lucrative business. The only drawback was that at the moment he apparently had no definite instructions to give me; everything depended upon

the result of the journeys and inquiries he was about to make.

'Then I shall hear from you after your return from the country,' I said, feeling a little disappointed. 'When do you start?'

'At once,' he replied. 'I expect to be back in about a fortnight.—Meanwhile,' he added, suddenly producing a rather bulky packet, done up in brown paper, from a capacious side-pocket, 'I'll leave this in your charge, Mr Carruthers, till I come back.'

'What is it?' I inquired, as he placed the packet on the desk.

'A few odds and ends that I don't care to carry about with me,' he replied carelessly. 'Some family papers, and a few loose stones.'

'Valuables?' I exclaimed, weighing the packet in my hand. 'It is very heavy.'

'I'm my own banker,' he said with a wink.

'There's odds and ends there of various kinds. More than I care to risk losing, anyway: you mustn't be afraid of my forgetting to claim 'em,' he added with a laugh.

'Isn't it rather confiding of you to offer to leave them with a stranger, Mr Dreaver? After all, I am a stranger to you; and for aught you know, I may be dishonest,' I said jokingly.

My new client looked at me gravely for a moment, as though my remark startled him.

'Of course the packet will be all right here,' I added, rather amused at his anxious expression.

'You are Mr Carruthers the solicitor, are you not?' he said thoughtfully.

'Certainly.'

'Well, your friend who sent me here said you was to be trusted. Besides, I can tell an honest man when I see one,' he said, slapping his knee emphatically.

I was conscious of blushing at this eulogistic remark, and with some embarrassment I changed the conversation. 'You had better leave me your address,' I said.

'I have none,' he answered, rising from his seat. 'I leave town to-night for Suffolk; but I shan't stay there. I don't know where I may go afterwards. Better leave it that I'll write.'

'Very well, you know where to find me, at all events,' I replied.

'That will be all right, Mr Carruthers,' he said as he grasped my hand. 'You stick to the packet till you hear of me again. Before I return to the Cape, there will be several matters of business I shall want you to transact for me.'

With this satisfactory assurance, my new client shook me warmly by the hand and departed. After he had left, I began to wish I had questioned him more closely. It seemed extraordinary that he should have left a parcel of valuables in my charge on so slight acquaintance. In those days, I was apt to get a little flustered and nervous at a first interview with a new client, and the suddenness of Mr Dreaver's visit had rather overwhelmed me. However, I consoled myself with the reflection that no harm had been done, and if he had behaved rashly, it was his own affair, and not mine. My solitary safe being a small one, I decided to deposit the parcel at my banker's; and this I accordingly did, little anticipating the embarrassment which the precaution subsequently caused me.

For some weeks afterwards I was in a mild flutter of excitement in anticipation of a further visit from my new client. But he neither called nor made any sign; and just about that time I had a small stroke of luck in the shape of a quasi-public appointment, which came as a veritable godsend. My new duties and the sudden accession of work, both direct and indirect, that they entailed, completely took the edge off the keenness of my curiosity about Mr Dreaver, and, in fact, I ceased to think about him. Thus it came about that though month succeeded month without bringing any news of him, I was barely conscious of the circumstance, until one day, during a period of slackness, I referred back to my previous diary, and was astonished to find that more than a year had elapsed since Mr Dreaver's unexpected call.

I was rather startled at the discovery, and was inclined to blame myself for my supineness. Considering that Mr Dreaver was a stranger from a far-off land, it seemed heartless of me to have allowed so long a time to elapse without troubling to make inquiries. He might have been robbed and murdered; or he might have died and been buried in a pauper's grave for lack of identification; or he might, by some mental aberration, have forgotten that he had deposited a parcel with me. I did not exactly know what I could do, however, for I had no clew to his whereabouts, and he had not told me the name of his Suffolk relatives. But I felt that I must take some step or other to relieve my mind, and after some deliberation, I drew up the following brief notice: 'Mr James Dreaver, of Durban, is requested to communicate, by letter or otherwise, with Mr Martin Carruthers, Solicitor, 92 Bucklersbury, E.C.' I caused this to be inserted in three of the principal London dailies, but still my mysterious client made no sign. I then resolved to communicate with the police; but it occurred to me that, first of all, I had better examine the contents of the parcel. I was beginning to suspect that I had been the victim of a senseless practical joke, concocted by some facetious friend, and that the 'loose stones' contained in the parcel might be specimens of the common or garden pebble. I therefore walked across to my bank one afternoon, and, producing the receipt, demanded the parcel which I had deposited more than a twelvemonth ago.

I could see by the expression of the clerk's face when he heard my request that something was wrong. He carried the receipt into the manager's room, and after a brief absence, he invited me to follow him there. The manager, a courteous old gentleman with a bald head and spectacles, looked manifestly ill at ease, and was twisting the receipt about nervously between his fingers. 'Mr Carruthers, I am extremely sorry to inform you,' he said, motioning me to a chair, 'that the packet referred to in this receipt cannot be found.'

'You mean that it has been stolen!' I exclaimed, starting.

'Hardly possible, especially as nothing else is missing,' said the manager. 'I should explain, Mr Carruthers, that we discovered your parcel had—ahem!—disappeared about a week ago

while checking our muniment schedule. But as everything else was there, we hoped—as I still believe—that the parcel will turn up, and therefore I delayed telling you till a complete and thorough search was made.'

'And have you searched?' I inquired.

'Every hole and corner of the strong-room has been overhauled. I am completely at a loss, and, of course, it is impossible to conceal the truth from you any longer: you hold our receipt; but'—said the manager, shrugging his shoulders as he threw the document on the table—'we cannot give you the parcel because, apparently, we haven't got it.'

Here was a dilemma, rendered all the worse as the bank disclaimed legal responsibility.

I need not detail our further conversation, because, practically, it amounted to nothing. The bank's apologies did not console me in the least, nor was it any satisfaction to reflect that personally I was blameless. The awkward fact remained that Mr Dreaver's parcel had disappeared, and though I was not legally responsible to him any more than the bank was responsible to me, still it would not be an agreeable task to face my client with the news. It seemed to me that it had been much easier and simpler for the bank manager to inform me of the loss, than it would be for me to make the disclosure to the person chiefly interested.

However, as a week or more had elapsed since my advertisement appeared in the newspapers, I was sanguine enough to hope that I should hear nothing further from Mr Dreaver; and under the altered circumstances of the case, it seemed quite providential that he should have so completely and mysteriously disappeared. Wherever he was, I ardently prayed that he might remain there, and be spared the cruel disappointment which awaited him if he ever called upon me again.

For some few weeks after this, a knock at the outer door of my office caused me unnecessary trepidation; but my client maintained his impenetrable seclusion and reserve, and the only alarm I suffered resulted in the very happiest conclusion.

One afternoon, on returning from my mid-day refection, I found a young lady waiting to see me in the clerks' office. I saw at a glance that she was refined, ladylike, and pretty, and being a very susceptible bachelor, I invited her into my private room without asking her name.

'An advertisement appeared in the *Times* a few weeks ago under your name,' began my fair visitor nervously, as I begged her to be seated. 'I have the cutting here.'

My heart misgave me as I recognised, in the slip of paper which the young lady laid upon the desk, my unfortunate notice addressed to Mr James Dreaver.

'Yes,' I replied, turning hot and cold by turns; 'Mr James Dreaver is a client of mine.'

'He was my father,' the girl exclaimed eagerly.

'Was! Is he dead, then?' I exclaimed with a start.

'Yes; he died more than a year ago at the Cape,' was the reply.

'I think there must be some mistake,' I said slowly, as I looked at her. 'May I inquire your age?'

'I am nearly twenty-two,' she answered with a blush.

'You say your father died at the Cape. The Mr Dreaver who is my client was in England about the time you mention.'

'Oh! it cannot be the same, then,' exclaimed the young lady, with an air of deep disappointment. 'Poor papa never returned to England. He died at Port Elizabeth.'

'My client came from Durban,' I said.

'I noticed that; but I thought it was a mistake. However, there is evidently another Mr Dreaver. I am sorry to have occupied your time,' said the young lady, rising with great confusion. 'The fact is that when poor papa died, his affairs were in great disorder. I thought that perhaps'—

'Pray, don't apologise,' I interrupted eagerly. 'I am not the least surprised at your curiosity having been aroused by the advertisement. But my client is clearly not your father.'

I was inclined to enlarge upon the subject, for it seemed to give me an excuse to gaze upon the fair face before me. It was quite impossible that the young lady could be any relation to my mysterious client. She clearly belonged to a higher social status, and, apart from the fact that my client was hardly old enough to have been the girl's father, there was not the faintest resemblance between her sweet, refined, delicate features, violet eyes, and pretty golden hair, and my client's coarse rubicund countenance. Though relieved, for obvious reasons, that the young lady had no claim to the contents of the parcel, I was disappointed, on the other hand, that our acquaintance should be of this transitory nature. However, vain regrets were useless, and almost before I had realised her presence, Miss Dreaver had disappeared from my office like a beautiful vision.

It is at this point that my commonplace story becomes tinged with an element of romance, which, as it only has a remote connection with the main subject, must be related briefly. In a word, then, it came about that my casual introduction to Miss Dreaver, in the manner above described, led to her becoming my wife. We met again, months afterwards, in a perfectly fortuitous manner, at the house of a mutual friend down at Molesey, where I had taken rooms for the summer. I heard Ada Dreaver's sad little history before her name was mentioned; how she had been brought up as the motherless daughter of a rich man; how her father, having, after his retirement, sustained heavy losses, had been obliged to break up his establishment and resume his former business at the Cape; how he had left his darling child in charge of friends in England, being uncertain of the duration of his stay abroad; and how he had died suddenly, overstrained by a series of misfortunes, a broken and ruined man. His daughter, thrown upon the world with nothing but her accomplishments, which were happily considerable, had been compelled to take a situation as governess in the family of a friend; and it was

at this point of the recital, when my hostess was warmly eulogising the young lady's courage and fortitude, that Miss Dreaver entered the room. We recognised one another at once; and not to weary the reader with the prosaic details of a happy courtship, our little romance ended within a very short time in bridesmaids, orange blossom, and an unpretentious wedding.

After my marriage, during which an interval of more than ten years elapsed without bringing any tidings of my mysterious client, I prospered in my profession, but without attaining to any degree of affluence. When a young man has a family of six children, and is practically dependent on his professional earnings, he must be content to remain poor and struggling, and should esteem himself fortunate, in these days of severe competition, if he can contrive to keep out of debt and live like his neighbours. This was my own case, for my private means were very small, and my dear wife, though she brought me the untold wealth of unclouded domestic happiness, was a dowerless bride. But though forced to live in a very modest style, and to do without many little comforts and luxuries to which we had both been accustomed in our earlier days, we were happy in one another and in our children, and looked forward to what the future might have in store for us without the slightest uneasiness.

## TWO SPRINGS.

THE wood-birds tell me that the Spring is here,  
And in the garden all the almond trees  
Flutter pink ensigns to the wooing breeze,  
Forgetful of the winter past and drear.

The violets blossom that we set last year—  
I wonder do you mind the spot we chose,  
We two together, by the guelder rose?  
Ah me, those days, those sweet Spring days that  
were!

And in our wood to-day I found a patch  
Of yellow primrose blossoms quaintly fair;  
There was such scent of sweetness in the air,  
Their own faint perfume I could scarcely catch.

Above me, as I linger here, the sky  
Smiles clearly blue through branches sunlight-kissed,  
Just as it did last year before I missed  
Your presence, and found Spring had passed me by.

But there is something now of Autumn's grief  
In all this golden sunshine; and the Spring,  
Amid the glories of her blossoming,  
Forecasts the shadow of a falling leaf.

For ah! the blossoms of that last sweet Spring—  
Our Spring, Beloved—whither are they flown?  
The grass upon a grave I know is grown,  
And there is nothing left worth cherishing.

LYDIA M. WOOD.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,  
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 587.—VOL. XII.

SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1895.

PRICE 1½d.

## ON BOOKS PUBLISHED BY SUBSCRIPTION.

IF our literature could be classified according to publishers and modes of publication, the section devoted to books published by subscription, or privately printed—not always the same thing, however—would be found not only to be of very considerable extent, but to include not a few of the most noteworthy works, or editions of works, in the language. In nearly all such books a list of the subscribers is given; and in the case of many works published in the last century and earlier, a survey of the names in these lists is now of considerable interest. Subscribers were at first gratefully called 'Benefactors.' In one of the earliest books printed by subscription, Blome's *Britannia*, published in 1673, there is a 'List of Benefactors of this Work.'

The first folio and illustrated edition of Milton's *Paradise Lost* was issued to subscribers in 1688, by the well-known bookseller, Jacob Tonson. The list of 'The Names of the Nobility and Gentry that encourag'd by subscription the printing this Edition of Milton's *Paradise Lost*' appears at the end of the volume, and fills six pages. It contains more than five hundred names, among which it is interesting to note those of many of the poets of the time, including Waller, Dryden, Southerne, and others. The names of one or two famous actors, such as Betterton, are also noteworthy; but it is a curious proof of the strength of the feeling which still existed against Milton, on account of his political opinions, that very few of the English clergy appear in the list. At that date there were many people living who had been through the troublous times of the Civil War, and to them its asperities and bitternesses were still a recent memory. To very many Englishmen in 1688, the name of Milton was better known as the Latin Secretary to Cromwell's government, as the defender of the king's

execution, and strenuous advocate of Republican institutions, than as the author of the epic destined to rank first in its class in our literature. Even a hundred years later, so clear-headed a critic as Dr Johnson was unable to view Milton except through the mist of political prejudice; but time smooths all asperities, and no lover of poetry nowadays, whatever his prepossessions for or against Republicanism may be, regards the author of *Paradise Lost* or his poetry through political spectacles.

It is not often that a list of names is so historically eloquent by its omissions as this list of patrons of the illustrated Milton of 1688; but another case may be mentioned where the roll of subscribers is significant, on account of the names which it includes. The *Careful and Strict Enquiry into the Modern prevailing Notions of Freedom of Will*, by the famous theologian of New England, Jonathan Edwards, was published in 1754 at Boston, Massachusetts, and includes a list of subscribers with their addresses. A love of metaphysics has always been a well-recognised characteristic of Scotsmen, and it is a remarkable proof of the strength of this predilection, that, notwithstanding the difficulties and comparative infrequency of communication in those days between New England and the mother-country, a very considerable proportion of the subscribers, as shown by the addresses given, were Scotsmen in Scotland.

There is one class of books in connection with which publication on the subscription system was formerly found to be highly successful; that is, the translation of the greater classics—Virgil's *Æneid* and Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey*—by poets of established reputation. Dryden led the way with his version of the *Æneid*. The work occupied three years, and was published in 1697. The terms of subscription were on a sufficiently lordly scale, and are worth stating. Subscribers were of two classes. The first, to the number of one hundred and two, were to pay five guineas each—three on registering the name, and the remaining two



on publication; and as a special reward for their enterprise, each of these amateurs was to be honoured by having his coat of arms printed at the foot of one of the hundred and two engravings with which the book was to be illustrated. The second class of subscribers was to include those who paid two guineas each, and had their names duly registered in the list published with the book, but who had no title to the advertisement of their arms.

The hundred and two subscribers at five guineas were duly obtained, and two hundred and fifty paid two guineas. Dryden received some part of the subscription money, and in addition received certain stated payments from the publisher, Tonson, as the translation advanced. Altogether, the poet is said to have cleared over a thousand pounds by the undertaking; but this was not achieved without much bickering and verbal sparring with Mr Tonson. The correspondence between Dryden and his publisher during the progress of the work is decidedly amusing. The poet more than once accuses Tonson of paying him in clipped money—a feat easily accomplished in those days of a degraded coinage—and, worse still, in counterfeit coin. 'You know money is now very scrupulously received,' he writes; 'in the last which you did me the favour to change for my wife, besides the clipped money, there were at least forty shillings brass.' At another time Dryden amiably writes, in the spirit of the famous remark, 'Now Barabbas was a publisher'—'Upon trial, I find all of your trade are sharpeners, and you not more than others; therefore, I have not wholly left you.' Tonson must have been decidedly aggravating, particularly so when he had the face of Æneas, in the engravings prepared for the book, altered and provided with a hooked nose, so as to resemble that of King William III., with the view of getting the poet to dedicate his work to that monarch, whom the ex-laureate abhorred; but on the whole the publisher was rather hardly dealt with by Dryden. On one occasion during the progress of the book, when the ill-feeling between the two was unusually acute, the poet sent Tonson the following lines, descriptive of his personal appearance, with the polite message, 'Tell the dog that he who wrote these can write more:

With leering looks, bull-faced, and freckled fair,  
With two left legs, and Judas-coloured hair,  
And frowzy pores that taint the ambient air.'

Dryden's successor, Pope, also essayed the subscription system, and with even greater success than the translator of the *Æneid*. Proposals for the publication by subscription of a translation of Homer's *Iliad*, by the author of *The Rape of the Lock*, were issued in 1713. The work was to fill six quarto volumes, and the price was fixed at six guineas—a very high charge, considering the then value of money; but the proposals were very favourably received, and the success of the undertaking was soon assured. Swift exerted himself greatly on behalf of his friend, and the result was seen in a list which for length and distinction of names surpassed any previous attempt of the kind. The translation was no light undertaking. The immensity of the task at first ap-

palled the poet; it haunted his dreams, and he used to say that at the beginning he wished a hundred times that anybody would hang him. However, he soon fell into a methodical way of regularly translating so many verses each day, and the work made rapid progress. The first four books of the translation were issued to subscribers in 1715, and the whole work was completed within the ensuing five years. Pope netted by this venture a sum exceeding five thousand pounds—a scale of remuneration never previously approached by any poet or prose-writer; and another three or four thousand pounds was secured by the translation of the *Odyssey*, which in due course followed the *Iliad*. From a commercial point of view, the success of the work was splendid; but, doubtless, Lord Oxford was right when he told the poet that 'so good a writer ought not to be a translator.' Pope himself said that he would certainly have written an epic poem if he had not been engaged so long on Homer.

Another well-known version of the Homeric poems, that by Cowper, was also published by subscription; but the profits of the undertaking did not approach those made by Pope. Cowper was paid a thousand pounds for his work, and certainly earned his remuneration; but his translation, although it is nearer to the original than that of Pope, is now little read.

Publication by subscription of a complete or special edition of an author's works was sometimes resorted to as a method of refilling the said author's depleted purse. In 1720 Gay published by subscription a handsome edition of his *Poems* in two quarto volumes, and realised thereby about one thousand pounds; but, tempted by the mania for speculation which then prevailed, he sank his money in South Sea stock. His modest thousand soon swelled to twenty thousand pounds, and friends advised him to sell out and secure his fortune, or at least to sell as much as would bring him in an annuity of a hundred a year—'which,' said one of his advisers, Elijah Fenton, 'will make you sure of a clean shirt and a shoulder of mutton every day.' But Gay was not to be persuaded; tempted by golden dreams, he held his stock until the crash came and he lost every penny. Later, he again found the subscription system profitable; for when the performance of his *Polly*, the sequel to the *Beggar's Opera*, was prohibited by the Lord Chamberlain, he issued it to subscribers, and netted about four times the amount he would have received from the theatre.

Tonson, the bookseller, published an illustrated folio edition of Prior's *Poems* by subscription in 1718. The list of subscribers fills more than twenty pages, and contains many famous names—Swift, Gay, Steele, Vanbrugh, and many others. Another subscription book of this period led to a curious proceeding. Rowe, the poet and dramatist, died in 1718, and in the following year his translation of Lucan's *Pharsalia* was published in Dublin by subscription. The list numbers about four hundred names, including that of the Archbishop (King) of Dublin; but the most reverend prelate declared that he had not subscribed, and the unlucky printer and publisher were solemnly haled before the Irish House of Lords for having presumed to print

His Grace's name without his leave; and also, as is duly recorded, 'for their presuming to add the stile of *Reverend* [*sic*] to the presbyterian Teachers Names in the said List of subscribers, putting them upon a Level with the Clergy of the Establish'd Church, for both which Crimes they received a Reprimand.' The length of the subscription list was probably sufficient consolation for the committers of these remarkable 'crimes.'

In the case of many eighteenth-century subscription books, however, neither the length of the list of subscribers, nor the importance of the names contained therein, is any guide to the value of the book itself. It is more often simply a testimony to the unwearied efforts and importunities of the friends of the author. Some books now hardly known at all have lists of names which would do honour to the most important of literary enterprises. One sufficiently curious entry occurs in the list of subscribers to Bishop Keith's *History of the Affairs of Church and State in Scotland*, written of course from a strongly Episcopalian point of view, and published in folio at Edinburgh in 1734. The entry is that of no less eminent a person than 'Robert Macgregor *alias* Rob Roy.' Rob Roy died peacefully at Balquhider in that same year. We are not informed whether his copy of the work reached him, nor whether any difficulty arose about collecting the payment.

It is hardly necessary to say anything of publication by subscription as practised at the present time. The system is now usually confined either to books of merely local or personal interest—the history of a parish by its vicar or his curate, or a collection of 'poems' which the subscribers buy but do not read—or to books which, for one reason or another, are unsuitable for general circulation, and are therefore put forth in handsome guise and in limited editions for the private and special delectation of subscribers. The publication of reprints of our older literature, and of works on specialised branches of science, by the various literary and scientific Societies and Book Clubs, is an extension of the system of publishing by subscription, which has been of the greatest benefit to all students and specialists. It has cast much new light on many paths of scientific inquiry, and has laid open to all lovers of letters scores of volumes of verse and prose, and of material for both social and political history, formerly existing only in manuscript, or in examples so rare as to be practically inaccessible except to those in command of long purses.

## THE CHRONICLES OF COUNT ANTONIO.\*

### CHAPTER VII.—COUNT ANTONIO AND THE LADY OF RILANO.

FROM the lips of Tommasino himself, who was cousin to Count Antonio, greatly loved by him, and partaker in all his enterprises during the time of his sojourn as an outlaw in the hills, this, the story of the Lady of Rilano, came to my venerable brother in Christ, Niccolo; and the same Niccolo, being a very old man, told it to me, so that I know that the story is true and every part of it, and tread here not

on the doubtful ground of legend, but on the firm rock of the word of honest men. There is indeed one thing doubtful, Tommasino himself being unable to know the verity of it; yet that one thing is of small moment, for it is no more than whether the lady came first to Duke Valentine, offering her aid, or whether the Duke, who since the affair of the Sacred Bones had been ever active in laying schemes against Antonio, cast his eyes upon the lady, and perceiving that she was very fair, and likely to serve his turn, sent for her, and persuaded her by gifts and by the promise of a great marriage to take the task in hand.

Be that as it may, it is certain that in the fourth year of Count Antonio's outlawry, the Lady Venusta came from Rilano, where she dwelt, and talked long with the Duke in his cabinet; so that men—and women with greater urgency—asked what His Highness did to take such a one into his counsels; for he had himself forbidden her to live in the city, and constrained her to abide in her house at Rilano, by reason of reports touching her fair fame. Nor did she then stay in Firmola, but, having had audience of the Duke, returned straightway to Rilano, and for the space of three weeks rested there; and the Duke told nothing to his lords of what had passed between him and the lady, while the Count Antonio and his friends knew not so much as that the Duke had held conference with the lady; for great penalties had been decreed against any man who sent word to Antonio of what passed in Firmola, and the pikemen kept strict guard on all who left or entered the city, so that it was rather like a town besieged than the chief place of a peaceful realm.

Now at this time, considering that his hiding-place was too well known to the lord Lorenzo and certain of the Duke's Guard, Count Antonio descended from the hills by night, and, having crossed the plains, carrying all his equipment with him, mounted again into the heights of Mount Agnino and pitched his camp in and about a certain cave, which is protected on two sides by high rocks, and on the third by the steep banks of a river, and can be approached by one path only. This cave was known to the Duke, but he could not force it without great loss, so that Antonio was well nigh as safe as when his hiding-place had been unknown; and yet he was nearer by half to the city, and but seven miles as a bird flies from the village of Rilano where the lady Venusta dwelt—although to one who travelled by the only path that a man could go upright on his feet, the distance was hard on eleven miles. But no other place was so near, and from Rilano Antonio drew the better part of the provisions and stores of which he had need, procuring them secretly from the people, who were very strictly enjoined by the Duke to furnish him with nothing under pain of forfeiture of all their goods.

Yet one day, when the man they called Bena and a dozen more rode in the evening through Rilano, returning towards the cave, the maid-servant of Venusta met them, and, with her, men bearing a great cask of fine wine, and the maid-servant said to Bena, 'My mistress bids

\* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

you drink: for good men should not suffer thirst.'

But Bena answered her, asking, 'Do you know who we are?'

'Ay, I know, and my lady knows,' said the girl. 'But my lady says that if she must live at Rilano, then she will do what she pleases in Rilano.'

Bena and his men looked at one another, for they knew of His Highness's proclamation, but the day having been hot, they being weary, the wine seeming good, and a woman knowing her own business best, at last they drank heartily, and, rendering much thanks, rode on and told Tommasino what had been done. And Tommasino having told Antonio, the Count was angry with Bena, saying that his gluttony would bring trouble on the lady Venusta.

'She should not tempt a man,' said Bena sullenly.

All these things happened on the second day of the week; and on the fourth, towards evening, as Antonio and Tommasino sat in front of the cave, they saw coming towards them one of the band named Luigi, a big fellow who had done good service, and was also a merry jovial man that took the lead in good-fellowship. And in his arms Luigi bore the lady Venusta. Her gown was dishevelled and torn, and the velvet shoes on her feet were cut almost to shreds, and she lay back in Luigi's arms, pale and exhausted. Luigi came and set her down gently before Antonio, saying, 'My lord, three miles from here, in the steepest and roughest part of the way, I found this lady sunk on the ground and half-swooning: when I raised her and asked how she came where she was, and in such a plight, she could answer nothing save, "Count Antonio! Carry me to Count Antonio!" So I have brought her in obedience to her request.'

As Luigi ended, Venusta opened her eyes, and, rising to her knees, held out her hands in supplication, saying, 'Protect me, my lord, protect me. For the Duke has sent me word that to-morrow night he will burn my house and all that it holds, and will take me and lodge me in prison, and so use me there that I may know what befalls those who give aid to traitors. And all this comes upon me, my lord, because I gave a draught of wine to your men when they were thirsty.'

'I feared this thing,' said Antonio, 'and deeply I grieve at it. But I am loth to go in open war against the Duke; moreover, in the plain he would be too strong for me. What then can I do? For here is no place in which a lady, the more if she be alone and unprotected, can be lodged with seemliness.'

'If the choice be between this and a prison'—said Venusta with a faint sorrowful smile.

'Yet it might be that I could convey you beyond His Highness's power,' pursued Antonio. 'But I fear you could not travel far to-night.'

'Indeed, I am weary even to death,' moaned Venusta.

'There is nothing for it but that to-night at least she rest here,' said Antonio to Tommasino.

Tommasino frowned. 'When woman comes

in,' said he behind the screen of his hand, 'safety flies out.'

'Better fly safety than courtesy and kindness, cousin,' said Count Antonio, and Tommasino ceased to dissuade him, although he was uneasy concerning the coming of Venusta.

That night, therefore, all made their camp outside, and gave the cave to Venusta for her use, having made a curtain of green boughs across its mouth. But again the next day Venusta was too sick for travel; nay, she seemed very sick, and she prayed Luigi to go to Rilano and seek a physician; and Luigi, Antonio having granted him permission, went, and returned saying that no physician dared come in face of His Highness's proclamation: but the truth was that Luigi was in the pay of Venusta and of the Duke, and had sought by his journey not a physician, but means of informing the Duke how Venusta had sped, and of seeking counsel from him as to what should next be done. And that day and for four days more Venusta abode in the cave, protesting that she could not travel; and Antonio used her with great courtesy, above all when he heard that the Duke, having stayed to muster all his force, for fear of Antonio, had at length appointed the next day for the burning of her house at Rilano, and the carrying off of all her goods. These tidings he gave her, and though he spoke gently, she fell at once into great distress, declaring that she had not believed the Duke would carry out his purpose, and weeping for her jewels and prized possessions which were in the house.

Now Count Antonio, though no true man could call him fool, had yet a simplicity nobler it may be than the suspicious wisdom of those who, reading other hearts by their own, count all men rogues and all women wanton: and when he saw the lady weeping for the trinkets and her loved toys and trifles, he said, 'Nay, though I cannot meet the Duke face to face, yet I will ride now and come there before him, and bring what you value most from the house.'

'You will be taken,' said she, and she gazed at him with timid admiring eyes. 'I had rather a thousand times lose the jewels than that you should run into danger, my lord. For I owe to you liberty, and perhaps life.'

'I will leave Tommasino to guard you and ride at once,' and Antonio rose to his feet, smiling at her for her foolish fears.

Then a thing that seemed strange happened. For Antonio gave a sudden cry of pain. And behold, he had set his foot on the point of a dagger that was on the ground near to the lady Venusta; and the dagger ran deep into his foot, for it was resting on a stone and the point sloped upwards, so that he trod full and with all his weight on the point; and he sank back on the ground with the dagger in his foot. How came the dagger there? How came it to rest against the stone? None could tell then, though it seems plain to him that considers now. None then thought that the lady who fled to Antonio as though he were her lover, and lavished tears and sighs on him, had placed it there. Nor that honest Luigi, who made such moan of his carelessness in dropping

his poniard, had taken more pains over the losing of his weapon than most men over the preservation of theirs. Luigi cursed himself, and the lady cried out on fate; and Count Antonio consoled both of them, saying that the wound would soon be well, and that it was too light a matter for a lady to dim her bright eyes for the sake of it.

Yet light as the matter was, it was enough for Venusta's purpose and for the scheme of Duke Valentine. For Count Antonio could neither mount his horse nor go afoot to Venusta's house in Rilano; and, if the jewels were to be saved and the lady's tears dried (Mightily, she declared with pretty self-reproach, was she ashamed to think of the jewels beside Antonio's hurt, but yet they were dear to her), then Tommasino must go in his place to Rilano.

'And take all save Bena and two more,' said Antonio. 'For the Duke will not come here, if he goes to Rilano.'

'I,' said Bena, 'am neither nurse nor physician nor woman. Let Martolo stay; he says there is already too much blood on his conscience; and let me go, for there is not so much as I could bear on mine, and maybe we shall have a chance of an encounter with the foreguard of the Duke.'

But Venusta said to Antonio, 'Let both of these men go, and let Luigi stay. For he is a clever fellow, and will aid me in tending your wound.'

'So be it,' said Antonio. 'Let Luigi and the two youngest stay; and do the rest of you go, and return as speedily as you may. And the lady Venusta shall, of her great goodness, dress my wound, which pains me more than such a trifle should.'

Thus the whole band, saving Luigi and two youths, rode off early in the morning with Tommasino, their intent being to reach Rilano and get clear of it again before the Duke came thither from the city: and Venusta sent no message to the Duke, seeing that all had fallen out most prosperously and as had been arranged between them. For the Duke was not in truth minded to go at all to Rilano; but at earliest dawn, before Tommasino had set forth, the lord Lorenzo left the city with a hundred pikemen; more he would not take, fearing to be delayed if his troop were too large; and he made a great circuit, avoiding Rilano and the country adjacent to it. So that by mid-day Tommasino was come with thirty-and-four men (the whole strength of the band except the three with Antonio) to Rilano, and, meeting with no resistance, entered Venusta's house, and took all that was precious in it, and loaded their horses with the rich tapestries and the choicest of the furnishings; and then, having regaled themselves with good cheer, started in the afternoon to ride back to the cave, Tommasino and Bena grumbling to one another because they had chanced on no fighting, but not daring to tarry by reason of Antonio's orders.

But their lamentations were without need; for when they came to the pass of Mount Agnino, there at the entrance of the road which led up to the cave, by the side of the river, was encamped a force of eighty pikemen

under the Lieutenant of the Guard. Thus skilfully had the lord Lorenzo performed his duty, and cut off Tommasino and his company from all access to the cave; and now he himself was gone with twenty men up the mountain path, to take Antonio according to the scheme of the Duke and the lady Venusta. But Bena and Tommasino were sore aghast, and said to one another, 'There is treachery. What are we to do?' For the eighty of the Duke's men were posted strongly, and it was a great hazard to attack them. Yet this risk they would have run, for they were ready rather to die than to sit there idle while Antonio was taken; and in all likelihood they would have died, had the Lieutenant obeyed the orders which Lorenzo had given him and rested where he was, covered by the hill and the river. But the Lieutenant was a young man, of hot temper and impetuous, and to his mistaken pride it seemed as though it were cowardice for eighty men to shrink from attacking thirty-and-five, and for the Duke's Guards to play for advantage in a contest with a band of robbers. Moreover Tommasino's men taunted his men, crying to them to come down and fight like men in the open. Therefore, counting on a sure victory and the pardon it would gain, about three o'clock in the afternoon he cried, 'Let us have at these rascals!' and to Tommasino's great joy, his troop remounted their horses and made ready to charge from their position. Then Tommasino said, 'We are all ready to face the enemy for my lord and cousin's sake. But I have need now of those who will run away for his sake.'

Then he laid his plans that when the Lieutenant's troop charged, his men should not stand their ground. And five men he placed on one extremity of his line, Bena at their head; and four others with himself he posted at the other extremity; also he spread out his line very wide, so that it stretched on either side beyond the line of the Lieutenant. And he bade the twenty-and-five in the centre not abide the onset, but turn and flee at a gallop, trusting to the speed of their horses for escape. And he made them fling away all that they had brought from the lady Venusta's house, that they might ride the lighter.

'And I pray God,' said he, 'that you will escape alive; but if you do not, it is only what your oath to my lord constrains you to. But you and I, Bena, with our men, will ride, not back towards the plain, but on towards the hills, and it may be that we shall thus get ahead of the Lieutenant; and once we are ahead of him in the hilly ground, he will not catch us before we come to the cave.'

'Unless,' began Bena, 'there be another party'—

'Hist!' said Tommasino, and he whispered to Bena, 'They will fear if they hear all.'

Then the Duke's men came forth; and it fell out as Tommasino had planned; for the body of the Duke's men, when they saw Tommasino's rank broken and his band fleeing, set up a great shout of scorn and triumph, and dug spurs into their horses and pursued the runaways. And the runaways rode at their top speed, and, having come nearly to Rilano with-

out being caught, they were three of them overtaken and captured by the well at the entrance to the village; but the rest, wheeling to the right, dashed across the plain, making for Antonio's old hiding-place; and, having lost two more of their number whose horses failed, and having slain four of the Guard, who pursued incautiously ahead of the rest, they reached the spurs of the hills, and there scattered, every man by himself, and found refuge, some in the woods, some in shepherds' huts; so they came off with their lives. But the men with Tommasino and Bena had ridden straight for the hill-road, and had passed the Lieutenant before he apprehended Tommasino's scheme. Then he cried aloud to his men, and eight of them, hearing him, checked their horses, but could not understand what he desired of them till he cried aloud again, and pointed with his hand towards where the ten, Tommasino leading and Bena in the rear, had gained the hill-road and were riding up it as swiftly as their horses could mount. Then the Lieutenant, cursing his own folly, gathered them, and they rode after Tommasino and Bena.

'Be of good heart,' said the Lieutenant. 'They are between us and the company of my lord Lorenzo.'

Yet though he said this, his mind was not at ease; for the horses of his men, being unaccustomed to the hills, could not mount the road as did the sure-footed mountain-horses ridden by Tommasino's company, and the space widened between them; and at last Tommasino's company disappeared from sight, at the point where the track turned sharp to the left, round a great jutting rock, that stood across the way and left room for but three men to ride abreast between river and rock. Then the Lieutenant drew rein and took counsel with his men, for he feared that Tommasino would wait for him behind the jutting rock and dash out on his flank as he rode round. Therefore for a while he considered; and a while longer he allowed for the breathing of the horses; and then with great caution rode on towards the jutting rock, which lay about the half of a mile from him. And when he came near to it, he and his men heard a voice cry, 'Quiet, quiet! They are close now!'

'They will dash at us as we go round,' said the Lieutenant.

'And we can go no more than three together,' said one of the Guards.

'Are you all ready?' said the voice behind the cliff, in accents that but just reached round the rock. 'Not a sound, for your lives!' Yet a sound there was, as of jingling bits, and then again an angry, 'Curse you, you clumsy fool, be still.' And then all was still.

'They are ready for us now,' whispered a Guard, with an uneasy smile.

'I will go,' said the Lieutenant. 'Which two of you will lead the way with me?'

But the men grumbled, saying, 'It is the way to death that you ask us to lead, sir.'

Then the Lieutenant drew his men back, and as they retreated, they made a great noise, hoping to make Tommasino think they were gone. And, having gone back some five hun-

dred paces thus, they rested in utter quiet for half an hour. And it was then late afternoon. And the Lieutenant said, 'I will go first alone, and in all likelihood I shall be slain; but do you follow immediately after me and avenge my death.' And this they, being ashamed for their first refusal, promised to do. Then the Lieutenant rode softly forward till he came within twenty yards of the rock, and he clapped spurs to his horse and shouted, and, followed close by his men crying 'For God and our Duke!' charged round the jutting rock.

And behold, on the other side of it was not a man! And of Tommasino and his company naught was to be seen—for they had used the last hour to put a great distance between them and their pursuers—save that away, far up the road, in the waning light of the sun, was to be dimly perceived the figure of a man on horseback, who waved his hat to them, and, turning, was in an instant lost to view. And this man was Bena, who, by himself and without a blow, had held the passage of the jutting rock for hard upon an hour, and thus given time to Tommasino to ride on and come upon the rear of Lorenzo's company before the Lieutenant and his men could hem them in on the other side.

(To be continued.)

### SUBMARINE WARFARE.

IN 1864, during the American civil war, a submarine boat succeeded in sinking the Federal frigate *Housatonic*. This boat, however, was hardly an unqualified success, as, running into the hole made by its torpedo, it went down with the ship; and three crews had previously been lost while carrying out its initial experiments. Since then, many methods of submerison have been tried; but it is only within the last five years that naval powers have awakened to the fact that a submersible boat, though by no means so formidable for offensive purposes as its name at first leads one to believe, is a factor which might have to be taken into consideration in the next naval war.

The most modern types of these boats are the Holland, Nordenfolt, Tuck, and Goubet. The Holland boat comes to us from over the Atlantic, and is peculiar in its weapon of offence. The latest type is fifty feet long, eight feet in diameter, and is driven by a petroleum engine carrying sufficient fuel for two days' run. The diving is effected by means of two horizontal rudders, one on each side of the stern. This only allows of submerison when the boat is in motion; and the boat cannot be horizontal while submerged. It carries ten-inch gelatine blasting shells, fired from a pneumatic gun, twenty feet long, whose radius of action is two hundred yards under water and one thousand yards above. The use of gelatine is also objectionable, as the confined space and the vibration of the boat prevent such explosives being carried without some risk of premature explosion. It is for this reason that gun-cotton is adopted in torpedo work, as it will not explode on concussion, and is little affected by change of temperature.

The principal features of the Nordenfelt boat are its method of submersion and its propulsion by steam. The latest type is one hundred and twenty-five feet long, twelve feet beam, and displaces two hundred and fifty tons when entirely submerged, one hundred and sixty tons when running on the surface. Her propelling machinery consists of two double cylinder compound engines, with a horse-power of one thousand, and propelling the boat at fifteen knots on the surface. The submersion of the boat is effected by means of two horizontal propellers working in wells at each end. Two conning towers project about two feet above the deck, of one-inch steel, surmounted by glass domes, protected with steel bars, for purposes of observation. The boat usually runs on the surface with these towers showing, unless the buoyancy, which is never less than half a ton, is overcome by the horizontal propellers, when the boat becomes partially or totally submerged according to their speed. To ascend to the surface it is only necessary to stop the horizontal propellers, which also stop automatically on reaching a set depth. In the forward tower are the firing keys, machinery and valves necessary for driving or steering the vessel, for controlling the horizontal propellers, and for discharging the Whitehead torpedoes. Four of these are carried, and they are discharged with powder from two tubes in the bows. In the conning tower are also placed the instruments indicating the depth, level, and course. When the boat is awash, the funnels have to be unshipped and the boat closed up before submersion. The length of time, twenty-five minutes, required for this operation is an objection to this boat, though when submerged it does not get unpleasantly hot. The temperature after a three hours' submerged run was only ninety degrees Fahrenheit. The crew consist of a captain and eight men.

The Tuck also comes from America. It is of iron, cigar-shaped, thirty feet long and six feet in diameter. It is submerged by means of a horizontal rudder in the stern and a horizontal propeller acting vertically amidships beneath the boat. It is driven by electricity, supplied from storage batteries packed closely in the bows. Compressed air is carried in reservoirs, but a supply is usually obtained when the boat is not far from the surface, by means of an iron pipe twenty feet long, which usually lies on deck, but which can be raised to an upright position by gearing from within. The top then rises above the surface of the water, and by opening a valve in the foot and attaching a pump, fresh air is drawn into the interior. The crew need not exceed three men.

The Goubet class are of iron, sixteen feet long, three feet wide, and about six feet deep. The motive-power is a Siemens motor driven by storage batteries. Fifty of these boats were purchased by the Russian Government. They have no rudder, but a universal joint in the screw shaft permits of the screw being moved through an arc of ninety degrees. The torpedo is carried outside the boat, secured by a catch worked from inside. On arriving under the enemy, the torpedo is released, and striking the ship's bottom, is held there by spikes.

The boat then withdraws, unreeling a connecting wire; and when at a safe distance, fires. The absence of a rudder, however, causes erratic steering, and the spikes with which the torpedo is fitted might fail to stick in steel-bottomed ships.

Submarine boats cannot be driven under water at a speed exceeding six knots. If driven beyond, they are inclined to dive, and in deep water, before the corrective forces against a dive have had time to act, might reach a depth where the pressure would drive in the sides or compress them to a sufficient extent to seriously reduce the displacement. In shallow water, the boat might be driven on to the bottom, and if it be clay, held there, an accident attended with fatal consequences in the case of one boat.

It is also difficult to direct the course of a submarine boat; and it is doubtful whether the advantage of not being seen counteracts the disadvantage of not being able to see. According to Mr Nordenfelt in a lecture (R.U.S. Institution, 1886, No. 133) on Submarine Boats, 'The mirror of the surface throws a strong light into the boat; you cannot see forward at all, and you cannot see far astern; it is as black as ink outside; you can only see a sort of segment.' This means that you cannot safely advance at a great speed under water. It is impossible to think of a submarine boat as a boat that actually manœuvres and does its work under water. The boat should run awash, and you can then see where you are. When we consider, then, that a boat totally submerged cannot be driven over six knots, and cannot be properly directed; when we consider the speeds of seventeen and eighteen knots attained by modern battleships, we arrive at the conclusion that boats totally submerged are useless against modern battleships in motion. Running awash, they could be tackled by torpedo catchers and torpedo boats.

## MY MYSTERIOUS CLIENT.

### PART II.—CONCLUSION.

ONE afternoon, when I happened to be leaving the office early to escort my wife to a garden party in the neighbourhood of our residence, a clerk came into my private room and said that a man, who would not give his name, desired to see me. I had my hat on ready to start; and partly because I did not wish to be delayed, but chiefly because I expected the visitor was either a beggar or a tout, I stepped into the clerk's office and confronted him. I found a tall, gaunt, gray-haired man, very shabbily attired, standing with a hangdog air on the door-mat; and the moment I addressed him, I recognised, to my astonishment, my old acquaintance, Mr James Dreaver.

'You know me I see, sir,' he remarked, as he stepped into my room at my invitation.

'Certainly,' I replied, with increasing uneasiness. 'But you have altered a good deal; you've grown thin and—and you are no younger than you were ten years ago. Why didn't you send in your name?'

'I wasn't certain whether you would remember me,' he said doggedly.

I could not help staring at him, as I mentally contrasted his present appearance with my recollection of him at our former meeting. That he should have lost bulk with advancing age was not extraordinary; but though I distinctly recognised him by his features and by his eyes, there was an indescribable change, which was not accounted for by the mere passage of years. Whether it was the effect of his shabby clothes or his odd furtive manner, I immediately suspected that my client had passed a considerable portion of the time that had elapsed since our last meeting within the walls of a jail.

'Where have you been all this while?' I exclaimed. 'Why have I never heard from you?'

'I've been in an asylum,' replied Mr Dreaver gruffly.

'You mean a—a—?'

'A lunatic asylum. Not a pleasant thing to have to say; but there you have it, since you must know,' said Mr Dreaver sharply.

I was silenced by this statement, though not exactly convinced; but the man's manner did not invite further questions, or, indeed, it did not concern me whether he had been in an asylum or a jail. I naturally foresaw the object of his visit, and did not relish having to make the inevitable revelation to him.

After a little fencing on my part, during which he demanded the parcel left so long ago, and which he described quite accurately, I said abruptly, as I nerved myself for the unpleasant ordeal, 'The fact is, I have some bad news for you.'

'You don't mean to say you've parted with the things?' he cried fiercely.

'No; I deposited them at my bank for safe custody; and, by some extraordinary mischance, the parcel has been lost. From that day to this, no trace of it has been found,' I said with considerable inward trepidation.

'It's a lie!' he shouted, springing from his chair and advancing towards me in a threatening manner.

'If you don't behave yourself, I'll have you turned out of my office,' I said angrily.

I was agreeably surprised to find that my resolute tone and manner cowed the man instantly.

'Then I'm ruined,' he muttered presently, as he wiped his brow with the back of his hand. 'It was all I had.'

'Suppose we come over to the bank,' I said, feeling genuine pity for him. 'There is no legal liability either on the bank's part or mine; but it is possible, if you can prove that the contents of the parcel were valuable, that some compensation might be made. So far as I am concerned, though unfortunately a poor man, I will assist you to the extent of a few pounds if you are in want.'

'A few pounds!' he cried bitterly. 'Why, the stones alone must have been worth ten thousand pounds.'

'What!' I ejaculated, amazed at the magnitude of the sum.

'Never mind what they were worth,' he said hastily, as though repenting of his statement.

'I suppose I shall have to be satisfied with what I can get.'

'Will you come to the bank, then, and talk the matter over?' I said, rising, relieved at the reasonable spirit he displayed.

He rose, as I thought, rather unwillingly, and tramped after me through the outer office and down the staircase into the street. I was too much excited and preoccupied to speak to him as we wended our way through the crowded streets, and he did not address me; but I was conscious of his tall figure striding by my side, and one or two friends whom I passed on the way looked surprised at seeing me in company with such a disreputable client. Just as we were approaching the bank—it was not five minutes' walk from my office—a passer-by seized my arm, and I was heartily greeted by a little old gentleman named Goldspiker, whose acquaintance my wife and I had made at a dinner-party a few nights previously. Mr Goldspiker was a Dutchman who had recently retired from business at the Cape, where he had known my wife's father in former days. He had apparently taken a great fancy to my wife, probably on account of the fact above mentioned, and his object in stopping me was to invite us both to dine with him at the *Métropole Hotel*, and to go to the theatre with him afterwards.

Mr Goldspiker was a loquacious old gentleman, and though I needed no pressing to accept his cordial invitation, he insisted upon chatting with me for a few minutes in the crowded street. I took leave of him, however, as soon as I decently could, but on looking around for my late companion, I found he had completely disappeared. At first, I thought he had merely walked on, and was looking into some shop window; and finding this was not the case, I concluded that he had remembered the name of my bank, and that I should find him waiting me there. But neither at the bank nor on my way there did I see any trace of him.

I was considerably startled at this strange behaviour, which certainly seemed to confirm Mr Dreaver's statement that he had been in a lunatic asylum. Being at the bank, I looked in upon the manager, and told him that the owner of the missing parcel had turned up, but that we had become separated during our walk. I was glad that I spoke to the manager, for he told me that, upon satisfactory proof of the contents of the parcel, he had authority to make the owner some small compensation.

I was naturally much relieved at this, and returned to my office half expecting to find that my client had gone back there. He had not done so, however, and after waiting for a reasonable time, I started off for home.

I told my wife what had happened, for she knew the story about the parcel and its mysterious disappearance. We came to the conclusion that, being preoccupied with my thoughts, I had unconsciously given my client the slip—probably in crossing a crowded road—or that he had lost his way; and we felt little doubt that I should receive another visit from him the next day.

To my surprise, however, three days passed



and he did not come. I was beginning to think that the unfortunate man had retired once more to the seclusion from which he had emerged, when I received a letter from him. It bore no address, but it came through the post, and was laconic and to the point. Here it is:

'SIR—I was suddenly taken ill the other day, and have been bed since. I will call to-morrow at eleven o'clock.—Yours truly,  
JAMES DREAYER.'

Now, apropos of this letter, a very singular coincidence occurred. I had still got it in my hand, and was examining with curiosity the rather peculiar caligraphy, when I was summoned to my bank by a messenger, who said the manager would feel obliged by my stepping over there at once, as he had something important to communicate. Not doubting that the message was connected with the claim of my client, I put his letter into my pocket, and the very first question the manager put to me was: 'Well, has your client turned up again?'

I replied in the affirmative, and then, with a hearty laugh, the manager said the parcel had been found, and proceeded to explain the mystery, which turned out to have a very simple solution. It appeared that late on the previous afternoon, a certain Colonel Gray, who had been absent for the last ten years in India, had written to say that he wished to examine a box which he had deposited with the bank previous to his departure. An appointment was made for the following morning, and the bank manager suddenly remembered, by a kind of inspiration, that the colonel had last overhauled the contents of his box, and deposited some things in it shortly after the date when I had lodged the parcel at the bank. Now the parcel had been placed upon a shelf in immediate proximity to the colonel's box, and it occurred to the bank manager that the colonel might have inadvertently shovelled my parcel into his box along with his own things. The idea seemed plausible, and, at all events, when Colonel Gray had presented himself that morning, the manager accompanied him to the strong-room. And, sure enough, the very first thing that happened when Colonel Gray opened his box was that he drew forth a brown paper parcel which he did not recognise as his own, but which the bank manager, owing to the label upon it, promptly claimed as my property.

Needless to dwell on the colonel's confusion at this discovery, nor to repeat his apologies for his carelessness. The manager was much too elated to be censorious; and the colonel had the satisfaction of learning that no serious harm had resulted from his having imprisoned some one else's property in his strong-box for nearly a dozen years.

'I suppose you won't trust the parcel with us any more?' laughed the manager in conclusion.

'No,' I said, taking possession of it. 'You have kept it long enough. It is my turn now.'

'You're welcome, Mr Carruthers; and I dare say you will be as glad to get rid of it as I am,' said the manager as he wrote out a receipt for me to sign.

I carried the parcel back with me to my office, and put it away in a safe, of which I now had enough and to spare. I was greatly elated at the happy turn of events.

My good-humour lasted all day—no doubt, my clerks remarked it!—and the entertainment to which old Mr Goldspiker had invited us, and which took place that evening, seemed to be an appropriate finale. My mind was full of the subject when our little party met at Mr Goldspiker's hospitable table, and having gleefully related what had happened, I said casually to my host, who had listened attentively: 'By the way, Mr Goldspiker, did you ever happen to come across a namesake of my wife's father at Durban?'

'I knew Durban very well; but it has a large population,' replied the old gentleman in his quaint broken English. 'I was only acquainted with one James Dreaver at the Cape, and that was this lady's excellent papa'—

'And he lived at Port Elizabeth,' interrupted my wife.

'Quite true. He never was at Durban. Still, it is a coincidence that there should have been two persons of the same name over there at the same time.—What is the man like?' he added, turning to me.

I described my mysterious client, both as he appeared when he first came to me and as he was now. Mr Goldspiker said nothing to attract my attention, but he seemed rather silent and thoughtful during the remainder of the evening, though he discharged his duties as host with his accustomed heartiness. He gave us a royal entertainment, winding up with oysters and chablis at his chambers; and when we parted, he drew me aside and asked me the address of my office. 'I will be with you at ten o'clock to-morrow morning,' he said, to my surprise, as he took my card.

I had forgotten all about Mr Dreaver's intended visit at the moment, and I naturally supposed that Mr Goldspiker wished to consult me on some matter of business, and was highly delighted at the prospect of securing so wealthy a client. I must confess, therefore, that I was a little disappointed when the old gentleman, on presenting himself at my office the next day at the time appointed, announced that he had called to ask me some further questions about my mysterious client.

'I have told you all I know about him,' I said.

'I've been thinking,' said Mr Goldspiker, gazing earnestly into my face through his gold-rimmed spectacles, 'that his sudden disappearance the other day was rather odd.'

'Very!' I replied. 'But then, by his own admission, the man is a lunatic.'

'H'm! He may not be so foolish as he wishes to make out.—See here, my young friend,' said Mr Goldspiker, laying his hand on my arm, 'I was very well known at the Cape. People when they have once seen me, do not forget me, eh?'

I could not help smiling while I glanced at the old gentleman as he spoke. He had the oddest face I have ever beheld; the clean-shaven features were bland and childlike; but the complexion was the colour of a guinea, and

the skin was puckered into a perfect network of wrinkles. His expression was amiable, but I am bound to say that an uglier old gentleman it would be difficult to imagine, and, as he remarked, no one who had once seen him could fail to recognise him again.

'This man was walking with you when we met in the street the other day?' he resumed.

'Yes. I see what you mean. You suggest that he recognised you, and disappeared for that reason,' I said, struck by the idea.

'Yes; and looking back, I remember that when I came up, a figure near you turned aside and went up an adjacent court.'

'H'm! you may be right, certainly,' I replied, reflecting that our meeting had, in fact, taken place opposite to the entrance of one of those narrow byways which abound in the city. 'But why should he wish to avoid you?'

'Exactly—why should he?' exclaimed Mr Goldspiker, leaning forward with his hands on his knees and gazing at me with his bland expression. 'That is what I want to know.'

'He will be here directly. You had better stay and meet him,' I said, taking up my client's note from the desk.

'I came for that purpose,' said Mr Goldspiker. 'That is his letter, *Hein*?'

'Yes.—You don't know the writing, I suppose?' I inquired as I handed it to him.

Mr Goldspiker held the note within an inch of his nose and scrutinised it deliberately for some minutes. When he looked at me again, there was a queer smile on his thin lips.

'Have you the parcel handy?' he said quietly.

'It is here—in the safe behind me,' I replied, producing the keys.

'Let me look at it,' he said.

I turned to the safe, and fetched the parcel. The old gentleman's tone and manner mystified me considerably, and I was annoyed to see him coolly produce a small penknife and cut the string of the parcel without a moment's hesitation.

'What are you about?' I cried.

But Mr Goldspiker, who seemed to be labouring under suppressed excitement, paid no heed to me. He proceeded to undo the outer wrappings of the parcel, and, having accomplished this, he revealed a small bundle of documents which looked like share certificates and a good-sized paper bag. The latter he opened and shook the contents upon my table. They consisted of several score of uncut diamonds.

'How much did he say they were worth?' he remarked, almost burying his nose among the gems and handling them with the air of a connoisseur.

'Ten thousand pounds,' I said open-mouthed.

'H'm! I should say at least that; but it is impossible to be certain in their present condition,' he replied, turning to the documents. 'H'm,' he muttered, peering into the bundle, 'not much of value here—a few hundreds perhaps—a few hundreds.'

'I don't understand what you are driving at,' I exclaimed.

'You will presently,' said Mr Goldspiker cheerfully.—'Hark! who is this?'

It was Dreaver's voice we heard in the outer

office. I rushed to the door as he was shuffling away when he found there was some one with me.

I seized him by the arm, however, and by main force, half led and half dragged him into my room and closed the door behind me. Mr Goldspiker was sitting with his back to us, but I could see by my client's manner that he recognised him at once. The sight of the gems upon the table, however, seemed to inspire the man with reckless desperation, for he advanced towards them and said harshly: 'You've been meddling with my property, Mr Carruthers.'

'Not your property, John Spooner,' said Mr Goldspiker, turning in his chair and confronting him.

Apparently the man had hoped to brazen out the situation, for he made a faint attempt at bluster; but he was quickly overawed by the calm, determined aspect of Mr Goldspiker, and stood rooted to the spot, the picture of abject confusion.

'That man was my trusted clerk for twenty years. He repaid my kindness by robbing me. He is a forger and a thief,' said Mr Goldspiker incisively.

'I've been punished,' murmured the man, hanging his head.

'Yes. I tracked you, you scoundrel, and had the satisfaction of getting you convicted and imprisoned. Twenty years' penal servitude, wasn't it?' said the old gentleman mercilessly. 'You are out on ticket of leave, I suppose?'

'It killed me almost,' groaned the poor wretch between his white lips.

'You killed somebody else. I did not know of this,' said Mr Goldspiker, pointing with trembling hand to the packet on the table, and appearing suddenly overcome by emotion. 'If I had—Go!' he added, springing suddenly to his feet in a sort of paroxysm of rage—'out of my sight, or I shall forget what you have suffered. Go, I say, or I will send for the police again.'

The man, scared and startled by the old gentleman's vehemence, took one stride to the door, and the next moment had disappeared; while Mr Goldspiker sank down in his chair and buried his face in his hands against the table. I sat silent and bewildered, amazed by the scene, staring helplessly at my companion, while I listened to the retreating footsteps of my late visitor, who hurried from the building.

'Well, it can't be helped,' said Mr Goldspiker, looking up abruptly, and resuming his habitual sprightly tone and manner. 'But I wronged him—we all wronged him.'

'Who?' I inquired.

'That man went to a friend of mine, a merchant like myself, and in my name got possession of those things by false pretences. My friend, unfortunately, was ill at the time; he became delirious, and in his ravings he alluded frequently to this transaction, and mentioned my name; but we paid no heed. He died suddenly, and his affairs were in disorder. He had been speculating, had had bad luck, but—but it was not so bad as we all thought,' he added, absently fingering the gems upon the table. 'These would have saved him.'

'The things belong to his creditors, I suppose?' I said.

'No. I was his principal creditor, and I settled with the others. For myself, I make no claim. It is the least atonement I can offer for the wrong done to him by that wretch in my name. My friend died broken-hearted because he believed that I, his old comrade, had pressed him for my debt in his adversity. He gave up all he had, and—and he was ill, and it killed him,' said the kind-hearted old gentleman, fairly breaking down.

'Come, Mr Goldspiker, you blame yourself for nothing,' I exclaimed, touched by his emotion; 'you are entirely innocent.'

'I hope your wife will believe it, Mr Caruthers,' said the old gentleman wringing my hand.

'My wife!' I exclaimed.

'Yes. Oh! did I not mention my poor friend's name?' said Mr Goldspiker, apparently astonished at my evident bewilderment. 'It is her father I am speaking of, poor James Dreaver.'

'Then do you mean to say that this—this valuable property belongs to my wife?' I cried, as the room whirled round me.

'Yes, yes. It is valuable—the stones are very good,' said Mr Goldspiker, leaning forward and beginning to sort them quickly. 'The scoundrel was within the mark when he said ten thousand pounds. Leave them to me to dispose of, and I will guarantee'—

I really cannot remember the remainder of our conversation. I was so startled and overwhelmed by this sudden and unexpected accession of fortune, that I fairly lost my head. It seemed too extraordinary to be true; but there was absolutely no mistake about it, for within a few weeks Mr Goldspiker handed my wife a cheque for upwards of twelve thousand pounds. Considering my circumstances, and that my elder children were just needing education, it will be easily imagined what a glorious windfall this was to us; in a word, it proved the turning-point of our lives.

Often, afterwards, we discussed the matter with old Mr Goldspiker; and we arrived at a tolerably clear understanding of John Spooner's method of procedure. It appeared that just about the time of James Dreaver's death, Spooner, who enjoyed the fullest confidence of his employer, obtained leave of absence on the ground of ill-health. He was supposed to have gone for a short trip; but it subsequently came to Mr Goldspiker's knowledge that the man had secretly left the country. This led to his accounts being carefully looked into, and it then transpired that during many years he had robbed his employer systematically and heartlessly. Mr Goldspiker was so indignant, that he resolved to leave no stone unturned to bring him to justice. The man was traced to England; arrested within a day or two of his arrival; was tried, convicted, and sentenced to a long term of penal servitude at the Cape.

Spooner never breathed a word about his robbery from Mr Dreaver, and the crime was never even suspected. No doubt his reticence was perfectly natural, and he evidently waited

patiently for his release in order to enjoy his plunder.

What induced the man to deposit the packet with me, and to assume the name of my wife's father, is to this day a subject of endless speculation to all of us. I think the latter circumstance is to be accounted for by the fact that some of the share certificates were made out in Mr Dreaver's name. Spooner may have suspected that I might open the parcel, and had therefore deemed it prudent to allay suspicion by personating the real owner. Besides, he had excellent reasons for concealing his own identity.

But it is less easy to imagine a plausible explanation for the happy accident of the man having come to my office.

It is possible—though I have never been able to verify the statement—that he may have had my name mentioned to him in the manner described. It is pretty clear, at all events, that he either knew or suspected that he was in danger of being arrested, and was anxious to place the packet in safe custody. Mr Goldspiker's notion was that the man was one day seized with a sudden panic—saw in the street, perhaps, the colonial detective who had been sent over to arrest him—and in his desperate anxiety to provide for the safety of his precious parcel, in view of disagreeable contingencies, he had turned into my office simply because my brass plate attracted his attention at the moment. I am not at all sure that this theory, wildly improbable as it may appear, is not the correct solution of the mystery; but the actual facts will never transpire, for I learned, as the result of subsequent inquiries, that Spooner had died suddenly shortly afterwards of syncope in the infirmary of an East End workhouse.

## SNAKE-TAMING.

By DR ARTHUR STRADLING, C.M.Z.S., &c.

SNAKES have their likes and dislikes, their prejudices and predilections, their little tempers and idiosyncrasies, like the rest of us, a fact which he who aspires to subjugate their native distrust of man and to win their confidence soon discovers in his dealings with them. The gentlest of serpents, for example, considers itself aggrieved and insulted, and to have valid ground for reprisal, should its neck or tail be meddled with, for no reason that is obvious; while its dignity is still more ruffled by the lightest touch on the mouth, though it may submit to any amount of ordinary handling. These and numerous small points of a similar character are revealed to the amateur by the light of personal experience only, experience which is not seldom fraught with results painful to himself, since there is as yet no Handbook of the Boa Constrictor or Practical Treatise on Python Culture; while the snake is one of the few things left in heaven, earth, or the waters under the earth, that has not a special journal devoted to it. But the first

endeavour of the serpent-fancier is, or ought to be, to render his *protégés* tame and fearless of his presence or manipulation, not only as a matter of convenience and protection to himself, but still more for the higher consideration of their well-being, since they are much more likely to feed when free from nervous apprehension of their surroundings.

It seldom happens that a snake can be induced to take a meal until some months have elapsed since its capture; those born or hatched in cages will devour suitable food within an hour of their advent on a mortal career, provided that the temperature and other conditions are such as meet their physical requirements and that they are mature, though—like most animals born in captivity—they are apt to be even wilder and more resentful of interference than their progenitors. One of the first phenomena of ophidian psychology likely to be recognised by those who have the exceptional opportunity—and perhaps still more exceptional desire—of close companionship with any number and diversity of these creatures is the great difference which different species present in their susceptibility to taming. To instance such only as are likely to be familiar to the casual patron of menageries and zoological gardens, the rock-snake or python of India, the Madagascar boa, the black constrictor of the Cape, the copperhead, the yellow Jamaican boa—now almost extinct, owing to the introduction of the pestilent mongoose for the purpose of destroying cane-rats on the sugar plantations—and the rat-snakes of both South America and Ceylon, rarely get rid of their original timidity, and are more or less snappish to the end of their days, however long may be their association with amicably disposed humanity.

On the other hand, the Royal and other African pythons, as well as their reticulated Oriental cousin, the great anaconda, the diamond and carpet snakes of Australia, all the corals, many of the vipers, the pale-headed and thick-necked tree-boas, and most of the smaller colubrine snakes, readily acquire a confidence in man, and may be trusted implicitly after a very brief acquaintance. More curious still, the disposition appears to vary coincidentally with variety of colour in certain well-defined directions among members of the same species. The deep red boa constrictor is never so amenable to discipline as those of paler hues, while the beautiful steely specimens found in the West Indies are usually gentler than either. A similar comparison strikes one in dealing with puff adders, where the velvety amber ones are much less spiteful than the gray, and especially with rattlesnakes, the 'pearls' on which vary from a dusty neutral tint to bright yellow. With regard to the last, it should be said that nearly all crotaline serpents—those of the rattlesnake family, though not necessarily provided with the vibratory apparatus from which the head of the house derives its name—are lethargic and indisposed to attack except under extreme provocation, yet they rarely become absolutely trustworthy. Their danger to man in the wild state lies

chiefly in the fact that the same lazy apathy deters them from fleeing from his presence after the manner of most of the Order. Finally, as much difference in temper and character exists amongst individuals of the same species, age, and colour, as would be found in any miscellaneous assemblage of specimens of the genus *homo*—indeed, a parallel might be drawn, without any undue straining of details, between the serpent tribe in this particular respect and a school of children of mixed nationalities, where the natives of some countries might be expected, *ceteris paribus*, to be more impulsive or phlegmatic, as the case might be, than the rest, where complexion would in a large number of instances justify an inference as to certain psychic peculiarities, and where, nevertheless, the 'personal equation' would be predominant after all.

One of the least tamable of all snakes is the cobra *da capello*, and, singularly enough, it is this very trait which makes it so valuable to the Hindu and Arab charmers, and which has, in fact, formed the entire foundation on which the 'charming' imposture is based. It need hardly be pointed out in these *fin de siècle* days of popular science that the cobra possesses the most rudimentary organs of hearing, and cannot be influenced by the strains of the dusky musician's pipe, while the intelligence of the whole of the Ophidia is so low that no kind of training or education is possible. The very utmost that can be accomplished is to instil into them a sort of dull comprehension that they need not bring into action their weapons of defence every time their hereditary enemy comes within the range of their extremely limited vision—this, and perhaps with some of them a doubtful recognition of persons. But the cobra is ready to sit up and show fight to the bitter end at the first hint of disturbance. It is the peculiarity of its belligerent attitude, upright with a third of its length of body raised from the ground, attended by the spreading out of its anterior ribs to form with the dilatable skin of the neck the fin-like expansion known as the hood, which gives it the appearance of acting in obedience to the gestures and sorry strains of the performer, who artfully adapts both to the natural and spontaneous movements of the reptile.

This, then, is actually the converse of snake-taming. One could hardly design a creature which would better answer the purpose of the pretended snake-charmer than does the cobra, whether we regard the Indian or the Egyptian species. Venomous as it is—and there is probably none more virulent, unless it be the southern rattlesnake—with *semper paratus* for its motto, it is the most easily manipulated and 'played' of all serpents. Whatever may have been the original value of the hood in the cobra's economy, whether to inspire its foes with terror or to serve any other end, there can be no doubt that it has long passed the zenith of its utility, and, like so many structures which we find in the animal world developed to exaggeration in the blind fury of evolution, has become a hinderance rather than a help to its possessor in the great struggle. The reach

of the cobra's delivery, the limitation of the distance within which its blow must fall, can be exactly calculated almost instinctively by those who become accustomed to them, since its striking consists of the swaying down of so much of its body as is upreared and no more. The reader may obtain an efficient illustration of this by laying his upper arm upon a table, with the forearm and hand (representing the head) raised from the flexed elbow. Very different is this from the spring-like mechanism of the process by which the majority of serpents dart on their prey or adversary—'fire a shot,' as the Trinidad creoles say—the head remaining quiescent until the neck and body behind are drawn up into S-shaped folds, to be suddenly straightened with the speed of lightning as the jaws are flashed forward. And when the cobra's head has fallen for its bite, the weight of its huge expanded umbrella prevents it from rising again as quickly as it would otherwise do, and admits of its being readily seized and secured.

Its near relative, the hamadryad, the great snake-eating snake, which is the largest of all poisonous species, and which also displays a hood, soon becomes apathetic, and refuses to pander to the humbug of charming; for this reason it is held of small account by the jugglers of India and Burma, in whose baskets it is occasionally seen and to whom it is known as the big or king cobra, since it requires a lot of shaking up before it will stand on the defensive, although its monetary value as a zoological specimen is twenty times as much as that of the smaller species. Though lazy, it is said to be distinctly aggressive in its wild state, and is perhaps the most intelligent of the serpent Order.

I may mention, as curiosities incidental to snake-taming, that they are much more vicious when cold—unless of course they are chilled to absolute torpor—than at the temperature which is suitable to their vitality; that they appreciate the interposition of a solid though transparent medium within an hour or two of their first confinement behind glass, and cease to strike at anything outside; that they will often strike repeatedly—and hit pretty hard blows—without taking the trouble to open their mouths, and consequently without biting; and that they never quarrel or bite each other, even the fiercest. When the time draws near for shedding the skin, a process which takes place at intervals of from three weeks to two months, they are apt to be treacherous and uncertain, probably owing to the partial obstruction of vision. A very old python in my own collection, formerly so quiet that a baby could and did play with it, and a most valuable specimen for 'handling round' at lectures, has developed cataract in both eyes of late years, and a decided infirmity of temper therewith. Babies, by the way, like kittens and young puppies, will maul and play with snakes unharmed where grown-up people would be bitten. The most ferocious of serpents is generally safe enough while in the hands of any one who knows how to hold without coercing him and keeps a cool head; it is in the picking up and especially in letting him go again that the bite comes in.

How, then, is snake-taming effected? Well, there is no great secret or mystery about it. In the first place, the snakes must become accustomed to the presence of humanity by being placed in such a situation that people pass and repass within their sight as constantly as possible; and here it must not be forgotten that no serpent can see anything distinctly at a distance equal to twice its own length. The inmates of the Reptile House at the London Zoological Gardens become noticeably shyer after a day or two of dense fog or deep snow, during which the visitors are few and far between. And, secondly, they must be handled at all times and seasons, except immediately after a meal, handled freely and fearlessly, but with due regard to their before-mentioned morbid sensibility of neck and tail. After all, the vast majority are not nearly so anxious to use their teeth as is commonly supposed. Keepers in menageries usually lift the new specimens from the boxes in which they arrive in order to transfer them to the cages, and are rarely bitten; and in forests and jungles all over the world I have always seized upon everything I came across with my bare hands, securing on one occasion a sixteen-foot anaconda in this way; and though I have had some nasty nips, such accidents have not happened to me in one case out of a thousand where there was the possibility of their occurrence. Gloves and tongs are worse than useless, and beget a nervousness on both sides. When a snake-keeper once begins to think about being bitten, it is all over with him, and he had better keep away from his charges until his nerve comes back to him. I have had more misadventures within a few weeks after a bad bout of jungle fever than in all the rest of my life put together, and I have lived in daily companionship with these reptiles almost as long as I can remember.

The only implement I ever employ is a very soft brush, and that I use but seldom, and with one species only, the lance-headed tree-boia of Tropical America, probably the most persistently savage serpent in the world, as ready to fly at the most familiar face or hand after years of association as it was at its original captor. It grows to about seven or eight feet, and is of slender habit, though a powerful constrictor, but its teeth are longer in proportion than those of any other non-venomous snake, while its enormous flat head and absurdly thin neck give it as malign and ill-favoured an aspect as pertains to any of the race. Four large specimens and five babies—born on the voyage, little fiends all—have just reached me from the West Indies. With the small ones, an old shaving-brush receives the bite as well as anything; for larger ones, a picture-brush or feather broom clipped somewhat short is more suitable, for one's object is not to hurt the snake in any way, but to disappoint him, and teach him the vanity of earthly passions when he dashes furiously into the yielding plumes and finds nothing there. A course of lessons of this sort sometimes serves to impress upon them the futility of assault and battery, and reduces the probability of their future efforts in that line to one snap when they are touched or suddenly disturbed.

Most animals can be turned by a brush; in zoological collections the attendants who clean the cages find that crocodiles, big birds, cats, and other unpleasantly demonstrative creatures, can be kept at bay with such a weapon, where sticks, whips, or crowbars would be useless, just as larger beasts are cowed most effectually by that real yet mysteriously intangible and unfightable foe, a jet of water from the garden-engine.

### THE MONTH:

#### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE newly discovered constituent of the atmosphere to which the name Argon has been given has caused as much excitement among chemists as did the detection of the fifth satellite of Jupiter some time ago in the astronomical world. We had all long regarded the composition of the air as having been definitely determined. But any one who will take the trouble to refer to Cavendish's celebrated 'Experiments on Air' will find that a suspicion is there raised that nitrogen, or phlogisticated air, as he termed that inert gas, was not the sole residue after the oxygen, water, and carbon dioxide of the atmosphere had been removed. If there were anything else left, he concluded that it must be in the most minute quantity. That there was something else was once more suspected by Lord Rayleigh, upon proving that the nitrogen obtained from air was about a half per cent. heavier than that procured from chemical compounds. The difference in weight is now attributed to the presence in minute quantity of this new gas. Argon has been separated, and gives a distinct spectrum. Whether it be an elementary body or a compound one is at present a moot-point, but its detection and separation must be regarded as a remarkable event.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Society, Dr John Haldane dealt with the nature and physiological action of black-damp as met with in a colliery in Staffordshire and in another one in Shropshire. He described it as one of the gases frequently found in the workings of coal-mines, which could be distinguished from fire-damp in not being explosive when mixed with air, and from after-damp in not being the product of an explosion, but collecting in the workings under ordinary conditions. It consisted of nitrogen containing an admixture of a seventh to an eighth of carbon dioxide, and it acted as a poison when inhaled, its dangerous physiological action being due to absence of oxygen, or insufficiency of oxygen when diluted with air, and not to excess of carbon dioxide. Air containing just sufficient black-damp to extinguish a candle or oil lamp produced no immediate sensible action on a human being.

'The Pastures of the Sea' formed the title of a very interesting and instructive lecture at the Imperial Institute lately, which was delivered by Mr George Murray of the British Museum. Seaweeds which grow near the land do not occur at a greater depth than fifty fathoms, and they may be classified according to their

colour into red, olive-brown, and green—the red weeds growing below low-water mark, the green ones at high-water mark, and the olive-brown occupying an intermediate position. It would seem that the colours have a direct relation to the amount of light available, for the sea-water stops those rays which are active in the formation of chlorophyll, the green colouring matter of plant-life. But this coast flora of the ocean can do but little towards maintaining the necessary balance between animal and plant life, which is effected by the floating microscopic plants which are found in all waters. Sometimes these are in such immense masses that they give the water a distinctive colour, as in the case of the Red Sea, which takes its name from their presence. The floating weed in the Sargasso Sea remains a puzzle to naturalists, for no plant of the same species can be found on adjacent coasts or islands. The lecturer concluded his remarks by urging the necessity of a more extended study of the ocean and its economy.

A favourite method of 'printing' adopted by photographers is the Platinotype process, in which the image is formed in platinum black, one of the most stable substances known to chemistry. A means of toning, or rather staining the image, so that the cold, black tone can be changed to any desired tint of brown, has lately been introduced, and the specimens of prints so treated which we have examined certainly show very beautiful results. The change is brought about by submitting the print to a bath of catechu, or cutch, as it is also called. This vegetable extract has long been used as a dye for textile fabrics, and is permanent. As the process is patented, the proper kind of catechu for photographic purposes will doubtless soon be placed upon the market.

One of the most difficult problems with which our parochial authorities have to deal is the selection of a method of road-making which shall be satisfactory in use and fairly permanent. The ideal paving has not yet been discovered—that is, one which shall be at the same time durable, noiseless, inexpensive, and capable of affording a foothold for horses in all states of the weather. Possibly such an ideal is unattainable; but a method which seems to fulfil some of the conditions required is found in Ardagh's Patent Prismatic Hard Wood Paving Block. This block is made up of a number of pieces of oak, which have been previously creosoted, bound together with an iron band. The cubes of which the block is composed are cut from waste wood, therefore the cost is not prohibitive; and if required, channels may be cut in its surface and filled in with sand and cement, so as to reduce slipperiness of surface to a minimum. The system has been for some time in successful use in the streets of Worcester.

A correspondent in commenting upon a recent note in these columns with reference to the fraudulent renovation of spent tea leaves, informs us that there is yet another use for this waste product, irrespective of that found for it by the careful housemaid. 'Owners of poultry may not be aware,' he writes, 'that

fowls are very fond of spent tea leaves. They are a very useful adjunct to the poultry-yard menu, especially at this season, when variety of diet is welcome to make up for the loss of natural delicacies. The fowls seem to enjoy the leaves whether given alone or mixed in the other food. Probably the tea acts as a tonic! Here is another use for the leaves when exhausted by humanity.'

If the calculations of the *Gazette de St Petersburg* may be relied upon, the completion of the Trans-Siberian Railway will be beneficial not only to the Russian Empire but to those who would seek a quick route from Britain to China and Japan. At present the journey from England to Japan occupies twenty-eight days, and it takes about three days longer to reach China. By the new route it is calculated that nearly one-half of this time can be saved.

The lamentable wrecks which have occurred round our coasts during the past few months will have one good result in stimulating the endeavours which have been made to place our lighthouses, harbours, lightships, and lifeboat stations in telegraphic and telephonic communication with one another. Much has already been done, especially in and around the port of Liverpool. The completion of this necessary work will, it is said, cost a quarter of a million of money. But this should be no obstacle to a rich country like Britain, especially when it is remembered that the value of a single ship of war very often greatly exceeds this sum, to say nothing of the far more valuable lives at stake.

It is sometimes impossible to find out the causes which have led to collision at sea. Not long ago two ships in the Channel, which had been in sight of each other for a long time, collided in broad daylight, both sustaining such serious damage that their water-tight compartments alone kept them afloat. It becomes desirable, therefore, that some record of the orders given from the bridge of a ship previous to such a disaster should be available. Such a record is provided by a ship's Indicator which has been invented by Messrs Thompson & Marsden. It consists of a drum carrying a paper which revolves by clockwork once in twenty-four hours. The paper is ruled with vertical lines denoting intervals of time, and with horizontal lines dividing it into spaces, each of which corresponds to one of the words of command telegraphed from the captain to the engine-room. A pencil traces a continuous line upon this drum, but moves in sympathy with every motion of the telegraph upon the bridge. So that it is possible by after-examination of this record to find out what orders were given to the engineer, the time at which it was given, and the interval which elapsed between every such order. The inventors assert that the Indicator can be easily adapted to any ship's telegraph in use, and that it has been thoroughly tested with complete success.

Among the minor time-saving devices which have recently been generally adopted is the fountain pen, which enables a busy writer to do his work without constant renewal of ink. One of the simplest and ingenious inventions

of the kind has been brought forward by Mr John Clark of Her Majesty's Customs, London. This consists of a tiny slip of india-rubber pierced at each end, which can be slipped over an ordinary nib. In this way it forms a stretched membrane below the point of the nib, between which and the metal is thus provided a reservoir to hold sufficient ink to write a long letter. The advantage of this method is that one can use his favourite nib and turn it into a fountain pen at will.

Lovers of animals have constantly protested against the inhuman practice of mutilating the ears of dogs, a fashion which has sprung up under the mistaken notion that the appearance of the victims is thereby improved. Unhappily, these protests have not hitherto had much effect. But there are now stronger influences being brought to bear upon the evil-doers. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales having been recently asked to express his opinion upon the practice, writes through his secretary to say that 'he has kept dogs for many years, and frequently sends some of them to exhibitions, but that he has never allowed any dog belonging to him to be mutilated. His Royal Highness has always been opposed to this practice, which he considers causes unnecessary pain, and it would give him much pleasure to hear that owners of dogs had agreed to abandon such an objectionable fashion.' We are also glad to see that the barbarous practice forms the subject of an energetic protest which has been lodged with the Kennel Club, on behalf of the Ladies' Kennel Association. It is suggested that no dog born after an agreed-upon date, that has its ears mutilated, shall be eligible for exhibition at any show held under Kennel Club rules. We trust that this humane suggestion will be acted upon, for it is a shameful thing that our four-footed friends should be tortured for a mere caprice of fashion. Man has from the very earliest times hacked about his own body in obedience to custom, but he has no right to impose a similar tax upon his dependents.

The tall cliffs which look over the Channel round about the port of Dover, the whiteness of which suggested the name Albion, have for years been crumbling away, sometimes imperceptibly, and occasionally in avalanches representing many hundred tons of chalk. The natural erosion has unfortunately been increased by the establishment of the Admiralty pier at Dover, which acts like a huge groyne, in causing the shingle to be carried away from the base of the cliffs, and not replaced, so that the chalk is constantly undermined, and the face of the cliff is from time to time brought down by its own weight. A correspondent of the *Times* lately pointed out how serious the consequences are likely to be to Government property in the neighbourhood of Dover and St Margaret's Bay, and he suggests that a concrete wall built at the foot of the cliffs would do much to stop the mischief.

The Tokio correspondent of the leading English journal says that the excellent health of the Japanese troops in Corea, although the want of sanitation in that country is a byword, may possibly be attributed in great part to



their diet, which is mainly rice. He quotes the opinion of Dr E. Baelz, an eminent German physician, who has made a study of the nutrient value of rice. For men in active exercise no other food, he declares, is equally sustaining and wholesome, but it is not adapted to those leading a sedentary life, for it quickly leads to dyspepsia. This view is borne out by the evidence of the labouring classes in Japan, who have well-developed muscles and enjoy good health. The same may be said of the *Jinrikisha* drawers, who will run immense distances between the shafts of those curious two-wheeled carriages peculiar to Japan, without much fatigue. The upper classes are on the other hand frail of frame, weakly, and incapable of real exertion. If the German physician's conclusions are correct, rice should be the ideal food for military purposes, for it is most easy of transport. We doubt, though, if the European soldier would regard it with much favour.

The most important expedition for scientific purposes which was ever sent out by this country is that of the *Challenger*, a ship which was devoted to this work for three years from 1873, when she sailed to every ocean except the Arctic. This expedition was remarkably fruitful in results, so much so, that the leading scientific men at home and abroad have been occupied for many years in tabulating and putting the observations into shape for publication, and arranging the collections with a like object. The work has only just been completed by the issue of the final two volumes of the fifty bulky tomes devoted to this great national undertaking. The price of the complete work is one hundred pounds, but the Government have presented copies to most of the leading libraries in foreign countries, as an acknowledgment of valuable help received in its compilation.

A new primary battery from which great results are anticipated has been patented by Messrs Walker & Williams of Birmingham. The cell is composed of a cylinder of zinc, immersed in a porous pot containing caustic potash. This vessel is placed concentrically within a perforated earthenware jar, packed with carbon, the current being collected by a cylinder of nickel, also perforated, embedded in the granular carbon. The novel feature of this cell is represented by the perforations in the outer vessel, and in the collecting cylinder, by which the atmosphere is admitted to play an important part in preventing polarisation. It is claimed that ninety-seven per cent. of the zinc used is given back in electric energy, as against forty per cent. in other primary batteries. Professor Jamieson of Glasgow has reported upon this invention, and says that 'it will prove very serviceable for driving electric motors, for electric lighting, and for electro deposition of metals when engines and dynamos are not available.' The inventors allege that those who live in country houses can by means of these cells produce electricity on their own account for a less sum than eightpence per Board of Trade unit.

Among the recent advances due to electricity must be reckoned a new method of producing

soda alkali and chlorine, which threatens to seriously interfere with an established and important industry. Many attempts have already been made in this direction, but certain difficulties had arisen which prevented success. Mr Castner, whose name is well known in connection with certain improvements in the production of metallic sodium, has at last solved the problem, and has commenced the manufacture of electrically produced soda and chlorine upon a large scale. The details of this electrolytic method cannot well be described without diagrams, but it may be said that the success of the new process is mainly due to the mechanical means adopted for the efficient employment of the electric current.

Professor Dewar has been revealing fresh wonders with regard to liquid air, proving that bodies which at ordinary temperatures are very faintly if at all phosphorescent, glow with a strange brightness after being cooled to the temperature of boiling liquid air, and excited by the rays of an electric arc. Feathers, flowers, cotton-wool, egg-shells, and various chemical substances, when dipped in the air give brilliant effects. The Professor also showed how photographic action was retarded at these very low temperatures, and he concluded that in some way the phenomena of photographic action and phosphorescence are closely connected.

#### AS IT HATH BEEN, SO IT SHALL BE.

DAISIES, starring the grasses

Till they gleam with silver sheen;  
Wind, that over them passes,  
Ruffling the white and green;  
Nought is changed, save the eyes that see:  
As it hath been, so it shall be.

Bird, that sings in the wild wood

Songs of a thousand years;  
Child, with the laugh of childhood  
Chasing its April tears;  
Earth's music changeless as beating sea:  
As it hath been, so it shall be.

Heart, that throbbeest so madly

With joy of each new-born thing—  
Heart, that sobbeest so sadly  
For thought of thine own lost spring;  
Earth's Springs shall soon be unfelt by thee:  
As it hath been, so it shall be.

MARY GORGES.

#### \*• TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.
- 2d. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3d. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,  
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

*Fifth Series*

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 588.—VOL. XII.

SATURDAY, APRIL 6, 1895.

PRICE 1½d.

## IN THE FUTURE.

If we could transport ourselves in imagination back to the early years of this century, to a period when the lives of people still living were beginning, what a different world we should find! Think of it. The steam-engine then had but entered on its civilising career; no good roads existed even for fast coaches; no Atlantic greyhounds sped through storms and fogs at twenty miles an hour; there were no telegraphs outstripping time, and making the sun a sluggard; no railway trains to rush along by night or day at sixty miles an hour; and no gas to light our streets or homes. And seeing so much has been gained in so short a time, we can scarcely wonder that many thinking men should turn towards the ever-approaching and unknown Future, and attempt to lift the veil which shrouds it from our gaze.

Forty-three years ago an interesting paper appeared in this *Journal*, entitled 'Things in Expectation,' attempting to forestall what might occur during the following twenty years; and, considering their nature, the predictions made were fairly successful. There is now a much wider field for speculation, and the writer proposes to follow his predecessor's example, and try to anticipate some of the discoveries and inventions which are now casting their shadows before them.

To some it appears that we have, in various directions, already nearly reached that boundary beyond which the human intellect cannot pass; while others see in the success which has followed past endeavour, the promise and potency of still greater triumphs. Besides, how many discoveries Nature reveals to us unexpectedly and unsought for! while each one in succession assists in explaining mysteries yet unsolved. For science, like a benignant mother, has no favourites, and offers her rewards to all earnest seekers, the learned and unlearned alike. She has hid away many of her most valuable secrets in the most unlikely and un-

expected places, and they lie all around us awaiting recognition. Especially is it so with chemistry, which has been aptly termed the 'science of the world and the future.' By its transformations we have been enabled to convert some of the most worthless materials into important objects of every-day use. It is continually opening up to us new sources of wealth and convenience of which former ages had no idea. We look forward to a time when the chemist will make a harvest when wanted, instead of waiting a year for Nature's slower operations. Then from the common matter of the universe we shall be able to build up direct the waste that results from all action, motion, and even from life itself. At present, this waste is restored to us by eating beef or mutton. The mutton was the protoplasm or 'physical basis of life' of another animal, a sheep, which received its protoplasm from the vegetable world. But we shall have changed all that, and the task of obtaining the ingredients, the nitrogen and carbon, direct from Nature, and of combining them in their due proportions, will be simple every-day work for the chemist of the future. Then the destruction of our fleet in war-time would not mean the awful miseries of famine that would at present be almost certain to follow the blockade of our ports.

In the long catalogue of problems on which science is now earnestly engaged, one is the discovery of methods for neutralising or for finding the antidote to the bacillus or seed-form of zymotic or infectious diseases, such as cholera, consumption, smallpox, malarial diseases or fevers. But yesterday the exquisite experiments and researches of Pasteur, Tyndall, Koch, Löffler, and others, have partly foreshadowed that long-sought-for prophylactic which is to make the entry of the too oft fatal germs to the human body difficult, or to neutralise them by a simple or easy remedy. We look to science to show us the road to health and long life, by conquering disease. Medicine and

Surgery have been enabled to take a new and grander departure.

So long ago as 1613, the first note of alarm was sounded regarding the exhaustion of our coal supplies. Standish informed our ancestors that with 'no woode for fuel, there would be no kingdom;' and as for coal, it was not to be depended on, and was failing in quality as well as in quantity. Fuller, the witty divine, also joined in the warning; and ever since we seem to have had periodical attacks apprehensive of such a calamity overtaking us. It is more than probable that our future consumption of fuel, instead of increasing, will diminish through superior methods of using it, without considering the probability of our finding substitutes. For the time may come when we shall be able to concentrate and employ the immense currents of thermo-electricity which result from the action of the sun's rays and the rotation of the earth. We seem to be on the verge of being able to produce electricity directly from the burning of coal; and this once accomplished, there will immediately follow the universal adoption of the electric motor as a prime mover. In this direction we have many resources. For instance, our rivers, the winds, and tides, can all be made to contribute to the production of heat and power. Also in many countries there are springs of hot water which have flowed for centuries unchanged in temperature. On the island of Ischia, in the Bay of Naples, on deepening the sources of these springs only a few feet, the water is found to boil; while a little deeper, steam of very high pressure has been obtained. All these sources of power can be converted into stored electrical energy, capable of being conveyed to any place where wanted, and employed to give heat, light, and great power in small space. No; we need not be alarmed at the prospect of the exhaustion of our coal-fields. Science will solve this question, and at the same time purify the atmosphere of our great towns.

The promised applications of electricity are almost innumerable. Nicola de Tesla promises to give us sunshine by night or day; maintaining that terrestrial heat and light are due to electrical vibrations in the millions of miles of ether which separate our earth from the sun, and not derived from a ball of fire, as is generally believed. These vibrations have been produced on a small scale by means of an experimental alternating current dynamo giving twenty thousand vibrations a second, followed by a luminous haze. This points to the possibility of manufacturing sunshine when wanted. Sir W. Preece has made telegraphic communication between the island of Hat Holme and the Welsh coast without wires, by means of the magnetic currents in earth and water. It is not long since only one message could be sent each way over the same wire simultaneously; now, seventy can be sent, thirty-five in each direction, on one wire. Experiments have proved that electric currents give vigour to the growth of most vegetables and plants, and also paralyse the mischievous activity of parasites, animal and vegetable. Here is hope for the agriculturist, and wider opportunities for

the electrical engineer. It is said that the total amount of heat poured by the sun on every acre of the earth's surface annually is equal to seven hundred and fifty thousand horse-power. From this, a heavy crop utilises three thousand two hundred horse-power only; the remainder, so far as vegetation is concerned, is dissipated into space. Here is energy sufficient to supply all the steam-engines in existence. Who can show us how to apply it to useful purpose?

Another novelty of great value is the application of electricity to sanitary improvement; the treatment and purification of sewage by this method is only too costly for use. The sterilisation of disease germs by electricity in the water supply of cities has been experimented on with excellent results; and the difficulty and expense of dealing with such vast volumes of water is a problem which must be attacked very soon.

We are told that in this country we have no climate—'merely samples;' that an English summer consists of three fine days and a thunder-storm; and 'that the only fruit that ripens is a baked apple.' There is some truth in the sarcasm. The thunder-storm is usually followed by a fall of temperature and 'broken weather,' which, lasting from a few days to a month, combined with the absence of sunshine, often thwarts effectually Nature's kind intentions in ripening fruit. So the electrician aims at controlling the weather. Shall we ever be able to make the clouds discharge their moisture during the night, and thus leave clear skies and sunshine for the day? We have nearly always the opposite at present, and so lose the heat by radiation at night which the sun gives us by day. Some attempts at rain-making are said to have been fairly successful. Can we not employ some of the superabundant energy mentioned above in preventing or mitigating the so-called London fog, which, alas! no longer confines itself to London? Professor Lodge has proved that the discharge of electricity into the air of a smoking-room at once clears it of smoke and dust. A flash of lightning—which is simply a huge electric spark—is projected through the moisture-laden clouds, and is followed by a deluge of rain. Thunder, we know, clears the air. A fog is electro-positive, and the electrician will not be allowed to rest until fogs are things of the past.

When a cheap supply of electricity can be obtained, the immense possibilities which will come within the range of practice will soon reveal themselves. The Honourable Robert Boyle, who lived early in the seventeenth century, entitled one of his essays, 'Of Man's Great Ignorance of the Uses of Natural Things, or that there is no one Thing in Nature whereof the Uses to Human life are yet thoroughly understood.' The whole history of science, electricity especially, has been one long commentary on this curious text. After the publication of Franklin's experiments, it was generally believed that there was nothing remaining to be discovered concerning electricity. 'It may be said,' wrote Priestley, not many years later, in reply to this hasty statement, 'there is a *ne plus ultra* in everything, and therefore in

electricity. There is no reason to think that we have arrived at it, for with every new discovery it becomes more apparent that the *ultima Thule* of electrical possibilities lies far beyond our horizon.

It is a striking illustration of the primitive barbarism still inherent in the human race, and of the elementary condition in which we yet live, that civilised nations are willing to sacrifice so much treasure and ingenuity in preparation for war. Even we in this country, whose public burdens in this connection are as nothing compared with those of some of our neighbours, spend one-third of our national income in paying for past wars, one-third in preparation for future wars, leaving the remaining one-third for carrying on the work of the nation. It is, however, a hopeful sign that two of the most civilised nations on this planet have given a noble example in settling international disputes by arbitration. The time will surely come when the youthful manhood of great nations will refuse to be led to mutual slaughter, and to submit to all the evils and demoralisation which inevitably follow in the track of war. And it is to be sincerely hoped that arbitration through the power of an intellectual, cultured, and enlightened public opinion, international and universal in its application, will speedily take the place of war.

A universal language has for nearly three centuries been the dream of scientific men, and some think that the wonderful strength and vitality of our actual English tongue points to its general adoption in the course of time. It is the language which has made the greatest progress in respect of the numbers speaking it within this century. In the year 1800 it was said to be used by twenty-two millions of people, and is now spoken by much more than one hundred millions; while the numbers speaking Russian rose in the same time from thirty to seventy or eighty millions, all the other European languages being left far behind. English is the language of the greatest colonising race in history, the race which still holds the commercial supremacy of the world. It is the language of the great American nation: and from the United Kingdom and the United States, from Canada, Australia, New Zealand, the Cape, and India, it is pushing its influence farther into every corner of the habitable globe. It is not, then, a perfectly foolish expectation that our language may eventually become the accepted tongue of the civilised world.

By better methods of research, with instruments far superior to anything we as yet possess, and by continued patient investigation, how much may we yet learn! May we not hope to solve problems relating to remote worlds, and possibly to the organic and sentient beings who inhabit them? Knowing what has been accomplished recently by spectrum analysis and the union of the photographic camera with the telescope—making the stars themselves deliver their own messages regarding their movements and composition—it is unreasonable to put any limit to what the future may have in store for us. Besides, we may reasonably assume that the planets are inhabited,

it may be by beings as superior to us intellectually as we are to our ancestors of thousands of years ago; and from them the first communication may come.

Science is only at the beginning of its career. The prospects of the future invite to present humility. We are still, like Newton after all his discoveries, standing on the shore of a great ocean, from which we have picked up a few of its treasures thrown upon the beach, each one of which only serves to show its illimitable and, as yet, undiscovered wealth.

## THE CHRONICLES OF COUNT ANTONIO.\*

By ANTHONY HOPE, Author of *The Prisoner of Zenda*.

### CHAPTER VII. (continued).

THUS had the day worn to evening, and long had the day seemed to Antonio, who sat before the mouth of the cave, with Venusta by his side. All day they had sat thus alone, for Luigi and the two youths had gone to set snares in the wood behind the cave—or such was the pretext Luigi made; and Antonio had let them go, charging them to keep in earshot. As the long day passed, Antonio, seeking to entertain the lady and find amusement for her through the hours, began to recount to her all that he had done, how he had seized the Sacred Bones, the manner of his difference with the Abbot of St Prisian, and much else. But of the killing of Duke Paul he would not speak; nor did he speak of his love for Lucia till Venusta pressed him, making parade of great sympathy for him. But when he had set his tongue to the task, he grew eloquent, his eyes gleamed and his cheek flushed, and he spoke in the low reverent voice that a true lover uses when he speaks of his mistress, as though his wonted accents were too common and mean for her name. And Venusta sat listening, casting now and again a look at him out of her deep eyes, and finding his eyes never on hers, but filled with the fancied vision of Lucia. And at last, growing impatient with him, she broke out petulantly, 'Is this girl, then, different from all others, that you speak of her as though she were a goddess?'

'I would not have spoken of her but that you pressed me,' laughed Antonio. 'Yet in my eyes she is a goddess—as every maid should be to her lover.'

Venusta caught a twig from the ground and broke it sharp across. 'Boys' talk!' said she, and flung the broken twig away.

Antonio laughed gently, and leaned back, resting on the rock. 'Maybe,' said he. 'Yet is there none who talks boys' talk for you?'

'I love men,' said she, 'not boys. And if I were a man, I think I would love a woman, not a goddess.'

'It is Heaven's chance, I doubt not,' said Antonio, laughing again. 'Had you and I

\* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

chanced to love, we should not have quarrelled with the boys' talk nor at the name of goddess.'

She flushed suddenly, and bit her lip, but she answered in raillery, 'Indeed, had it been so, a marvel of a lover I should have had! For you have not seen your mistress for many many months, and yet you are faithful to her. Are you not, my lord?'

'Small credit not to wander where you love to rest,' said Antonio.

'And yet youth goes in waiting, and delights missed come not again,' said she, leaning towards him with a light in her eyes, and scanning his fair hair and bronzed cheek, his broad shoulders and the sinewy hands that nursed his knee.

'It may well be that they will not come to me,' he said. 'For the Duke has a halter ready for my throat, if by force or guile he can take me.'

She started at these words, searching his face; but he was calm and innocent of any hidden meaning. She forced a laugh as she said, twisting a curl of her hair round her finger, 'The more reason to waste no time, my lord Antonio.'

Antonio shook his head and said lightly, 'But I think he cannot take me by force, and I know of no man in all the Duchy that would betray me to a shameful death.'

'And of no woman?' she asked, glancing at him from under drooping lashes.

'No, for I have wronged none; and women are not cruel.'

'Yet there may be some, my lord, who call you cruel, and therefore would be cruel in vengeance. A lover faithful as you can have but one friend among women.'

'I know of none such,' he laughed. 'And surely the vengeance would be too great for the offence, if there were such.'

'Nay, I know not that,' said Venusta frowning.

'I would trust myself to any woman, even though the Duke offered her great rewards, ay, as readily as I put faith in Lucia herself, or in you.'

'You couple me with her?'

'In that matter most readily,' said Antonio.

'But in nothing else?' she asked, flushing again in anger, for still his eyes were distant, and he turned them never on her.

'You must pardon me,' he said. 'My eyes are blinded.'

For a moment she sat silent; then she said in a low voice, 'But blind eyes have learned to see before now, my lord.'

Then Antonio turned his eyes on her; and now she could not meet them, but turned her burning face away. For her soul was in tumult, and she knew not now whether she loved or hated him, nor whether she would save or still betray him. And the trust he had in her gnawed her guilty heart. So that a sudden passion seized her, and she caught Antonio by the arm, crying, 'But if a woman held your life in her hand and asked your love as its price, Antonio?'

'Such a thing could not be,' said he, wondering.

'Nay, but it might. And if it were?'

And Antonio, marvelling more and more at her vehemence, answered, 'Love is dear, and honour is dear; but we of Monte Velluto hold life of no great price.'

'Yet it is a fearful and shameful thing to hang from the city wall.'

'There are worse things,' said he. 'But indeed, I count not to do it;' and he laughed again.

Venusta sprang to her feet and paced the space between the cave and the river bank with restless steps. Once she flung her hands above her head and clasped them; then, holding them clasped in front of her, she stood by Antonio and bent over him, till her hair, falling forward as she stooped, brushed his forehead and mingled with his fair locks; and she breathed softly his name, 'Antonio, Antonio!' And he looked up with a great start, stretching up his hand as though to check her; but he said nothing. And she, suddenly sobbing, fell on her knees by him; yet, as suddenly, she ceased to sob, and a smile came on her lips, and she leaned towards him, saying again, 'Antonio.'

'I pray you, I pray you,' said he, seeking to stay her courteously.

Then, careless of her secret, she flashed out in wrath, 'Ah, you scorn me, my lord! You care nothing for me. I am dirt to you. Yet I hold your life in my hand!' And then in an instant she grew again softened, beseeching, 'Am I so hideous, dear lord, that death is better than my love? For if you will love me, I will save you.'

'I know not how my life is in your hands,' said he, glad to catch at that and leave the rest of what Venusta said.

'Is there any path that leads higher up into the mountains?' she asked.

'Yes, there is one,' said he; 'but if need came now, I could not climb it with this wounded foot of mine.'

'Luigi and the young men could carry you?'

'Yes; but what need? Tommasino and the band will return soon.'

But she caught him by the hand, crying, 'Rise, rise; call the men and let them carry you. Come, there is no time for lingering. And if I save you, my lord Antonio?'—And a yearning question sounded in her voice.

'If you save me a thousand times, I can do nothing else than pray you spare me what is more painful than death to me,' said he, looking away from her and being himself in great confusion.

'Come, come,' she cried. 'Call them! Perhaps some day— Call them, Antonio.'

But as she spoke, before Antonio could call, there came a loud cry from the wood behind the cave—the cry of a man in some great strait. Antonio's hand flew to his sword, and he rose to his feet, and stood leaning on his sword. Then he cried aloud to Luigi. And in a moment Luigi and one of the youths came running; and Luigi, casting one glance at Venusta, said breathlessly, 'My lord, Jacopo's foot slipped, and the poor fellow has fallen down a precipice thirty feet deep on to the rocks below, and we fear that he is sore hurt.'

Venusta sprang a step forward, for she suspected (what the truth was) that Luigi himself had aided the slipping of Jacopo's foot by a sudden lurch against him; but she said nothing, and Antonio bade Luigi go quick and look after Jacopo, and take the other youth with him.

'But we shall leave you unguarded, my lord,' said Luigi with a cunning show of solicitude.

'I am in no present danger, and the youth may be dying. Go speedily,' said Antonio.

Luigi turned, and with the other youth (Tommasino told Niccolo his name, but Niccolo had forgotten it) rushed off; and even as he went, Venusta cried, 'It is a lie! You yourself brought it about!' But Luigi did not hear her, and Antonio, left again alone, asked her, 'What mean you?'

'Nay, I mean naught,' said she, affrighted, and, when faced by his inquiring eyes, not daring to confess her treachery.

'I hope the lad is not killed,' said Antonio.

'I care not for a thousand lads. Think of yourself, my lord!' And, planning to rouse Antonio without betraying herself, she said, 'I distrust this man Luigi. Is he faithful? The Duke can offer great rewards.'

'He has served me well. I have no reason to mistrust him,' said Antonio.

'Ah, you trust every one!' she cried in passion and in scorn of his simplicity. 'You trust Luigi! You trust me!'

'Why not?' said he. 'But indeed now I have no choice. For they cannot carry both Jacopo and me up the path.'

'Jacopo! You would stay for Jacopo?' she flashed out fiercely.

'If nothing else, yet my oath would bind me not to leave him while he lives. For we of the band are all bound to one another as brethren by an oath, and it would look ill, if I, for whom they all have given much, were the first to break the oath. So here I am, and here I must stay,' and Antonio ended smiling, and, his foot hurting him while he stood, sat down again and rested against the rock.

It was now late and evening fell; and Venusta knew that the Duke's men should soon be upon them. And she sat down near Antonio and buried her face in her hands, and she wept. For Antonio had so won upon her by his honour and his gentleness, and most of all by his loyal clinging to the poor boy Jacopo, that she could not think of her treachery without loathing and horror. Yet she dared not tell him—that now seemed worse to her than death. And while they sat thus, Luigi came and told Antonio that the youth was sore hurt, and that they could not lift him.

'Then stay by him,' said Antonio. 'I need nothing.'

And Luigi bowed, and, turning, went back to the other youth, and bade him stay by Jacopo, while he went by Antonio's orders to seek for some one to aid in carrying him. 'I may chance,' said he, 'to find some shepherds.' So he went, not to seek shepherds, but to seek the Duke's men, and tell them that they might safely come upon Antonio, for he had now none to guard him.

Then Antonio said to Venusta, 'Why do you sit and weep?'

For he thought that she wept because he had scorned the love in which her words declared her to hold him, and he was sorry. But she made no answer.

And he went on, 'I pray you do not weep. For do not think I am blind to your beauty or to the sweet kindness which you have bestowed upon me. And in all things that I may, I will truly and faithfully serve you to my death.'

Then she raised her head and she said, 'That will not be long, Antonio.'

'I know not, but for so long as it may be,' said he.

'It will not be long,' she said again, and burst into quick passionate sobs, that shook her and left her at last breathless and exhausted.

Antonio looked at her for a while and said, 'There is something that you do not tell me. Yet, if it be anything that causes you pain or shame, you may tell me as readily as you would any man. For I am not a hard man, and I have many things on my own conscience that forbid me to judge harshly of another.'

She raised her head and she lifted her hand into the air. The stillness of evening had fallen, and a light wind blew up from the plain. There was no sound save from the flowing of the river and the gentle rustle of the trees.

'Hark!' said she. 'Hark! hark!' and with every repetition of the word her voice rose till it ended in a cry of terror.

Antonio set his hand to his ear and listened intently. 'It is the sound of men's feet on the rocky path,' said he, smiling. 'Tommasino returns, and I doubt not that he brings your jewels with him. Will you not give him a smiling welcome? Ay, and to me also your smiles would be welcome. For your weeping pierces my heart, and the dimness of your eyes is like a cloud across the sun.'

Venusta's sobs had ceased, and she looked at Antonio with a face calm, white, and set. 'It is not the lord Tommasino,' she said. 'The men you hear are the Duke's men;' and then and there she told him the whole. Yet she spoke as though neither he nor any other were there, and as though she rehearsed for her own ear some lesson that she had learned; so lifeless and monotonous was her voice as it related the shameful thing. And at last she ended saying, 'Thus in an hour you will be dead, or captured and held for a worse death. It is I who have done it.' And she bent her head again to meet her hands; yet she did not cover her face, but rested her chin on her hands, and her eyes were fixed immovably on Count Antonio.

For the space of a minute or two he sat silent. Then he said, 'I fear, then, that Tommasino and the rest have had a fight against great odds. But they are stout fellows—Tommasino, and old Bena, and the rest. I hope it is well with them.' Then, after a pause, he went on, 'Yes, the sound of the steps comes nearer. They will be here before long now. But I had not thought it of Luigi.'

The rogue! I trust they will not find the two lads.'

Venusta sat silent, waiting for him to reproach her. He read her thought on her face, and he smiled at her, and said to her, 'Go and meet them; or go, if you will, away up the path. For you should not be here when the end comes.'

Then she flung herself at his feet, asking forgiveness, but finding no words for her prayer. 'Ay, ay,' said he gently. 'But of God you must ask it in prayers and good deeds.' And he dragged himself to the cave and set himself with his back against the rock and his face towards the path along which the Duke's men must come. And he called again to Venusta, saying, 'I pray you, do not stay here.' But she heeded him not, but sat again on the ground, her chin resting on her hands and her eyes on his.

'Hark, they are near now!' said he. And he looked round at sky and trees and at the rippling swift river, and at the long dark shadows of the hills; and he listened to the faint sounds of the birds and living creatures in the wood. And a great lust of life came over him, and for a moment his lip quivered and his head fell; he was very loth to die. Yet soon he smiled again and raised his head, and so leaned easily against the rock.

Now the lord Lorenzo and his twenty men, conceiving that the Lieutenant of the Guard could without difficulty hold Tommasino, had come along leisurely, desiring to be in good order and not weary when they met Antonio; for they feared him. And thus it was evening when they came near the cave and halted a moment to make their plans; and here Luigi met them and told them how Antonio was alone and unguarded. But Lorenzo desired, if it were possible, to take Antonio alive and carry him alive to the Duke, knowing that thus he would win His Highness's greatest thanks. And while they talked of how this might best be effected, they in their turn heard the sound of men coming up the road, these sounds being made by Tommasino, Bena, and their party, who had ridden as fast as the weariness of their horses let them. But because they had ridden fast, their horses were foundered, and they had dismounted, and were now coming on foot; and Lorenzo heard them coming just as he also had decided to go forward on foot, and had caused the horses to be led into the wood and tethered there. And he asked, 'Who are these?'

Then one of his men, a skilled woodsman and hunter, listening, answered, 'They are short of a dozen, my lord. They must be come with tidings from the Lieutenant of the Guard. For they would be more if the Lieutenant came himself, or if by chance Tommasino's band had eluded him.'

'Come,' said Lorenzo. 'The capture of the Count must be ours, not theirs. Let us go forward without delay.'

Thus Lorenzo and his men pushed on; and but the half of a mile behind came Tommasino and his; and again three or four miles behind them came the Lieutenant and his; and all these companies were pressing on towards the

cave where Antonio and Venusta were. But Tommasino's men still marched the quicker, and they gained on Lorenzo, while the Lieutenant did not gain on them; yet by reason of the unceasing windings of the way, as it twisted round rocks and skimmed precipices, they did not come in sight of Lorenzo, nor did he see them; indeed he thought now of nothing but of coming first on Antonio, and of securing the glory of taking him before the Lieutenant came up. And Tommasino, drawing near the cave, gave his men orders to walk very silently; for he hoped to surprise Lorenzo unawares. Thus, as the sun sank out of sight, Lorenzo came to the cave and to the open space between it and the river, and beheld Antonio standing with his back against the rock and his drawn sword in his hand, and Venusta crouching on the ground some paces away. When Venusta saw Lorenzo, she gave a sharp, stifled cry, but did not move: Antonio smiled, and drew himself to his full height.

'Your tricks have served you well, my lord,' he said. 'Here I am alone and crippled.'

'Then yield yourself,' said Lorenzo. 'We are twenty to one.'

'I will not yield,' said Antonio. 'I can die here as well as at Firmola, and a thrust is better than a noose.'

Then Lorenzo, being a gentleman of high spirit and courage, waved his men back; and they stood still ten paces off, watching intently, as Lorenzo advanced towards Antonio, for, though Antonio was lame, yet they looked to see fine fighting. And Lorenzo advanced towards Antonio, and said again, 'Yield yourself, my lord.'

'I will not yield,' said Antonio again.

At this instant the woodsman who was with Lorenzo raised his hand to his ear and listened for a moment; but Tommasino came softly, and the woodsman was deceived. 'It is but leaves,' he said, and turned again to watch Lorenzo. And that lord now sprang fiercely on Antonio and the swords crossed. And as they crossed, Venusta crawled on her knees nearer, and, as the swords played, nearer still she came, none noticing her, till at length she was within three yards of Lorenzo. He now was pressing Antonio hard, for the Count was in great pain from his foot, and as often as he was compelled to rest his weight on it, it came near to failing him, nor could he follow up any advantage he might gain against Lorenzo. Thus passed three or four minutes in the encounter. And the woodsman cried, 'Hark! Here comes the Lieutenant. Quick, my lord, or you lose half the glory!' Then Lorenzo sprang afresh on Antonio. Yet as he sprang, another sprang also; and as that other sprang there rose a shout from Lorenzo's men; yet they did not rush to aid in the capture of Antonio, but turned themselves round. For Bena, with Tommasino at his heels, had shot among them like a great stone from a catapult; and this man Bena was a great fighter; and now he was all aflame with love and fear for Count Antonio. And he crashed through their ranks, and split the head of the woodsman with the heavy sword he carried; and thus he came to Lorenzo. But there in amaze-



ment he stood still. For Antonio and Lorenzo had dropped their points and fought no more; but both stood with their eyes on the slim figure of a girl that lay on the ground between them; and blood was pouring from a wound in her breast, and she moaned softly. And while the rest fought fiercely, these three stood looking on the girl; and Lorenzo looked also on his sword, which was dyed three inches up the blade. For as he thrust most fiercely at Antonio, Venusta had sprung at him with the spring of a young tiger, a dagger flashing in her hand, and in the instinct that sudden danger brings, he had turned his blade against her; and the point of it was deep in her breast before he drew it back with horror and a cry of 'Heavens! I have killed her!' And she fell full on the ground at the feet of Count Antonio, who had stood motionless in astonishment, with his sword in rest.

Now the stillness and secrecy of Tommasino's approach had served him well, for he had come upon Lorenzo's men when they had no thought of an enemy, but stood crowded together, shoulder to shoulder; and several of them were slain and more hurt before they could use their swords to any purpose; but Tommasino's men had fallen on them with great fury, and had broken through them even as Bena had, and getting above them, were now, step by step, driving them down the path, and formed a rampart between them and the three who stood by the dying lady. And when Bena perceived this advantage, wasting little thought on Venusta (he was a hard man, this Bena), he cried to Antonio, 'Leave him to me, my lord. We have him sure!' and in an instant he would have sprung at Lorenzo, who, finding himself between two enemies, knew that his state was perilous, but was yet minded to defend himself. But Antonio suddenly cried in a loud voice, 'Stay!' and arrested by his voice, all stood still—Lorenzo where he was, Tommasino and his men at the top of the path, and the Guards just below them. And Antonio, leaning on his sword, stepped a pace forward and said to Lorenzo, 'My lord, the dice have fallen against you. But I would not fight over this lady's body. The truth of all she did I know, yet she has at the last died that I might live. See, my men are between you and your men.'

'It is the hazard of war,' said Lorenzo.

'Ay,' said Bena. 'He had killed you, my lord Antonio, had we not come.'

But Antonio pointed to the body of Venusta. And she, at the instant, moaned again, and turned on her back, and gasped, and died: yet just before she died, her eyes sought Antonio's eyes, and he dropped suddenly on his knees beside her, and took her hand and kissed her brow. And they saw that she smiled in dying.

Then Lorenzo brushed a hand across his eyes and said to Antonio, 'Suffer me to go back with my men, and for a week there shall be a truce between us.'

'Let it be so,' said Antonio.

And Bena smiled, for he knew that the Lieutenant of the Guard must now be near at hand. But this he did not tell Antonio, fearing that Antonio would tell Lorenzo. Then

Lorenzo, with uncovered head, passed through the rank of Tommasino's men; and he took up his dead, and with them went down the path, leaving Venusta where she lay. And when he had gone two miles, he met the Lieutenant and his party, pressing on. Yet when the two companies had joined, they were no more than seventeen whole and sound men, so many of Lorenzo's had Tommasino's party slain or hurt. Therefore Lorenzo in his heart was not much grieved at the truce, for it had been hard with seventeen to force the path to the cave against ten, all unhurt and sound. And, having sorely chidden the Lieutenant of the Guard, he rode back, and rested that night in Venusta's house at Rilano, and the next day rode on to Firmola and told Duke Valentine how the expedition had sped.

Then said Duke Valentine, 'Force I have tried, and guile I have tried, and yet this man is delivered from my hand. Fortune fights for him;' and in chagrin and displeasure he went into his cabinet, and spoke to no man, and showed himself nowhere in the city, for the space of three days. But the townsmen, though they dared make no display, rejoiced that Antonio was safe, and the more because the Duke had laid so cunning and treacherous a snare for him.

Now Antonio, Tommasino, and the rest, when they were left alone, stood round the corpse of Venusta, and Antonio told them briefly all the story of her treachery as she herself had told it to him.

And when he finished the tale, Bena cried, 'She has deserved her death.'

But Tommasino stooped down and composed her limbs and her raiment gently with his hand, and when he rose up his eyes were dim, and he said, 'Yes; but at the last she gave her life for Antonio. And though she deserved death, it grieves me that she is gone to her account thus, without confession, pardon, or the rites of Holy Church.'

Then Antonio said, 'Behold her death is her confession, and the same should be her pardon. And for the rites'—

He bent over her, and he dipped the tip of his finger in the lady's blood that had flowed from her wounded breast; and lightly with his finger-tip he signed the Cross in her own blood on her brow. 'That,' said he, 'shall be her Unction; and I think, Tommasino, it will serve.'

Thus the lady Venusta died, and they carried her body down to Rilano and buried it there. And in after-days a tomb was raised over her, which may still be seen. But Count Antonio, being rejoined by such of his company as had escaped by flight from the pursuit of the Duke's troop, abode still in the hills, and, albeit that his force was less, yet by the dread of his name and of the deeds that he had done, he still defied the power of the Duke, and was not brought to submission.

And whether the poor youth whom Luigi pushed over the precipice lived or died, Niccolo knew not. But Luigi, having entered the service of the Duke, played false to him also, and, being convicted on sure evidence of taking to himself certain moneys that the Duke had

charged him to distribute to the poor, was hanged in the great square a year to the very day after Venusta died; whereat let him grieve who will—I grieve not.

### STRAWBERRY CULTURE.

IN writing or thinking of the strawberry, and in eating it, one insensibly recalls what Izaak Walton set down to its credit in his *Complete Angler*, that Dr Boteler said of strawberries, 'Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did.' This is as true in the end of the nineteenth century as when first made. The strawberry has been greatly improved in the long interval, but so have other fruits, and new fruits have been introduced. The strawberry holds the same relative position to other fruits that it did when the dictum was first written, and will perhaps continue to do so till the end of time. No other fruit can be eaten in quantity with the same enjoyment and certainty of the absence of ill results. If no change in the relative position of fruits in popular favour has taken place, there has been a great improvement in the fruits themselves by the introduction of many new varieties. This has been largely the work of the present century, and may be said to date from the introduction of the long famous and not yet forgotten Keen's Seedling. This strawberry on its introduction caused great excitement among members of the gardening community, and an anxious desire on their part to get plants to test its qualities. Other new varieties of strawberries followed, slowly, at first, till in our own time the sorts introduced have been so numerous and have so frequently failed, after fair trial, to maintain their reputation as improvements on older varieties, that in many cases they are received with much distrust.

It is generally felt nowadays that favourable conditions in the matters of situation and soil, climate and cultivation, produce the main differences between different sorts of strawberries, or even between the results attained by persons growing the same variety. In making new plantations of strawberries these points demand the careful attention of the grower. The situation ought to be considered first, if any choice is allowed on this point, as a sunny position for a strawberry break means a deal in the matter of the colour and flavour of the fruit. No position will secure sunshine to the same extent as a steep bank facing the south. On this the sun's rays will fall with most power; and if the same may be said of the rain, it will also pass away more quickly, doing more good than on the level ground. In the matter of soil, a good strong clay is best; but soil must be subordinate to situation. As regards climate, if the grower cannot remove to a place with more favourable climatic conditions, he must trust to good cultivation making up deficiencies, which it will to a very great extent.

To begin with the first stage in strawberry growing. The sunniest spot has been chosen for the plantation of a break with plants of this popular fruit. No preparation for a new plantation will improve upon the old fashion

of making the plantation follow a crop of potatoes. If potatoes have been grown upon the break for a term of years, so much the better. As a matter that may be taken for granted, the ground under potatoes will have been dug and dunged, weeds kept down, and the worst sorts extirpated; for if weeds are left in the ground at the plantation of a strawberry break, the chance of getting rid of them while under strawberries is very small indeed. If the potato crop has been lifted early in autumn, there is no good reason why the putting in of the strawberry plants should not be set about after the potato haulms have been raked together and burnt and all weeds cleared off the ground. No digging is required. After the line is set, the plants should be put into the ground and the roots carefully spread before covering them with soil, which should be firmly pressed with the foot. The interval between the plants should be twenty-four inches, and the same distance ought to separate the rows. If the work is well done, they ought to winter fairly well.

When spring returns, and growth commences among the plants, they should be gone over carefully, firmly pressed into the ground if necessary, and the blanks filled up. When May brings the plants into blossom, the grower will determine whether he shall remove the blossom, to prevent the plants bearing fruit the first year, or whether he shall take all the fruit he can get from the young plants. If he determines on the latter course, he ought, as soon as the strawberry blossom is fully expanded, to take advantage of the first fine sunny forenoon, and go over the break, and water, with a watering-pan having a fine rose, the whole expanded blossom. This gentle artificial shower will fertilise the blossom by washing the pollen of the flowers on to the parts designed by nature to receive it, and make the crop a certainty. If this watering be omitted, the work of fertilisation of the blossom will be effected by bees and insects to a considerable extent, but the crop will not ripen so regularly as when nature is assisted by man, though man's help is not required on occasions when a gentle shower falls from the clouds upon the expanded strawberry blossom.

The fruit should set or the infant strawberry be formed soon after the watering, whether artificial or natural, and its development will be much assisted by another watering of the ground round each strawberry plant, the water having a small quantity of nitrate of soda dissolved in it. The advantage secured by this watering may be greatly increased by a repetition of the same sort in the course of a fortnight. When the fruit begins to ripen, it is an excellent plan to put small stones round each of the strawberry plants, on which the fruit may rest and be kept clean. In this position the fruit will ripen sooner, will take a better colour, and have a superior flavour. In the case of a break planted with 'Noble'—a new early strawberry of great size—the advantages resulting from this treatment have been very great, the improvement in colour and flavour being so decided that twopence and threepence a pound above the ordinary

price have been easily got. This shows that the old proverb, 'The nearer the stone, the sweeter the grass,' might be altered so as to read, 'strawberries,' as well as grass.

The ripening of the entire crop of fruit being accelerated by a ring of stones round each plant, labour is saved, as the grower does not require to go so often over the break to pull the crop. The need for some such plan as the stone ring round Noble plants was shown by the fact that the branches of fruit grown by this sort not resting on stones fell to the ground under their own weight, and there every berry on most of the branches was ruined by damp. This danger is escaped by the use of the ring of stones, which, heating readily under the sun's rays, greatly improves the colour, flavour, and firmness of the fruit of Noble, or any other large strawberry.

Regarding the pulling of the ripe fruit, it ought to be observed that when the weather is warm it is a mistake to gather the berries in the early morning, as at this time the persons employed in pulling them cannot avoid brushing off all the dew from the strawberry leaves when turning them over in search of the fruit. This is very hurtful to the plants in the warm days of summer, when the dews are so much needed to keep the plants fresh and green, and thereby to enable them to swell the fruit. Observers have noticed that when the dew has been rubbed off in the early morning the foliage droops, and remains in that condition until the dews of night refresh the thirsty leaves. While the leaves droop, the process of ripening the fruit is at a stand-still until the dews of another evening revive the flagging foliage. The fruit should be pulled late in the evening, and will keep well if stored in a cool place.

In autumn, when the ripening of the crowns of the strawberry plants takes place—upon this depends the crop of the following year—the plants are much helped by a small quantity of bone-meal round each plant. When the process of giving this top-dressing to the break is completed, the next thing is to take the draw-hoe and draw the earth from between the rows so as to cover the bone-meal. At the same time any weeds that have begun to show themselves can be summarily dealt with. With regard to 'runners'—as young plants proceeding from the old plants are termed—the one course of procedure to be followed is to go over the break frequently and cut them off as they make their appearance, until the season for producing runners is past. If young plants are wanted for a new break, it is best to make a small plantation of strawberries of the kind wanted. If a thousand plants are required for a new break, the small plantation to produce these will require to have one hundred plants or so, as each plant should yield a dozen runners, if the plantation is made on a piece of good open ground. Every care should be taken to further the growth, and when the runners appear, a small stone should be laid behind each point, to encourage the formation of roots. By carrying on the work of helping the runners, distributing these equally over the break, and giving occasionally an appli-

cation of weak manure-water, the runners will be enabled to form vigorous crowns. When the number required is reached, further extension should be stopped in the fashion recommended for fruiting plants. When the time for planting the runners has come, the young plants should be lifted with earth adhering to the roots, and put in the ground according to the directions already given. Runners grown in a small special bed will be found to be much superior to those allowed to grow on fruiting plants, and will produce larger and better fruit.

The fruit grown the first summer after planting is of small account in the matter of quantity; but the next summer is almost certain to produce a crop of great size and excellent quality. In the autumn of the second fruiting season, after the weeds which will make their appearance have been hoed, an application of manure—a mixture from the stable and byre will be best—should be made so as to cover the vacant ground between the rows. The winter's snows and rains will wash the soluble portion of this into the soil so as to feed the strawberry plants. What is left above ground will have considerable value, as helping to keep the fruit clean and assisting the plants to withstand the summer's drought.

The quantity of fruit produced the third summer is often very great, but this is attended by a falling off in the size of the individual strawberries. The top-dressing following this crop should again be bone-meal, and if a quantity of soot can be applied before winter sets in, the improvement in the quality of the ripe fruit will well reward the labour expended in its application. As a rule, the fourth continuous crop is the last that is worth taking from a break; but if the soil is heavy and well manured with bone-meal and animal manure, breaks can be kept going till the tenth year from plantation. Such a lengthened period of cropping with strawberries, however, cannot be recommended; six years is enough for a break to be kept going with this fruit, after which the ground should again be put under potatoes. No other crop affords so good opportunities of eradicating weeds; and in the course of four or five years ground so managed should again be fit for a strawberry plantation if required.

New sorts of strawberries are offered for sale year after year. It is perhaps best for the general strawberry-growing community to leave these sorts alone until growers of high reputation have given them a fair trial and published reports of results. It will then be safe to follow the recommendations given, and either plant or not. Of the older kinds, Garibaldi and President are general favourites; but almost every locality has one variety or perhaps two differing from those growing in neighbouring districts which are found to do well. Lately, the good old-fashioned British Queen, which seemed to have been given up by everybody, has been reintroduced by market growers with satisfactory results. Another older sort, but of excellent quality, is Stirling Castle, which seems to succeed best on heavy soil. A list of the varieties most largely grown near London will be found in Mr R. D. Blackmore's article on the Strawberry in Chambers's *Ency-*

*clopedia*. In making new plantations, however, planters will find that it is best to get their plants from a considerable distance.

Strawberry plantations on a south sloping bank should always be helped in the spring months, up to the time of blossoming, by repeated applications of liquid manure of moderate strength. Strong manure-water would stimulate the plants too much, and might bring them into bloom before spring frosts were past; hence, it is best to dilute it considerably, so that it will only increase the fertility of the ground on the surface at first, and extend its influence downward after each application, but when the fruit has fairly set, it must be discontinued—the soil will be enriched enough to be able to stand the summer droughts. From all breaks thus aided by applications of liquid manure, the fruit will be of a superior quality to that produced on ground top-dressed with solid manure in the winter season only; and, alike in colour, size, and flavour easily surpass strawberries grown without some such application.

## THE MYSTERY OF PILGRIM GRAY.

A CHRONICLE OF BOSTON.

By THOMAS ST E. HAKE.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

### CHAPTER I.—A DEAD MAN'S KNOCK.

THE late verger of St Botolph's furnished me with the facts herein recorded. Having dropped into the bar parlour of *Ye Shodfriars' Arms* one winter's evening, and chancing to find him there, and in a mood for chronicling, I had fixed him to redeem a promise made at former meetings. With a pondering look on his wrinkled face, he had lighted his long clay pipe, and had held me well nigh spell-bound for the greater part of an hour. He possessed all the natural gifts of a story-teller; and if I had not let the years roll away, and with them the knack to reproduce the simple and picturesque qualities of his unconscious style, the result would have been, I verily believe, something singularly realistic—something almost unique in literature. But the verger has been dead time out of mind. I cannot turn to him now for inspiration. Under the shadow of the great tower of St Botolph's Church—the tower around which the interest attached to this narrative is mainly centred—there is a gravestone indicating the spot where he lies. It was the sight of this landmark, not long ago, that stirred my memory concerning the 'illusive guests' who played such leading parts in the verger's tale.

During fitful instances of moonlight (the verger began) a solitary wayfarer became evident upon one of the high-roads that intersect Wildmore Fen. He was a well-set man, carrying a bundle in one hand, and in the other a stout stick, with which he was constantly compelled to grope his way. At frequent intervals he stopped and peered about, as though by no means satisfied that he was making tracks in the right direction. He stumbled at last upon a white sign-post which indicated a choice of

high-roads; and yet the man could make nothing of the names written thereon. The traveller sat down in despair, his back against the inscrutable finger-post, and waited, though no one came to deliver him from his dilemma. It might be about nine o'clock; and it had been dark for hours. Presently his eye rested upon what seemed a gleam of light, when he chose the road which branched off towards it. When he had trudged along for a mile or more, he began to gain confidence. The light became perceptibly brighter. But some chance of setting all doubt at rest was given him at last. The sound of a horse's hoofs upon the road along the way he had come caught his ear, and grew each moment more distinct. As soon as the wayfarer could make out the shadowy outlines of a man on horseback, he raised a shout.

'Who goes there?' cried the horseman, drawing in rein.

'A friend! What light is that?' the wayfarer inquired.

'The minster light,' was the reply.

'The lantern in St Botolph's Tower?'

'That's it, my man! The lantern on Boston Stump.' With these words the shadowy horseman touched the flanks of his horse with a shadowy whip and galloped forward into the night.

The wayfarer stood like one transfixed, listening to the clatter until it had died away, and staring at the monastic lighthouse. For many years the huge lantern at the top of St Botolph's Tower had served as a beacon to mariners from the North Sea when entering the perilous channels of the Great Wash; and it had proved a no less welcome luminary to benighted travellers journeying towards the town of Boston from the low-lying fen lands for miles around.

The wayfarer moved onward until he reached a number of houses facing a row of trees, upon the bank of a river. There he stopped. Upon the corner house an oil lamp was attached to the brickwork by an iron bracket. The house was a two-storeyed cottage. Beside the cottage stood a blacksmith's workshop. The doors were closed, but a streak of light struck across the roadway. The wayfarer stopped at the front of the cottage, and was on the point of raising the knocker, made out of an old horseshoe, when voices in the workshop beyond arrested his hand. He stepped towards the window through which the light streamed, and peered cautiously into the smithy. Two figures stood there with the dull red glow of the forge fire full upon them. One was the figure of a man, the other a woman. The man, a good-looking young fellow, in a riding-coat and top-boots, had a genial and sturdy appearance. A black mare stood behind him, fastened by the bridle to a ring in the wall. She was craning her neck to get a side-glance at her master as he worked the bellows. The woman looked about eight-and-twenty, with delicate features, though tall and athletic in form. Her shapely arms were bared to the elbows, and she wore a pair of thick leathern gauntlets. A blacksmith's leathern apron almost hid her serge dress. She held a hammer in her hand; and now, as the young fellow snatched

a red-hot horse-shoe out of the fire with a pair of tongs, the woman began to beat a myriad of sparks out of it. Her companion seized another hammer, and the blows were struck alternately. They talked and laughed as they worked. The stranger watched them with a keen stern face. The light fell upon him through the window; and one of the panes being out, he could overhear nearly all that was spoken. He had the appearance of being about thirty or thirty-two at most. He wore a pilot coat buttoned tightly about his broad shoulders. His eyes flashed with jealous anger, and he frequently tugged fiercely at his dark beard.

When the hammering was done, and the girl had plunged the horse-shoe into the water-tank, the young fellow said: 'By the bye, Zilpah, have you had any news lately of Pilgrim Gray?' He knelt down under the mare as he spoke, and lifted one of her hind-legs.

Zilpah brought a hammer and nails, and knelt at his side. 'Pilgrim Gray? No, Mr Harborn. Why do you ask?'

The stranger leaned eagerly forward with his ear close to the unglazed pane, and seemed almost to stop breathing.

'Why do I ask? Well,' said Harborn with rather a forced laugh, 'an odd fancy has crossed my mind. It will surprise you. Fortune-telling is not exactly in my line; but do you know, Zilpah, I almost think that I could predict yours to-night!'

Zilpah hammered vigorously at the nails. 'Could you?' said she without looking round.

'Yes. The man to whom you engaged yourself three years ago,' said Harborn in an impressive tone—'the man who ran off to the diggings, and deserted the forge, with the quixotic notion of making his golden pile, is coming home.'

The hammer dropped from the girl's hand. 'Coming home?'

'Yes; and this very night too!'

'How can that be? He's dead. At least,' said Zilpah, resuming her hammer, and working with renewed vigour at driving the nails into the mare's hoof—'at least he has given us every reason to think so.'

'Still he is coming home to-night! You may hear at any moment indeed,' Harborn insisted, 'his familiar knock at your front door. At any moment!'

A loud knock at the front door of the cottage—a knock that set the mare jibbing restively, at this very instant resounded through the forge.

Zilpah started up from her kneeling posture. 'It's he!' cried she. 'It's Pilgrim's knock.'

Harborn took the hammer from her hand and hastened to complete the nailing of the shoe. Then he turned to Zilpah, who stood erect and motionless, as though she had lost all volition, and said: 'Are you going to keep him out in the cold?'

She pulled off the apron and flung the gloves upon the floor. 'No; I— Of course not!' said she, turning to leave him.

Harborn held out his hand. 'Good-night!'

'Must you go?'

She gave him a pleading look; and then,

placing her hand for a moment in his, with her eyes cast down, she went quickly into the house.

The way by which she went led up some stone steps into a bright little room, half-parlour, half-kitchen. She closed the forge door behind her, and stood in the middle of this room with her eyes fixed upon the front door. The door was unlocked, and she seemed from her attitude to expect to hear the knock repeated, or even to see the latch raised, and the man whom she believed to be dead—dead many months gone by—step across the threshold. But the latch remained unlifted, and no repetition of the knock reached her ear. Her face flushed, and a frightened look came into her eyes. Then she stole towards the door with her teeth firmly set, her nostrils expanded, and her whole attitude bravely defiant. She was like one who, having been told of a ghost in the haunted room, had nerved herself to confront it.

Zilpah flung the door wide open and looked out. There was no one there. The night had become intensely dark. The girl stood upon the door-step and stared up and down the dimly lighted road. 'Pilgrim!' she cried, in an awe-stricken whisper—'Pilgrim Gray!' No answer came. But she could hear the echoing hoofs of the black mare dying away upon the high-road, and she knew that Robert Harborn was gone. She shut and locked the door with a sense of dread creeping over her. She still believed that the knock had been Pilgrim Gray's. It had been as familiar to her as the sound of her own footfall for many a year.

But why had Harborn left her so abruptly? She was alone in the house. Although by no means a coward, Zilpah felt the loneliness unendurable. Would Pilgrim Gray come back? She ran to the door of the smithy and into the workshop, to ascertain if he had possibly passed in there when Harborn had gone forth. No: the forge was empty, as she could see by the lantern that hung there against the wall. She lifted it from its nail and searched in every corner. Then she took down a cloak from behind the door, extinguished the lantern, and went out. When she had padlocked the forge door and seen that the window was securely fastened, she ran down the road by the river-side. The reflected rays from the minster light glittered upon the stream, and this dim glimmer guided her steps. Presently the sound of a waterfall stole upon her. The tide was running out through the sluice from above stream. There was a great drawbridge just below these gates; and Zilpah, hurrying towards it, crossed the river with the water roaring some feet beneath. When she gained the opposite bank, she turned into a byway where the lamps flickered feebly at long intervals. This byway led direct to St Botolph's Church through the oldest and narrowest streets of Boston.

As Zilpah went along, her extinguished lantern tucked away under her cloak, her eyes were frequently lifted towards the lantern that shone so fiercely high up above St Botolph's Tower; and when she at length reached the churchyard and passed in at a side-gate, there seemed no doubt that the minster light must be in some manner connected with her hastily planned expedition. She went into the church

by a small door which she found unlocked, under a low archway; and when she had closed this door softly behind her, Zilpah found herself in complete darkness. But she discovered matches in the lantern, and soon had the lantern alight. Then she stole softly across the church and entered a dwarfish doorway in the wall. This doorway led up a flight of stone steps into the great tower.

It was a spiral ascent, and so narrow that two people meeting there would have found it difficult to pass. Zilpah went with surprising rapidity up these winding steps, only pausing occasionally at some barred window, where the keen night-wind blew in upon her and helped her to recover breath. The Tower of St Botolph's at Boston is over three hundred feet in height, and in order to reach the summit, one has to mount nearly five hundred steps. It was midnight, and the great bell beat out the hour with its impressive pause between each stroke. Then there stole upon Zilpah's ear the soft tones of a violin, as she reached an archway that led out upon a parapet, where the rays from the lantern brightened the massive stonework of the buttresses, while the background was crowded with black shadows on all sides. This parapet with its four turrets—one at each angle—crowned St Botolph's Tower. The lantern stood above the belfry, a brilliant jewel in the midst. Zilpah mounted the steps that led into one of the turrets. The spiral ascent had now become narrower and almost dark. But she presently came upon a door with a round window in the centre panel, like a porthole in a ship's cabin. The music of the violin sounded from the other side of this door. She crept up noiselessly to the topmost step and looked in at the round window.

The room—for it was an outlook in the turret fitted up as a room—was circular in shape. There was a long narrow window in it, like the window in a prison, and through this window the light from the minster lantern looked in. On an old oaken chest, with his back to the light, sat a big, strong-built man of about sixty. His whole attitude expressed deep abstraction. His head was bent over a violin, which he hugged caressingly under his chin. His legs were crossed, and his back was arched until it resembled the bridge of the instrument upon which he played. He had completely abandoned himself to the melody. His appearance was that of a blacksmith from his singed and grimy cap to his cinder-soiled, hobnail boots. A number of blacksmiths' tools and innumerable bits of old iron and brass—among other things, a bell without its clapper—strewn the floor. Zilpah waited patiently until the music ceased. She then tapped on the window, and tugging at a piece of knotted rope, the door swung open, and she stepped in. 'I'm sorry to be late, father,' said she. 'But one or two things have happened to prevent me from coming sooner. Robert Harborn brought his mare to be shod, and'

'Young Harborn, the banker?'

'Yes. And—and it has gone twelve.'

'Gone twelve, has it? Well,' said the man, looking down tenderly at his violin, 'I daresay

it has! I don't take no heed o' time when I'm up here among the works. And yet,' he adled, touching a violin string with his grimy thumb, 'if anything went contrary among these here bells, Zilpah, I'd be the first to find it out.'

Zilpah's father was known as Michael Garfoot, blacksmith, for miles round Boston. He was noted for his music on the anvil even more than upon the violin. He had a meditative, smoke-dried face, set in a shading of dingy red hair that met in a ragged fringe under his chin.

'Father,' said Zilpah, looking about her and speaking in a hurried tone, 'were you of opinion that Pilgrim Gray was dead?'

'Pilgrim Gray?' and he raised his eyes dreamily to Zilpah's face, as though forcing himself out of an abstraction into which he had fallen. 'Dead? Why, o' course he is!—Dead? Why, didn't that sea-faring chap, what I told you about, confirm the news of Pilgrim's death only t'other day?'

'What sea-faring chap, father?' cried Zilpah, in a tone of angry reproach. 'You never told me a word about it!'

Michael Garfoot put down his violin, then he looked up at Zilpah with an air of perplexity and vexation oddly combined. 'No more I did! I wonder now; how could such a thing have escaped me?'

'Why, I declare,' said Zilpah, gazing at her father as he sat there with his head bent, 'you're getting more absent-minded every day.'

The look on his face became greatly bewildered. 'It was a long yarn, too,' he muttered, 'and there was a sealed letter. The letter was for you.'

'For me?' said Zilpah—'and from Pilgrim?'

'Ay; from Pilgrim Gray right enough,' said the blacksmith, fumbling in his pockets in a helpless sort of way—'from your old lover! Where can I ha' put it?' He stared vacantly into Zilpah's face.

There was a pause.

'Haden't we best go home?' said Zilpah, with a restless movement towards the stairs. 'You've left the letter, maybe, in another coat or in the cupboard in your bedroom. Don't you think so?'

'Ay,' said the blacksmith, 'maybe.' He placed his violin under his arm and began to descend the turret stairs. Zilpah followed with the lantern, throwing the light about Michael Garfoot's head and broad shoulders. Presently the man stopped and looked up blinkingly into the girl's face. 'Don't you be afeard, my dear,' said he confidently. 'It ain't lost.' Then he resumed his descent; and as he wound his way downwards, like a corkscrew, into the darkness, he seemed to be boring into his memory for a clue to the whereabouts of the missing letter.

When they reached home, taking the same direction that Zilpah had taken when going to St Botolph's Tower, Michael Garfoot sat down broodingly beside the kitchen fire.

Zilpah dreaded to interrupt his thoughts. She went quietly to work to prepare the supper, while her father sat there puzzling his brains, as she believed, over this sealed communication that had been placed in his hands.

When supper was over and the supper things

cleared away, Zilpah saw her father again seat himself by the fireside. He appeared to be in a more absent-minded mood than she had ever known him. And presently he began to put new catgut upon his violin, occasionally employing a pitch-pipe, which he held between his teeth to tune his instrument. Then he adjusted the violin under his chin, and began to play with an absorbed and far-off look.

'Father,' Zilpah interposed, 'tantalised beyond endurance, 'have you forgotten what you promised me? What news did you gain, when that letter was given you, about Pilgrim Gray?'

Michael Garfoot slowly put his fiddle aside and dropped the pitch-pipe into his waistcoat pocket. 'Stop a bit,' said he. 'Yes, yes. It was at the *Shodfriars*—that's where it was—a night or two ago. Dear me! I can't think how it was I didn't tell you all about it. I can't think how it was.' He shook his head reproachfully at this oversight on his own part, and then resumed. 'Well, a night or two ago, as I'm a-saying, I was having a glass with the verger at the *Shodfriars*, when a sea-faring chap taps me on the shoulder. "Blacksmith," says he, quite familiar-like, "I've been given to understand 'as how your name's Michael Garfoot." "Captain," says I, "you've been given to understand correctly!—What's in the wind?" That was how it began.' Michael Garfoot paused and gave the fire a stir meditatively. 'The chap was a bit shy at first—seemed indisposed-like,' said the blacksmith, 'to state his business with me. But when we'd had a glass together, him and me—the verger joining us as answering for my identity—he explained his business readily enough. Captain Grimshaw—John Grimshaw, mariner, as he called himself—had met with shipwreck and privation. Disasters by sea and by land, as he put it, had hindered him keeping of a solemn promise given to a shipmate o' the name of Pilgrim Gray, a year gone by.'

'What promise?' said Zilpah eagerly.

'A promise,' the blacksmith went on, 'to take ship to Boston, and seek out Michael Garfoot, blacksmith, and deliver into his very own hands a sealed letter addressed to Zilpah Garfoot, the aforesaid blacksmith's daughter.'

'There was a letter, then—a letter for me! Yes; go on.'

'A letter,' said Garfoot, the perplexed look again clouding his face—'a letter which I've put by so carefully, my dear, that I can't for the life of me remember into what secret nook or corner o' the premises I can ha' stowed it away.' His small, dreamy eyes wandered from one side of the room to the other, and he again began to plunge his hands into his pockets and then to scratch his head distractedly.

'Did this mariner, Grimshaw,' said Zilpah, 'positively confirm the report, father—the report that Pilgrim Gray was dead?'

'Ay. He told me most solemnly,' said the blacksmith, 'that Pilgrim Gray was lying at the point of death when that letter was written to you. But that ain't all.' Michael Garfoot's look had become intensely distressful, and his voice trembled.

'Not all?'

'No. That letter contained a tidy sum o'

money. How much did John Grimshaw, mariner, make out the sum to be? Let me think now! Was it seven thousand or was it ten thousand pounds? It was a tidy sum.'

'Ten thousand pounds?'

'Left to you, Zilpah—that was how the mariner put it—as Pilgrim Gray's last dying will and testament.'

'Ten thousand pounds?'

'Seven or ten,' said Garfoot, 'made by trading in pearls and such-like among the Pacific islands. And then,' he added—'and then he went and caught the fever, and died.'

There was a long pause. Zilpah sat there beside the hearth, staring fixedly into the fire. Suddenly she looked up. 'Where is this mariner—John Grimshaw—who delivered this letter for me into your safe keeping?'

'Sailed for Amsterdam,' said the blacksmith, 'that very same night.'

Zilpah rose and lit the lantern. 'Father,' said she, 'that letter must be found. The money is not mine.'

'No?'

'The letter must be found to-night,' said she in a determined voice. 'Do you understand me? Pilgrim Gray is coming home!'

## THE NEW DEPARTURE IN THE HONEST ART OF ANGLING.

THE honest art of Angling, as the sweet-tempered Walton worded it, has made a wonderful departure of late years. Although Dame Juliana Berners touched upon the subject in her *Treatyse of Fysshynge with an Angle*, in 1491, and, many centuries before that, Queen Cleopatra went fishing with Mark Antony, and played him the oft-repeated trick of fastening a salted fish to his hook—if Plutarch was correctly informed—we know the honest art was not a fashionable pursuit for ladies till the Prince of Wales brought home his fair Princess from over the sea. There is no hint in Walton's beautiful pastoral that any woman who was not a milkmaid, or 'mine hostess,' was to be found near the banks of streams in his day. There were no Piscatresses standing knee-deep in cow-slips, wielding the rod, facing the sun, and avoiding the 'snow-broth' that was the residue of old storms, and other snares. But now fly-fishing has been taken up enthusiastically by ladies, and, perhaps to some extent in consequence, quite a revolution has taken place in the manufacture of the necessary paraphernalia.

We frequently meet with mention of the new light fishing-rods now in vogue. These allusions, both overt and covert, are generally found in accounts of grand harvests in rivers, or in narratives of pleasant sojourns on the banks of salmon-haunted streams. The matter of lightness is one of the requirements that the recent widening of the circle of anglers has helped to make specially desirable. Time was when weight in a fishing-rod was not much of an offence; but that was when only the stronger sex practised the gentle art. As soon as it was ascertained that the adoption of a light material for rods by no means involved a loss



of strength, attention was turned to the subject, and considerable improvements perfected. Whether fishing in rivers that are known as blue, like the Tweed and Earn; or red, like the Usk and Dee; or gray, like the Lochy and Wye; or yellow, like the Spey and Don, the absence of a burden of weight is a matter of moment. We feel sure a few particulars concerning the recent improvements made in the manufacture of rods, towards the attainment of this end, will be read with interest by all who have whipped our wandering streams.

In the main street of a Border town, just before you come to the great stone gateway, all that is left of the high and wide stone wall that once enringed it, stands a lofty block of new buildings, in which is carried on the manufacture in question. In this factory, which has somewhat of a Continental aspect, are gathered together the products of many lands more remote than far Cathay. Plantations in India send bamboos, male and female, in thousands and thousands; islands in glittering seas send their strange bright birds, or rather their feathers, to furnish the flies that form such an important item in angling transactions; and distant mines and other places send many additional items as far-sought. There are three storeys to the factory, in each of which is carried on the different branches of the intricate processes required in the production of the various requisites for fishing.

A novice might think that a bamboo cane would make a fishing-rod with very little manipulation, but it is not so. Every length of every rod made at these headquarters of the art is composed of six strips of bamboo. Each of these six strips has been cut into a wedge-shaped piece, in which process every flaw or weak place has been discovered, and the strip containing it discarded; and when selected, and tested, and seasoned, the six long wedge-shaped strips are cemented together into a mass that is immeasurably stronger than the stoutest bamboo could be. Only about thirty per cent. of the bamboos that arrive are found sufficiently sound for use, and only a very small length of each cane that is sound is used; consequently, a large number are required to make a rod. Arrived at the first joint, a new department comes to the front; this is the manufacture of the brass joint, upon which so much depends in the way of power of resistance and general lightness combined with strength. A lockfast joint has been invented in this factory in which the utmost security is attained, as it is so contrived as to lock as well as join; at the same time it is so treated as to divest it of unnecessary weight by the scrupulous removal, in vandyked cuts, of every atom of superfluous metal not requisite for its purpose. The upper lengths of the rod are made in a similar manner to the lower one just described, and the upper joints, in diminishing sizes, with the same precision and care. The most costly rods have steel centres in addition to the inner cane centre with which the rest are furnished. They are all so pliable that, after being curved almost into a circle, on being released they rebound into their arrowy straightness in a second. All the same, in all the processes, the tying, hand-

ling, jointing, varnishing, and finishing, special care is taken to keep the rods straight, whether bound and tied down or hung up in racks to dry. As we glance around, a steam-engine of eight-horse power, with revolving wheels and wide leathern bands, is turning innumerable machines in the various departments, and filling the air with its din and uproar; skilled workmen step to and fro at benches furnished with vices and tools; rows of rods in various stages are suspended in all directions; varnish, glue, nails, screws, knives, long narrow boxes for the transit of rods, shavings of bamboos and bags of metal filings, meet the eye on all sides.

Passing a counting-house where several lady-clerks are at work, we come to the department reserved for the manufacture of the necessary reels, lines, hooks, floats, and other items of equipment, where scores of minute technical particulars may be noted. It is on the topmost floor, however, that the more interesting manufacture of flies is carried on. In Izaak Walton's time there were but twelve kinds in use. He enumerates two varieties of the dun-fly, one made with the feathers of partridges and the other with those of the black drake; the stone fly; the ruddy fly, made from the feathers of a red capon; the yellow or greenish fly; the black fly; the sad yellow fly; the Moorish fly; the tawny fly, made of the mottled feathers of the wild drake; the shell fly, made of the wings of the buzzard; and the dark drake fly, made of the black drake's feathers. 'Ephemera,' who was the leading authority in these matters about forty years ago, and edited Walton's book with many notes, mentions the wings of starlings, larks, landrails, wrens, golden plovers, peewits, and the black ostrich, as those in use, in combination with the furs of seals, bears, monkeys, spaniels, cats, moles, water-rats, hares' polls and ears, gold and silver twist, and silk and wax. The materials now employed to make the nearest approach that can be devised to the various natural flies most approved by salmon and trout are more varied still. There are nearly four hundred varieties of flies now catalogued, some of which are known by such comical names as Hardy's Favourite, Dusty Miller, Black Doctor, Thunder and Lightning, Candlestick-maker, Greenwell's Glory, Highlander, Garibaldi, Green King, and Welshman's Fairy. A row of young women sit facing a long table, before large windows that overlook the adjacent country and distant hills, all engaged in the delicate work of manufacturing feathers and fur, tinsel and twist, into the semblance of flies. Not only do they deal with the plumage of macaws, kingfishers, red ibis, jungle cocks, blue chattering, peacocks, swans, owls, and herons; but that of the more homely birds, woodcocks, greendrakes, teals, snipes, blackbirds, thrushes, waterhens, grouse, and partridge is also necessary for the perfection of their art. There are few salmon flies that are not indebted to the golden pheasant for their attractiveness. The white tips of turkeys are also brought into requisition. Festoons of spiders that are scarcely more than films or gossamers for fragility are fastened in various places to dry; and gorgeous flies, as well as those of more sombre tints, are

in course of formation as we look on. It seems to us there are but a few touches, a few turns and twists, a little deliberate choice of materials and handling of tweezers, scissors, and silk, a little delicate dexterity, and a fly, with a hook half concealed in it, stands confessed. A carved oak cabinet, however, contains a further triumph in the shape of artificial minnows as silvery as those in our shallow pebble-paved waters, in each of which is hidden the fatal hook likewise. Looking at these subtleties, it is difficult to retain the old conviction that there are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught. It seems to us that so many odds against the inhabitants of the waters must result in a considerable diminution of their number, if not in their quality. That there is a singular decrease in the amount of fish in some of our rivers is certain, when we call to mind the clauses inserted in the indentures of apprentices in Newcastle-on-Tyne, that they should not be fed on salmon more frequently than a stated number of times in a week, and contrast this record of superabundance with the recent news to the effect that, owing to extra scarcity last season, the few fish caught by some anglers have cost them nearly a hundred pounds a piece. It is to be hoped, in the interest of the new departure, that these matters will readjust themselves in the course of time.

### MY QUEER FRIEND:

#### HOW I FOUND AND HOW I LOST HIM.

THE good ship s.s. *Arracan* was ploughing the Bay of Bengal on a voyage between Akyab and Penang. It was an ideal afternoon at sea; even the most timid land-lubber would have gloried in it. There was just enough of wind to make a healthy breezy ripple about the bows, and occasionally to give us a gentle roll sufficient to make us aware that we were on board ship, and not citizens of some floating town moored on a lake. I had just left my cabin, and was strolling towards the fore-castle in that particularly agreeable frame of mind which follows a decent dinner, a good smoke, and an afternoon nap on the quiet. My attention was suddenly arrested by some object floating heavily through the air towards the ship. In another instant it had alighted, and was swaying to and fro from one of the fore-chains. With the utmost caution I approached, and began to scrutinise this new and unlooked-for passenger. After a cautious but careful survey I identified him as the *Pteropus rubricollis*, or Flying Fox—which is really one of the larger bats. Poor fellow!—what an experience he must have had. We were now well out at sea, and he must have winged his way for many a weary mile, vainly seeking for—well, not rest for the sole of his foot—but some kind of bearing or another upon which to hang himself up. And there he was at last swinging by his hook-like claws to the chains, and fast asleep.

I am naturally fond of all sorts of animals, and in his present condition my queer friend to be at once reached my heart. My plan of campaign was speedily formed. Proceeding to the storeroom, I soon improvised a suitable

cage in the shape of a deep wicker basket used to hold potatoes or fruit; and with this and a deck-chair, I drew near to my victim. Mounting the chair, I perceived that he was in the most profound repose, having apparently been at the very point of complete exhaustion when he reached his present perch. I carefully placed the basket beneath him, and gradually elevated it, till he at last hung in the very centre of it, his forearms and claws alone being above the rim.

'Now for you, my boy,' said I, nimbly unhooking both claws from the chain, and thus permitting my friend to drop at once to the bottom. At the same moment, with my other hand I crushed in the top of the basket all round, forming a ready-made but quite effective cage. I could now breathe freely, and take in the situation. Whatever I thought of it, certainly he did not at all relish it. If he was motionless before, he had assuredly plenty of life about him now. He grinned his teeth at me horribly, and spat and barked like a furious dog. It is a pity that some creatures don't know their best friends. Unmoved, however, by his ingratitude, I carried him triumphantly to my cabin, and set him on a little table in the corner, where we could see and converse with each other. But war *d'outrance* was evidently his motto, for, approach him as I would, I received the most unfriendly of receptions, with the usual accompaniments of teeth-showing and yelping.

'Well, well,' said I; 'time will try;' and I resolved to leave him for a while to his own colloquia. Next day his behaviour continued much the same. Having heard of the power of a roasted potato or a piece of bread upon a hungry city Arab, I tried now to kill him with kindness. I offered him a ripe banana, but he would have nothing to do with it or me. On the morning of the third day I saw he was beginning to lie low. Hunger, which has conquered many an impregnable city, was beginning at last to tell upon him. In the end he snapped the banana out of my fingers and retreated to the farther side of his cage, behaving much as a cat does with a captured mouse in the presence of the housemaid. All the same, he seemed to relish it mightily, and at the close I fancied I saw in his eyes the remotest glance of affection for the donor. Day by day I continued to bestow on him his coveted bananas, and by-and-by not only found him waiting for his daily bread; he now received it with increasing grace, and ate it with comfort under my very nose. And thus the time flew swiftly and merrily past.

I thought the time had now arrived to bestow upon him a large measure of freedom and self-government, so I opened the top of his cage and gave him the run of my whole cabin, strictly charging my boy to see that the door was never left standing open in the meantime. Our mutual good offices soon ripened into a close friendship. My queer friend would now leap up into my lap, rub his nose against my hand, and look up wistfully into my face as much as to say: 'Dear master, where is my banana?' I used afterwards to tease him a great deal by passing the fruit from one

hand to another behind my back after the manner of 'Hide the slipper;' but he always fetched it in the end. I would also change it adroitly from pocket to pocket while he played the rôle of the very smartest of pickpockets.

But the scene that lingers longest in my mind in connection with him, and the thought of which yet causes a twitching about my mouth, a roughness in my throat, and a certain dimness about my eyes, is yet to tell. It was my invariable custom when out at sea, unless in case of peril or emergency, to have a short siesta in my cabin just after dinner-time. Stretched full length on my sofa, I would turn on my back, close my eyes, breathe heavily, and pretend to be fast asleep. He would then creep up upon my chest, press his little sharp snout close to the front of my neck, spread out his great furry leathern wings quite over my right and left breasts, close his bright mischievous eyes, and purr away pleasingly with a sound which was a capital imitation of my own breathing. What a sense of sympathy, affection, security, and quiet dreaminess and comfort were blended together in these afternoon naps! What a contrast to the barking, snapping, grinning savage of a few weeks ago: it was like some metamorphosis of Ovid. I need hardly say that my queer friend had now the full liberty of the whole ship, from stern to stern, and that he speedily became the friend of all on board, and of myself in particular.

With the combined agility of the squirrel and the cunning of the fox, he used to swing and flap about the decks, making such odd and funny grimaces, and playing such sly, under-hand tricks. Sometimes I would pretend not to notice him, or would seem offended with him, and pass by on the other side without speaking. I had not, however, proceeded many steps till a whiz through the air, and a smart slap between the shoulders, told me that my companion would not be put off thus, and would take no denial; till, after grubbing in every one of my pockets, he at length secured the much-coveted banana, and then retired to eat it by himself, and dizzily, dizzily to swing and drowse from one of the fore-chains.

But the greatest of all the delights of his little circumscribed life was to get a combing from me. I had beside me an old curry-comb, which had found its way on board nobody knows how. On a fine afternoon I used to take him on my knee and put the teeth through his brown furry coat, gently drawing it from head to tail. How he did enjoy that operation! No foud mother or old grandmother ever enjoyed the hair-comb, passing through her raven or snowy locks by the hands of a little child, more than did my queer friend his combing. He would stretch himself out full length, almost serpent-like, and writhe and wriggle with exquisite pleasure under it; at the same time singing away like a pussy cat when her fur has been stroked in the right direction. He used to beg for this luxury in every conceivable way; in fact, he did all but speak.

But now comes the comedy of this brief narration, for my story is a comedy after all, and not a tragedy. We had just got up the

river, and cast anchor in mid-stream, waiting for our turn of the wharf. In the great shady trees by the river's side there were many of his clan, leaping and chattering about. In the dusk, I saw him eyeing them; in the morning, he was gone. Doubtless, some fair Helen or subtle Delilah up among the branches had lured him away; for I saw his face no more. Who can blame him?

#### A BACHELOR OF FORTY-FIVE.

At Forty-five! Ah, can it be  
The rapid steeds have reached this stage,  
That Time has meted out to me  
The years of man's maturer age:  
And I can call mine own at this  
No better half, no family hive,  
But live in so-called single bliss,  
A bachelor of forty-five?

I fain would take the ladies' way,  
And, as to age, deny the fact;  
But 'tis an awkward game to play,  
These registrars are so exact.  
No! I'll admit it, like a man,  
Nor foolishly with figures strive,  
But face the truth, e'en as I can,  
A bachelor of forty-five.

I never meant it should be so;  
And how the matter happened thus,  
Indeed, I really do not know,  
Nor how the subject to discuss.  
I always loved the ladies, but—  
'Tis wondrous how these 'buts' contrive  
To keep a man from wedlock shut,  
A bachelor of forty-five.

When five-and-twenty was my date,  
Had any dismal seer foretold  
That this would be my hap and fate,  
I should have held him false as bold;  
More likely were it had he said  
That now I should not be alive,  
Than that I should be still unwed,  
A bachelor of forty-five.

Ah yes! When beams youth's radiant sun,  
When faith is strong, and hope is high,  
Man weens not how his path may run,  
Nor how the promised land may lie;  
He weens not to what unthought goal  
Resistless fate his life may drive,  
And make him—poor unmated soul!—  
A bachelor of forty-five.

But cheerful hope is with me still—  
Hard were my case if hope had fled;  
Good fishes yet the waters fill,  
And there are damsels still unwed;  
And in some matrimonial sea  
Perchance I yet may daring dive,  
And be no more, though still I be,  
A bachelor of forty-five.

WOODBURN.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,  
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 589.—VOL. XII.

SATURDAY, APRIL 13, 1895.

PRICE 1½d.

## PEKING:

### BEFORE AND BEHIND THE WALLS.

PEOPLE vary greatly in their ideas as to what heaven is like, and probably nobody but a Chinaman thinks the Celestial Empire has much resemblance to paradise. But there is absolute unanimity amongst Europeans that no city in the world is less like 'a little heaven below' than Peking (or *Pei-ching*, 'Northern Capital'), the capital of the Celestial Empire. Mr Curzon, one of the most recent of the visitors who have given us their impressions of this great city of near a million inhabitants, has pretty extensive experience of the filth and squalor and evil odours and uproar of many a famous Eastern city; but the most seasoned traveller, he says, 'has never seen dirt, piled in mountains of dust in the summer, spread in oozing quagmires of mud after the rains, like that of Peking: his nostrils have never been assailed by such myriad and assorted effluvia; and the drums of his ears have never cracked beneath such a remorseless and dissonant concussion of sound.'

The visitor to Peking may have to lie tossing wearily for three or four days outside the mud-bar that blocks the mouth of the Peiho; once disembarked on the vast alluvial flats that border the river, he may accelerate his journey to the capital by a short railway run to Tien-tsin, long the official headquarters of Li-hung-chang. From Tien-tsin he may think it best to undergo a three days' voyage on a river-boat, rowed, sailed, poled, or dragged by turns up the serpentine course of the river. He may prefer to ride the eighty miles on the small but strong Chinese ponies, jogging steadily along for two days in clouds of dust. Or, like a recent visitor, Pastor Heims, a chaplain in the German navy, he may make his entry in the local cart, described as a moderate-sized dog-kennel mounted on wheels, distressingly uncomfortable to sit in and far too short to lie down in. The route is excessively uninteresting

until at a turn in the road the city suddenly bursts on the view, vast and grim, its lofty walls of twenty miles' circuit rising sheer out of the sandy plain unencumbered by suburbs or outlying villages. The impression of their height is increased by the prodigious towers and triple-roofed gate-fortresses. No city walls extant can give a notion of what the walls of Babylon must have been: authorities such as Rawlinson and Sayce believe Herodotus was not exaggerating much when he reported these were 200 royal cubits—say 335 feet, only 70 feet lower than the cross on St Paul's!—in height, and 50 cubits (85 feet) in thickness. Whereas, though Peking is as many-walled and much-walled as any town now extant, its highest wall is but 50 feet high on an average, and about as thick.

If Peking reminds the traveller of Babylon on the one hand, in one other respect it resembles an American city. Its arrangement is singularly simple, regular and rectangular both in general plan and in the arrangement of the main lines of street. And like Washington it is 'a city of magnificent distances;' but inside the twenty-one miles' circuit of the walls are large areas wholly unoccupied. The walls are a still more conspicuous element in the city than at first appears; there are several sets of walls. For firstly, there are two cities, the Inner and Outer, the Manchu and the Chinese, and though these lie close together, they, too, are separated by a huge partition wall—the wall of the Manchu city serving, so far as it extends, for the north wall of the Chinese city. The Manchu or Inner City, which is somewhat the larger, is nearly square; the Chinese city, lying close to it, is a parallelogram, longer from east to west than from north to south, and projects east and west beyond the Manchu city. It should be remembered that the Chinese are not the lords of the land: the Japanese are not the first 'foreign devils' to occupy the sacred soil. The Manchu Tartars conquered the country in the seventeenth century, and are the ruling race still: the present Manchu dynasty dates

from 1643. So that the Manchus and Chinese stand to-day in China somewhat as the Normans and native English did in England two hundred and fifty years after the Norman Conquest, a certain fusion and approximation between the races having taken place; though old antipathies and jealousies have by no means disappeared, and might perhaps be fanned into a flame. Meanwhile, in Peking there is no longer the sharp distinction between Tartars and Chinese there used to be: Chinese live in the Tartar city, and Tartars abound in the Chinese town.

But the walls surrounding the two cities do not exhaust the great walls of Peking. The portion of the Inner City next the boundary wall is called the General City, and that is divided from an interior portion called the Imperial City by another complete four-square wall twenty feet high, within which are various temples, public buildings, government offices, dwellings of princely and noble persons, barracks, parks, a lake, and a famous hill, fabled to be a store of coal against a possible invasion and siege. As the coal-hill seems to have stood there in Marco Polo's day, the fable is no doubt baseless. Once more, the innermost portion of the Imperial City is again another specially walled enclosure—the Purple Forbidden City, containing the imperial palaces—those of emperor, empress, and other imperial personages, with some halls of reception and other buildings. The emperor and his harem are believed to be guarded by a force of ten thousand eunuchs. Into this holy of holies none but official persons or those having some connection with the court are admitted—ordinary Chinese and Manchus are strictly debarred, and the idea of foreigners intruding would be appalling. All other parts of the town used to be pretty open to the inspection of foreigners; but for some fourteen years past or so, the imperial temples and enclosures even within the Chinese city have been carefully guarded against aliens; bribery and corruption will not now secure access to the parks of temples where formerly Europeans used to play cricket at will. Of late, too, foreigners are strictly excluded from the grounds of the Summer Palace. Sacked and plundered by the French and British allies during the war in 1860—‘singeing the eyebrows of China,’ the Marquis Tseng called this strong but necessary measure—the palace stands in a large enclosure seven miles north-west of the city.

The Chinese or Outer City is very sparsely populated. Much of the ground is under cultivation, large tracts are wooded, green fields show themselves, and other open spaces are occupied with artificial lakes and tanks. Where it is built over, the streets are for the most part narrow, and the people are busy and bustling. There are club-houses not a few, various temples, and charitable institutions for the poor, the aged, and for children, including foundling hospitals. The ‘Altar to Heaven,’ with its adjunct the ‘Altar of Prayer for Grain,’ and the ‘Altar of Agriculture,’ are both near the southern wall, and are reached by a ‘great street,’ or avenue. The first two altars are enclosed by more than three miles of wall, the space within planted with forest trees. Within a second wall is a grove of fine cypresses

encompassing the buildings. The ‘Altar to Heaven’ stands on a splendid triple circular terrace of white marble, with steps leading from one terrace to the next, each being surrounded by a balustrade of the same marble, richly carved. On the upper terrace, which is thirty feet in diameter and about twenty feet above the ground, the emperor appears to greet the dawning sun on the day of the winter solstice, attended by his grandes and ministers. The ‘Altar of Prayer for Grain,’ a similar structure, but of less dimensions, was burned down in 1889; on its upper terrace there was a triple-roofed circular building, whose imposing appearance and splendid blue tiles caused it, according to Professor Legge, to be regarded as more important than the other altar, and to be commonly, though erroneously, styled by foreign visitors, ‘The Temple of Heaven.’ To this altar the emperor comes in the early spring to pray for a blessing on the labours of the year. Here also he repairs in seasons of drought to pray for rain. There has been much delay in rebuilding it. A short distance to the east stands the ‘Altar of Agriculture,’ in an enclosure about two miles in circumference. This contains four different altars—to the Spirits of the Sky, of the Earth, of the planet Jupiter, and a local deity. The principal streets of the Chinese city are more than a hundred feet wide, but the side streets are mere lanes. The streets are not usually paved, and according to the state of the weather are deep in mud or in dust. In the smaller streets the houses are miserable huts; in the main streets both private houses and shops are one-storey brick edifices, the shops being gay with paint and gilding. The shops are open in front, the goods being often piled up outside; and many trades are carried on in the streets or in tents and movable shops. Barbers and dentists, clowns, jugglers, and sword-players, ply their vocations in the street; auctioneers and quack doctors fill the air with their vociferations.

Though there is a great Central Asian trade route from Peking to Kulja and Semiretchinsk, the trade of Peking itself is inconsiderable, save in so far as regards supplying the wants of the inhabitants; large quantities of provisions are of course required. These, like other necessities, are very dear, and (though in the city there is no tax on land, houses, or personal property) many of the people are very poor and miserable. The manufactures are unimportant.

At a first glance from the summit of the walls, the Observatory, or other elevation, the trees seem to bulk largely, and with the parks and enclosures suggest a general effect of verdure and luxuriance—especially as there are trees in the gardens behind many of the rows of common houses. But nearer inspection shows that the verdant spaces are but patches in a vast area of filthy streets, incredibly dusty flats in summer or deep swamps in winter, variegated by mounds of unspeakable unpleasantness: and squalor and decay are the permanent impression. Even the walls seem as if they had been repeatedly bombarded. At their best, needless to say, they are utterly useless as a defence against modern artillery: they consist of

two tall shells of brick (on stone foundations), the space between being filled with rubbish, and the top of the whole laid with flags. Sewers are uncovered: spacious wide streets are flanked by ramshackle mean shanties: and little black irrepressible pigs grub amongst the universal rubbish and force their way almost between the passengers' legs. You have to pick your steps to avoid the worst of the filth, and even then are half-smothered in dust or daubed with inevitable mud.

Thus perish in a sense of confusion, dirt, dilapidation, and squalor all one's preconceived notions of what is not merely a very large city, but one of the most ancient cities of the globe: on this site stood the capital of a feudal state in the twelfth century B.C. The invading Mongols of Genghis Khan established themselves here in the thirteenth century A.D.; and Kublai Khan—Marco Polo's Kublai Khan and Coleridge's—made Peking his capital in 1280. Marco Polo describes under the name Cambaluc (*Khan Baligh*, 'Residence of the Khan') a city largely identical with the present, occupying much of the area of the present Tartar City. After the Mongols were expelled, the capital of China was shifted to Nan-king, but the Ming Chinese dynasty returned to Peking in 1421, and built the Outer City in 1552: so that when the Tartar Manchus came in 1643 they found the city ready for them. A new era commenced in 1860, when it was surrendered to the French and English allies; and since the capture of Wei-hai-wei it seems as if another era were about to commence in the history of this ancient and remarkable city, whence for so many centuries three or four hundred millions of mankind have been ruled and regulated.

## THE CHRONICLES OF COUNT ANTONIO.\*

### CHAPTER VIII.—THE MANNER OF COUNT ANTONIO'S RETURN.

IN all that I have written concerning Count Antonio, I have striven to say that only which is surely based on truth and attested by credible witness, and have left on one side the more marvellous tales such as the credulity of ignorance and the fond license of legend are wont to weave. But as to the manner of his return there is no room for uncertainty, for the whole account of it was recorded in the archives of the city, by order of Duke Valentine the Good, son and successor of that Duke who outlawed Antonio; to which archives I, Ambrose, have had full access; and I have now free permission to make known so much of them as may serve for the proper understanding of the matter. And this same task is one to which I set my pen willingly, conceiving that the story is worthy of being known to every man in the Duchy; for while many may censure the things that Antonio did in the days of his sojourn in the hills, there can, I think, be none that will not look with approval on his bearing in this last hap of fortune. Indeed he was a gallant gentleman—and if, for that, I

forgive him his sins too readily, in like manner may our good St Prisian intercede that my sins be forgiven me.

Five years had the Count dwelt in the hills; five years had the Lady Lucia mourned in the city; five years had Duke Valentine laid plans and schemes. Then it fell out that a sickness came upon the city and the country round it; many died, and more were sore stricken, but by the mercy of God narrowly escaped. Among those that suffered were the Duke himself, and at the same time a certain gentleman, by name Count Philip of Garda, a friend of Antonio's, and yet an obedient servant to the Duke. Now when Antonio heard that Philip lay sick, he sent to him a rich gift of choice meats and fruits by the hand of Tommasino. And Tommasino came with six of the band and delivered the gift, and might have ridden back in all safety, as did the six who came with him. But Philip had a fair daughter, and Tommasino, caught by her charms, made bold to linger at Philip's house, trusting that his presence there would not be known to the Duke, and venturing his own neck for the smiles of red lips and the glances of bright eyes, as young men have done since this old world began. But one of the Duke's spies, of whom he maintained many, brought word to him of Tommasino's rashness; and as Tommasino at last rode forth privily in the evening, singing a love-song, and hugging in his bosom a glove that the lady had suffered him to carry off, he came suddenly into an ambush of the Duke's Guard, was pulled violently from his horse, and before he could so much as draw his sword, behold, his arms were seized, and the lord Lorenzo stood before him, with doffed cap and mocking smile!

'My glove is like to cost me dear,' said Tommasino.

'Indeed, my lord,' answered Lorenzo, 'I fear there will be a reckoning for it.' Then he gave the word, and they set Tommasino bound on his horse and rode without drawing rein to the city. And when the Duke heard the next morning of Tommasino's capture, he raised himself on his couch, where he lay in the shade by the fish-pond under the wall of his garden. 'This is sweet medicine for my sickness,' said he. 'On the third day from now, at noon, he shall die. Bid them raise a great gibbet in front of my Palace, so high that it shall be seen from every part of the city and from beyond the walls; and on that gibbet Tommasino shall hang, that all men may know that I, Valentine, am Duke and Lord of Firmola.' And he lay back again, pale and faint.

But when word came to Antonio that Tommasino was taken, he withdrew himself from the rest of the band who were lamenting the untoward chance, and walked by himself to and fro for a long while. And he gazed once on the picture of the Lady Lucia which was always round his neck. Then he sat down and wrote a letter to the Duke, saying, 'My gracious lord, I am here with fifty men, stout and brave fellows; and if my cousin dies, there shall be no peace in the Duchy. But my heart is heavy already for those that have died in my quarrel, and I may not endure Tommasino's death. Therefore let Tommasino go, and grant full

\* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

pardon and oblivion to him and to all who are here with me, and swear to do this with a binding oath; and then I will come and deliver myself to you, and suffer such doom as seems good to your Highness. May Almighty God assuage your Highness's sickness and keep you in all things.—ANTONIO of Monte Velluto.' And this letter he sent to the Duke Valentine, who, having received it, pondered long, but at last said to Lorenzo, 'I do not love to let Tommasino go, nor to pardon these lawless knaves; yet for five years I have pursued Antonio and have not taken him. And I am weary, and the country is racked and troubled by our strife.'

'With Antonio dead, all would be quiet, my lord,' said Lorenzo.

Then the Duke's eyes flashed and he said, 'It shall be so. And bid them strengthen the gibbet, for Antonio is a large man; and he shall surely hang on it.'

Now Lorenzo was somewhat grieved, for he esteemed Antonio; yet he obeyed the Duke's commands, and took from the Duke a letter for Antonio, wherein His Highness swore to all that Antonio asked, and bade him come alone or with one companion only into the city on the day that had been before appointed for the hanging of Tommasino. And further, the lord Lorenzo gathered together all the pikemen and every man that served the Duke, and placed them all on guard, and proclaimed that any man besides found carrying arms in the city should be held as the Duke's enemy. For he feared that the townsmen who loved Antonio would attempt something on his behalf. But when the townsmen saw the great force that Lorenzo had gathered, they dared attempt nothing, although they were sore grieved and lamented bitterly. And the Lady Lucia, looking from the window of her house, beheld those who were erecting the gibbet, and wept for her lover. As for Tommasino, when he heard that he was not to be hanged, but to be set free, and Antonio to suffer death in his stead, he was like a man mad, and his rage and grief could not be restrained; for he declared that he would not live if Antonio died, and did not cease to reproach himself bitterly. Therefore the lord Lorenzo held him confined in his own house, lest he should do himself some harm, or endeavour by some desperate device to prevent Antonio from fulfilling his purpose; but he treated him with all courtesy, for he was sorry for his plight.

Now Count Antonio feared his companions, and did not dare to tell them of what he had done, lest their obedience should fail under a strain so great, and they should by force prevent his going to the city. Therefore he told them to rest quiet in their camp, while he, with Bena, went about certain necessary business; and he bade them farewell, enjoining them most strictly to do nothing against the Duke.

'For,' said he, 'although I may not tell you fully what the business is on which I go, yet I have good hope that His Highness is favourably inclined to you, and that in a short space you will receive from him pardon for all your offences. And that pardon I charge you to accept with gratitude, and, having accepted it,

be thenceforward loyal servants of His Highness.'

'But will the Duke pardon you also, my lord, and the lord Tommasino?' asked Martolo.

'He will pardon Tommasino also,' answered Antonio. 'And be assured that I shall suffer nothing.' And having said this, he shook every man by the hand, thanking them for the love and service they had shown him; and he and Bena were accompanied by all of them to the foot of Mount Agnino; and there, in the early morning of the appointed day, Antonio mounted his horse and rode with Bena into the plain. And as they rode, Bena said to him, 'My lord, why does the Duke grant this pardon?'

'Because I give him what he asks as the price of it, Bena,' answered Antonio; and they rode on for a while. But when Bena saw that Antonio turned his horse not towards Rilano, but directly across the plain towards Firmola, he said, 'My lord, whither are we riding?'

'We are riding to the city, Bena,' answered Antonio. 'There is no cause for fear: we go by leave and on the invitation of His Highness.'

'But will he let us go again?' asked Bena.

'You will be free to go when you will,' answered Antonio, 'and me the Duke will himself send forth from the city when I am ready to go.' For Lorenzo had promised in the Duke's name that Antonio's body, after it had hung three days on the gibbet, should be honourably carried from the city to the church of St Prisian at Rilano, and there interred with fitting ceremony.

'Yet I do not like this ride of ours,' grumbled Bena.

'Nay, I like it not myself,' said Antonio, smiling. 'But for the good of my cousin and of all our company, we must go forward.' And he stopped for a moment and added, 'Swear to me, Bena, by St Prisian, to obey all I bid you in the city to-day, and not to draw your sword unless I draw mine.'

'Do I not always obey you, my lord?' asked Bena.

'But swear to me.'

'Well, then, I swear,' said Bena, 'though in truth, my lord, your word is full as strong to me as any oath, whether by Prisian or another.' For this man whom they called Bena was a godless man, and one that held holy things in light esteem. But he was a fine fighter and a loyal servant; and God's mercy is infinite. It may be his heart was turned at last—though indeed I have found no record of it.

'My lord, will you see my lady Lucia in the city?' asked Bena.

'I trust to see at the least her face at her window,' answered Antonio.

'Will you have speech with her, my lord?'

'If His Highness will grant me that favour, Bena.'

'Ah, I know now why you smiled, my lord, as you rode, just now. It will be a bright day for you.' And Bena laughed.

'Indeed,' said Antonio, 'I trust that the day may be bright for me. Yes, bright as the light of heaven.'

'There is no light brighter than the eyes of the girl a man loves,' said Bena.



'Yes, there is one,' said Antonio. But Bena did not understand his meaning.

Thus they rode till it wanted only two hours of noon; and then they were within five miles of the city, and Bena, looking, beheld the great gibbet rising above the walls of the city and standing forth grim and black in front of the marble face of the Cathedral.

'What is that, my lord,' he cried, 'which towers above the walls of the city?'

'Is it not enough to know when we come there?' answered Antonio.

Then Bena sighed, and said to Antonio, 'I find it in my heart, my lord, to be half sorry that the Duke pardons us; for we lived a fine merry life in the hills. Yet it will be pleasant to live at ease: and we have adventures enough to tell our sweethearts, ay, and our children too, when we grow old, and they come round us and ask us for stories of our youth. I hope my boys will be good at a fight, my lord, and serve your sons as I have served you.'

'It may be God's will that I leave no sons to bear my name, Bena.'

'I do not think that,' said Bena with a laugh.

They were now passing the hill on which stood the blackened walls of Antonio's house, which Duke Valentine had burnt.

Bena cried out at the sight. 'You will need to spend much in rebuilding it,' said he.

'Perhaps His Highness has provided another dwelling for me,' said Antonio.

'To-night he will surely lodge you, my lord, in his own Palace, or, may be, with my lord Lorenzo.'

'Wherever it may be, I shall sleep soundly,' said Antonio.

Now they were come near to the city, and they saw a body of pikemen coming out to meet them, the Lieutenant of the Guard at the head. And when they met, the Lieutenant bowed to Antonio, who greeted him most courteously; and the pikemen spread themselves in front and behind and on both sides of Antonio and Bena, and thus they went on towards the bridge and the city gate. But Bena eyed the pikemen with no love, and moved restlessly in his saddle. 'These fellows,' said he to Antonio, 'hem us in, my lord. Shall I make my horse threaten their toes a little, so that they may give us more room?'

'Let them be,' said Antonio. 'It is not for long, Bena.'

At the entrance of the gate stood Lorenzo, awaiting the Count, and there they dismounted, and Antonio passed through the gate with Lorenzo, Bena being close to him on the other side. And when Bena saw the great force of pikemen, and, behind their ranks, a mighty throng of people, and when he saw the tall gibbet and understood what it was, suddenly his face went red and his hand flew to his sword.

But Antonio caught his arm, saying, 'My sword is not drawn, Bena.'

'My lord, what does it mean?' cried Bena in a loud voice, so that Lorenzo heard and stayed his steps and looked at Bena. 'Does he not know?' he asked of Antonio.

'He does not know yet,' said Antonio. And

to Bena he said, 'I have need of your sword, Bena. Give it me.'

'My sword, my lord?'

'Yes, your sword.'

Bena looked at him with wondering, frightened eyes; but he slowly unbuckled his sword from his belt and gave it to Antonio. And Antonio unbuckled his own sword also and gave them both to the Lieutenant of the Guard, saying, 'Sir, I pray you to restore Bena's to him in the evening, and mine to me when I go forth to Rilano.'

But Bena clutched at Antonio's arm, crying again, 'What does it mean, my lord?'

Then Antonio took him by the hand and said, 'Are we to be afraid now of what we have often faced together with light hearts, Bena?'

'Are we to die?' asked Bena.

'You are to live and beget those brave boys, Bena. But it is otherwise with me,' said Antonio.

Then the lord Lorenzo, who had looked in Bena's eyes, signed to four pikemen to come near, and they came and stood near Bena; for Lorenzo feared that he would not suffer Antonio to die without seeking to save him or to die with him.

'Nay, let him alone,' said Antonio. 'You will obey me of your free-will, Bena?'

'Yes, my lord,' said Bena; and he looked up at the gibbet; and then he caught Antonio's hand and kissed it a score of times; and he began to sob as a child sobs. And the Guard, among whom were some who had felt his arm, marvelled to see him thus moved.

'Let us go on,' said Antonio. 'It is hard on noon, and I must keep my tryst with His Highness.'

'His Highness awaits my lord by the fish-pond in the garden,' said Lorenzo; and he led Antonio to the Palace and brought him through the great hall and so to the fish-pond; and by it the Duke lay propped on pillows, yet very richly arrayed; and his little son sat by him. Now Lorenzo stood aloof, but Antonio came and, kneeling, kissed the Duke's hand, and then rose and stood before the Duke. But the boy cried, 'Why, it is my lord Antonio! Have you come back to live in the city, my lord Antonio? Ah, I am glad of it!'

'Nay, I have not come to live in the city, my little lord,' said Antonio.

'Whither do you go then?' asked the boy.

'His Highness sends me on a journey,' said Antonio.

'Is it far?'

'Yes, it is far,' said Antonio with a smile.

'I would he would send another and let you stay; then we could play at robbers again in the great hall,' said the little Duke. 'Father, can you find no other lord to go in Antonio's place?'

The Duke turned his face, pale and wasted with sickness, and his eyes, that seemed larger and deeper than they had been before, upon his son. 'I can send none but Antonio,' said he. And calling to Lorenzo, he bade him take the boy. But the boy went reluctantly, telling Antonio that he must return speedily. 'For you promised,' said he, 'to teach me how to

use my sword.' And the Duke signed with his hand to Lorenzo, who lifted the boy and carried him away, leaving Antonio alone with the Duke.

'I have set my seal to the pardons as I swore,' said the Duke; 'and Tommasino shall be free this evening; and all that he and the rest have done against me shall be forgotten from this hour. Have you any cause of complaint against me?'

'None, my lord,' said Count Antonio.

'Is there anything that you ask of me?'

'Nothing, my lord. Yet if it be your Highness's pleasure that I should have speech with the lady Lucia and with my cousin, I should be well pleased.'

'You will see them yonder in the square,' said the Duke. 'But otherwise you shall not see them.'

Then Lorenzo returned, and he led Antonio to a chamber and gave him meat and wine; and while Antonio ate, the Lord Archbishop, having heard that he was come, came in great haste; and the venerable man was very urgent with Antonio that he should make his peace with Heaven, so that, having confessed his sins and sought absolution, he might be relieved of the sentence of excommunication under which he lay, and be comforted with the rites of the Church before he died.

'For there are many wild and wicked deeds on your conscience,' said the Archbishop, 'and above all the things that you did touching the Abbot of St Prisian, and yet more impiously touching the Sacred Bones.'

'Indeed I have many sins to confess,' said Antonio; 'but, my lord Archbishop, concerning the Abbot and concerning the Sacred Bones I have nothing to confess. For even now, when I stand on the threshold of death, I can perceive nothing that I did save what I could not leave undone.'

Then the Archbishop besought him very earnestly, and even with tears; but Antonio would own no sin in these matters, and therefore the Archbishop could not relieve him from his sentence nor give him the holy comforts, but left him and returned to his own house in great distress of spirit.

The lord Lorenzo now came again to Antonio and said to him, 'My lord, it wants but a few moments of noon.' Therefore Antonio rose and went with him; and they came through the great hall, and, a strong escort being about them, took their stand at the foot of the Palace steps. Then the Duke was borne out on his couch, high on the shoulders of his lackeys, and was set down on the topmost step; and silence having been proclaimed, the Duke spoke to Antonio; but so weak was his voice that none heard save those who were very near. 'Antonio of Monte Velluto,' said he, 'it may be that in God's purposes I have not myself long to live. Yet it is long enough for me to uphold and vindicate that princely power which the same God has committed to my hands. That power you have outraged; many of my faithful friends you have slain; against both me and the Church you have lifted your hand. Go then to your death, that men may know the fate of traitors and of rebels.'

Antonio bowed low to His Highness; but, not being invited by the Duke to speak, he said naught, but suffered Lorenzo to lead him across the square; and as he went, he passed where four pikemen stood by Bena, ready to lay hold on him if he moved; and Bena fell on his knees and again kissed Antonio's hand. And Antonio, passing on, saw two young lords, followers of Lorenzo. And between them stood Tommasino; their arms were through Tommasino's arms and they held him, though lovingly, yet firmly; and he had no sword.

'May I speak with Tommasino?' asked Antonio.

'His Highness has forbidden it,' said Lorenzo; but Antonio paused for a moment before Tommasino; and Tommasino, greatly moved, cried piteously to him that he might die with him. And Antonio kissed him, and, with a shake of his head, passed on. Thus then he came to the gibbet, and mounted with Lorenzo on to the scaffold that was underneath the gibbet. And when he was seen there, a great groan went up from the people, and the apprenticed lads, who were all gathered together on the left side of the gibbet, murmured so fiercely and stirred so restlessly that the pikemen faced round, turning their backs towards the scaffold, and laid their pikes in rest.

#### UNCLAIMED FORTUNES IN CHANCERY.

IN nearly every family there is a tradition that at some time or other funds were placed in Chancery owing to disagreements as to testamentary dispositions, or from other causes. And the general opinion in days gone by seems to have been, that when once funds were paid into Chancery it was next to an impossibility to get them out again, owing to the proverbial slowness in which such matters were dealt with. It is therefore gratifying nowadays to notice how expeditiously Chancery actions are disposed of. The good old days of '*Jarndyce v. Jarndyce*' seem to be over, although even now claimants turn up in this celebrated suit, immortalised by Charles Dickens, and which our readers may know refers to notorious Jennens's estate. There is now no fund in Court to the credit of this matter.

Most people will be surprised to learn that the first Court of Chancery was instituted as far back as the time of King Alfred, in the year 887. The Court was re-founded by William I. about the year 1067. It is curious to note that the Court was originally founded 'in the desire to render justice complete, and to moderate the rigour of other Courts that are bound by the strict letter of the law.'

In the olden time the Masters in Chancery had the custody of all moneys and effects deposited in Court in the suits referred to them, and the Usher took charge of any property brought into Court in suits which had not been referred to one of the Masters. The Masters and the Usher were responsible for all moneys and other property received by them, and were bound to distribute the property so entrusted to them by orders of the Court. In the meantime, they employed the money in their hands for

their own benefit. This practice continued until the bursting of the South Sea Bubble in 1720, when it was found that several of the Masters were defaulters. The defalcations amounted to over one hundred thousand pounds, but were made good by increased fees to suitors. Stringent precautions were taken to prevent a recurrence of such a scandal. Curiously enough, the date of the oldest unclaimed fund now in Court is the same as the date of the defalcations—1720.

In 1724 an order was issued by the Lord Chancellor directing each Master to procure and send to the Bank of England a chest with one lock, and hasps for two padlocks; the key of the lock to be kept by the Master; the key of one of the padlocks by one of the six clerks in Chancery; and the key of the other by the Governor or Cashier of the Bank. Each Master was ordered to deposit in his chest all moneys and securities in his hands belonging to the suitors; and the chests were then to be locked up and left in the custody of the Bank, and to be so kept that the Masters might have easy access thereto, under orders of the Court. This plan did not work well; and in 1725 an order was made that all money and effects should be taken from the Masters' chests and given into the custody of the Cashier of the Bank.

In 1726 the first Accountant-general of the Court of Chancery was appointed, and all funds in the custody of Masters or Ushers were transferred to his charge.

Delays in Chancery proceedings having long given dissatisfaction, the matter was brought before Parliament in 1825, and many times subsequently. These debates led to the passing of important Acts between the years 1852 and 1867, which amended the practice in the Court, and greatly facilitated the administration of estates.

The old Court of Chancery is now embodied in the Chancery Division of the Supreme Court of Judicature. There are several judges in this division.

The funds in Court in 1894 amounted to the huge total of £64,075,187, 4s. 1d.; but the proportion of this sum in want of owners is not stated. It is interesting to note that during the preceding year payments were made to successful claimants and others amounting to £16,324,152, 3s. There is also a large sum in Court under the heading 'Foreign Currencies,' made up of rupees, crowns, dollars, florins, francs, guilders, lire, and marks. Reference should also be made to a long list of boxes and other miscellaneous effects remaining in the custody of the Bank of England, on behalf of the Supreme Court of Judicature. Some of these items are of a curious nature, thus: A bag of clipped money, in *Jones v. Lloyd*, August 1726; a Debenture dated 1799; a sealed packet containing plate, &c.; a Bill of Exchange for 25,000 francs; a paper marked 'George Colman—Will'; a box containing jewellery; L. S. A. Giffard, a person of unsound mind—plate (two boxes); diamond brooch bequeathed to wife of Gerald A. Lousada; Melville v. Melville—plate and jewellery; Wade Gery v. Handley—heirlooms; two boxes; E. A. Williams, deceased—presentation plate; Duke of West-

minster v. Dowager Duchess of Sutherland—jewels; Francis B. Foster, a person of unsound mind—silver plate.

The liability of the Consolidated Fund on March 31, 1894, in respect of old unclaimed Chancery funds was £2,327,822, 13s. 6d. Prior to 1869, these funds were invested in Government securities, and the interest utilised towards the payment of the salaries and expenses of certain officers of the Court. In 1869 these charges were made payable out of the annual votes of Parliament, and the Government securities representing the debt to suitors were transferred to the National Debt Commissioners, and cancelled in 1870, the Consolidated Fund being thenceforward made liable for any claims arising in respect of the said debt to suitors.

An official list of the titles of Chancery causes undealt with for fifteen years or upwards is published triennially; but, as the names of the testators or the persons entitled to the funds are in the majority of cases not stated, the information is of little value to the general public. To give an instance: In 1823, Nathaniel Briggs, one of the next-of-kin of Thomas Storke, who died in 1760, was advertised for by order of the Court of Chancery. This fund was not claimed; and in the latest official list of dormant funds we find the title of the Chancery suit given thus—'*Pomeroy v. Brewer*.' No mention is made that the next-of-kin of Thomas Storke are wanted. An idea of the large number of similar cases may be gained from the fact that the list of unclaimed funds fills one hundred and eighty-seven pages. This list is only an index to the titles of accounts, and is not in any sense either a register of next-of-kin wanted, or of lapsed legacies, intestates' estates, unclaimed dividends, prize-money, &c.

To claimants who are interested in Chancery funds, and do not know the titles of the actions—without which information no claim can be entertained—there is one important way of obtaining the desired clews. All advertisements issued by order of the Court inquiring for missing kindred contain references to the titles of such actions, and therefore the first course for an heir should be to obtain a copy of the official advertisement.

Mr S. H. Preston, in his book on *Unclaimed Money*, cites some remarkable cases of claims to Chancery funds. We extract a few instances: A. states that funds in Chancery are due to the descendants of —, who died probably about the fourteenth or fifteenth century. He was a brother to one of the queens of Scotland. B. mentions that there is an estate in London worth £10,000 a year, also a farm, and a large fund in Chancery. The former owner made his will in 1782, but did not die till 1826. All the property made between these dates was undisposed of by the will. C. declares that there is a large estate in Chancery; the tenants pay no rent, and the owner is unknown. D. is certain some of his relatives have 'smuggled' property to which his family are entitled. No will was proved, and no letters of administration granted. Some of the property supposed to be in Chancery.

Large sums of the suitors' money have been borrowed to enable various Chancellors of the

Exchequer to carry through their financial operations; and in 1881 Mr Gladstone borrowed no less than forty million pounds of these funds for National Debt purposes. It is also well known that the Royal Courts of Justice, which were erected at the cost of over a million pounds, were built with money arising from the surplus interest of the suitors' funds.

With regard to old unclaimed funds in Chancery, it is officially stated that the liabilities of the Government are considered to be remote, and the State not likely to be called upon, to any material extent, to discharge. But, curiously enough, the Chancellor of the Exchequer a few years ago stated that 'he had been called upon quite unexpectedly to provide one hundred thousand pounds in respect of unclaimed funds in Chancery. It was supposed that a large sum owing to suitors would never be claimed, but experience had proved that an increased spirit of research, assisted by those means of increased publicity which the day demands and receives, had enabled many suitors who, it was believed, would never claim, to make their claim.'

Discussions in Parliament, the Press, and elsewhere, show the urgent need of greater publicity as to all unclaimed funds. Lists of some unclaimed moneys are still published only in the *London Gazette*, while others are not published at all. Until these lists are published in newspapers of wide circulation, the amount of unclaimed money must go on increasing.

### THE MYSTERY OF PILGRIM GRAY.

#### CHAPTER II.—A STEP ON THE MINSTER STAIRS.

ZILPAH GARFOOT searched every nook and corner in cottage and workshop that night, but without result. She even consulted the verger of St Botolph's on the following day, and gained his confirmation as to the meeting at the *Shodfriars Arms* between her father and 'John Grimshaw;' though with regard to the sealed letter which the mariner had handed to the blacksmith, according to his own account, in the cabin of his ship at a later hour, the verger could furnish no information. He even shrugged his shoulders with the air of one who would say, 'You know what sort of a man your father is!' when Zilpah reported to him that Michael Garfoot had led her to believe that this letter held a large sum of money. 'Don't mention the matter to living soul,' Zilpah had urged in conclusion; and the verger had given his word.

Some days went by. Towards dusk one afternoon, Zilpah sat in the little parlour beyond the kitchen, pondering these things—wondering whether the sealed letter would ever come to light—when there was a tap at the door, and Robert Harborn stood before her: 'May I come in?'

She wheeled an arm-chair towards the hearth and made him welcome. They had not met since the night upon which they had worked together at the shoeing of the black mare.

'Pray, sit down, Mr Harborn,' said Zilpah,

looking keenly into his face. 'Why, how ill you look! Is there anything the matter?—But I beg your pardon. What a rude question to ask.'

Harborn sat down, hardly seeming to heed her words. He took a cigarette case from his pocket. 'May I smoke?'

'Of course you may. Doesn't father smoke here every Sunday evening?—But again I must ask your pardon. You must have forgotten the Sunday evenings here, long ago.'

Harborn lighted a cigarette: 'Indeed, I've not.'

'Haven't you? It's ten years and more since you set foot inside our parlour.'

'Ah! The last time I was here,' said Harborn, glancing about him, 'was the memorable afternoon upon which Pilgrim Gray and I came to blows! Don't you recollect, Zilpah? It was about you that we had quarrelled, and your father locked me up in this room. I can't have been more than fourteen or fifteen at the time. Nor have I forgotten,' he added, 'how Pilgrim came to that window in the twilight, and executed war dances and threatened me with dire vengeance.'

Zilpah glanced laughingly towards the window. 'Yes,' said she; 'I recollect.' Then she rose and lighted the candles and drew the curtains. 'It is years ago.'

'How came he to be called Pilgrim?' Harborn presently asked.

'It was his mother's maiden name,' said Zilpah; 'and Pilgrim has proved a pilgrim by nature as well as name; hasn't he?'

Harborn blew a cloud from his cigarette. 'You think he's dead; don't you?'

'I don't know what to think. Didn't you predict, the other night,' said Zilpah, 'that he was coming home?'

'I felt sure that he was. A man stopped me on the high-road, near Wildmore Fens,' said Harborn—'on the night you helped me to shoe the mare. It was too dark to see the fellow's face; but I never heard a voice more like Pilgrim Gray's.—And then,' he added, 'that strange knock at the door. Wasn't it like Pilgrim's rat-tat?'

Zilpah nodded. 'It was strangely like,' said she. At this moment it crossed her mind to relate to Harborn, word for word, all that her father had mentioned concerning Pilgrim Gray, not even holding back from him the incident of the sealed letter. But the verger's expressive shrug of incredulity recurred as she was on the point of opening her lips. Who could determine whether Pilgrim was living or dead? When she had exclaimed to her father, 'Pilgrim Gray is coming home!' and had capped her impulsive words with an account of the strange knock at their door, she had already begun to question in her own mind whether it was Pilgrim's knock after all. And now, while still hesitating to confide in Harborn, she chanced to glance into the young fellow's face. Something in his expression urged her to guard the secret. He was nerving himself to communicate some affair of his own. Might it not be possible that his mind was tormented with a trouble more serious than this one that tormented her?

'Zilpah,' said he, in a despondent voice, 'I almost wish that I had done as Pilgrim Gray had the pluck to do, when he had served his apprenticeship at this forge. I almost wish that I had gone to seek my fortune in the Pacific. I've wasted the best days of my life in this monotonous, one-horse town.'

Zilpah looked at Harborn with unfeigned surprise. She had hitherto regarded him as one of the most rising men in Boston. What could have happened to cause this tone of almost tragic discontent?

'I hope,' said Zilpah with a hesitating manner, though her voice was full of sympathy—'I hope you're not in any trouble? If there is anything—anything that I'—

'Thank you; no—nothing,' said he; and yet his whole attitude seemed to contradict his words; he sat with his head resting on his hand—'nothing.'

They were silent for a while; then Zilpah ventured to say: 'I cannot see, Mr Harborn, why you should lament that you didn't follow in the footsteps of Pilgrim Gray. In the first place, he hardly belonged to your class in life. And then, though there have been vague reports that he made heaps of money, one can scarcely call him lucky; for they do say that, out in the Pacific islands, he caught the fever and died.'

'Better that than— Zilpah,' Harborn broke off suddenly, 'I've a great mind to tell you everything! May I? I can trust you, and you'll not misunderstand me. I *am* in trouble. And I feel—I don't suppose you know what it's like—I feel that unless I confide in some one, some one with a kindly nature like your own—that I must go mad.' He flung the end of his cigarette into the fire, and then, holding his head between his hands, sat looking dejectedly into the fire. Presently he resumed: 'My father, as you know,' said he, 'was only a small farmer. But he had a craze for finance. He sold his snug little property—all except the old cottage—when I was a lad, and started what he called the Loan and Deposit Agency, which got to be known about the neighbourhood as Harborn's Bank. Well! the farmers and tradespeople trusted him, and justly too, for he was honest enough. But he wasn't so prosperous as they supposed. In fact—as I have good reason to know—he was in difficulties almost from first to last. And when he died, Zilpah, I came into possession of nothing more or less than a tottering concern. I have thought a hundred times to wind up the affairs of the little counting-house in the market-place, and go seek my fortune elsewhere. But—but one thing deterred me—one thing. Zilpah, shall I tell you what that one thing was?'

Zilpah looked curiously into his face. 'One thing?'

'Yes—only one,' said he—'my love for you. Don't misunderstand me,' and he bent tenderly towards her. 'I must speak now! Ah, Zilpah, my dear, I have been fool enough to dream that I might win your love—some day. I did not attempt to hide from myself that you were promised to Pilgrim. I have never ceased to dread that he would return a rich man, as he declared that he would,

ready and willing to make you his wife. But he has not returned—not yet. This delay—the rumours of his death—would have almost justified a confession of my enduring love for you! But how could I ask you to listen—how could I think to make you my wife, even if you could care for me—when I stood at the very brink of ruin?—Forgive me, Zilpah. I came—I only came to bid you good-bye.'

Zilpah sat with her hands clasped and with her eyes downcast, during this painful avowal. But now, when Robert Harborn rose from his chair and held out his hand, she rose too, and with eager uplifted eyes, cried: 'Don't go—don't give up hope! I can—I may be able to help you. Let me think.'

'You, Zilpah! You do not know,' said Harborn—'you cannot understand the extent of my difficulties. Unless I can raise between five and six thousand pounds—and within the next three days—the doors of the bank must be closed.'

Zilpah looked thoughtfully into his face. 'Would six thousand pounds,' said she, 'really put matters straight?'

'Why do you ask?'

'Don't question me. I am not asking,' said she, 'out of idle curiosity; you may be sure of that.'

Harborn looked puzzled, scrutinising the girl's face as though he would have read her inmost thoughts. 'Well,' said he, 'I will answer in a strictly business manner, since you urge me to do so. Yes. Six thousand pounds, repayable at the end of five years—though I fear that I could not give security for the amount—would put my affairs on a safe footing.'

'Five years?'

'Yes.—But why do you look so strange?'

'I am thinking,' said she, 'what it would be best to do. Six thousand pounds!'

She sank into a chair, with her elbows on the table, and her head between her hands, as Harborn had sat a moment ago. She seemed to have suddenly raised the weight of trouble from his shoulders and taken it upon her own.

'What is it, Zilpah?' said he, placing his hand gently upon her shoulder—'what is it? I can't bear to see you look like this! Won't you explain?'

'Not to-night—not now,' she said, in a tone of earnest entreaty. 'Leave me—leave me to think what had best be done! I don't see my way clearly yet, only dimly. Wait for me at your bank to-morrow until four o'clock. Whether I succeed, or—whatever happens—I will come to you before that hour.'

Harborn went out. Zilpah Garfoot never moved, never gave him a parting glance. She sat with her head between her hands lost in thought. It was growing late. Still she sat there thinking—thinking. But at last, after some hours had gone by, she was suddenly roused by the sound of her father's violin in the kitchen; and she hurriedly rose with the look of one abruptly awakened out of some absorbing day-dream. She had never looked more like her father. But she threw off the abstraction and was quickly herself.

She glanced at the clock. It was long past

supper-time, and Zilpah felt that she deserved reproach for not having gone to the turret workshop that evening, as she had been in the habit of doing for years past. But Michael Garfoot uttered no complaint to-night; he seemed to be more wrapped up in melody than usual.

When supper was finished, Zilpah learned the reason. 'It's all settled!' said the blacksmith, resuming his accustomed arm-chair beside the fire, and hugging his violin under his chin—'all settled at last.' He drew the bow prelusively across the instrument. 'Yes, yes. The good verger has arranged it,' he went on. 'I've gained leave through him, my dear, to play my hymn there to-morrow.'

Zilpah had come and put her arms about her father's neck, and she now kissed him tenderly on both cheeks. 'I can't tell you how pleased,' said she, 'how very pleased I am that your dream is all coming true.'

Next morning, Zilpah was about at daybreak. But although she busied herself in her household duties as she had seldom busied herself before, Robert Harborn's trouble never left her mind. Her one thought was to lift him out of his difficulties. Pilgrim Gray's letter—the letter which her father had so strangely mislaid—must by some means be unearthed. Therein lay the chance! If it contained ten thousand, or even seven thousand pounds, as 'John Grimshaw, mariner,' had led her father to imagine, the bringing of it to light became of vital importance. For a less sum than this—a sum of six thousand pounds—would rescue from ruin the man she loved.

Yes, Zilpah Garfoot had admitted to herself, now that he had spoken, that she loved Robert Harborn—that she had never loved any other man than he. But she had never dreamt until last night, when he confessed it all, that he gave her a second thought. She had always regarded him as occupying a position in life above her own, and to think of him as one who could ever care for her, ever make her his wife, seemed to belong more to dreamland than reality. She had engaged herself to Pilgrim, as a matter of fact, ten years ago, in a prosy, humdrum fashion, before she knew what love truly meant. They had been thrown together, beating out red-hot bars of iron beside the forge fire, in the days of his apprenticeship; and then he had sailed for foreign parts, and had ceased to hold communication even with her. They told her that he was dead. The rumour had been wafted into the port of Boston again and again, and Zilpah had begun to regard Pilgrim Gray as one who had at last gone out of her life.

And now the rumour of his death—if she dare believe all that her father had told her—had been positively confirmed; and if this letter could be found—this letter, that had been written while he lay at the point of death—all reasonable doubt would be removed. But be that as it may, Zilpah thought, she considered herself released from her promise. She could never marry Pilgrim now. She was resolved upon that. Robert Harborn had spoken. Her whole heart had been given to him; and she racked her brain, as only a woman who loves

will do, to ward off the catastrophe with which Harborn's bank was threatened.

When Michael Garfoot came in from the forge to dinner, Zilpah asked her father to play the very same melodies which he had played on the day the letter was received and hidden, with a view to awaken recollection. Zilpah also reminded him that he had made his way that night to the turret workshop and forgot himself over his fiddle till near daybreak.

It was a habit of Michael Garfoot's during this wintry season to sit by the kitchen fire for a while and play a piece or two upon his violin. Zilpah hastened to clear away the dishes, and then she went and lighted a fire in the front parlour, and sat there over her needle-work—though she scarcely did a stitch—waiting in fear and trembling the result of her projected ordeal by melody.

Michael Garfoot began to play. The air was a simple dreamy one that Zilpah had heard him discourse a thousand times. For the greater part of an hour the blacksmith played on. The air became dreamier—more dreamy still; and at last the music ceased.

Zilpah rose from her chair. Each moment she expected to hear her father calling to her—expected each moment that he would shout out exultantly that he had called back to memory the forgotten spot wherein might be found the dead man's letter. But no sound came to her—no sound except the falling of the violin bow, as it seemed to her, upon the kitchen floor. She waited some moments, believing that another melody was being meditated; but when the silence remained unbroken, Zilpah lost patience, and crept on tiptoe to the kitchen door and peered in upon her father.

The blacksmith sat in his arm-chair before the fire as Zilpah had left him; but the violin was resting on his knees and his chin had sunk upon his breast. One arm hung listlessly over the chair, and the violin bow lay on the floor at his side. Michael Garfoot had played himself into a sound sleep.

Zilpah stepped noiselessly into the kitchen, and knelt down at his side. 'Father,' and she spoke in a hushed and impressive voice, while bending close to his ear, 'give me that letter from Pilgrim Gray.'

The blacksmith slowly opened his eyes and stared vacantly at the fire; then his eyelids began to droop, while he muttered, just audibly: 'It's locked. I always—always keep it locked. Ay, the box in the turret—turret workshop. Ay, am I—am I sitting on it? Ay, ay—I always'—

Zilpah waited to hear no more. 'The key, father!' cried she excitedly—'the key!'

Garfoot started and half rose, rubbing his eyes with both hands, and then staring blankly at Zilpah. 'What—what's all this?'

'Pilgrim's letter! You remember now where you placed it; don't you?'

'No.'

'Shall I tell you?'

'You, Zilpah—you tell me?' and the blacksmith again rubbed his eyes and again stared about him. 'How can you know?'

'You put it into the oaken tool-box,' said she. 'That old black thing up in the turret work-

shop. You put it there on the night upon which it was given into your keeping by John Grimshaw. Isn't it so?' 'Ah!'

Michael Garfoot started up out of his chair, fully awakened at last. 'Astounding! How could I go and forget that?'

'Never mind now. Give me the key,' said Zilpah, 'for you always keep that old box locked: don't you?'

'Ay, ay; so I do.'

'Quickly then—the key!'

But the muddle-headed blacksmith was not one to be hurried. He began in his deliberate way to search in one pocket and then in another. At last he paused, and looked with his most vacant stare into his daughter's face. 'I don't rightly know,' said he, 'where the key's got to now.'

'Ah! have you put that so safely away too?'

'Wait a bit. It's like enough,' said the blacksmith, rubbing his ear—'it's like enough in the turret workshop—somewhere. I keeps it mostly a-hanging there. Maybe,' he added, with a sudden look of animation—'maybe the box ain't locked, after all!'

Zilpah did not wait for more; she drew on her cloak and went out into the wintry air. It was near upon three o'clock. The minster bells were ringing for vespers; and it came into her thoughts as she walked along by the river-side that it was the day upon which her father's ambitious cravings were to be fully gratified.

She had entered at a side door, and now went unobserved up the minster stairs. She had brought the lantern with her as usual, under her cloak; and when she had mounted a few steps into the darkness, she lighted it, and hurried once more on her way. Her heart beat wildly. This ascent to the turret in search of a letter containing ten thousand pounds was only a dream; she would presently wake, and find that this gold was intangible—that Pilgrim still lived—that Robert Harborn had never spoken!

A few more windings up the turret stairs and she had reached the workshop, and was kneeling down beside the oaken chest. It was locked. Zilpah looked eagerly round the lumber-strewn floor and at the nails upon the wall, for the old key. She knew it well by sight. There were old keys in plenty, old links of chains, old bits of iron of every sort lying about; but nothing there, as she soon ascertained, would open the box. The girl bent down in her despair with her head between her hands, her elbows resting upon the oaken lid. What should she do now? It suddenly came into her mind to force the lid. There were tools among this collection of old iron on the turret floor, and Zilpah was not altogether ignorant of locksmith's work. She had helped her father, and Pilgrim too, in every detail connected with their trade. But she quickly perceived that this old lock was no easy one to contend with; besides, the tools she needed most were not there; and nearly an hour went by before the lock yielded, and she flung up the lid.

She had lighted the lamp, for the night

had been closing in apace, and she now held it up with a trembling hand and peered down into the box. At first the rays from her lamp cast no light upon any article resembling a letter. A strange assortment of music-books and loose leaves of music, fiddles and fiddle-strings, and a heap of other materials, confused her eyes and throbbing brain. But after a careful search, Zilpah found, lying inside an old violin case, the very thing she sought—an oblong envelope sealed with a black seal. The address was in a strange handwriting; but her name was upon the letter: 'Zilpah Garfoot, Boston.'

She closed the box and sat down with the lamp beside her, and broke the seal.

'Before this can reach you'—Zilpah read the words aloud, though scarcely above a whisper—'I shall be lying in my grave. The best proof I can give of the love I still have for you, Zilpah, is to endow you with all my worldly goods. John Grimshaw, mariner, is my trusted friend. He has promised to put into this letter, and seal it with a black seal, a bank draft for seven thousand eight hundred pounds. I have instructed him to give this letter into your father's hand, and inform him of all that has happened.—Good-bye. This is the last will and testament of PILGRIM GRAY.'

The letter, too, was in a strange handwriting; but she recognised the signature as Pilgrim's, beyond a doubt. As she turned it about wonderingly, a slip of crisp paper fell out and settled on the floor at her feet. She picked it up and held it between her eyes and the light. It was a draft on a San Francisco bank—'On Demand, pay to the order of Zilpah Garfoot the sum of seven thousand eight hundred pounds—Value received.'

Zilpah scarcely knew whether to laugh or cry. Her head throbbed; and she felt as though the turret workshop were spinning round, and she and the bank draft along with it. It was true, then—all true! Pilgrim Gray was dead. Poor fellow! And he, in his undying love, had willed his fortune to her—all true!

She thrust the letter with the bank bill into the bosom of her dress, and went down the turret stairs, and out upon the terrace, where, in the keen air that blew so gustily round the tower, she quickly recovered from the excitement into which she had been thrown. It was the moment for a rapid and fixed resolve. What course should she take now?

The night had almost closed in around her. Bats began to dart in and out about the arches, chasing their own swift shadows. Zilpah leaned her arms upon the parapet and looked down from this great height—looked down with an anxious gaze upon the shadowy old town, with its narrow streets now dotted with lights, and the shimmering Witham, that ran through Boston, winding like a serpent towards the distant sea. But her look quickly became concentrated upon one spot—the window of a house in the market-place—a window on an upper storey, where a light shone brightly through a red blind. It was a window in a room at Harborn's Bank. In that room, as Zilpah knew, Harborn often worked late into



the night. He was there now, waiting—waiting for her.

'I can save you now!' she cried, in a deep, earnest tone—'save you from ruin, and'—

And at this moment there was a step upon the minster stairs. It stole upon her ear faintly; but as it became more and more distinct, her face grew troubled. She took the lantern in her hand and crept softly to the archway at the head of the stairs and listened. It was surely her father. He was mounting into the tower, as he had been wont to do at sunset for many years past, to illumine the minster light.

And yet, while she still listened, it seemed to Zilpah so unlike the sound of her father's step that she drew back in alarm and blew out her lamp.

Suddenly a sense of horror seized her. It was not her father's step! And yet it was a step she knew. She sank upon her knees behind an angle of the stonework of one of the buttresses and watched the low archway that faced her; for at this opening the figure must in the course of a minute or more make its appearance in this upper region of dusky twilight. The step became each moment more distinct. Every shadow of a doubt had vanished. It was the footsteps of Pilgrim Gray.

#### ON THE LEARNING OF LANGUAGES.

WE do not pretend in this short article to enter into a scientific dissertation on the acquisition of languages, but rather to convey a few simple hints to those who are interested in the subject. There can be no doubt as to the benefit that may be derived from the study of a foreign tongue. It is, in the first place, an excellent memory-trainer. In these days of light reading and frequent skimming, we find the unfortunate habit of mind-wandering more prevalent than ever. People do not have time to study, and in many cases they do not have the inclination to take a breathing-space and attempt to examine minutely into the meaning of what they read. This habit tends to a superficiality in everything. A great deal is glanced over, merely to entertain or to pass the time, but very little is remembered, and there is absolutely no gain, either in the acquisition of information or in the power of assimilation and discrimination. The mind of such individuals is like a sieve, which allows all the finer material to pass, leaving only the dross, which is fit for nothing but to be thrown away.

Now the effort required to be exerted in learning a language does a great deal to counteract this fatal habit. It strengthens the concentration, and compels attention to what is being read. In ordinary reading, one may glide along smoothly enough, skimming the printed page before him, and get the general 'hang' of the tale, article, speech, or whatever it may be; while at the same time the mind is ever and again wandering off into a reverie about some totally different thing. But there is less chance of this taking place if the learning of a language is being engaged in. In the latter case, the mind is not allowed to escape from the

control of the will. If it does, it is sure to be brought up, as with a jerk, and impelled to concentrate its whole power upon the subject in hand. This has the effect of insensibly increasing the quality of attention, which, as we all know, is one of the first requisites to the acquirement of a good memory. And once the habit has been acquired of 'paying attention' in one thing, it becomes natural to be as keenly observant about everything else we do.

The many other advantages of learning a language need scarcely be dwelt upon. One of the most prominent is the largely increased power that is gained over one's own speech. The mental exercise involved in searching the memory for appropriate synonymous words and phrases tends to increase the vocabulary, and to give a greater ease and facility of expression in the use of the mother-tongue. There is, besides, the pleasure that is inseparable from every intellectual pursuit; and also the practical profit of being able to converse with a foreigner whom we may chance to meet either in the way of business or pleasure.

But all this said, still leaves us with the question to answer, How may one best learn a foreign language? In attempting an answer to this question, we are not advancing anything that is new. But the method we would commend is one that cannot be too much insisted upon, particularly in the interests of a certain class to whom these remarks are more directly applicable. Many young men find themselves arrived at a period of life when they feel it difficult to attempt any subject of study. There are many demands on their time, and the effort to attempt any sort of consecutive, concentrated work seems hopeless. They may have endeavoured at various periods in their lives to acquire a knowledge of Latin, French, German, Spanish, or other foreign tongue, but, owing to various circumstances, these attempts have had to be given up. The effort to make a fresh start is put off from day to day, although the desire to do something in this direction may still be as strong as ever. Why is this so? Simply because in many cases the contemplation of the task brings up before the vision so much of the hard, grinding, uninteresting nature of the school-boy task. There are visions of endless paradigms, of rules upon rules, with all their exceptions—oh, those exceptions!—of dull exercises that seem never to get beyond the 'books of my sister's brother's friend,' or the particular situation of this or that particular individual's umbrella, or steel pen, or pencil-case, or such other interesting object. To wade through a grammar of perhaps one hundred and fifty pages, getting up by heart—if that be possible—all the conjugations, inflections, exceptions, and idioms, is the ordinary accepted notion of what is required to be done in the initiatory process of learning some foreign tongue, after which the pleasant prospect is held out that one may *then* begin to read something.

Such a system—if system it can be called—is an utterly erroneous one. Little wonder that it repels so many from taking up what is really a most interesting study. To any who contemplate doing so, the advice may be given to cast aside all preconceived ideas about the

old methods, and begin *at once* to read the language they are going to learn. Thoughts about the grammar and the rules should not be allowed to trouble the mind. Except to those who have had some previous grounding in a language, the grammar is sure to prove a stumbling-block, and to beget nought but despair. A good dictionary, and a book of simple tales in the language chosen, are all that is necessary in the first instance. With these in hand, the motto of the beginner should then be to read, read, read. The printed page, at first new and unfamiliar, will gradually unfold itself as word after word is learned, and when a sentence has been translated, the reader will go on with a strange feeling of delight to master more of the contents. There is no better method of retaining a word in the memory than in having to go to the trouble of looking it up in the dictionary. The word will be certain to stick, more especially if it is found recurring once or twice in the same page. As much reading should be done as time will allow. A page of the dictionary may also be frequently gone over. It soon acquires a wonderful interest. In this way the study is made from the first attractive and agreeable. If the book read be by one of the best writers, its inherent qualities will interest, while the increasing power to interpret correctly the writer's meaning will act as a constant stimulus to go on acquiring more words and phrases, and their correct use. The help of a friend imbued with similar desires and aims will be useful. At the very outset, attempts should be made to carry on conversation together in the language. The power to do this, at first halting and awkward, will gradually expand. The name of every object which is round about us in our daily life should be learned and referred to in conversation. The phrases employed to denote particular actions and feelings should be looked up as they recur to the mind. Now and again the conversation that may be heard at the table, in the train, anywhere, may be translated mentally. There are many times when one is alone and there is nothing in particular to occupy the thoughts. Such a moment should be seized to recall words we have come across in our reading, and thus make them the more firmly our own. A book of poems will be of much assistance. It is easier to learn a poem by heart than a bit of prose, and if the meaning of each passage has been thoroughly mastered, it will be a simple operation to recall each word by its context. In this way it is wonderful how rapidly the vocabulary increases.

Of course it must not for a moment be assumed that we counsel the entire neglect of the grammar. That would be a profound mistake. The grammar will by-and-by be taken up with almost as much interest as the tale itself, for, as the beauties and graces of the language reveal themselves, the learner will not rest content till he has made himself master of all its intricacies. But what we want to insist upon is that the grammar in the first instance should be given a secondary place. The method we have thus briefly sketched serves to arrest the attention and interest from the outset, and it robs the study of the nature of a task, which

is distasteful to most people who have lost their early enthusiasms. One very important consideration is, that all this may be done in those odd moments of time which the busiest man has at his command. There need be no question of sitting down as it were to the performance of an unpleasant duty. When that feeling is present, it is rare that much good work is accomplished. There should be a resolve, too, to do something every day. If an hour cannot be spared, then an odd five or ten minutes should not be lost. However little may be attempted, it should be steadily persevered in. To learn a foreign language in this manner is a pleasurable exercise: to attempt the task according to the old methods is a dreary drudgery which repels the mind and too often ends in failure.

## THE SERPENT AND THE STAGE.

By DR ARTHUR STRADLING, C.M.Z.S., &c.

'Not a real snake, my dear, no—not *alive*, you know. Don't be frightened—it's only a painted one, with clockwork inside, and they wind it up to make it move, like the mouse Papa brought you from the Lowther Arcade the other day.—Look; he's twisting it round his arm—a live snake would bite him if he did that!'

Thus a lady to her little girl of six or seven summers, sitting in the stalls immediately before me at the Egyptian Hall, during the progress of that sense-and-reason-defying mystery of mysteries, the 'Miracle of Lh'Aea,' in Messrs Maskelyne & Cooke's latest sketch, *Modern Witchery*.

Years ago, Mr Maskelyne did introduce a mechanical serpent into one of his plays, an uncanny automaton, which, by the operation of occult springs and wheels and wires, pursued him sinuously across the stage, to finally climb about him and wreath the convolutions of its body around his limbs and neck. And the spectators in the front rows shuddered, so illusive was the toy, and were dismayed to find themselves in such close proximity to what they took to be a veritable and uncaged reptile, breathing the breath of life. Now, with the characteristic perversity of a show-going public, they refuse to accept genuine ophidian flesh and blood as such, and sum up the graceful movements of the elegant and exquisitely iridescent tree-boa employed by Mr Nevil Maskelyne in the incantation scene as the outcome of a cunningly devised machine. Had it not been that I was loth to shake a salutary faith in the maternal omniscience, the mention of the Lowther Arcade would have stung me into whispering there and then that the snake in question, the 'thick-necked' tree-boa of the West Indies and Tropical America, was an inmate of my own vivarium, and had been so for some years. It comes back to me for alternate fortnights to be fed, during which interval another of the same species takes its place, the pair being the only representatives of their kind in Europe at the present time; and very shortly, a brilliant-hued boa constrictor, now in process of training, will do turn and turn about with them. Although

not of gorgeous coloration, the tree-boia is a species which lends itself admirably to a performance of this sort, being light, lithe, active, and almost invariably tame and gentle. A savage snake would be little likely to bite the operator in whose hands it lies, but might very probably direct its unwelcome attentions to the 'subject' who is stretched, presumably hypnotised, on the plank; while larger pythoid serpents, though easy to procure, and possibly more impressive in effect, would embarrass the action of the piece by their weight and difficulty of replacement in a cage or other receptacle.

I beg to retract the word 'training,' which I have used in connection with the preparation of a boa constrictor for histrionic purposes. One cannot train or teach a snake to do anything whatever; their brain-power is so limited that the marvel is how they have ever managed to survive in the great competition, especially when one finds that they are still on the 'ascending curve' of evolution. Most of them can be tamed to some extent by constant human companionship and judicious handling (some species very much more readily than others); when they have learned to trust, to appreciate the fact that there is no necessity for self-defence, then they may be trusted, a principle which applies to most animals: and there the scope and possibility of their education come to an end. After that, the most that a skilful exhibitor can do with them is to adapt himself and his actions to their movements, which by familiarity he can pretty nearly anticipate, so that these may appear purposive and intelligent. He may affect to listen to the serpent's counsels, or receive its kiss on his lips if its head inclines in an upward direction, or to lure it from one hand to the other, or to guide it to some given spot, should it by chance glide horizontally or downwards; just as the Indian snake-charmer takes deceptive advantage of the natural defiant attitude of the well-nigh untamable cobra da capello.

Apart from mere circus exhibitions of pseudo-snake-charming, the introduction of a living serpent among the *dramatis personæ* on the modern stage may still be regarded as decidedly novel; nevertheless, one or two have been so presented to theatre-goers of late years. The most famous of these was perhaps that (a European coluber, not uncommon in the southern and western parts of the Continent) which did duty as the lethal asp in the hands of Madame Sarah Bernhardt as 'Cleopatre,' when Sardou and Moreau's spectacular drama was produced at the Porte St-Martin on the 23d of October 1890, the scene in the chamber of the Great Pyramid being one of the most effective of the *tragedienne's* numerous 'deaths.' When she visited London at the termination of the run of the piece, this snake for the time being eluded the watch and ward of its custodian, and was discovered in the roadway in front of her house in St John's Wood, decorated with a gold ring and chain. In view of this evidence of aristocratic proprietorship, the crowd which soon collected refrained from killing it, and presently its temporarily bereaved owner rushed out, distracted and dishevelled, and regained

possession of her *protégé* with exuberant demonstrations of joy and affection—not so speedily, however, as to prevent the episode getting into the papers the same evening. I believe it escaped in one or two other places in a similar manner.

Mrs Langtry opened the Princess's Theatre with an English version of the play in November of the same year, filling, of course, the title rôle; but the serpent which wrought her undoing was represented by an effigy of jointed wood. An artificial asp was used also at Drury Lane by Mrs John Lancaster—then Miss Wallis—who, in 1873, played Cleopatra to Anderson's Antony at the age of seventeen; and other actresses have pressed a common slow-worm into their service in the same part. Indeed, it would seem that ladies here, both on and off the stage, are less snakily inclined than their sisters on the other side of the Channel; for the bonnets bearing gold snakes which became the rage when the divine Sarah appeared as the Egyptian Queen, never commended themselves to the feminine fancy of Britain. The Regent Street milliners took advantage of the sensation created by Mrs Langtry's later impersonation to display a head-gear of tulle on which a large jet serpent lay coiled; but the design proved unsaleable, and flowers were subsequently substituted.

When the *Great Mogul* was in preparation at the Comedy Theatre ten years ago, I was consulted by the management as to the choice of a living serpent which might be safely employed to give an air of realism to the character of a snake-charmer, undertaken by Miss Florence St John, who was supported by Miss Phyllis Broughton, Mr Arthur Roberts, Mr Frank Wyatt, poor Fred Leslie, and others, and who had already a tame white mouse in rehearsal as the subject of one of her songs. I recommended a royal python (often called the ball-snake), a small species, easily manipulated, and usually quiet, and a specimen was accordingly procured from a dealer in Liverpool. By a desperate effort, Miss St John overcame her repugnance to the creature sufficiently to handle it so as to display its Satanic livery of black and yellow to advantage, and to dance and sing while it hung around her neck; but its advent created a panic in the company generally. It was difficult to keep the cast together on the stage, while several members of the chorus did actually throw up their engagements. It is a horror, this, however, which never fails to disappear rapidly under the influence of association, and it was characteristic that before the snake had been established many days, everybody wanted to touch it; on the stage they couldn't keep their hands off it as they marched or waltzed round; in the green-room it was smothered with kisses. So far, so good; but on the day following the night on which the piece was presented to the public for the first time, an unforeseen incident occurred. The snake died. An urgent telegraphic appeal for help reached me soon enough to admit of my sending one of my own pythons up just in time to render unnecessary a remarkable sausage-like bag, stuffed with sand and covered with gummed-on scraps of coloured paper that didn't stick very well, which had been prepared *faute de mieux* for

that evening's performance; and I snaked the play through from that night forth, changing the specimen weekly for feeding.

But somehow the opera failed to find favour in the eyes of the world, and did not have a very long run. I really don't think it was my poor serpents that condemned it, though they were held chiefly to blame in the matter; I believe it was predestined to be a failure. Anyhow, the critics had their knife into it from the very first, half of them protesting against the hideous peril attending the introduction of the 'cobra,' and the rest denouncing the snake incident as a puerile imbecility. Then, when the original outcry had subsided a bit, and people were beginning to take the piece on its own merits, a rat-snake which was then on duty happened to bite one of the actors, a celebrated burlesque artiste; the fact leaked into the light of journalism, and, from the tone of the paragraph which went the round of the papers, one might have imagined that the *coulisses* of the theatre were infested with ravening monsters which fed regularly on low comedians. The only untoward occurrence actually worth mentioning was in connection with a large grass-snake which I was obliged to put on for a night or two, as everything else of suitable size in my vivarium was on the verge of shedding. The creature, becoming enraged one evening, gave expression to its anger in that horrible effluvium which is unparalleled elsewhere amongst the Ophidia, turning every one in the scene so sick that the curtain had to be brought down prematurely.

In the Passion Play at Ober Ammergau in 1890—and I suppose in previous representations—artificial snakes were used; but a live one might have been brought out without difficulty in the scene of the Garden of Eden at any rate, placed on a forked branch or bough, in which situation any member of the *Boide* will remain almost indefinitely without seeking to come down while it is conscious of movement going on around. I have kept tree-snakes on the platform beside me in such a position for demonstration throughout the whole of a lecture, without the least fear of their causing any interruption or embarrassment by a premature descent—in fact, the bother is rather to disengage them when one wants to, as a rule. A rare and curious pythonoid serpent from Malacca, of a brilliant red colour (*Python curtus*), remained for hours on a branch in an open room at the London Zoological Gardens while its portrait was sketched and painted by a special artist, though it was exceedingly vicious and promptly aggressive towards any one who ventured to approach. I have seen an Eastern juggler allow snake after snake to climb from his hands to a forked stick balanced upright on his forehead, until the bough was laden with them. The Indian scene in the spectacular extravaganza *Around the World in Eighty Days*, which M. Marius produced at the Empire Theatre in its early days, comprehended a charmer who played with live snakes—pythons; but he was bitten on the head and half scalped by one of them almost at the outset, after which the reptiles were discreetly muzzled with black silk bags. He assumed the name (Karoly)

of a noted performer with animals who was crushed to death by a huge constrictor on the stage in Madrid.

These so-called 'charmers' almost invariably exhibit big non-venomous snakes, instead of the cobras employed by their Oriental prototypes, Indian pythons being commonly utilised for the purpose. These are kept in stock by all dealers in such wares, and are sold at an average rate of one pound per foot up to about ten feet; beyond that length they become more valuable, a python of fourteen or fifteen feet being worth twenty or twenty-five pounds; while one of twenty feet would probably fetch fifty pounds—the latter, however, would be too heavy to be manageable even if quiet, and would make its price as a menagerie specimen. Dr Lynn, the conjurer, brought over some Hindu charmers with true cobras, who performed at the Aquarium and elsewhere. Some trouble arose amongst them, and he sent the men back to Madras; but the cobras were his own property, and he looked about for any men of colour, without regard to nationality, to take the place of the departed half-castes. Two negroes volunteered, and were eventually engaged; but they would have nothing to do with the deadly ophidians until the fangs had been excised. Like all experienced manipulators, the Indians had trusted simply to their own dexterity and experience in dealing with the cobras—after all, perhaps the easiest snakes in the world to play, by reason of the weight of their expansile hood, the peculiar posture assumed by them when standing on the defensive, and, not least, their never-failing and undisguised pugnacity. Arab charmers not only handle but occasionally devour live serpents *pro bono publico*, as a variant of their commoner feat of eating scorpions and red-hot cinders. So jugglers, whose specialty is to pass naked swords or knives down their throats, sometimes 'swallow' snakes, which they hold by the tail lest the descent into Avernus should be accomplished beyond recall, the creature being in reality caused to coil itself within the cavity of the mouth, as is quite possible with a slender snake half a yard or two feet long, while the muscles of the performer's bared throat and neck twitch and contract in a way calculated to delude the onlooker into believing that he sees the delectable morsel inside wriggling a protest against its deglutition.

A large cobra *da capello* was sent home several years ago to Sir Joseph Fayrer, who wanted a supply of venom for analysis. It bit the spoon repeatedly without yielding any, and on examination was found to have none to yield, not only its fangs but the poison-glands having been extirpated. A protective operation still more cruel is sometimes practised by novices in the art of charming, and consists in securing the mouth with a stitch of silk passed through the lips in front; to perform this, the poor beast's head is held tightly pressed to the ground by a short stick on which the foot rests, while the other foot restrains the writhing body, leaving both hands at liberty for the needle. Eleven apparently healthy cobras were on one occasion received at the London Zoological Gardens. They refused to feed, and grew

thin. When one died, it was discovered that its mouth was sewn up with stitches so fine as to be invisible to any but the closest scrutiny. The rest of them did well on being restored to their normal condition. In connection with this subject, I may mention that a rattlesnake was sent to me from up country when I was in Demerara, with the history that it had killed a coolie on one of the plantations. It had been badly injured about the spine, probably in capture, so that on reaching me it was not only dead but decomposed, and I was not able to make any very complete dissection; but I found that its lips were tied together with stitches—obviously the effort of an unpractised hand, since the work was very coarse. This had apparently been preceded by an unsuccessful attempt to extract the long, erectile, needle-like fangs, for one of these was twisted half round with its bony base, and had penetrated the lower lip when the jaws were forcibly closed. It is hardly possible that the duct was not occluded, but enough venom must have remained within the tube of the tiny delicate syringe to inflict a fatal scratch.

Snakes and snake-worship probably formed noteworthy ingredients of many ancient dramas. Unless the pictorial representations which have come down to us are otherwise than in accordance with truth, the Egyptian priests and priestesses must have been *au fait* at the manipulation of venomous species, both colubrine and viperine.

An ophidian which seems to have posed, no doubt unwillingly enough, as a public character, and to have met with some queer vicissitudes in the course of its chequered career, has just died in my Reptilium, a large specimen of the 'wasp'-snake, about eleven feet long, of weird aspect, and diabolically savage disposition. It was caught in Mexico, and there acquired by a travelling dealer, who brought it to Europe. On landing in Bordeaux, he found a purchaser for it almost immediately in the person of a circus proprietor, just on the eve of departure with his troupe for the West Indies and South America. Whether Barbadoes was his first 'pitch' or not, I am unable to say, but it was there that the wasp-snake escaped and was lost, its desertion probably connived at by the Princess of Abyssinia, who showed the snakes in the ring, and who had been severely bitten by this particular specimen on several occasions. Long afterwards, the truant was discovered and secured alive, in the interior of the island, creating no small stir among local naturalists, as well as the populace in general, as the Barbadian fauna had not hitherto been credited with so portentous a member. (Barbadoes was, until comparatively recently, considered to be as snakeless as Iceland or New Zealand; several species have, however, been found there, all most likely imported accidentally from other islands, concealed in bundles of wood.) For more precise identification, this wasp-snake was sent to a herpetological specialist in Trinidad, but had not long been under his care when the circus company arrived in Port-of-Spain in the course of their tour. Hearing the circumstances of the case, the manager hastened to claim the reptile as

his long-lost property, and offered to identify it by the testimony of his snake-charmer. But when appealed to, the young lady, who was not in love with the beast or enamoured of the prospect of regaining it, refused corroborative recognition. The snake remained, therefore, in the possession of its latest owner, and, declining to feed, was eventually transferred to me, thus crossing the Atlantic for the third time. The poor thing was suffering from internal congestion, and could retain no nourishment, either solid or liquid, which I administered to it. It succumbed a few weeks ago, having fasted in all probability nearly three years.

'Snake' is the name of a character in the *School for Scandal*, and a 'serpent' is a wind instrument not infrequently heard in the orchestra; but the dramatic association which always presents itself to my mind most vividly is that of the unfortunate actor who, playing Lear, paraphrased the monarch's grand invective against his daughter Cordelia's seeming ingratitude when he invokes retributive vengeance upon her through her own offspring,

that she may feel  
How sharper than a serpent's thanks it is  
To have a toothless child!

'Man-serpent' is a title often assumed by acrobats and contortionists, but is an inadequate one, inasmuch as they usually prove themselves capable of bending backwards and forwards to an extent which no serpent would be structurally competent to effect. A snake's motion and flexibility are nearly all lateral, the arrangement of the bony processes projecting from its vertebrae prohibiting more than a very limited movement in an antero-posterior direction. The amount of spinal flexion involved in touching one's toes with the knees straight would be an impossibility to the Ophidia—to say nothing of the attitudes in which they are depicted by artists and sculptors, or in which their stuffed skins are twined around poles.

#### SAIL, LITTLE BOAT.

SAIL, little boat—sail out of the bay  
To the radiant West;  
Swift as a bird, to my Dear Heart say  
That Love is best.

Bear him a message, a message sweet  
(My heart thy freight!),  
And haste where the surge and the shallows meet  
At the golden gate.

Speed fast away with enchanted crew  
And snow-white wings;  
For Peace and Joy are aboard of you,  
And a soul that sings.

What though the wind and the wave divide,  
And the way is long—  
The currents of ocean are deep and wide,  
But Love is strong.

MYRA.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,  
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 590.—VOL. XII.

SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1895.

PRICE 1½d.

## POULTRY FARMING.

ONE of the most interesting among recent Parliamentary papers is Mr Henry Rew's Report on the poultry rearing and fattening industries of the Heathfield district of Sussex, which, in his capacity as an Assistant Commissioner, he has rendered to the Royal Commission on Agriculture. A curious feature about these industries (for, though intimately bound up with one another, they are quite distinct) is their strict confinement to one spot in England. They are carried on in a district which embraces some fifteen parishes, and nowhere else; and the primary business, that of poultry breeding, has had its home in the neighbourhood from time immemorial. How far back it dates is uncertain; but before the advent of railways the industry must have been of great local importance, for a special service of four-horse wagons ran three times a week between Heathfield and London for the express purpose of carrying the poultry and eggs to market. Within the last twelve or fifteen years the steady decline in agricultural prosperity induced by foreign competition has caused farmers in this locality to turn their attention more seriously to poultry as a subsidiary branch of their business, and now it may be said that fowl raising and fattening are the most lucrative industries pursued.

A few figures will give a good idea of the value of the trade. At the last census (1891), the population of the district was 24,013; or there were 4866 families or 'separate occupiers:' basing calculations on the returns of 1881, we may safely conclude that in 1893 the population had increased to 24,500; and in 1893 the station-master of Heathfield Station estimated that the total value of the dead poultry booked at his station for carriage to London and the south-coast towns was £140,000; and as five-sixths of the poultry is despatched from that station, we find that the total value of the year's output is upwards of £168,000. Eighteen

hundred and forty tons of dead poultry were booked in the year; and taking the average weight of fowls to be four pounds—it must be remembered that they are artificially fattened, and the average would probably exceed that weight—we find that 1,030,400 chickens were despatched to market from the Heathfield district in 1893.

Poultry farming as an independent industry was a good deal discussed some years ago, and we might suppose that if it could stand upon its own feet anywhere it would be in this particular region. The country is peculiarly well adapted for it; light soil which dries quickly after rain, and hills alternating with deep valleys, which give protection from the cold winds of spring, so fatal to young stock. It is stated that young chickens can be obtained in the Heathfield district a month earlier than in the neighbouring counties. And yet, with these natural advantages, poultry farms pure and simple do not pay; they have been tried on various scales, and managed with all the skill born of experience; but though some have been persevered with for several years, the end of all has been the same—failure. It seems to be now a fully established fact that poultry must be merely a kind of farming excrescence, and we have not to look far before we discover why this is so. In the first place, the large breeder of fowls must keep cows for the sake of the skim-milk which is an indispensable portion of the diet of young chicks; then, again, it is cheaper to grow a few acres of oats to be ground into meal than to buy the oatmeal. One farmer who reared about 8000 chickens a year keeps twenty-eight cows, and has to purchase milk for his fowls over and above his own yield.

It might be supposed that where poultry raising is a specialty, there would be some distinctive breed of fowl peculiar to the district. In old days this was the case. A prominent breeder deploras the disappearance of the old 'Sussex fowl,' which as a table bird 'was almost perfect,' having small white legs and a

very well-fleshed body with good breast-meat. This variety has now completely died out, though many men who are entitled to give an opinion believe that it was to this 'Sussex fowl' that Heathfield first owed its reputation. Nowadays, the breed is surprisingly nondescript; a strain of the Dorking is discoverable; but cross breeds are said to give the best results, and nobody was found who had a good word to say for any pure breed.

Though poultry rearing does not answer as a distinct occupation, it is so profitable that pretty nearly every one keeps fowls: there are the farmers, like the one above referred to, who rear their thousands; and the cottagers who, having no land, keep a few coops on the grass at the roadside. It seems somewhat curious at first sight that birds brought up in the latter make-shift fashion should thrive better than those reared in all the luxury of patent coops on good grass pastures; but this is acknowledged to be the case. The secret of it is that the fowls which have the free run of the road get plenty of the hard grits which are essential to bird digestion; and, moreover, find a vast amount of nourishment in the insect life of the hedgerows. Fowl rearing requires constant attention and unremitting care; without these it cannot succeed, and thus on large farms it is customary to secure efficient labour by paying the men a commission on the number reared, over and above the weekly wage. On smaller holdings the responsibility devolves on the wife, and the farmer whose 'better-half' is a good henwife has reason to congratulate himself. As is very generally known, land which is continually and heavily overrun by poultry becomes 'staled,' and the birds succumb to a mysterious and fatal disease; this fact means a good deal of work on a large farm, as each coop must be moved every few days to a fresh spot: the chickens go over the farm field by field in rotation, now on pasture, now on arable land; a suitable coop is made with a pair of handles at each side, so that two men can readily carry it. Much importance attaches to the coop: it must be so constructed that it shall give dry footing; it should keep off rain and wind from the inmates, and yet allow plenty of ventilation; it must be proof against the wiles of foxes, and above all, must be capable of thorough and easy cleaning. Cleanliness is a great point in poultry farming; a man may spare no effort to keep his coops sweet, but if it is his misfortune to have a careless neighbour, the disease which attacks the latter's fowls will surely spread to his own despite liberal lime-wash. Poultry farming, however, is not peculiar in this respect. Then, there are the natural enemies of fowls to be reckoned with; oddly enough, the worst among these are rooks. Hawks are too rare for their depredations to be worth considering; but one farmer stated that he lost upwards of fifty young chicks by rooks in a single week.

A noteworthy social result of fowl rearing, and one that proves it at once remunerative and a suitable sphere of usefulness for women, is that early marriages are very usual in the Heathfield district. A thrifty hard-working man begins with a few birds, gradually increases his

stock, saves enough money, and forthwith proceeds to enlarge the scope of his operations by taking a few acres of land, and marrying. With the aid of a capable wife, an industrious man can make the business a very paying one. A farmer who had turned his attention to fowls in despair, when he could make nothing out of corn, cattle, or sheep, told Mr Rew that 'a hundred hens properly looked after will yield a larger return than a hundred breeding ewes.' The man who made this statement had large experience of both, so he ought to have known; and in regard to this statement, which we might suppose to be exaggerated, it must be added that Mr Rew found great difficulty in obtaining any information about the financial results of the industry; fearing competition, the people were disinclined to say anything about their profits, and those who did were not suspected of furnishing figures which showed the business in the most profitable light.

One great advantage enjoyed by the poultry rearer is that he has not to go and seek his market; his market comes to his own door in the shape of the man who carries on the second branch of the business, that of fattening up the fowls for sale. These men are locally termed 'higgler.' In old days, the higgler tramped the country with a great two-storeyed crate on his back, in which he stowed his purchases. Now, this is changed; the higgler marches with the times; the area of poultry rearing has greatly increased, and time is more precious, so he goes his rounds in a light-cart, collecting all the birds from his clients. There is etiquette in higgling as in other walks of life, from the professions of law and medicine down to crossing-sweeping. Each higgler has his own particular circle of customers, on whom no other higgler would presume to call. He visits each customer about once a fortnight, and takes away all the chickens ready for fattening.

Once in the higgler's hands, the joys of early chickenhood are over for the hapless young fowl. For a fortnight or so he is imprisoned in a narrow coop, restrained from all exercise, and fed on oatmeal mixed with skim-milk and beef or mutton fat; then the process of cramming begins in earnest, and the chicken's last pleasure, that of eating, is denied him. The cramming machine is brought into use, and twice a day he is drawn out of his coop and literally 'crammed.' The fattener takes the chicken between his knees, passes a flexible rubber tube down his gullet into the crop; the turn of a crank propels the food down the tube, and the fattener's experienced finger on the bird's crop tells him when the victim has received as much as he can hold; then the chicken is thrust back into his pen to digest the meal thus forced upon him, and to think about the next. One cannot help having a certain sympathy for fowls subjected to this drastic treatment, despite the fact that it is at worst only the deprivation of a pleasure, involving no more pain than the fright attendant on being suddenly seized and delicately pumped full of food often when food is not wanted. A fortnight of cramming, and then the bird is ready for the market. Women and children



perform the plucking, or 'stubbing' as it is called, and also the packing; then comes the carrier, who in his turn saves the fatterer all trouble, conveying the crates of dead poultry to the station, and consigning them to the London salesmen, who settle up direct with the fatteners.

There can be no doubt that the business as conducted in this district is very remunerative, though, as already observed, reliable figures were almost impossible to obtain. One man who combined the vocations of innkeeper and small farmer, and who for twenty years had reared about two hundred chickens annually in a couple of small fields behind his premises, stated that the cost of food represented roughly half the gross returns; thus, spending thirty pounds a year on oatmeal, maize, and skim-milk, he reckoned on making sixty pounds by the sale of his fowls.

That there is ample scope for extension of both branches of the business is proved by the fact that during six months of the year—November to April—the fatteners import large quantities of live poultry from the south of Ireland to feed up and sell, and this in spite of the circumstances that Irish fowls are coarser than home-bred birds, take longer to fatten, and are not so popular in the market. There are more higglers in the district than the breeders can supply; one fatterer in a large way of business, said he could deal with one hundred thousand more fowls annually than he could obtain. The disparity is beneficial to the poultry breeder, who can thus depend upon getting the full market price for his birds; but that by the way. The point is, that the industry is capable of large extension, and in these days of depressed agriculture it is surprising that it should still be practically confined to one small spot in the whole of England. We pay our Continental neighbours over half a million a year for poultry and game alone, the great bulk of the money going in poultry. In view of the very small capital required to start, and the quick returns, fowl rearing as an adjunct to farming ought to be more generally followed than it is.

## THE CHRONICLES OF COUNT ANTONIO.\*

### CHAPTER VIII. (*continued*).

THEN the hour of noon struck from the clock in the tower of the Cathedral; and the Master of the Duke's Household, who stood by the couch of his master, turned his eyes to the Duke's face, seeking the signal for Antonio's death; which when he received, he would sign to the executioner to set the rope round the Count's neck; for the man stood by Antonio with the rope in his hand, and Antonio was already in his shirt. But when the Master of the Household looked at the Duke, the Duke made him no signal; yet the Duke had not fainted from his sickness, for he was propped on his elbow, his face was eager, and his gaze was set intently across the square; and his

physician, who was near, spoke to him softly, saying, 'My lord, they await the signal.'

But the Duke waved him aside impatiently, and gazed still across the square. And, seeing His Highness thus gazing intently, the Master of the Household and the physician and all the rest who were about the Duke's person, looked also; and they saw the Lady Lucia coming forth from her house, clad all in white. Antonio also saw her from where he stood on the scaffold, for the people made a way for her, and the pikemen let her pass through their ranks; so that she walked alone across the middle of the great square; and the eyes of all, leaving Antonio, were fixed upon her. Her face was very pale, and her hair fell on her shoulders; but she walked firmly and swiftly, and she turned neither to right nor left, but made straight for the spot where the Duke lay. And he, seeing her coming, moaned once, and passed his hand thrice across his eyes, and raised himself yet higher on his arm, leaning towards her over the side of the couch. Again he passed his hand across his brow; and the physician regarded him very intently, yet dared not again seek to rouse his attention, and imposed silence on the Master of the Household, who had asked in low tones, 'What ails His Highness?' Then the Lady Lucia, having reached the foot of the steps, stood still there, her eyes on the Duke. Very fair was she, and sad, and she seemed rather some beautiful unsubstantial vision than a living maiden; and though she strove to form words with her lips, yet no words came; therefore it was by her muteness that she besought pity for herself and pardon for her lover. But the Duke, leaning yet further towards her, had fallen, but that the physician, kneeling, passed his arm round his body and held him up; and he said in low hoarse tones and like a man that is amazed and full of awe, and yet moved with a gladness so great that he cannot believe in it, 'Who is it? Who is it?'

And the Lady Lucia still could not answer him. And he, craning towards her, spoke to her in entreaty, 'Margherita, Margherita!'

Then indeed all marvelled; for the name that the Duke spoke was the name by which that Princess who had been his wife and was dead had been called; and they perceived that His Highness, overcome by his sickness, had lost discernment, and conceived the Lady Lucia to be not herself but the spirit of his dead love come to him from heaven, to which delusion her white robes and her death-like pallor might well incline him. And now the wonder and fear left his face, and there came in place of them a great joy and rapture, so that his sunk eyes gleamed, his lips quivered, and he beckoned with his hand, murmuring, 'I am ready, I am ready, Margherita!' And while this passed, all who were too distant to hear the Duke's words wondered that the signal came not, but supposed that the Lady Lucia had interceded for Count Antonio, and that His Highness was now answering her prayer: some hoped that he would grant it. And Antonio stood on the scaffold between the lord Lorenzo and the executioner; and his eyes were set on Lucia.

Then the Duke spoke again to the Lady

\* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

Lucia, saying, 'I have been lonely—very lonely. How pale your face is, my sweet! Come to me. I cannot come to you, for I am very sick.' And he held out his hand towards her again.

But she was now sore bewildered, for she could not understand the words which His Highness used to her, and she looked round, seeking some one who might tell her what they meant, but none moved from his place or came near to her; and at last she found voice enough to say in soft tones, 'Antonio, my lord, the Count Antonio!'

'Ay, I know that you loved him,' said the Duke. 'But since then he has done great crimes, and he must die. Yet speak not of him now, but come here to me, Margherita.'

Then with wavering tread, she came towards him, mounting the first of the steps, and she said, 'I know not what you would, my lord, nor why you call me by the name of Margherita. I am Lucia, and I come to ask Antonio's life.'

'Lucia, Lucia?' said he, and his face grew doubtful. 'Nay, but you are my Margherita,' he said.

'No, my lord,' she answered, as with trembling uncertain feet she mounted, till she stood but one step below where his couch was placed; and then she fell on her knees on the highest step and clasped her hands, crying, 'Have mercy, my lord, have mercy! Think, my dear lord, how I love him; for if he dies, I must die also, my lord. Ah, my lord, you have known love. You loved our sweet Lady Margherita—was not her name now on your lips? So I love Antonio—so he loves me. Ah, my lord, Christ Jesus teaches pity!' And she buried her face in her hands and sobbed.

Then the Duke, his physician and now the Master of the Household also supporting him, stretched himself over the edge of his couch, and, putting out his hand with feverish strength, plucked the Lady Lucia's hands away from her face and gazed at her face. And when he had gazed a moment, he gave a great cry, 'Ah, God!' and flung his arms up above his head and fell back into the arms of his physician, who laid him down on his couch, where he lay motionless, his eyes shut and his chin resting on his breast. And all looked at the physician, but he answered, 'Nay, he is not dead yet.'

'Why tarries the signal?' asked Antonio of Lorenzo on the scaffold.

'It must be that the Lady Lucia beseeches him for your life, my lord,' answered Lorenzo. 'Indeed heartily do I wish the Duke would hearken to her prayer.'

'He will not turn for her,' said Antonio.

But presently the report of what had passed spread from those round the Duke to the pikemen, and they, loving a marvel as most men do, must needs tell it to the people, and a murmur of wonder arose, and the report reached the Guards at the scaffold, who came and told Lorenzo, in the hearing of Antonio, of the strange delusion that had come upon the Duke.

'He must be sick to death,' said Lorenzo.

'I pray not,' said Count Antonio. 'For though he is a stern man, yet he is an able and just prince, and this fancy of his is very pitiful.'

'Do you spare pity for him?' asked Lorenzo. 'Shall not I pity all who have lost their loves?' answered Antonio with a smile, and his eye rested on the form of the Lady Lucia kneeling by the Duke's couch.

For hard on half an hour the Duke lay as he had fallen, but at last, his physician having used all his skill to rouse him, he opened his eyes; and he clutched his physician's hand and pointed to Lucia, asking, 'Who is she?'

'It is the Lady Lucia, my lord,' answered the physician.

'And there was none else?' asked the Duke in a low tremulous whisper.

'I saw no other, my lord.'

'But I saw her,' said the Duke. 'I saw her even as I saw her last, when she lay on her bed and they took the child out of her dead arms.'

'It was the weakness of your malady, my lord, that made the vision before your eyes.'

'Alas, was it no more?' moaned the Duke. 'Indeed I am very weak: there is a blur before my eyes. I cannot see who this lady is that kneels before me. Who is she, and what ails her?' And having said this in fretful weary tones, he lay back on his pillow gasping.

Then the Master of the Household came forward and said to him, 'My lord, this is the Lady Lucia, and she kneels before your Highness praying for the life of Count Antonio, because she loves him.'

Now the name of Count Antonio, when spoken to him, moved the Duke more than all the ministrations of his physician; he roused himself once again, crying, 'Antonio! I had forgotten Antonio. Does he still live?'

'Your Highness has not given the signal for his death.'

'Have I not? Then here'—

He moved his hand, but with a great cry the Lady Lucia sprang forward and seized his hand before he could raise it, kneeling to him and crying, 'No, no, my lord, no, no, no!' And the Duke had no strength to fling her off, but he gasped, 'Free me from her!' And the Master of the Household, terrified lest in her passion she should do violence to His Highness, roughly tore her hands from the Duke's hand, and the Duke, released, sat up on his couch, and he said, in a strange hard voice that was heard of all, even to the scaffold, and yet seemed not the voice that they knew as his, 'Let Antonio'— But then he stopped; he choked in his throat, and, catching at his shirt, tore it loose from him. 'Let Antonio!'— he cried again. 'Let Antonio!'— And he sat there for an instant; and his eyes grew dim, the intelligence departing from them; once again he opened his lips, but nothing came from them save a gasp; and with a thud he fell back on his pillows, and, having rolled once on his side, turned again on his back, and lay still. And a great hush fell on every man in the square, and they looked in one another's faces, but found no answer.

For Valentine, Duke and Lord of Firmola, was dead of his sickness at the moment when he had sought to send Antonio to death. Thus marvellously did Heaven in its high purposes deal with him.

'His Highness is dead,' said the physician. And the Master of the Household, as his duty

was, came to the front of the Duke's couch, and, standing there before all the people, broke the wand of his office, and let the broken fragments fall upon the marble steps; and he cried aloud, 'Hear all of you! It hath pleased Almighty God to take unto Himself the soul of the noble and illustrious Prince, Valentine, Duke and Lord of Firmola. May his soul find peace!'

But there came from the people no answering cry of 'Amen,' as, according to the custom of the Duchy, should have come. For they were amazed at the manner of this death; and many crossed themselves in fear, and women sobbed. And Lorenzo standing on the scaffold by Antonio, was struck with wonder and fear, and clutched Antonio's arm, crying, 'Can it be that the Duke is dead?' And Antonio bowed his head, answering, 'May Christ receive his soul!'

Then the Master of the Household came forward again and cried, 'Hear all of you! According to the high pleasure and appointment of Almighty God, the noble and illustrious Prince, Valentine, Second of that Name, is from this hour Duke and Lord of Firmola—whom obey, serve, and honour, all of you. May his rule be prosperous!'

And this time there came a low murmur of 'Amen' from the people. But before more could pass, there was a sudden commotion in the square before the scaffold. For Bena, seeing what was done, and knowing that the Duke was dead, had glanced at the pikemen who stood near; and when he saw that they looked not at him but towards where the Master of the Household stood, he sprang forward and ran like a deer to the scaffold; and he leaped up to the scaffold before any could hinder him, and he cried in a mighty loud voice, saying, 'By what warrant do you hold my lord a prisoner?'

Then the apprentices raised a great cheer, and with one accord pressed upon the pikemen, who, mazed by all that had passed, gave way before them; and the apprentices broke their bounds and surged like a billow of the sea up to the foot of the scaffold, shouting Antonio's name; and the young lords who held Tommasino came with him and broke through and reached the scaffold; for they feared for Lorenzo, and yet would not let Tommasino go: and Lorenzo was sore at a loss, but he drew his sword and cried that he would slay any man that touched Antonio, until the right of the matter should be known.

'Indeed, if you will give me a sword, I will slay him myself,' said Antonio. 'For I stand here by my own will, and according to the promise I gave to the Duke; and if there be lawful authority to hang me, hang me; but if not, dispose of me as the laws of the Duchy bid.'

'I have no authority,' said Lorenzo, 'save what the Duke gave; and now he is dead.'

Then the Count Antonio fastened his shirt again about his neck and put on his doublet; and he signed to Bena to stand on one side of him, and he bade the young lords loose Tommasino. And he said to Lorenzo, 'Let us go together to the Palace.' And now he was

smiling. Then they came down from the scaffold and passed across the square, a great multitude following them. And when they came to the steps of the Palace, the Duke's body was covered with a rich brocaded cloth that some hand had brought from his cabinet; and the little Duke stood there with his hand in the Master of the Household's hand; and the child was weeping bitterly, for he was very frightened; and over against him stood the Lady Lucia, motionless as though she had been turned to stone; for the strange thing that had come about through her approaching of the Duke had bewildered her brain. But when the boy saw Antonio he let go the hand he held and ran to Antonio and leaped into his arms. Then Antonio lifted him and showed him to the people, who hailed him for Duke; and Antonio set him down and knelt before him and kissed his hand. And the child cried, 'Now that my father is dead, Antonio, you must not go on your journey, but you must stay with me. For if I am Duke, I must learn to use my sword without delay, and no man but you shall teach me.'

'Shall I not go on my journey, my lord?' asked Antonio.

'No, you shall not go,' said the little Duke.

Then Antonio turned to the lords who stood round and said, 'Behold, my lords, His Highness pardons me.'

But the lords doubted; and they said to Antonio, 'Nay, but he does not know what he does in pardoning you.'

'He understands as well, I think,' said Antonio, 'as his father understood when he sent me to death. Indeed, my lords, it is not children only who know not what they do.' And at this speech Tommasino smiled and Bena laughed gruffly. But the lords, bidding Antonio rest where he was till they returned, retired with the little Duke into the Palace, and sent word hastily to the Archbishop that he should join them there and deliberate with them as to what it might be best to do. And when they were thus gone in, Antonio said, 'I may not move; but the Lady Lucia is free to move.'

Then Tommasino went to the lady and spoke to her softly, telling her that Antonio desired to speak with her; and she gave Tommasino her hand, and he led her to Antonio, who stood within the portico, screened from the sight of the people. And there they were left alone.

But meanwhile the whole body of the townsmen and the apprentices had gathered before the Palace, and their one cry was for Antonio. For the fear of the Duke being no longer upon them, and the pikemen not knowing whom to obey, and being therefore disordered, the people became very bold, and they had stormed the Palace, had not one come to Antonio and implored him to show himself, that the people might know that he was safe. Therefore he came forward with the Lady Lucia, who was now no more bewildered, nor petrified with fear or astonishment, but was weeping with her eyes and smiling with her lips, and clinging to Antonio's arm. And when the people saw them thus, they sent up a great shout, that was

heard far beyond the city walls; and the apprenticed lads turned and ran in a body across the square and swarmed on to the scaffold. And then and there they plucked down the gibbet and worked so fiercely that in the space of half an hour there was none of it left.

And now the Archbishop with the lords came forth from the council chamber, and the little Duke with them. And they caused the servants to remove the body of the dead Duke, and they set his son on a high seat, and put a sceptre in his hand. And the Archbishop offered up a prayer before the people; and, having done this, he turned to Antonio and said, 'My lord Antonio, most anxiously have His Highness and we of his Council considered of this matter; and it has seemed to us all—my own in truth was the sole reluctant voice, and now I also am brought to the same mind—that whereas the virtuous purposes of Princes are meet to be remembered and made perpetual by faithful fulfilment after their death, yet the errors of which they, being mortal, are guilty should not overlive them nor be suffered to endure when they have passed away. And though we are not blind to your offences, yet we judge that in the beginning the fault was not yours. Therefore His Highness decrees your pardon for all offences against his civil state and power. And I myself, who hold authority higher than any earthly might, seeing in what this day has witnessed the finger of God Himself, do not fight against it, but will pray you, as soon as you may fit yourself thereunto by prayer and meditation, to come in a humble mind and seek again the blessing of the Church. For in what you did right and in what you outstepped right, God Himself must one day judge, and I will seek to judge of it no more.'

'My lord,' said Antonio, 'I have done much wrong. Yet I will own no wrong in the matter of the Abbot nor in that of the Sacred Bones.'

But the lord Archbishop smiled at Antonio, and Antonio bent and kissed the ring that was on his finger; and the old man laid his hand for a moment on Antonio's head, saying, 'It may be that God works sometimes in ways that I may not see.'

Thus then it was that the Count Antonio was restored to his place and came again to Firmola, and, having been relieved of the sentence of excommunication that had been laid upon him, he was wedded in the Cathedral to the Lady Lucia as soon as the days of mourning for the Duke had passed. And great was the joy in the city at their wedding; for every maid and every man saw in the triumph of Antonio's love a sign of the favour of Heaven to those who love with a pure and abiding passion. So they made great feasts, and were marvellously merry; and Bena let not the day go by without plighting his troth to a comely damsel, saying with a twinkle in his eye that the Count Antonio would have need of his sons, whose services he had promised to him as they rode together across the plain on the morning when Antonio had supposed that he was to die. Nor would Bena give any other reason whatso-

ever for the marriage. Nevertheless it is likely that there were others. But whether Bena fulfilled his promise I know not; for, as I have said, so little is known concerning him that his true name does not survive, and it has proved an impossible thing to discover whether any of his descendants yet live in Firmola. If it chance that they do, I trust that they fight as well, and serve as loyally, and pray better than he. But Martolo has left those that bear his name, and a great-grandson of his is at this very time huntsman to the Monastery of St Prisian, where I have seen and talked with him many times.

The task which I laid upon myself thus finds its end. For there is no need for me to tell of the after-deeds of Count Antonio of Monte Velluto, nor how, in the space of a few months, he was chosen by all the lords to be Ruler and Protector of the State during the infancy of the Duke; in which high office he did many notable deeds both of war and peace, and raised the Duchy to a great height of power, and conferred many favours on the townsmen of Firmola, whom he loved and cherished because they had not forsaken him nor ceased to love him during all the years that he dwelt an outlaw in the hills. And he built again his house on the hill which Duke Valentine had burnt, and dwelt there with Lucia, and with Tommasino also, until Tommasino took to wife that same lady for whose sake he had lingered and thus fallen into the hands of the lord Lorenzo, and went and dwelt at Rilano, where those of his house still dwell. But when the young Duke came of an age to reign, the Count Antonio delivered his charge into his hand, yet continued to counsel him, and was very high in authority. And neighbouring princes also sought his aid and his counsel, and he was greatly honoured of all men. Thus if there were aught in his youth that merits censure, it may be held that he blotted out the shame of it by his after-life, for his latter days were filled with honourable service to his Prince and to his country.

Yet the heart of man is a vain thing; for when I, who am known to have learned all that can be recovered from the mists of past times concerning Count Antonio, am asked—and whether it be by men or women, by boys or girls, ay, or by toddling infants—to tell them a tale of the great Count Antonio, it is not of the prudent ruler, nor of the wise counsellor, nay, nor even of the leader of the Duke's army, that they would hear, but always of Antonio when he was an outlaw, banned by his Prince and by the Church, living by the light of his own heart and by the strength of his own hand, secured only by the love and duty of the lawless men who followed him, and risking his life every day and every hour for the sake of the bright eyes of that lady who waited for him in the city. And when I, thinking to check this perversity, bid them look rather on his more worthy and sober days, they answer with a laugh, 'But why, father, do you not write the story of those more worthy and sober days?' Nor will they believe when I say that it is but because the deeds of those days are elsewhere recorded. In good truth, I believe that

in our hearts we love a lawless man! Here then, ye perverse children, are the stories; they are all that you shall have from me. Read them; may they teach you to be true comrades, faithful lovers of one maid, and, since strife must needs come until God's pleasure bring peace to reign on earth, able, when occasion calls, to give and take good blows. Ay, never laugh. I have said it. A Churchman is a man.

THE END.

### THE BALTIC AND NORTH SEA SHIP-CANAL.

THIS summer will be fulfilled a long-cherished Teutonic dream—the completion of a navigable water-way for sea-going vessels between the Baltic and the North Sea, entirely through German territory. Yet it is worth noting that the great scheme which has been successfully carried out by German enterprise was Danish in origin, and traverses a country which once—and not so long ago—was Danish by right of possession. When, however, King Christian VII. of Denmark, more than a century ago, began the Eider Canal to connect the harbour of Kiel with the river Eider, he little thought that he was preparing the way for the maritime expansion of a Power that was destined to sweep the Danes out of Sleswig-Holstein. And ever since the Germans have taken their place there, the desire has been cherished of being altogether independent of Denmark in passing from coast to coast of the German Empire. Nor was it only desire for independent communication that moulded the enterprise, for the dangers of the voyage—especially in winter-time—from the North Sea to the Baltic round the north of Denmark are manifold. A glance at the map will render intelligible the chafing of German navigators against the long round by Skager Rack and the Kattegat for sea-traffic between Hamburg and Danzig, or even between Bremen and Lübeck. And yet as a commercial highway the new Canal is not very highly appraised, its chief value in Germany being that it will afford direct water communication between the two great arsenals of the Empire, and will enable the Imperial war-ships to control both coasts in time of war. When Germany became a great naval power, Von Moltke said that it would be absolutely necessary for her to secure her possible naval operations from the interference of an inconvenient neighbour. Later on, the necessity was urged of having free and direct communication between the great dockyards of Kiel and Wilhelmshaven. It is probable, therefore, that strategical rather than commercial considerations have influenced the work, which the Emperor William I. inaugurated in 1887 as ‘for the honour of Germany, and for the good, the greatness, and the strength of the Empire.’

We need not trouble ourselves with motives, however, although there is this to be pointed out, that had the Canal been designed for commercial purposes only, the other German States

might well have declined to contribute, as of every hundred vessels that pass between the two seas, about ninety belong to Prussia, upon whom would, therefore, have been thrown the cost of construction. As it is, only one-third of the cost is being borne by Prussia, and the other two-thirds proportionally by the other members of the Empire.

It was in 1887 that the first Emperor William inaugurated the work, which will thus have occupied eight years when the second Emperor William formally celebrates its completion. But previous to 1891, not very much progress was made. By the end of October 1892, some £5,800,000 had been expended on it; the estimated cost was £8,000,000; and the actual cost will be probably not less than £10,000,000. Yet the Canal is only some sixty-two miles long, and for a considerable part of its course traverses low-lying level ground. This physical character of the country has enabled the engineers to dispense with locks; but it has also added to the cost of construction in other ways. Thus, at Grünenthal and at Levensau (near Kiel), great high-level bridges have had to be constructed at a cost of about a quarter of a million each, in order to carry the railways over the water-way.

The Baltic entrance to the Canal is at Holtenau, on the west side of the Bay of Kiel, and within three miles of the celebrated arsenal. In this portion of the route, advantage has been taken of the old Eider Canal, which King Christian constructed between Holtenau and Rendsburg on the Eider. It really connected the North Sea and the Baltic a hundred years ago, but it was hampered by many locks, and could not pass vessels drawing more than about nine and a half feet of water.

Some ten miles from Holtenau, the Canal reaches a great natural lake called the Flemhude See, and here a great engineering problem had to be solved. The level of the lake is some twenty feet above that of the Ship-canal, and the question to be decided was whether the basin should be drained or dammed. To drain it would have been to sterilise the surrounding country; and to dam it involved a deviation in the course of the river Eider. A huge dam has therefore been constructed to cut off the lake, and on the outer side of the dam a channel has been cut for the river, thus converted into a canal. This fresh-water canal runs for some distance parallel with the sea-canal, but some twenty feet above it; and here again critics have found objections. They say that this is the weakest part of the whole work, and that carefully and skillfully as it has been carried out, the Ship-canal will always be liable to the danger of the fresh-water canal breaking through and sweeping away the dam. If so, the consequences to the maritime water-way would be disastrous.

Leaving the Flemhude See, the Canal passes through some other lakes, which are utilised, and about half-way reaches the town of Rendsburg, and so on to Grünenthal, which is on the watershed between the Baltic and the North Sea. Here the digging had to be carried to a depth of one hundred and forty feet, and here had to be constructed one of the high-level

bridges already mentioned, to carry the Holstein Railway over the canal. From Grönenthal to Brunsbüttel, at the mouth of the Elbe, which is the North Sea terminus, the route is through a level, though marshy, country. The difficulty at this part was not in cutting the channel, but in building up the banks, for which purpose the sandy soil taken out of the deep cutting at Grönenthal had to be brought across. Although this part of the work presented no engineering difficulty, it was toilsome and costly.

The entire length of the Canal from Holtenau to Brunsbüttel is officially stated at 98·65 kilometres, which is rather under sixty-two miles. In breadth, the water-way varies, but the navigable channel is the same at bottom as that of the Suez Canal, say seventy feet. As it is intended to allow of the passage of the largest and heaviest vessels in the German navy, which draw over twenty-five feet, a depth of something like twenty-eight feet will have to be preserved, as such vessels could not attempt the passage without a few feet of water between their keels and the bed. Whether this depth can be maintained without great annual outlay is a moot-point which can only be determined by experience.

Besides the Grönenthal viaduct, there are three railway bridges (two of them swing-bridges), and six high-roads are carried over the Canal. The great high-level bridge at Levensau has two arches of five hundred and fifty feet span each, and has two towers at each side. The Canal is to be electrically lighted along its whole course. There are great incandescent lamps of twenty-five candle-power, placed at intervals of eight hundred feet along both sides, besides arc lamps for the ferries, bridges, and locks. On the lakes through which the Canal passes, the course will be marked by gas-lighted buoys. For such a gigantic system of electric lighting, enormous machinery has been erected both at Holtenau and Brunsbüttel.

While the water-way is level throughout, it requires locks at each end, for this reason—that the rise and fall of the tide at each end is not simultaneous. For, during the spring-tides the water may rise fifteen feet above and sink ten feet below the ordinary levels at Brunsbüttel. This alone may make a difference of twenty-five feet at the North Sea end; while at the Baltic end, where the rise and fall is small, the effect of the wind is marked. When it blows strong from the east, the water in the Bay of Kiel will rise as much as eight feet; and when it blows hard from the west, it will fall to the same extent—making at this end a range of eighteen, or, allowing for tides, of twenty feet.

To meet this difficulty arising from the changing sea-levels, locks have had to be built at each end, adding, of course, greatly to the cost. At Brunsbüttel, on the dreary flat stretch of land on the north side of the mouth of the Elbe, which serves to depress the spirits of the sea-worn tourist on his way to Hamburg, the entrance locks have had to be founded on immense masses of concrete deposited on the muddy bottom. Here two great harbours have been constructed, the one within the other, for

the shelter of vessels intending to make the passage of the Canal. The inner harbour is to be reserved for German naval purposes, and is 1700 feet long by 570 feet broad. The outer one is for the use of the mercantile marine, and is 2300 feet long, and 330 feet broad. Between these harbours and the Canal entrance is erected a tower 150 feet high, which will regularly exhibit the water-level in the Elbe, in the Canal, and in the first lock. The harbours are protected by two piers, on the end of each of which is a lighthouse. To enter the Canal from the Elbe the vessel first enters a lock five hundred feet long by some eighty-five feet wide, which shuts off the sea, and then through another lock of the same dimensions, which raises or lowers to the level of the water-way. Arrived at the Holtenau end, a double lock of the same size deposits the vessel in the waters of the Baltic in the Bay of Kiel. These immense locks are fitted with the most improved machinery; and at the Kiel end the quay and harbour accommodation is being provided on the most thorough and business-like scale.

The locks are not so much what we usually mean by canal locks, as regulators of the water-level and adjusters to the winds and tides. It is intended, we believe, that the Brunsbüttel lock shall be kept open for three or four hours at a time during ebb-tide, and that the Holtenau lock will only be closed during spring-tides, or when the wind is blowing strong from certain quarters. If these intentions can be carried out, there will be uninterrupted navigation for a portion of each day in ordinary weather.

The passage from Brunsbüttel to Holtenau, it is calculated, will occupy a steamer fifteen hours, and passing-places for very large vessels are provided at intervals, and in the lakes, so that two streams of traffic may flow in opposite directions simultaneously. Should the predictions above referred to about the greater resistance of the water to large vessels in so confined a channel be verified, the passage will occupy an entire day at least. But assuming fifteen hours to be the possible time of transit from Brunsbüttel to Holtenau, that contrasts with two whole days at present required to make the voyage from the mouth of the Elbe round the Danish Peninsula to Kiel.

As the saving of time in the passage between the two seas is one of the greatest advantages claimed for the new water-way, it is worth while to consider that for a moment. A little study of the map will show that as far as British ports are concerned the advantages cannot be the same. Thus, while vessels proceeding from the English Channel to the Baltic may find the Canal a convenience, it does not follow that vessels proceeding from the north-east ports of England and from Scotland will find any. Roughly speaking, the ports of the whole British coast from the Wear northwards will derive no benefit from the Canal, because the route from them into the Baltic will be practically as short *viâ* Cape Skagen, and without the risk of detention always incidental to inland water-ways.

Of course the Danes do not regard with favour a project designed to reduce the sea-traffic past

their doors, and as a counter-agent to the attractions of the Canal, Copenhagen has been made a free port, and other facilities are being provided for shipping by the old sea-route. The Danes protest that it is rarely indeed that the Sound and the Great Belt are closed simultaneously by ice, whereas the difficulties of Elbe navigation are annual. The Sound was stopped by ice in the winter of 1892-93; but Kiel was closed for a much longer period.

This is one side of the question; but on the other side, besides the saving in time by the use of the Canal—which will, it is claimed, reduce certain voyages now occupying from two to four days to from fifteen to thirty hours—there is the question of safety, and therefore of saving in insurance. The Danish coast is well lighted, but yet is responsible for a large amount of annual wreckage. Between 1858 and 1891, it is recorded that no fewer than eight thousand vessels were lost on these coasts—an average of about two hundred and fifty a year. During the last five years, according to German statistics, ninety-two German vessels were lost in Danish waters, with upwards of seven hundred lives. It is estimated that some forty-five thousand vessels annually double Cape Skagen, of a total of about sixteen million tons, and the Germans expect to attract about one-half of that traffic to their new Ship-canal. If they do so, a moderate impost for dues should yield a fair return on the capital invested, after paying working expenses.

But in Germany the undertaking is regarded less as a financial investment than as a national enterprise. By means of the Canal, the coal-owners of Rhenish-Westphalia hope to secure the Baltic markets at present supplied from England and Scotland; and other commercial advantages are expected for other industries of the Empire. The strategic importance of the Canal, however, is that which gives it its highest value in German eyes; and from one point of view, the new water-way may be regarded as a peaceful device for sweeping Denmark out of the path of Germany as a naval power.

## THE MYSTERY OF PILGRIM GRAY.

### CHAPTER III.—A PERILOUS SILENCE.

ROBERT HARBORN, meanwhile, sat in his room with the red blind, wondering at Zilpah's delay. It was a little private office above the counting-house, an office which had been occupied by Harborn's father before him. Harborn's desk stood in a corner between the window and the fireplace, and the young banker worked there under a shaded lamp. His very look, pale and haggard, would have scared any one of his clients, could they have glanced in upon him. He was leaning his head upon one hand while he scratched away with the other on a large sheet of foolscap paper. But the more deeply he went into calculations, the more clearly did he realise that ruin, possibly disgrace, stared him in the face.

He threw down his pen at last, and began

to pace to and fro before the fire, his restless shadow following him on the opposite wall like his own haunting thoughts. He had done his utmost to raise six thousand pounds in order to place the little bank on a safe footing once more; but all his endeavours had failed. The urgent need of this amount, in round figures, had become only too apparent; without it, no choice would be left; the bank doors must be closed before another week had run out! And then? Well, and then his black mare would have to be sold; and the little house where he had lived all his life—Briar Cottage—the home to which he had dreamt of taking Zilpah Garfoot as his wife some day, would be disposed of to the highest bidder. These were petty details; but these are the small troubles of life that drive some men to desperation. Harborn felt that he had not the moral courage to face them on the morrow—for he resolved that he would not remain in Boston another day—he would take his passage to the United States. His bankruptcy would be a nine days' wonder in the old town—his creditors would wind up the affairs of the house, bringing serious distress upon several worthy old customers, and then Harborn's Bank would be blotted out—forgotten—a thing of the past.

It was evident Zilpah was not coming. Had she not told him to expect her before four o'clock? Still he was in no haste to leave the bank. This was the last day he would pass in the old room. It was here that he had cherished dreams of fortune—for every confidence had been placed in him by his father's clients as a trustworthy son and successor. He had never indulged in foolish expectations of becoming a millionaire; his desire was that he might win the position of a prosperous local man. He had never regarded himself, in truth, as belonging to a class above Zilpah Garfoot's. Her father and his own had always met on equal terms. He had always thought of her, and loved her, as one belonging to his own station in life.

He began to put his papers in order. There would be no chance of doing so to-morrow. He determined to stay till midnight, if need be; for it should never be said of him that a single voucher had been missing or even out of place. It was hateful work. He felt that there was a keen sting of irony in this unromantic ending to all his castle-building in the clouds.

Half-past four. Still there was no sign of Zilpah. The young fellow was eager to see her once more. He had no belief that she could aid him. Her mysterious suggestions that help might be forthcoming had impressed him slightly, though he was intensely perplexed by her unwonted attitude toward him when he had made a clean breast of all his troubles. Could it be that Zilpah had formed some desperate scheme, he thought, by which she perceived a forlorn chance of lifting him out of his difficulties?

He was still busy over his papers—the clock in the tower of St Botolph's had just struck five—when a ring at the hall door caught his ear. The clerks were gone—had left the counting-house an hour ago—and there was no porter or housekeeper on the premises. Harborn hastened to answer the summons.

'Why, Zilpah!' he cried—for it was Zilpah



Garfoot who stood at the door—'I had quite given up the hope'—

'Had you! I am sorry I'm so late,' she interposed; 'but'—

'Come in,' said Harborn, closing the bank door and leading the way up-stairs. 'I can't tell you how glad I am to see you, Zilpah, whether you've brought good tidings or bad.'

Zilpah followed in silence. He had only caught a glimpse of her face by the light of the street lamp while letting her in, but it had impressed him as being painfully troubled. The faint hope of rescue—if it could be called hope at all—which the girl's words had awakened on the previous night were swiftly dissipated. She had failed in her brave effort to aid him; she had come to tell him so!

But Harborn assumed as cheery a manner as he could muster while ushering Zilpah into his room. It was sad to think that she should enter it for the first time, and make it seem almost sacred to him, on the very last night that he was destined to seat himself at the old desk.

'You see,' said he, with a forced laugh, as he pointed to a heap of papers on a side table, 'I'm busy putting my affairs in order. To-morrow, Zilpah—to-morrow, I shall give the lawyers instructions to announce the much-to-be-regretted suspension of Harborn's Bank. And then—and then'—

'Excuse me for interrupting,' said Zilpah, sinking wearily into the seat he offered her beside the fire, 'but does your bank close at four o'clock?'

Harborn looked at her with surprise; the cold tone in which she spoke was so unlike Zilpah Garfoot.

'Ten to four are the official hours,' said he, almost unconsciously adopting her formal manner. 'May I ask your reason for inquiring?'

'Suppose, Mr Harborn'—she scarcely seemed to heed his question—'suppose one had money one wanted to pay into your bank to-night, would it be too late?'

'Yes; too late in the ordinary way,' said the young banker, seating himself at his desk and looking at Zilpah with increasing surprise. 'It is not our custom to receive or pay any moneys after four o'clock—on Saturdays an hour earlier. But why do you ask?'

'I want to open an account at your bank—to-night, if possible—to-night, if you will break the rules to oblige an old friend.'

'An old friend?' Harborn could no longer bear this freezing formality. 'What can you mean? I—I don't understand you! You don't seem the same person to-night. Dear Zilpah!'

'No, no! Let us settle this affair.—Don't come near me!' she cried, as Harborn rose. 'Treat me as you would a stranger—a bank customer. I am nothing more.'

'Nothing more?'

'No. And if,' said she—'if you refuse me—'

'What then?'

'I must call at ten to-morrow,' said Zilpah, in a firmer voice, 'and get the business settled down-stairs, Mr Harborn, by one of your clerks.'

Harborn stared at her in blank amazement. She wore the long cloak which she had thrown over her shoulders when leaving home that afternoon, and the hood had fallen back, and her beautiful hair was in great disorder. Zilpah noticed his look, and drew up the hood so that only a few stray tresses peeped out about her forehead.

'Since you insist,' said Harborn, leaning back resignedly in his chair, 'I will treat you as I would an ordinary customer.—Miss Garfoot, what can I have the pleasure of doing for you?'

Zilpah drew a sigh of relief as she took from the bosom of her dress an oblong envelope. 'I have a draft here—I don't understand these business matters—a draft on some bankers in San Francisco, as far as I can make out, for seven thousand eight hundred pounds. Will you oblige me by taking charge of it?' She held it towards Harborn as she spoke. His hand trembled as he took it from her; and after scrutinising it with the eye of an expert, looked perplexedly into Zilpah's face. He was about to speak, when she interposed with the question: 'Does it seem to be all right?—or does it appear a mere valueless bit of paper, that you stare so?'

'It's genuine enough. Yes, quite in order,' said Harborn. 'Do you wish this amount placed at your credit?'

'My credit? I don't understand.'

'It is your wish, I mean,' said Harborn, 'to open a deposit account with our house for seven thousand eight hundred pounds; isn't it so?'

'Yes.'

'This bank draft needs your endorsement,' said Harborn, turning it about between his fingers.

'Endorsement? What might that be, sir?'

'Your signature,' Harborn explained; and he rose to make room for her at his desk, and then handed her a pen.

When this further act of formality had been carried out, and Zilpah had filled up a printed bank form headed 'Deposit Account,' Harborn opened a safe which stood in the wall behind Zilpah's chair, and having placed the draft in a small side-drawer, relocked the safe and said: 'By the way, would you have the goodness, Miss Garfoot, to state on this slip of paper one small detail more? I am sorry to trouble you. For what period is the money to remain on deposit?'

Zilpah wrote across the paper, 'Five years.'

He uttered an exclamation, and was about to speak, but once more Zilpah's look and attitude checked him. She moved towards the door.

'You're not going?' said he, aghast.

'Why not? Yes; I am going home. The matter is settled, I think; isn't it?—Good-night.'

But Harborn could not endure this comedy—or tragedy as he felt it to be. 'Stay! You shall not leave me like this! You have saved my name—the honour of Harborn's Bank. Only an hour ago,' said he, 'I saw no escape out of the ruin that threatened; and, like a coward, I was bent on flight. I should never

have prospered: I know that—never have seen you again! But it is only now—now that you, Zilpah, have come to my rescue and removed this crisis from my life, that I can clearly comprehend how you must despise me.'

'Despise you?' Her voice was low, and a softer look had come into her eyes.

'Yes! I have myself to thank for your unbending attitude,' said Harborn, in a contrite tone. 'It is well deserved. But if you only knew how deeply I love you, Zilpah, I think you would show some mercy. I even think you would make some allowance for me if you knew to what a desperate strait the affairs of the bank were driving me.'

'I make every allowance,' Zilpah replied. 'You—you don't understand. I— Pray, let me go!'

'One word, Zilpah. What does this mean?' Harborn urged. 'You have still some confidence— You must have! You never would have lodged this large sum with me to-night, knowing what you know, unless you trusted in my honour. May I not still hope to win your love?'

'Let me go!'

'One look then—one word! You cannot doubt,' pleaded Harborn, 'since you have placed the means in my power, that I shall succeed now. My reputation is at stake; and I love you. Will you promise to be my wife some day?'

'It can never be!—Don't question me,' cried Zilpah, looking wildly about for a way of escape. 'I tell you it can never be.'

Their eyes met. A gleam of angry light came into Harborn's look. 'I'll question you no more!' He walked towards the safe and again unlocked it.

'What are you doing?' Zilpah asked in alarm.

'This bank draft for seven thousand eight hundred pounds,' said Harborn in a hoarse voice, 'has been remitted to you, Miss Garfoot, by Pilgrim Gray! He is on his way home to make you his wife—is already here—and— and—'

'Read that!' she interposed; and she handed him the letter which she had found in the oaken chest, sealed with a black seal and containing the bank draft.

Harborn took it and glanced at the contents. 'He is dead!' cried he.

She bent her eyes and gave no response. He stepped impulsively towards her. 'Zilpah! what is there now to keep us apart?'

She shrank back, avoiding his hand. 'Don't question me,' said she—'don't touch me! Let me go.'

There was no detaining her a moment more. Harborn let her go, standing at the bank door, utterly mystified while watching her dark figure as she fled across the market-place and disappeared. Then he went slowly back to the room up-stairs, and sat down at his desk, trying to puzzle out what all this could mean. Surely she loved him. And yet her strange words and actions had filled his mind with a sense of tormenting doubt. Still there seemed to him something more than mere friendship in her generous impulse; for by placing this bank draft in his hands, with a full knowledge

of his insolvent condition, she had given every proof that she was willing to risk the loss of a fortune in order to save the house.

He went out and walked over to the *Cross Keys* hostelry, where the black mare was stalled; and presently he was cantering homeward along the dark highway. And yet, in spite of the fact that an almost overpowering load of anxiety had been lifted off his mind, another and even weightier care seemed to have fallen upon him. It seemed to Harborn, in a vague sort of way, that while accepting financial aid from Zilpah Garfoot, he was giving up something that he valued a hundred times more. Suddenly he drew in rein. It was not yet too late to go to her and give back this seven thousand eight hundred pounds. But as he was on the point of turning his horse's head, a strange disinclination, that almost amounted to dread, came over him. It was as though some voice had whispered in his ear, urging him to pursue his homeward way. A deep gloom, like the shadow of a huge warning hand, seemed to have been lifted between him and the old town. What could it mean? His own foreboding thoughts perhaps, he reflected, as he rode forward at a quickened pace.

Zilpah Garfoot reached home, meantime, breathless with running. She raised the latch of the forge door and went in noiselessly. The door leading into the kitchen stood ajar, and she caught a glimpse of her father seated in his chair beside the hearth. There was no light in the room except the glow from the fire, but it showed him lost in pleasing thoughts; for he smiled benignly to himself, and poised his head at a listening angle. His violin lay upon a chair at his side.

'Why, Zilpah,' said he, looking up, 'where have you been? I had thought to have had you, my dear, in St Botolph's this afternoon to hear me play.'

But of a sudden there was a change in the blacksmith's face. The change was so marked that Zilpah could scarcely suppress a cry. It filled her with dread; for her father half rose, and then sank back, clutching the arms of his chair convulsively.

'Father! are you ill?'

'Ill? No. Don't you know what's wrong? Help me with my coat!' and the blacksmith struggled to his feet, and stepping to the window, looked out. 'Why, there ain't no worse crime.—What's come to me that I should sit a-cogitating here at this time o' night? The hand-lamp, my dear—quick!'

'The lamp?' said Zilpah, with a bewildered look.

Garfoot glanced round at her over his shoulder as she held up his coat. 'Why, what's come to you? It's time I looked to the minster light; ain't it? It's death to let 'em steer into Boston Deeps without it a dark night like this!'

'Father!' and Zilpah recoiled from him with horror in her face—'is it possible you've forgotten to light the lantern in St Botolph's Tower?'

'Ay!' and Michael Garfoot hung his head dejectedly—for the first time for five-and-twenty year.'

Zilpah hastened to light the hand-lamp, while her father walked to and fro impatiently, buttoning his coat about him with trembling hands.

'Where ha' you been these hours?' he suddenly asked, turning upon the girl with a touch of anger in his tone such as she had never experienced from him before.

'To look for that letter,' said she—'that letter from Pilgrim Gray.' She handed him the lamp.

'You—you up there in the tower, Zilpah, and never had the thought to come for me?—Ah, well! It's a warning. It won't happen again.—You found Pilgrim's letter?'

'Yes.'

'In the oak box; did you?'

'Yes; it was there.' She took out the letter and held it towards him.

'Ay, that's the one!' said the blacksmith, recognising the long envelope and black seal.—'But how about the money? That was an idle yarn of John Grimshaw's, I'll be bound!'

'No, father; it was no idle yarn.'

'No! wasn't it? Well, I never!—But I duns't stop to talk now,' said he, moving towards the door. 'I'd a deal rather the money had been lost than this should ha' happened. Upon my word, I would! And on such a night—such a dark night too.'

Zilpah had opened the door. He took the letter, thrust it into his pocket, and hurried out.

Michael Garfoot had not gone far—had not yet reached the bridge below the floodgates over the Witham—when he heard a step behind him. He looked back, and lifting the lamp above his head, Zilpah stepped breathless within the circle of light. 'What's ado?'

'Let me come with you, father; may I?'

'May you? What a question!'

'It's lonely at home,' said the girl, 'and I thought you were angry with me. I can't bear to think that! You're not angry, are you?'

'No. Why should I be? The fault's my own.'

She slipped her arm into his, and they hastened on their way. As they went along, the blacksmith, who was almost as quick to interpret his daughter's moods as she was to interpret his, surmised that there was something she wished to communicate that was troubling her—something that must be weighing heavily on her mind; for a confession of loneliness at home was so unlike Zilpah. But Michael Garfoot made no effort to win his daughter's confidence. He knew from experience that any sign from him would tend to discourage rather than incite her to speak.

When they had almost reached the last curve up the minster stairs, Zilpah leading swiftly with the lantern, her father cried: 'Stop a bit! I'm a trifle short-winded to-night. I s'pose I'm a-getting old.' He sat down upon a step to recover breath, and took from his pocket the letter from Pilgrim Gray.

'Don't read that now!' cried Zilpah, screening the light with her cloak.

'Not now! Why not?'

'Wait till we're at home,' said she. 'I will read it to you then. And then'—

'What then?'

'When we are seated over the kitchen fire,'

said Zilpah, 'as we were a while ago—I—I'll tell you everything.'

The blacksmith looked up inquiringly: 'About Pilgrim, is it?'

'Yes. I'll tell you what's happened,' said she—'what's happened since I came here to look for that letter. Yes, father, you shall know all.'

Garfoot put the letter into his pocket once more, and took the lamp out of Zilpah's hand. 'About Pilgrim, is it?' he reiterated. 'Well! wait two seconds. I'll soon set the lantern a-going; and then we'll get home.'

Zilpah waited in the darkness, seating herself on a step near the open archway, while her father mounted the stairs into St Botolph's lantern. In another minute the beams from this minster lighthouse of the Fens flashed out alike upon land and sea. The blacksmith, half-blinded by the strong glare, averted his eyes as he turned to descend the tall ladder. He had scarcely descended a dozen steps, when he saw Zilpah come from under the archway some feet below him, into the blaze of light, run quickly along the terrace, and sink beside something that seemed to Michael Garfoot like the prostrate figure of a man. A moment afterwards and he saw his daughter spring to her feet and turn an eager upward look at him while shading her eyes with her hand. 'Father!' she cried, in a frightened voice.

'Ay, ay, my dear. I'm a-coming.'

'Father! it's Pilgrim Gray!'

## NORFOLK ISLAND.

THE Norfolk Island pine has found its way to most countries of the world; but to those who admire its magnificent stateliness does it occur to ask, Where is Norfolk Island, and of what character are its people? That facts may be as interesting as fiction, the following brief sketch will testify.

It may be stated that, geographically, Norfolk Island lies down in the Southern seas, distant some four hundred miles from New Zealand, and about nine hundred miles from Australia. It is five miles long, three across, and possesses an area of over seventeen square miles. It is bounded by precipitous cliffs, against which endless breakers roll. The soil is rich and undulating, and bears plants of many varieties, and groups of the magnificent pines known all over the world.

Captain Cook discovered the island one hundred and twenty years ago; and a week after the occupation of the settlement of Botany Bay in 1788, a contingent of the convicts landed there was despatched thither. This contingent made a very small party, the total being nine male and six female convicts, together with nine officers. These first settlers addressed themselves at once to the soil, and with results which answered the highest expectations. At several critical junctures afterwards, the main settlement at Botany Bay was saved from starvation by the arrival of supplies of wheat, potatoes, and other produce from the little island. From time to time fresh batches of convicts were sent out from Australia, until, in 1793, the population numbered 1008. In

that year the produce amounted to two thousand bushels of wheat, fifty tons of potatoes, and considerable quantities of other crops. In 1803 an Order from the Home Office directed the settlement to be broken up. Most of the residents were emancipists, or persons who had fulfilled their term of punishment, and it was officially considered that they would make good settlers on the mainland of Australia or in Tasmania. They were offered land in either of these places equal to that which they owned on the island; but so reluctant were they to leave the scenes of happy years, that pressure had to be applied; and it was not till 1806 that the island was vacated.

For twenty years the island now ran to waste. Looking back from to-day, one sees how egregious was the blunder which drove the emancipists from what they had made a home. Many of them did well in Tasmania and Australia afterwards; but many returned to evil ways, and that which was a garden in the wild seas became once more a place of desolation and decay. In 1826 the island was made a settlement for prisoners condemned to penal servitude in New South Wales. Prisoners condemned in Great Britain were sent to New South Wales; and to satisfy an official regulation of the time, those condemned in New South Wales were thus sent to Norfolk Island. The eighteen succeeding years make a terrible chapter of crime and its expiation. The island became the terror of civilisation. Death was preferable to living there. Dr Ullathorne, Roman Catholic vicar of New South Wales, and afterwards Bishop of Birmingham, England, went to the island in 1834 in the course of duty. A mutiny had broken out, in which nine of the insurgents were killed, and twenty-nine were condemned to die. Of the twenty-nine, eleven were executed. 'The twenty-nine men,' Dr Ullathorne writes, 'were confined in three cells. I read the names of the eleven who were to die. Each thanked God. The cruelties practised here made demons of men. Men drew lots to see who would kill the other.' Judge Burton attended to one hundred and thirty capital cases at one assizes in the same year. The little island which had had eighteen years of such peace and happiness that men longed to make it their lasting home, and from which they were only removed by absolute official pressure, became in these later eighteen years a plague-spot of human degradation, where the wildest and blackest passions brooded. And in the first period, as in the second, the material officialism operated upon was of convict pattern, leaving it to be seen how important a part system plays in the punishment and management of criminals.

In 1844 the island was declared to be no longer a dependency of New South Wales, and was by letters-patent annexed to Tasmania; but nine years afterwards, on the cessation of transportation to Tasmania, the straggle of inhabitants was withdrawn, and once more the home of the great pines was given up to desolation. On this occasion, however, it was quickly revisited. About the time the small band of convicts was sent from Botany Bay to Norfolk Island to experiment for a habitation, the *Bounty*, an

armed ship under the command of Captain William Bligh, quitted Otaheite with a cargo of bread-fruit trees, and, a mutiny occurring on board, fell into the hands of the daring outlaws. The captain and eighteen men were put into an open boat and sent adrift. The *Bounty* was afterwards burned, and several of the mutineers were arrested and executed; but nine who had escaped settled on Pitcairn Island, where, twenty years after, their descendants were discovered, now grown to a population of one hundred and ninety-eight—ninety-six males and one hundred and two females. On Tasmania withdrawing her subjects from Norfolk Island, arrangements were begun for transferring the offspring of the mutineers from Pitcairn Island thither; and in three years the transfer was completed, the dependency under these new conditions being again placed under the Governor of New South Wales, with instructions that the people were to be allowed to develop after their own ideals. Governor Denison displayed special interest in the starting of them on sound lines, while fulfilling to the letter his instructions from England; and soon the little community was furnished with a Constitution, which to the average mind of forty years ago must have seemed dangerously experimental. The franchise was given to all persons of twenty-one years of age and with ability to read and write. Education was made compulsory under a fine of sixpence per day, the accumulated fines going towards the remuneration of the schoolmaster, who was guaranteed a minimum of a ten shillings poll-tax per child per annum. It was forbidden to manufacture intoxicating drinks except for medicinal purposes; and if it were attempted to introduce them by sea, they were to be seized and poured into the harbour.

Seemingly, these measures of political and social government suited well the circumstances of the island and the temperament of the people, for, with slight changes, progress has been the rule. The population is now seven hundred and fifty. Originally, married and single were given a certain number of acres; but now the unmarried receive only twelve and a half acres, while the married obtain twenty-five; and with both, conditions are laid down demanding, under pain of forfeiture, annual improvements up to certain values. In addition to the population proper, there reside on the island a couple of hundred natives from adjacent parts connected with the Melanesian Mission, but the affairs of the island are conducted without any regard to these. The chief magistrate is provided with two counsellors to advise him; and there is a jury of seven elders, over twenty-five years of age, to deliberate and pronounce upon the guilt or innocence of accused persons. Last year, Judge Docker, of New South Wales, was commissioned to go to the island to hear two cases of exceptional gravity. The judge found on that occasion that the permanent force of the island consisted of one policeman, and that no jail existed. Having to sentence a girl to a term of nine months' imprisonment, he was accordingly obliged to order her to serve the sentence in a private household, where it was agreed she would be kept constantly employed and locked up securely every night.

Such is this remarkable little island in the southern hemisphere. There are no destitute there; none is out of work or hungry. Every acre of their little domain is put to use. Cereals and fruits of all sorts flourish luxuriantly. The excitements of the outside world rarely intrude. The islanders occasionally complain of this last matter; and to meet their desires, the Imperial authorities lately arranged that a boat shall call at least four times a year. Perhaps this will make their simple lives more enjoyable. It is at all events to be hoped that it will not make them less so.

### A TALE OF ACCRÁ.

ACCRÁ is the capital of the Gold Coast, a portion of Her Majesty's dominions that has no great reputation as a sanatorium. Fate once ordained that my lot should be cast for a while in this West African town, and an agreeable lot it was in many ways, notwithstanding the insalubrity of the climate. My billet necessitated my living in a castle, which was not the least novel experience among a variety of new ones. When I say a castle, it is not to be understood by this that I mean a frowning edifice with 'cloud-capped towers,' and Gothic or Norman windows, as the case may be, after the manner of the solid piles of medieval days. On the contrary, there is to be pictured to the mind's eye a light and airy structure, neatly perched on a promontory on the seaboard, and in its design admirably adapted to the exigencies of equatorial life. Cool breezes played about its verandas, from which could be surveyed waving palms, a cloudless sky, and a blue sea.

My quarters were situated on the western battery, and commanded a view of the extensive courtyard below. Now this courtyard had one remarkable feature about it, which was that quite a spacious portion of it was devoted to horticultural purposes. There were tubs and pots galore; and several ornamental beds had been laid out. To crown all, a magnificent flamboyant periodically donned its scarlet mantle. The whole was surrounded by a hibiscus hedge. It was in and about this attractive spot, which lay adjacent to my quarters, that the little drama was enacted which is the subject of this narrative.

On the staff of black servants at the castle were two Kroo Boys, whose substantive duty it was, at six o'clock every morning, punctually, to turn into the garden that has been referred to, water the plants—when they required it—collect and remove fallen leaves, and otherwise put the place in apple-pie order. A Kroo Boy, it should be stated, is a native of the Kroo Coast, the ultimate expression of the term having no reference whatever, as might be expected, to juvenility. He may be fifteen or fifty. The two Boys with whom we are concerned, Kaki and Sattoo, were probably each about twenty.

Kaki was a tall, raw-boned youth of solemn, almost lugubrious aspect. He rarely, if ever, smiled, and was slow and deliberate in all his movements. No one would ever have accused him of being capable of a bright idea; but yet on occasions, when least expected, he proved

himself to be exceedingly wide awake. On the whole he was a bit of an enigma.

Sattoo was as nearly as possible the reverse of all this. He was a smart, well set-up, good-looking dorkie. His shiny countenance invariably wore a pleased expression, and when that bright smile of his expanded into a broad grin, which it did a hundred times a day, he displayed two rows of pearls which were at once the admiration and the envy of the beholder.

As a combination, Kaki and Sattoo were distinctly a puzzle. It was impossible to say whether they were friends or foes. They carried out to the letter the routine regulations which decreed that they should be associates in toil, whether the sphere of operations was the garden, or whether wood was to be hewn or water to be drawn; and to all appearances they worked amicably enough together; but for all that they never seemed to lighten their task, whatsoever it was, by the exchange of a remark of any kind. Day after day it was the same: Kaki was eternally glum; and Sattoo, so far as one could judge, the embodiment of good-humour.

Matters had been progressing in this fashion ever since my arrival at the castle, when early one morning, as I was taking it easily in my veranda, in pyjamas, obscured from the view of the outside world by the stephanotis that clambered over the trellis-work, I was surprised to hear not only a discussion, but a heated one, taking place between our usually silent young friends. Several words were pitched in a sufficiently high key to be heard where I was, but as they were in the Kroo vernacular, the mysteries of which I had not yet explored, they conveyed nothing to me. But I fully expected, when I looked out into the garden to acquaint myself with what was happening, to see Kaki assault his helpmate with the watering-pot that he held in his hand, and a counter-attack to be made by Sattoo with the rake which he held in his. Both had assumed defiant and defensive attitudes. Happily, however, at that moment the sergeant of the Haussas on guard at the castle gates hove in sight, and as he was coming in the direction of the disputants, they pocketed their differences, and resumed work as if nothing had happened. It was evident that a climax of some description had been reached.

On the following day a further mystery presented itself: Sattoo was nowhere to be found. He had suddenly and unaccountably disappeared, and no one was able to give any information as to his whereabouts. When two or three days elapsed and he still continued to be *non est*, it struck me very forcibly that the fall-out I had witnessed between himself and Kaki might prove to be a key to the situation. Kaki, therefore, was closely questioned in the matter; but as nothing could be elicited from him to confirm this view, the only conclusion that could be arrived at was that Sattoo, in accordance with the eccentric methods sometimes practised by the Kroo Boy, had, for reasons best known to himself, and sublimely indifferent to wages undrawn, taken it into his head to migrate to fresh fields and pastures new. He was not immediately replaced, and

Kaki continued to perform single-handed the daily round of duties which had been assigned to himself and his late companion.

About three weeks after Sattoo's mysterious disappearance, I had sat myself down in my veranda one morning, soon after sunrise, to negotiate just one 'Egyptian,' and cogitate possibly of England, home, and beauty. Kaki came to work as usual, and I watched him as he set about his task. Something peculiar in his manner caused me to take more than ordinary notice of his proceedings. There was no doubt that he seemed to be uncommonly perturbed in spirit. His heart was clearly not in his work. Moving about irresolutely, he appeared to be incapable of fixing his attention for long on anything. Then, for a change, he would fall into a brown-study, only to wake up and glance about him with a half-nervous, expectant air. And so on.

If I was puzzled by Kaki's erratic behaviour, I was considerably more so by the unexpected apparition, at one of the entrances to the garden, of Zeelah, the dusky belle of Accra. I had not seen that graceful little creature for many months, and her presence was a pleasing sight. Report had it that she had been sent to Krobo, the fetish stronghold in the hills where all maidens of marriageable age are sent for the purpose of being subjected to certain heathenish rites. However that may have been, there she was now as comely as ever, attired in a simple arrangement of blue baft, and looking charmingly picturesque. Zeelah lingered a while where she stood, and then passed in, walking with timid steps to where Kaki, with his back turned to her, was leaning over his rake, apparently engrossed in one of his brown-studies. He was not aware of her presence until she was quite close to him. As soon as he looked up and was recognised, it seemed, from the disappointed expression but too plainly depicted on Zeelah's face, that he was not the person she expected to meet. Making the best of the situation, however, she smiled, wished him good-day, and inquired as to where she could find Sattoo. She had only just come in from the hills, she said, in a soft voice, and Lectlas, her guard, had allowed her to stop at the castle to see her betrothed. Where was he? Did not Sattoo still work each day with Kaki? There was not a little anxiety in Zeelah's tones as she put these questions. 'Tell me,' she continued, 'Sattoo is well?—nothing has happened to him?' She saw that something was amiss, and the suspense evidently wrung her heart.

Kaki, as if unwilling to cause the pain which he knew his announcement would give, seemed to hesitate at first, but then told her how Sattoo had suddenly vanished, and no one knew what had become of him. But he (Kaki) knew—a statement that he conveyed with a wink and a shake of the head indicative of much wisdom—and since Zeelah wished it, he would tell her. It might be a hard thing for her to bear, but it was best that she should be told it at once. Sattoo had forgotten her, and was married to Dede, his cousin, whom Zeelah knew. They lived in Akim. 'But Manniko will tell thee all about it,' he added, 'for is it not the holy father that I see coming towards us?'

Entering at the northern gate while Kaki was speaking, there then appeared upon the scene the individual in question, an arch-priest in fetishism, and a personage not frequently seen in public. He was a most remarkable looking figure. At a first glance one might have been deceived into the belief that he was not a man but a woman—fat and forty—though certainly not fair. His waist was lost in another portion of his body, and if he was not addicted to the ways of the sybarite, his face certainly libelled him. He wore no covering on his head, and his wool, which had been allowed to grow to unusual length, was twisted into plaits, which by a dexterous arrangement on the skull resembled a cluster of intertwined snakes. There was a cunning, wicked look in his small twinkling eyes. His nose was broad and flat, his mouth large, his lips thick and colourless. He waddled rather than walked. Such was Manniko, who had the reputation—not without good ground, I fear—of being a singularly accomplished rascal. I felt convinced that his presence in the garden boded no good.

During the recital of Kaki's account of Sattoo's faithlessness, Zeelah remained speechless. It was six months or more since she had seen or heard of Sattoo, the seclusion of Krobo being rigorous in the extreme; and, loth as she was to believe it, the thought would assert itself that after all he had forgotten her. It was a cruel blow, and the heart of the little fragile thing was split fairly in two.

Manniko expressed no surprise at seeing Zeelah. It was to be assumed that he was fully informed of the movements of every member of his flock, and she belonged to it. On being appealed to by Kaki, he took up the tale of Sattoo's desertion, and delivered himself of many pious reflections on the subject of her happy escape from such a villain.

But Zeelah hardly heard. She felt benumbed, and all the light and joy in her little world were extinguished. Without vouchsafing a word, she turned from the two men and moved slowly away. But her strength failed her, and with eyes bedimmed, she sank into the first seat that presented itself. As she sat there with bowed head and broken heart, she might have been in the tomb for any impression that her surroundings could make upon her. When she awoke from this state of trance, she found Manniko standing by her side.

'Biyo' (daughter), said he, 'it is not good for thee so to tear thy soul with thoughts of Sattoo. He is a bad man, and made but pretence to love thee; and when thou wentest to the hills, he married Dede; and have I not seen them after the day's toil, at sunset, walking hand in hand, making great love to each other? Think no more of Sattoo, little Zeelah. I have plans for thee that will make thee happy.'

'What wouldst thou have me do, father?' said the sorely stricken girl. The question was asked somewhat abruptly as she rose from the bench on which she had thrown herself. She had a fine sensibility, and was stung by the heartlessness of Manniko's suggestion that she could so easily efface the memory of her own true-love. As she stood there with her head tossed back, she looked a little queen.

Manniko bent forward—his fat face shinier than ever, his eyes glinting with more than usual devilishness—and whispered rather than spoke aloud, 'Marry Kaki.'

No sooner were these words uttered than it seemed to Zeelah that a light straight from heaven revealed to her the true situation. She knew that Manniko was well acquainted with everything concerning her, as indeed he was concerning every man, woman, and child in Accra. From the time that she had been left an orphan and had been adopted by the widow Takki, an eccentric but philanthropic old lady, he had kept a watchful eye upon her, and had taken good care not to allow her to stray from his fetich fold. She felt that he had evinced considerable interest in the legacy left to her by old Bombolo, the stevedore, which consisted of a valuable pair of elephants' tusks and half-a-dozen sheep. (Old Bombolo had died just before she was sent to the hills.) It also recurred to her how people said that Kaki was the son of Manniko (a relationship, however, which the latter would not have found it convenient to admit, owing to the fact that he professed to stand on a pedestal of strict celibacy). The thoughts of these things rushed into Zeelah's mind. Was there not an explanation in them for Sattoo's absence, and the evident desire of Manniko to see her wedded to Kaki, an alliance which she knew could be made binding almost on the instant if she would only consent to it?

In different circumstances, Manniko's personality would doubtless have appealed to her as one in which was centred all that was awful and mysterious in the diabolical practices of fetichism, and no such thought of resisting its influence would have entered her head. But now every sentiment of obedience was cast to the winds. She felt that she was the victim of a plot, and rightly or wrongly—hardly, indeed, knowing what she did, except that she followed the lead of her emotions—she roundly declared her belief that the whole story of Sattoo's desertion was false. Throwing the ugly phrase straight into Manniko's teeth, she also demanded to know whether it was true or not that Kaki was his son—and then—well, she did what most women would have done under the circumstances—relieved the tension of her feelings by bursting into tears. She had bearded the majesty of fetichism, and what the results would be, now that she had done it, she trembled to think.

The fiendish expression that came over the Silenus-like visage of Manniko when he found himself thus defied by a girl over whom he had never doubted the completeness of his authority, can be more easily imagined than described. He was convulsed with rage, and positively gasped for speech. When articulation did come, however, it was full of malice and all uncharitableness. He swore by all the ghosts of his ancestors that her tongue should be slit, and that she should do at least twenty moons of penance. And a lot more.

At her flow of tears Zeelah felt relieved, but she was not unreasonably frightened at Manniko's threats, and turned as if to flee his presence. But the priest divined her intention, and, as he had not yet nearly exhausted his

stock of maledictions, stepped forward as quickly as his obesity would permit and seized her by the wrist. The electric shock of loathing conveyed by his clammy hand, and the pain that the grasp itself inflicted, produced the piercing shriek from Zeelah that followed.

I had sprung to my feet with the object of rushing to the rescue, when there came a sound as of a swirling wind. A swarthy form had cleared the hibiscus hedge at a bound, and before Manniko had time to meet the turn that events had taken further than to release his hold of Zeelah, he was clasped round the middle by a pair of arms endowed with a giant's strength, lifted on high, and thrown literally in a heap on the gravel path. In the next instant Zeelah's palpitating heart was beating against the heroic breast of her own true lover.

Manniko got his deserts—contused limbs. Nor did Kaki fail to get his; for when it was proved that at the instigation of the priest he had traduced the character of Zeelah—hence the rake and watering-pot episode—and had succeeded in sending Sattoo on a wildgoose chase to satisfy himself on the point, he was debarred any further opportunity of exercising his peculiar talents within the castle walls.

There was one particular in regard to which the conspirators had sadly miscalculated, and that was the celerity of Sattoo's movements. It was a grave doubt, in the opinion of some, whether it was intended that he should return at all.

On the following Sunday the chapel at the castle included in its congregation two converts from paganism—Sattoo and his bride.

#### W A N T I N G.

THE new year has brought back the same old blooms,  
The daisies for the leas,  
The bluebells sweet, and the cowslips' plumes,  
And the pale anemones;  
And again with the golden fires of spring  
The woods and groves are bright,  
And the same old songs the blackbirds sing  
In the apple orchards white.

And the dawns are bright and the eves are fair  
As e'er in the days of old;  
And the fragrant hawthorn scents the air,  
And the gorse is of burnished gold;  
And the wind has come o'er the southern seas  
From shores where the nereids play;  
And as of old, do the brigand bees  
On the clover blossoms stray.

There's an amber sea in the far-off west,  
Where the hills and the sunset meet;  
And the hymn of the throstle by its nest  
Is tender and clear and sweet;  
And I wait and watch, as in days of yore,  
By the ivied trysting-tree;  
But ah, never, never, nevermore  
Can my sweetheart come to me!

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,  
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.



# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 591.—VOL. XII.

SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1895.

PRICE 1½d.

## A DAY IN THE LANDES.

By CHARLES EDWARDS.

THE Landes, or wastes, of France do not form a very attractive district for tourists, even French tourists. But they are well worth a visit. The people here are among the more primitive inhabitants of the country. For long they were left to themselves, their dunes, pine forests, marshes, and large silent lakes; while the rest of the country revelled in railways, high-roads of the best class, and the other blessings and excitements of civilisation. Their favourite, indeed to some extent their enforced, method of locomotion was stilts; and they wore sheep-skins, like those other extremely backward people, the Sardinian peasants.

But nowadays things are a little better with them. It is an enormous tract of country, this native land of theirs. Roughly, its western side stretches from the mouth of the Gironde to the Spanish frontier, more than a hundred and fifty miles of length; and there are places where its width is as much as fifty miles. Such an area exacted a colossal method of amelioration. A hundred years ago, this was begun by the planting, first of all, of pines near the coast, to stop the invasion of the sand-dunes; and the improvements then begun have never ended. Roads of a kind now traverse the district at broad intervals, canals have been cut to draw off the waters which used regularly in winter to form swamps as pestilential as destructive to agricultural enterprise, and there are even railways of a sad, slow order, a journey on which gives the traveller abundant leisure for taking stock of the monotonous landscape within his ken. More than this can hardly be done for the Landes. It is not as if there were a subsoil here that would repay the hard-working cultivator. The land is sandy to the last degree, and what vegetable matter is mixed with the sand is a bar rather than an aid to fertility.

One gets a glimpse of the Landes in careering

by the 'rapide' from Bordeaux to Spain. But it is not enough. There is much beauty in this kaleidoscopic picture. The green pines in their close ranks look charming on a hot day, and their varied undergrowth of pink-purple heather, gorse, and brambles, with, perhaps, the added glow of the bracken in its autumnal colours, form a vision of beauty that would extort praise from any one. But, we repeat, this is the Landes at their best. The casual traveller would exclaim, 'What a lovely region!' and, marking the innumerable little earthen pots hitched to the base of the gashes in the trees, might be excused for supposing that it is a wealthy region too. These pots are for the collection of the resin which is the one industry of the Landes. There must be millions of them in use between Bordeaux and Bayonne. They and the resin they gather do, in fact, represent a large annual expenditure and receipts. But for all that, this is one of the poorest districts of rich, thrifty France. 'There is no money here at all,' said a large, moustached lady of Bordeaux to the writer the other day among the pines. She had been visiting her relatives at Cazeaux, and was, she said, glad to return to the opulent city she had made her home.

The thing to do is to get to the coast south of Arcachon—that gay little health and pleasure resort—and, from the summit of one of the sand mountains, contemplate as much of the district as the clearness of the day will allow. Pines and sand for miles and miles; and the Atlantic chafing against the sandhills, as if it yearned to drive them inland in the old way, without let or hindrance. A healthy, invigorating prospect, but somewhat melancholy in its loneliness! Man can get little satisfactory foothold in such a land. And there are some two thousand square miles of it which are about as thinly inhabited as the Sahara. Where it is not sand, it must be pines or nothing. A man may nowhere in Europe lose himself more easily—and perhaps with less assurance of speedy rescue—than here, within a few hours of the

fourth city in France. The soft sand is not at all easy for walking, and the tangle of brambles and heath is in places dense enough for anything. Besides, the occasional weedy waterways which link the great lakes of the Landes together are another opposition to comfortable progress in a set direction. They are straight and stagnant, and upon the whole repellent: one fancies, the moment one is in their depths, some subaqueous power will grapple one's legs with irresistible force. A futile death-shout, and there will be one lost traveller the less in the world.

It was by mere chance that we spent a night by one of these lonely lakes of the Landes. We were in Arcachon, and, being thirsty, entered one of its numerous cafés. Here we clashed with a fine-looking man, who was soon well at work explaining that it were a sin to leave the district without visiting Cazeaux. To lend further zest to his words, he gave us his card, a professional bit of pasteboard depicting a man on stilts, and telling that the name inscribed on it belonged to the man who in 1889 ascended the Eiffel Tower on these same stilts; and also, two years later, journeyed—of course for a consideration—from Paris to Moscow in fifty-eight days on the like cumbrous supports. This was most interesting. We had come, in short, face to face with the very archetype of the Landes' people. It was diverting into the bargain to learn that our honest friend—a baker by trade—had killed two birds with one stone by gaining a medal for his bread at a Moscow Exhibition. He must have had plenty of time for thought about commercial ventures during that long stride across the middle of Europe.

And so, in the cool of a hot September day, we left Arcachon for La Teste, where there are scores of oyster-beds in the shallow Arcachon Bay, and prepared for our tramp into the forest. One naturally looked for some relic of the feudal abode of that great lord of Buch who lived here five hundred years and more ago, and was so stout a friend to the English rule in Aquitaine. But none such exists. I believe there is still a Seigneur de Buch, as there was in Froissart's time; but he does not now overshadow the land with his might.

It was on the threshold of the sunset hour that we set out down La Teste's dusty streets, its white houses mottled by the blue cottoned figures of men and women on the doorsteps. The day's work was over: a pleasant evening's idleness had begun. The people stared to see us go by, as well they might. The Rue des Landes, our thoroughfare, led nowhere except to Cazeaux, eight good miles away. Doubtless, the villagers asked themselves what in the world we could want in the forest at such an hour. But they did not put the question to us; they gave us our directions plainly enough, and were content to add a mere comment on the length of the road.

On the skirts of the village, with the dark pines already absorbing the paling horizon before us, we obtained our first and last view of a Landes' man on stilts. He was a picturesque person in blue, with a gourd slung round him.

Before him was a drove of distressed bullocks, lolling their tongues and tinkling the bells about their necks. He had brought them from the forest on his ten-foot legs, controlling them with a pole as long as his legs. Our stilted friend and his cream-coloured kine passed on up the leafy street of La Teste, and we set our faces towards the forest, already redolent of turpentine, and just gilded in the west by the sinking sun. It was not a very wise proceeding, this walk of ours, at such a time. But the Briton on tour is allowed a certain license of eccentricity; and besides, though there was no moon to aid us, we knew that the road was unmistakable, and that the southern stars on such a night might be trusted to help us somewhat.

All too soon the sunset glow in the unclouded heavens intensified. We could see the lurid light through the arcades of the pine trunks in the west. Then the stars appeared one by one, and the hum of insects, with the louder simultaneous chirp of grasshoppers, broke forth on both sides. It was like being in the tropics. And the close warm air was also more than a little suggestive of latitudes lower than the forty-fifth parallel.

We passed no houses and no enclosures. At first, it was the forest and nothing but the forest. Later, on the left hand, we could dimly distinguish a vast tract of the unregenerate Landes—level and arid and unplanted; while on the right the forest continued, with Cazeaux's railway line showing faintly now and then close alongside us. There was much that was eerie about this walk, and until the Great Bear was very emphatic in the heavens, and red Mars had appeared in the east, we rather felt than saw our way.

Cazeaux consists of a hamlet and a railway terminus, less than a mile apart, but separated by one of the long dreary canals of the Landes. It was to the hamlet that we had been directed. But our application here for beds missed its mark. A bulldog greeted us somewhat demonstratively as we knocked at a door which by good luck belonged to the hamlet hotel. The bulldog's master was very courteous, but could not receive us. And so we had to retrace our steps and flounder along the railway line in thick sand and a forest gloom that was almost oppressive, until yet another twinkle of lights betokened a dwelling-house. Here we were welcomed sufficiently, promised beds and a supper, and shown into a room remarkable for its extreme nakedness. It was much to be assured of a night's shelter, however, and we were glad to come to an anchor. Nor did it discompose us very much to hear that there were mosquitoes in the forest, and that, in all likelihood, we should make their acquaintance in the dark hours. 'What shall we do with them?' we innocently asked the stalwart landlady of the inn, when we marked the absence of mosquito or other curtains to the beds. 'Do!' quoth she—'why, kill them—so!' and she put finger and thumb to her cheek as an object lesson. This good lady also carried a moustache to her lip that would have made her ridiculous in England. Down here, though, it was not of a size to attract notice. We had seen

women not only with twirled moustaches, but also with whiskers worthy of the attribute Dundreary.

The night passed more tranquilly than we had a right to expect. We were not troubled inordinately by insects. And so at six o'clock we pushed open our shutters and looked at the contiguous forest in its fair sheen of morning sunlight. There was something vastly exhilarating in the spectacle, which included a corner of the great lake, lustrous as a mirror. Thus stimulated, we were not long in dressing, accommodating our *café au lait*, and getting down to the lake side, where a tub-like boat with a red-faced young man was awaiting us. It had been taken for granted that we would fish the lake, an assumption we were not disposed to quarrel with.

As a characteristic Landes lake, and the largest of them all, this of Cazeaux was well worth seeing. It covers about seventeen thousand acres, and is girdled completely by an undulating belt of forest, seldom more than twenty or thirty feet above the water-line. Here and there were slight bluffs, admirable sites for *châteaux*. But fashionable France has not yet taken to Cazeaux, and only one red-roofed villa of the ornamental kind could be discerned among the interminable pines. A single church spire above the trees on a distant shore was the only other noticeable indication of inhabitants on the lake's circumference. Before the shore-dunes rose up as a barrier between this part of France and the sea, it is supposed a dry valley existed where the lake now is; and a Roman road is even said to have run through the middle of it. But the lake has now got a firm hold of the land. It is a hundred feet deep in places.

We fished for pike, while our man lazily rowed us over the radiant water. It was scarcely a congenial pastime at so early an hour, for the air was frosty though the sun was hot. Very soon, however, we had heat enough for our purpose. The pale gold and turquoise and silver-gray of the morning sky were succeeded by an intense unclouded blue. The lake became smooth as a dish, and tried the eyes with its brilliancy. Nor had we much sport to encourage us to continue being slowly broiled. Twice only did the bell ring to which our lines were attached: a comfortable Southern method of fishing which enables the angler to devote his attention to other things until he has attracted the notice of a fish.

Towards eleven o'clock we returned to the shore and rambled about the forest. I never saw more butterflies than here: notably, the clouded yellow. The heath was in gay bloom, and the sun on our green canopy made a fine show. Blackberries were thick and ripe on the brambles. And the yellow and bronze of the bracken went well with the other colours about us. Thus sauntering idly, we returned to the hamlet, a straggling coterie of neat little single-storied cottages dispersed about a broad clearing in the forest. The people may be poor, but there were no signs of poverty in their tenements. Vines and fig-trees hugged the white walls, and made them pleasant to behold. But the cultivated fields—vines and Indian corn

—told their own tale of the uphill work of the local labourer.

There is a church in the hamlet, a commonplace French country church, with white walls and a ceiling painted with stars. But the plane-trees round about it were not commonplace. They had already begun to don the majestic hues of autumnal decay. Moreover, they offered us some shade. We got more shade at the hamlet inn, where, later, we breakfasted in a meagre fashion on a table set in the vineyard. This done, we gasped through the forest towards the railway station. We could well understand that the heat of the summer is as deleterious to the Landes as the rains of winter. The one withers the district with astonishing promptitude, while the other soaks it as mercilessly. And so we made our way back to La Teste. The train spent an hour in covering the eight miles: perhaps the heat tried it. As we returned in the evening to Bordeaux, a huge beam of purpled smoke was visible, trending obliquely from the heart of the forest towards the heavens. Our fellow-travellers were much agitated by the sight. Indeed, they had some reason to be, if they were either sympathetically or pecuniarily interested in the Landes. A forest fire had broken out. How it would burn, with such resinous fuel to feed it, the imagination may readily conceive. These contingencies represent yet another of the hardships attendant upon cultivation in this fascinating yet not altogether cheerful district. This fire in a few hours consumed, it is said, about forty thousand pounds' worth of timber.

## THE MYSTERY OF PILGRIM GRAY.

### CHAPTER IV.—CONCLUSION.

WHEN Harborn reached the office next morning, after a more restful night than he had known for some days, his gloomy forebodings had been dispelled. He sat down at his desk to open his letters without any dread of the possible threats of creditors. He broke the seals and read communication after communication—by no means cheering—without a single qualm. With few exceptions, these letters would have driven him half-crazy with despair four-and-twenty hours ago. But things had changed. The bank was as firm as a rock now. His credit would be saved! For wasn't there a draft on demand for seven thousand eight hundred pounds lying snugly stowed away behind iron doors? Yes; before four o'clock that day, Harborn reflected, the bill would have been discounted—it was drawn upon a leading San Francisco bank—and his affairs would be once more in a solvent condition.

He unlocked the safe and took out the bank draft that Zilpah had left in his keeping. While he still stood with it in his hand, revolving in his mind the best and quickest method of converting it into hard cash, the door opened and one of the clerks came in. 'Mr Garfoot, sir. He wishes to see you.'

'Michael Garfoot?' said Harborn. 'Show him up-stairs.'

Among the first to put money into Harborn's

bank, when Harborn's father started the Loan and Deposit business in the market-place at Boston, had been Michael Garfoot. During the last thirty years his account with the bank had been steadily on the increase. Harborn therefore regarded him as one of the oldest if not the most important client.

'Well, Mr Garfoot,' said the young banker cheerily as he placed a chair for the blacksmith, 'what can we do for you?'

Garfoot wore a greatcoat buttoned up over his leathern apron, of which an inch or two peeped out below his knees. He sat down and began to twist his low-crowned hat nervously in his hands. 'I reckon, Mr Harborn, you've not heard the news. Your manner tells me that.'

'The news, Garfoot?' and Harborn regarded the blacksmith more attentively. 'What news?'

'Terrible, sir,' he answered in a husky voice. 'You may hammer it into as neat a shape as you choose, you can't make it anything but terrible—leastways, for me and my girl.'

'Zilpah! She's not ill?'

'No. She bears up wonderful,' said Garfoot—'wonderful, considerin'. For it's likely enough there'll be a warrant out afore the day's over agin her and me.'

'What can you mean?'

'That's what I've come to tell you. Something happened last night, sir, that looks uncommon like the worst o' crimes—murder. An individual was struck down, as it's thought, in St Botolph's Tower; and the individual's name is Pilgrim Gray.'

'Pilgrim Gray?' and the colour left Harborn's cheeks.

'My old apprentice, Mr Harborn,' said the blacksmith, 'and Zilpah's young man.'

'And you—Zilpah and you—are suspected of being concerned?'

'Ay, suspected. You can't hammer it into a better word, sir, try how you may.'

'But—the thing's preposterous,' cried Harborn, with an indignant and angry look. 'How is it possible that you or Zilpah should be concerned?'

'That's soon told,' said Garfoot; and he proceeded to relate how his daughter was known to have been in St Botolph's Tower for an hour and more yesterday afternoon; how he, owing to a fit of abstraction, had neglected to light St Botolph's lantern at the hour of sunset; and finally, how, the lantern being once set going, Pilgrim Gray had been discovered by Zilpah lying on the terrace injured seriously, and like to die. 'At the very moment we found him,' Garfoot concluded, 'who should appear at the open archway at the top o' the stairs, Mr Harborn, but Matt Hibbins the verger, and a mariner what calls himself John Grimshaw! We carried Pilgrim down-stairs among us, and conveyed him aboard the mariner's ship. He's a-lying there now 'twixt life and death.'

For a moment they sat silent, looking fixedly at each other. The blacksmith was the first to speak.

'Mr Harborn,' said he, laying his hand respectfully on the young fellow's knee, 'I've known you all your life; and there ain't no

need to set the sparks a-flying when dealing with the true metal I b'lieve you to be. Come, sir! We had best understand each other at once.'

'What is it?' said Harborn, apprehensively.

'My girl was here, in this very office, about the time all this terrible business was a-going on. I've got her word for it! She's told me everything. You haven't a thought to deny it; have you?'

'No! Zilpah was here about five o'clock last evening,' said Harborn, taking the bank draft from under a paper-weight and handing it to the blacksmith.

Garfoot took it and examined it thoughtfully. 'The mariner, John Grimshaw, gave this to me,' said he, 'in that black-sealed letter to Zilpah from Pilgrim Gray. That was a week or two ago. I've a mind to give it back.'

'Why?'

'Why, Mr Harborn? Why, you see, sir, I'm mighty doubtful whether this money is my girl's a'ter all. How'd it be if Pilgrim should recover? He might lay claim to this here seven thousand odd pounds. There ain't no saying. But how'd it be should he die? Which it ain't unlikely! If this seven thousand odd pounds be used, sir, used as a desperate means o' saving your bank from a smash-up—you'll excuse plain speaking—wouldn't there be a sort of a reason to suspect you alonger Zilpah and me?'

Harborn started up from his desk. 'I never thought of that!' said he; and he began to pace to and fro.

Garfoot watched him distressfully, still turning the draft over and over while waiting for Harborn to come to some decision. Suddenly the young banker paused and rested his hand upon the blacksmith's great shoulder. 'She has told you that I love her; hasn't she?'

'Yes. My girl has kept nothing back.'

'You've no word to say against it?'

'Not a word,' said Garfoot.

'You have full confidence in me?'

'Ay, my lad,' said the blacksmith, holding out his hand; 'I would trust ye with untold gold.'

Harborn grasped Garfoot's hand; then he said: 'Now give me back that draft.'

Garfoot gave it back without hesitation; and then rising from his chair, shook Harborn by the hand once more, saying, 'I'll leave the business to you, sir, and trust you to act as a man of honour would do!' and then he went out.

Harborn had risen from his desk. A look of firm resolve crossed his face. The crash might come; the doors of the bank might be closed; but this draft on a San Francisco house, which had fallen so strangely into his hands, should never pass into circulation while a knowledge of its existence might even remotely injure Zilpah Garfoot's name.

A week went by. The day was drawing to a close. Michael Garfoot, in his leathern apron and cap, stood beside his forge fire. His daughter stood opposite to him, working diligently at the bellows with both hands. These two figures standing there, with the fire-glow

more brightly reflected, as the twilight deepened outside, formed an expressive group. Zilpah's figure was even picturesque in its attitude of energy and half-conscious defiance. The blacksmith had no look of dreaminess now. His whole aspect was that of a stern and almost dogged workman, without any visible sign of poetry in his grimy face. He presently drew forth a piece of red-hot iron with the tongs, and began to strike sparks from it on the anvil, beating out the metal in masterly style. Zilpah leaned an arm upon the bellows, watching him.

'Ah!' said he at last, still busy with hammer and tongs, 'this here's the music for me a'ter all. There's none like it when you're regular overset! The fiddle is my 'obby, I'll not deny. It has helped to pass many an hour; ay, an' cheer it too! But this is the pitch-pipe to go by, my dear; leastways, when the troubles come.'

'Perhaps you're right, father,' said Zilpah wearily; 'but we had need to hammer till doomsday to lighten the weight of trouble that's come upon us.'

'Now, Zilpah, don't you give way, my dear,' said the blacksmith. 'It ain't like you. Our luck's sure to turn! How could it be otherwise with all these horse-shoes a-hanging round the walls?—Come! Light the lamp. I mustn't be late to-night with the lantern in St Botolph's Tower. I don't know what the verger would say if 'twere to happen agin!'

When her father was gone, Zilpah still stood leaning her arm on the bellows, keeping the dying embers aglow by a mechanical movement of her elbow, and throwing up fitful reflections of the fire. Her cloak hung loosely over her shoulders, as though she had lately been out upon some errand, and had come back too tired and disheartened to remove it. While she still stood lost in thought, the clatter of a horse's hoofs upon the highway stole upon her ear and roused her attention. She raised her head, and seemed on the point of flight. But before she had moved a step, Harborn appeared, leading in the black mare at the forge door. He dropped the bridle and came forward with both hands outthrust towards her: 'Zilpah!'

Her arm still rested upon the bellows. She moved her elbow, and awakened a blaze that was reflected upon both their faces. She met Harborn's glance with an intensely appealing look.

'Why did you hide the truth from me?' he cried. 'Why did you give me reason to suspect you for a single day? But I might have known. Forgive me! You are the best—the most generous woman that ever breathed.'

Again he held out his hands to her; but Zilpah never took her eyes from his face, seemingly too intent upon the words he was speaking to heed the gesture.

'I have had the good fortune,' Harborn went on, 'to learn the whole truth at last about the affair in St Botolph's Tower. You met Pilgrim Gray on the minster stairs—met him at the very moment of discovering his letter and the bank draft. You were on the point of coming to me; but he barred the way. There was a scene—a painful scene between you, I have little doubt.'

Zilpah put her hand before her eyes, but she uttered no response.

'It ended by your promising to marry him,' said Harborn, 'if he, on his part, would promise to lay no claim to the seven thousand eight hundred pounds for the term of five years.'

'Who told you this?'

'I have learned it from Pilgrim Gray himself, on board Grimshaw's ship. He is in a fair way to recover.'

'I'm glad of that. I was there an hour ago; but Captain Grimshaw wouldn't let me see him.'

'For the best of reasons, Zilpah,' said Harborn; 'another meeting between you in his present state of health would probably kill the man. When you abruptly left the tower—when you left Pilgrim Gray to his meditations—he was seized with a sudden giddiness and fell, striking his head against the stonework. There he lay until you found him an hour afterwards.'

'Poor fellow! I am much to blame. He looked as though he had been struck down,' said Zilpah—'and the verger gave it as his opinion that there had been an attempt on his life. Even Captain Grimshaw cast suspicious looks at my father and me. And I led you to believe, when I came to your office, that he was dead.'

'Yes. Why did you?'

'I dreaded being questioned,' said Zilpah. 'It was the only means of escape I could think of. We are no longer suspected?'

'No. And I'll take good care,' said Harborn, 'that no word is ever breathed against you again. The man has been subject to these attacks of giddiness ever since that serious illness that led to his reported death; for it was generally believed, at the time Grimshaw set sail, that Pilgrim Gray was as good as dead. He is not the man he was—never will be. He has never quite got over the effects of that fever; and there is little doubt that, what with the excitement of meeting you, and his jealous anger upon a certain night at seeing us here together—for it was Pilgrim's knock, after all!—naturally combined to unhinge him. But he is now out of danger once more.'

Zilpah had begun to draw her cloak more closely about her while he still spoke. 'I'll go and tell father at once,' said she.—'Thank you, Mr Harborn, for coming on your way home: thank you a thousand times! I can't tell you what a load you've taken off my mind.—Good-night!'

'Stay!' and Harborn stepped quickly before her as she moved towards the forge door. 'One word before you go. You can spare one moment more.'

'What is it, sir?'

'Zilpah, don't speak so coldly. I want to ask you a question. May I?—Well, suppose,' said he, stroking the sleek neck of his black mare thoughtfully—'suppose that Pilgrim Gray, realising, in his calmer moments, not only that you do not love him, but that a union between you would lead to serious misunderstandings as the years went by—suppose that, realising all this before it was too late, he had determined to free you from your promise—would you accept your release?'

Zilpah stared at him with wondering eyes, but no word escaped her.

'Suppose,' Harborn persisted—'suppose that, partly through his own good sense, and partly through Grimshaw's persuasion, Pilgrim Gray had resolved upon a long voyage with his trusty friend—a voyage that might extend over years—and that it was his wish to see the seven thousand eight hundred pounds invested in Harborn's Bank before he set sail—would you still keep me at arm's-length?'

'Dear friend! If it is really true,' she cried, —'if I am free—how can you ask?'

'Because I love you. Zilpah, it's true. You will not refuse me now?'

Zilpah took his outstretched hands. 'I have always loved you,' said she; 'but I never knew how deeply until I heard Pilgrim's knock, and—and you were gone.'

Harborn's Bank prospered. And at the end of five years the seven thousand eight hundred pounds, which had caused Zilpah so much distress, was repaid with interest to Pilgrim Gray. In the turret workshop in St Botolph's Tower, Michael Garfoot was to be often seen during the last days of his life seated on the oaken chest discoursing melodiously on his old violin. After Zilpah became Robert Harborn's wife, she seldom found the time to mount into the tower, as she was wont to do in former days; but her eldest boy was often there, seated at the blacksmith's feet, as the verger had often seen Zilpah Garfoot—he assured me in conclusion—when she was a child.

### THE MODERN NOVEL.

THE best-read productions of the modern press, in the sense of being widely read, are doubtless the newspaper, the monthly or weekly periodical with instalments of serials or short stories, and the modern novel, whether in one volume or three volumes, either bought or perused through the circulating library. The idlest as well as the busiest people, the jaded business man, the clergyman, the lawyer as well as the working man, alike expatiate and recreate themselves in the imaginary world conjured up in books. Dr Conan Doyle, no mean master of the craft, magnifies his office, and warns us not to look at fiction as a mere pastime. It was one of the most vital influences in the world; what the people mostly read, and what they read, they thought, and what they thought they did. 'It moulded the character, and the actions of men. When one thought of what a single good novel could do, of the thousands of weary hours it had lightened to the sad-hearted, of the sick men who had been cheered up by it, he felt doubtful whether there was one sphere of human effort by which one could confer greater benefit on one's fellow-men.' And R. L. Stevenson has said, in allusion to his own intellectual development, that the most influential books, and the truest in their influence, are works of fiction, because they repeat, rearrange, and clarify the lessons of life, 'they disengage us from ourselves, and they

constrain us to the acquaintance of others.' We need not give opinions from readers, although much might be said of the abuse of this power, and also of over-production, as well as of the increase of 'Sexmania' novels, a passing disease in fiction, which it is to be hoped will soon yield to healthier influences.

No daring interviewer has hitherto managed to print a list of the reading of Queen Victoria, but it has been stated that she has read some of the novels of William Black and Thomas Hardy, Edna Lyall's *Donovan*, and in 1892 accepted a whole set of the novels of Marie Corelli. The favourite reading of the late Czar of Russia consisted of the fiction of all countries. Darwin enjoyed a novel being read to him, while Carlyle solaced himself with Marryat and the like, ere he buckled to the re-writing of the burnt first volume of his *French Revolution*. Ruskin likes a good novel, and what is more, has hinted as to improvements in the writing of them. One of the discomforts of his old age has been that the novelists have not allowed him to stay long enough with the people he likes, and that for the growing good of society, the 'varied energies and expanding peace of wedded life' should have more attention. 'The true love-story begins at the altar,' says R. L. Stevenson in his essay *El Dorado*; and Andrew Lang tells us the 'story is the thing,' and that all sorts of fiction are good save that which is wearisome.

The annual issue of novels, tales, and other fiction, in the shape of new books and new editions, is far beyond the powers of the most voracious reader. It amounts to something like three books for every day in the year, and in the case of 1894, if we include new editions, with two hundred or so to spare. Reports from librarians unite in telling us of the run upon fiction in the shelves of every public and circulating library. The Tate Library, Brixton, with five thousand novels on its shelves, had only one hundred not in circulation the other day. Mudie's first order for a novel in demand is sometimes three thousand copies. The success of the cheap collected editions of the works of Black, Blackmore, Hardy, Meredith, and others, with the continued sale of Scott, and the revival from time to time in the shape of new editions of the older and more classical storytellers, all point in the same direction.

There are many modern successes which are not easy to account for. These we can but chronicle, and the reader may make his or her own deductions. For instance, the sale of thirty-four of the books issued by Mrs Henry Wood has exceeded a million of copies; and had she been able to secure a royalty on all the dramatisations of them, she might have been, if not a millionaire, at least a much wealthier author. *East Lynne* leads off at four hundred thousand; *The Channings* at one hundred and forty thousand; *Mrs Haliburton's Troubles*, one hundred and twenty thousand; and so on down the long list, in a descending scale of popularity. Of the *Heavenly Twins*, four thousand were sold in three-volume form, and fifty thousand altogether in 1894. *Dodo* and the *Yellow Aster* both did well: of the latter, three thousand went in three-volume form, and the book is in a

fourteenth edition. Of Hall Caine's *Manx-man*, fifty thousand copies were sold in five months. The sale of Scott's *Antiquary* during the first week of publication was six thousand copies. Of Mr Du Maurier's *Trilby*, one hundred thousand copies were disposed of by Harpers in America in ten weeks, and eight editions followed one another immediately on publication in this country: this last in three-volume form, a rare event in the case of any novel. The American selling price, we may add, is a dollar and a half; the English edition was published at the orthodox thirty-one shillings and sixpence. The original drawings illustrating *Peter Ibbetson* and *Trilby* have been sold for fifteen hundred pounds.

We were lately told that Mr Stanley J. Weyman made six thousand pounds in one year: this is explained when we know that he was able to put four books on the market when the tide turned in his favour, and as he has himself acknowledged, two thousand pounds of this sum came from America. The sale of J. M. Barrie's books was slow at first; it took five months to sell the first five hundred of *Auld Licht Idylls*: a notice in the *Spectator* started the book; and *A Window in Thrums* has run up to fifty thousand copies; while of the *Little Minister* forty-six thousand have been sold. It is quite natural here to point to the success last year of S. R. Crockett with the *Raiders* and *Lilac Sun-bonnet*, while the fortunate author has engagements booked up till the end of the century; and Ian Maclaren's (Rev. John Watson) *Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush*, has had a sale of thirty thousand copies in five months.

The increase in the demand for fiction has quickened the competition immensely amongst editors and publishers for the services of the first five or six leading novelists, and forced up prices in proportion. It is quite possible for a novelist who has a vogue, and who is neither a Thackeray nor a Dickens, to command one thousand pounds, or even fifteen hundred pounds, as the price for serial issue alone. A common method is to farm out a story through a syndicate or literary agent. Literature to the man who has a big public is not altogether a beggarly business. The gross value of Lord Tennyson's estate was over fifty-seven thousand pounds; that of Mr Froude was a few thousands more; while the value of Victor Hugo's personal estate in England was ninety-two thousand pounds. Chapman arranged to pay Dickens seven thousand five hundred pounds for his unfinished *Edwin Drood*, with a share in after-profits. George Eliot received in cash down for her different novels at least forty thousand pounds, *Romola* alone yielding seven thousand pounds. Wilkie Collins received five thousand pounds for *Armada*, and three thousand pounds for *No Name*. The Bonners of Philadelphia have paid Mrs Hodgson Burnett as much as three thousand pounds for a new story. No wonder Mr Grant Allen turned his back in 1885 on the fight against poverty at scientific work, 'and took to penny-a-lining at vulgar stories.' But all do not receive the great prizes of literature; the highest work is not the best rewarded. Mr J. A. Symonds calculated that for eleven years' labour on his *Renaissance in*

*Italy* he received fifty pounds a year. And there are authors who work harder than the average clerk or business man, who cannot keep their heads above water. In literature, as in other professions, there is always 'plenty of room at the top,' and the best reward there. The struggle is at the foot of the ladder.

There is a fickleness about the regular novel reader: he is a perfect Athenian, ever craving something new; ready to drop a favourite author, when tired of his characters and trick of style, in favour of a fresh hand. Thus the older writers get elbowed out and forgotten in a surprisingly short space of time. We do not mean to indicate that this is quite the case with William Black, Besant, and others we could name who have been before the public for twenty years and more; but so many younger men have struggled to the front, that the stage is crowded, and all do not get a proper hearing. Rudyard Kipling, Rider Haggard, Stevenson, Barrie, Crockett, Hall Caine, Dr A. Conan Doyle, Mary E. Wilkins, Stanley Weyman, Gilbert Parker, Anthony Hope, all demand and have received the patronage of the fiction-reading public. So one writer crowds out another, and the question will be, Who is to stay? To be ignorant of the younger men is to belong to a past generation, although one feels that keeping up with them is often done at the expense of the 'classics.' Even the form of publication has been threatened; one volume, two, or three, what shall it be? Scott's *Pirate* brought in the thirty-one-and-sixpence price in 1822, while *Silas Marner* was amongst the first of the novels at six shillings and in one volume, a form and price which is very popular at present.

The foundation of Arrowsmith's well-known Bristol Library began with the phenomenal success of 'Hugh Conway's' *Called Back*, which sold for a time at the rate of ten thousand a week, and in less than four years had run up to three hundred and forty-eight thousand. The author had parted with the copyright for eighty pounds, but the publisher (as in the case of the Harpers and *Trilby*) generously gave him a royalty afterwards on the copies sold. One of the later successes of this series has been Anthony Hope's *Prisoner of Zenda*, which soon passed into a twelfth edition, and which, along with three more works from the same pen in 1894, and many magazine sketches, brought this clever writer rapidly to the front. He has gained a place in five or six years; and his 'Chronicles of Count Antonio' in *Chambers*, and other works, promise that he will keep it too, and advance. Like Anthony Hope, F. Anstey (Guthrie) and many another well-known author, Mr Rider Haggard, when he began literary work, only thought at first of filling up his time when preparing for the bar. The success of *King Solomon's Mines* led him on the ice; and of his most successful story, *She*, written at fever-heat in six weeks, one hundred thousand copies have been sold. Being a country gentleman, Mr Haggard can write how and when he pleases, which seems to be in winter, when there is less temptation to an out-of-door life. *King Solomon's Mines* is not far behind *She*, at ninety-four thousand. Rudyard Kipling, who has made capital of Tommy Atkins both in verse and



prose, has given literary form to a vast body of Anglo-Indian folklore and garrison romance. Ever since *Micah Clarke* and the *White Company*, and the better-known Sherlock Holmes stories, Dr A. Conan Doyle has been a popular favourite; while Stanley J. Weyman dates from the *House of the Wolf*, and has extended his reputation with *A Gentleman of France*, *The Red Robe*, and *My Lady Rothera*. So that the historical romance of adventure is anything but dead amongst us. The novel and sketch of Scottish life and character begun by Scott, indifferently successful in the hands of Lockhart and John Wilson, and continued by Galt, Mrs Oliphant, George MacDonald, and William Black, received a powerful impulse from the work of J. M. Barrie, and has lost nothing in the hands of S. R. Crockett.

Thomas Hardy, Blackmore, William Black, Walter Besant, Mrs Oliphant, Miss Braddon, 'Ouida,' W. Clark Russell, 'Edna Lyall,' W. E. Norris, Marie Corelli, George MacDonald, Jerome, Rhoda Broughton, Wilkie Collins, Grant Allen, Trollope, Lord Lytton, and others, have had nothing to complain of from the readers at the circulating library. Mr Blackmore's *Lorna Doone*, one of the finest of our modern romances, had, as the *Spectator* says, 'the superior advantage of being novel as well as a novel, and came upon the world with the freshness and sunshine of a spring morning.' To other than the Devonshire man, it is 'as good as clotted cream almost.' Murray indicates its value as a guide to Exmoor. At first neglected, Mr Blackmore believes his romance caught on when the 'marriage of the Princess Louise with the Marquis of Lorne happened by the similarity of name to bring the book to public hearing.' It has gone through thirty-eight editions, while the original three-volume edition has been reprinted. Mr Blackmore has never again reached the same high-water mark. Since *Far from the Madding Crowd* (1874), Mr Thomas Hardy has had an excellent constituency, although *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* has been too much for some of his early admirers. Between three and four pounds have been offered for a first edition of the *Madding Crowd*. For long, George Meredith could hardly be called popular, though the recent issue of a cheap edition immensely widened his reading circle. The veteran novelist commands and brings a large price. When Mr Payn tells us that his average income for thirty-five working years has been fifteen hundred pounds a year from all sources, we guess how he stands with the public. He began by being frequently rejected, and the earnings of the first year of his married life were not much over thirty pounds. As the plot of *Mehalah* came to Mr Baring-Gould during a sleepless night at Mersea, Essex, and after a visit to a dreary house on a marsh, so Mr Payn's clever plot of *Lost Sir Massingberd*, which first appeared in *Chambers's Journal*, came to him while seated on the top of a stagecoach.

What Mr Swinburne has called one of our greatest masterpieces of narrative, and Mr Besant a picture of Europe before the dawn of learning and religion more faithful than anything in Scott, is Charles Reade's *Cloister and the Hearth*, which at first appeared as 'A Good Fight' in *Once a Week*, was recast, published about

thirty years ago, and lately achieved the honour of a sixpenny edition. In writing his story, Reade perused whole bookshelves and ransacked libraries. It appears that the editor of *Once a Week* having hinted at the speedy termination of the story, Reade reversed the catastrophe as it stands in volume form, as he made Gerard and his sweetheart happy. Mr Quiller-Couch agrees with Mr Besant as to this being one of the greatest of our modern historical novels. It is something, surely, to get all this for sixpence. At the date of his death, the romances of incident and adventure from the pen of R. L. Stevenson had all achieved wide recognition. Of *Jekyll and Hyde*, eighty thousand had been sold; about the same number as of Olive Schreiner's *African Farm*. *Treasure Island* stood at fifty-two thousand; *Kidnapped* at thirty-nine thousand; and its sequel, *Catriona*, at twenty thousand. These numbers are not remarkable. The greatest master of words amongst recent writers, he has defined his secret as 'elbow grease.' Though he was hardly a popular writer at first, the gruesome story of Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde helped to carry his name abroad; but his sure touch in criticism and refined and delicate prose early gained the ear of the intelligent public, through his incomparable essays. According to Dr Conan Doyle, no man ever had a more delicate perception of the meaning of words than Stevenson, although his stories, while faultlessly composed, lack the robust vitality of Scott. But as a stylist he has been widely influential. A happy inspiration for a child's map of a treasure island suggested the outline of the story of that masterpiece in narrative. The *Spectator* has said that the boys who lived between *Robinson Crusoe* and *Treasure Island* are boys who had only a foretaste of what was in preparation. The success of the Edinburgh edition of his works in twenty volumes lends colour to the opinion that much of his work will become classical.

John W. Parker only ventured to print seven hundred and fifty copies of the *Heir of Redclyffe*, the maiden effort of Charlotte M. Yonge. Since it came into the hands of Macmillan in 1864 it has been reprinted twenty-two times up till 1889; the *Daisy Chain*, by the same author, has gone through twenty editions in the same period. Though it is not a novel in the ordinary sense, we note that *Tom Brown's School-days* was reprinted four times in 1857, and about fifty times altogether; while *Carrots*, by Mrs Molesworth, has been printed nineteen times between 1876 and 1889. Charles Kingsley's *Westward Ho!* in its various editions since 1885, has been printed at least thirty-four times. *Mr Isaacs*, by F. Marion Crawford, has been printed eighteen times between 1882 (the date of issue) and 1889; the demand for this story in 1883 seems to have been considerable, as it was at press nine times. *Doctor Claudius*, by the same author, has been printed nine times in six years. William Black's *Princess of Thule* (1873) has been reprinted fourteen times up till 1886. Four editions were called for in the year of publication. The *Strange Adventures of a Phaeton* has also been reprinted fourteen times. All this and more in this paragraph may be learned from the model bibliographical catalogue of Macmillan & Co.

*Misunderstood*, by Florence Montgomery, has been reprinted twenty-three times. We would like to know how often Mrs Craik's *John Halifax* has been reprinted, and also George MacDonald's *Alec Forbes*, but no facts are forthcoming.

In a brief article we can only touch the fringe of a big subject, and cannot touch fiction for the young, nor the American writer. We fancy E. P. Roe and Lew Wallace, whose *Ben-Hur* has sold to the extent of six hundred thousand, have had the largest sale in the United States. Dr Holland, the founder of *Scribner*, is not far behind them. The immense sale of 'yellow backs' goes without saying, and of sixpenny editions, such as Wilkie Collins's *Woman in White*, one hundred thousand is a common first impression. The secret of the immense popularity of Mrs Henry Wood has been ascribed to the fact that she was the novelist of the 'commonplace respectables'; that 'she could embody for us the ordinary middle class, unintellectual, half-disagreeable folk, of whom there are thousands round us, courting, fighting, stealing, giving, exactly as she described them.' Charles Lever tells us he wrote as he felt, sometimes in good spirits, sometimes in bad, always carelessly. 'God help me, I can do no better.' The authoress of *John Halifax* doubts if any really immoral man or irreligious woman ever made a good novelist. 'Whatever you give, let it be the best that it is in you to give, whether success ever come, or be long delayed,' says Mrs Parr. And no advice could be better.

## COUSIN CHARLEY.

### I.

'SHE is lovely!' said the cousin from Buenos Ayrea.

'Indeed!' said little Flo.

'And our meeting was quite a romance. Green hawthorn boughs and roses and things on all sides—after we got out of the station. I am glad I managed to take the wrong train from town!'

Flo held up her finger, laughing. 'Think of poor little me—and of the pony—waiting half an hour in dismal disappointment, and then crawling back alone, past the same hawthorn boughs and roses!'

'Oh yes,' said Charley, laughing back. 'But one can't connect romance with you, or with—the pony.'

'Then tell me about the beauty.'

'Well, she got out of the same train, and nobody met her either. She had a little bag to carry, and I had nothing. So, when we got out of the station and began to march solemnly down the one long road, I raised my hat and said, "Allow me," which may have been uncivilised; but when a fellow has just arrived from the wilds, he can't be expected to know that it is rude to offer to carry a lady's luggage. She turned the loveliest indignant face in the world upon me, hugging her bag with both hands. "No—thanks," she said shortly, and proceeded to the very farthest side of the road. It made me very red; and then I began to feel amused; for she was looking with all her

might for a stile to get over; and if there were any breaks in the hawthorn, those sweet wild-roses crammed them up.—Honestly, Flo, do I look very—primeval?'

She pretended to study him, but answered fairly: 'No; only fresher than most people. Not a bit like a tramp.'

'She did not like my presence, though, un-introduced! And you see we walked at pretty much the same pace; she on one side and I on the other. I think the roses near her were sweeter; she kept her eyes on them, and I glanced that way too. But suddenly she turned and caught my look. Then she stopped to fasten a bootlace that was *not* untied; and as she meant me to proceed, I did it, though it was hard.'

'Poor boy!' said his cousin feelingly, patting his shoulder as she spoke. 'What a long story! And are you very, very smitten?'

'Oh, awfully,' said Charley. 'Be a comfort to me, Flo.'

She smiled as frankly as himself. 'Indeed, I will,' she said. 'You shall pour out your woes to me as you used, and I will advise you; and ask her to tea.'

Out of the depths of an easy-chair came a sudden interruption: 'Well, children, and what about the wedding?'

They stared at each other blankly. The wedding!

Flo looked down at her hands. They were not pretty. Useful little pudgy things, not overburdened with jewellery. She wore only one ring, and it flashed in her eyes now, reminding her of something.

Charley, following her look, started. 'Oh!' he said.

A shadow of constraint fell over them. It spoilt their talk, and made them—these old comrades!—positively shy. It was absurd. Flo said so to herself, looking as if she would like to pull off her only ring. But she had worn it long, and only soapy water could get it from her finger.

She and Charley had always been the best of friends; but just before he went, a boy of twenty-one, to make his way abroad, they had had a sentimental fit. Charley had spent an uncle's tip on a ring for her, and Flo's parents took the matter seriously, though the two young things got over their sentiment very soon.

After the first few mails, Charley wrote no more flowery details of the house he meant to build, and the telegram he would send to fetch her when it was ready; and Flo quite gave up studying the wedding gowns in papers. But when Flo was left an orphan, and Aunt Mary had addressed to him a long and solemn letter, he wrote to Flo, bidding her remember she belonged to him, and then filling up the rest of his letter in the old brother-fashion.

Now Charley had come over to England 'for a spree,' he said. He found his little cousin the same as ever, a bright, busy, little soul; fair and round, and not particularly beautiful, but the jolliest little comrade in the world. The very first morning she had gathered up his socks and carried them off to mend, in the nicest and least romantic way. Like a shock to both of them came the fact, never soberly faced

till now, that they were engaged to each other!

Aunt Mary, very kindly and considerately, remembering that the two had not had a private talk since Charley's coming on the day before, rose up from her comfortable chair and left the room. Her niece looked after her in consternation; and Charley gave an embarrassed laugh, and then began to whistle. There was no savour in an obvious tête-à-tête with Flo. It was she who solved the difficulty by getting up and retreating after her too kind relation. 'It is ridiculous!' she cried, pausing on the threshold; and then she slammed the door.

'My dear child'—Aunt Mary was holding forth in the kitchen, whence the only maid had been despatched upon a message. Flo knelt on the fender, making toast, and her cheeks were as hot as her angry little brain.

'My dear child,' went on Aunt Mary solemnly, 'the present arrangement, sanctioned by your parents, is eminently desirable. Charley and you know all each other's faults and habits; and such a good little housekeeper as you are is just the thing for a man in his position. I may say you have been brought up expressly for that purpose, since I have always in your training kept your probable future well in mind'—

'Bother!' ejaculated Flo.

'Besides, my dear, your parents quite considered it a settled matter. You would surely never disappoint their wishes, and for a whim of your own upset a plan known and approved by everybody, and especially advantageous to yourself and Charley'—

Flo's toast was burning black and ominous. She only said, however, getting redder, 'But if Charley does not care—for me?'

'He is very fond of you, I am sure,' declared Aunt Mary, 'and more than that would be superfluous'—

'Or—I—for Charley?'

'Do not be foolish!' With these words Aunt Mary caught the fork from her niece's careless hands and held up the smoking toast. Flo saw rebuke approaching, and decamped, but not to go and talk to Charley. There was a lump in her throat that would have to come out at her eyes.

'Take Charley for a walk.' These were Aunt Mary's commands, delivered stringently, and Flo, while fetching her hat, made up her mind that it should not be a solitary country ramble. It would have been so nice to tramp over muddy fields with Charley and chatter as they did of old. But that was impossible when they were sent out as engaged people, with the horrid consciousness upon them that they were truly such.

'We will call on the Smiths,' she suggested quickly, and Charley seemed relieved.

Out of Aunt Mary's sight, they were not so constrained, and managed to forget that they were anything but chums. As they marched up the weedy path that brought them to the Smiths', the rising fun in Flo's gray eyes encountered more in Charley's, and they rubbed their boots on the mat in merry fellowship.

There was tennis going on in the garden behind. They passed through a crooked passage, and came suddenly out among geraniums and balls and people.

'There she is!' whispered Charley—'the beauty of the station.' But Flo looked disappointed.

'That is Helen Smith,' she whispered back. 'Oh Charley, is she your style?'

'I think her very pretty,' said Charley stoutly.

His cousin raised her eyebrows. 'All right; I will present you,' she observed shortly, 'and you can go and talk to her.'

Charley was only too delighted. Properly brought up and introduced, he was quite acceptable to Helen Smith, and was permitted to fetch a camp-stool to her side. Her big dark eyes were very kind, and her voice was slow and friendly.

At the end of a very pleasant quarter of an hour, he looked lazily round to see what Flo was about, and saw her wandering among rows of distant cabbages with a tall and soldierly companion. As Charley could not keep his eyes entirely fixed on Helen Smith, he glanced over yonder now and then, and counted how often they passed the cabbages. Six times. It was rather rude of Flo to desert her cousin so completely. They turned. She must be coming now. But no; they went serenely off along a hedge of peas.

'Well, did you get on with Helen Smith?' said Flo, as she and her cousin proceeded home.

Charley, however, had a grievance which no gratitude could smother. 'What made you go off with that fellow?' he said. 'I didn't like the look of him at all.'

Flo looked up quickly, with the light of battle in her eyes. 'No? He is Helen's brother—an officer,' she said, and then was silent, though she had not uttered all she meant to say. After a while she spoke again, briskly: 'To-morrow, Helen is coming to tea.'

Charley was at his window. On the chest of drawers lay a row of neatly folded socks, fresh from Flo's tidy fingers. She had hemmed the crisp little frills of the curtains he pushed aside, and she had pinned illuminated texts above the mantel-piece. But he was not thinking of Flo. Perhaps of somebody with great dark eyes, and a slow, sweet voice. Somebody whose face was like that in a Christmas annual that Flo had once posted to Buenos Ayres, along with her own photograph in a tie and sailor hat. He had gazed long at the lovely face in the engraving—far longer than he had at the likeness of his little cousin! He had said then that he would never see such a face in real life. But he had seen Helen Smith.

All at once the small room seemed to stifle him. It reminded him of ties and promises that hemmed him in, ties that he could not fairly break. It made him feel as if all beautiful faces like Helen Smith's were far away, and amongst the rest of dear things unattainable; and he could not bear it.

Hurrying down the narrow stair, and just diving into Aunt Mary's presence to secure a

match, he went into the garden and began to smoke. A straggling apple-tree hid the stiff little red-brick dwelling from his view, and far down the twisting road he could see the trees and the white smoke of Helen Smith's abode. It was hard on a fellow to be bound like this. He had been a boy and an idiot then; but everybody took it for granted that he had the same mind still. And he could not fairly go up to Flo, kind little Flo, and say: 'You are a jolly little chum, and I like you very much; but I do want something else in a wife.' That would be a mean thing, and he could not do it. But if only—

'Charley!'

He started. Flo, in her cotton blouse and dark blue skirt, was hurrying down the path. Her face was red, as if she had been crying, and her hair was rather tumbled. 'I want to speak to you,' she called, panting. Then she took him to the very end of the garden, which no window saw, and began. 'Aunt Mary has been driving me wild. She keeps reminding me that you and I are engaged, and telling me that—that you really need me, and that it is horrid of me to feel—different. Oh Charley, we were such good friends before! and now I know we are both cross and miserable, and I am sure you are getting to hate me, and I—I am getting to hate you. It would be so much better if we were not engaged, and if we might do whatever we liked. I want to give you back your ring, Charley; and, please, let us be happy again!' She ended with a short, excited sob, and held out the ring glittering in her palm. There was a mark round her finger where it had been, and she had spent an hour trying to get it off with soap and water; but at last she had succeeded, and had brought it out all wet and shining.

Charley looked at her, full of relief. Poor little Flo! So she had been in the same condition as himself, only she was braver about it than he, and had had the courage to put an end to it all.

'So that is all square,' he said, after many arguments put weakly on his part, and a triumphant overriding of them by Flo. Tucking her arm in his own, he proposed a walk. But Flo shook her head, and said she had things to do. Would he take a note to Helen Smith?

## II.

He was free, quite free—Charley told himself so many times, as he tramped down the muddy country lane with Flo's little note in his pocket. It made a difference to everything; the very air seemed lighter, and the sun more cheery. Still, he was sorry that Flo had not kept his ring. She had had it so long; it did not seem nice of her to give it back like a trifle she did not prize or care for in the least. Might she not have said: 'I will keep my ring for your sake all the same, Charley?' He had asked her to; but she had declared that Aunt Mary would need its disappearance as a proof that matters were really at an end. Dear little Flo! She was as glad as he was to be on the same footing as of yore, and to have got rid of the complication that was upsetting their friendship for each other.

The Smiths' gate swung gaily shut as Charley sauntered through. The Smiths' cat sat on the door-mat very solemnly, but arose to greet him, and purred about his boots. And Helen Smith rose slowly from a hammock in the garden and met him on the grass. He was not taken into the drawing-room. Why should one introduce dirty feet to the crumbless carpet, and disturb the fluffy tidies on the chairs, when the sun was shining warmly on the lawn?

The note was opened and read. Something about bazaar-work, needing Mrs Smith to dictate the answer. She was out; but Charley was willing to wait, and Helen sat under the trees and looked enchanting; while he in his new-found freedom felt as if there were nothing to prevent his gazing at her as much as he liked, and as long as she would let him. The martial tread of Helen's brother disturbed them suddenly. He stalked up, leaving heavy traces on the grass, and shook hands with Charley very shortly. Then he looked round and asked if he had come alone. The civilian saw him march back into the house, and thought to himself that Major Smith was a poor specimen of a British soldier, in spite of his girth and height. It did not need Helen's soft laugh to explain that if his cousin Flo had accompanied him, Major Smith would not have been in such a hurry to retire, though he had 'letters to write.' And Charley considered that Flo was far too good for him, though he was Helen's only brother.

Helen did not talk much, now they were together and alone. But Charley trusted that Mrs Smith would not feel called upon to hurry. How beautiful she was!—not Mrs Smith, of course. How daintily her hair waved backwards, and how sweet and white were the hands that lay so idly on her lap. He could not help wondering how the ring Flo had repudiated would look on her taper finger. It would have to be taken in considerably first. And then the brisk swish of coming skirts was heard, and Mrs Smith called out 'Good-morning!' shrilly in advance.

Walking back, Charley shut his eyes and tried to call up visions of Helen Smith: Helen in long white floating robes, with flowers on her head; Helen on board ship, with the wide blue sea glinting up in her eyes; Helen standing on a veranda, greeting—somebody. The pictures he called up were pretty ones; but somehow they all stopped at the veranda, over which the jasmine stars were drooping, with the soft winds sighing past. Homelier, simpler pictures did not suit so well. It was easier to fancy some small, busy face, like Flo's, smiling across the teacups, or looking warmly up from the winter fire. He had too much reverence for the stately Helen to imagine her trotting about in a shabby house-frock, with a jingle of keys at her waist, and thoughts of tea and sugar. She was a beautiful thing to admire and treasure, not a mere ordinary being such as Flo.

Lightly, rapidly, the summer days went by. Flo made the dearest little comrade in the world, and when she said that Helen Smith was not her style, she would always end by talking of her beauty, which was very kind. But Charley could not get on with Major Smith.

Men are so greedy. His relief had been intense when Flo had cut the knot in early summer. They were free again, free to go back to the early friendship that had been no encumbrance, that had not shut all romance for them into one dull and narrow groove. And that was to both delightful. But now, when the time of his going was not so far, he was not so content. He did not like to think that his little cousin's face should brighten more for anybody else—that he should be 'only Charley' to her now. It was greedy and stupid to feel so. He told himself that with a laugh, and tried to be more charitable to this Major Smith, who seemed to have so much good sense. He would be a lucky man if he married Flo—if he was not only flirting—and at that thought Charley ground his teeth. If anybody dared to flirt with Flo, dear little Flo!

He took to watching Major Smith, instead of giving all his mind to Helen. Yes, he was sure of it—there was no sincerity in the man. He was amusing himself. And what would it be to Flo? Charley made up his mind to warn her. A brother and a chum might well do that. So he followed her into the garden, where she was picking gooseberries, and offered help.

'Thanks,' said Flo, displaying her scratched fingers wofully. 'The harm is done!'

'Oh, what a shame!' said Charley; and then, suggestively, 'Can't you wear gloves?'

'My hands are not ornaments, like Helen's,' retorted Flo snappishly, and continuing to thrust them into the thorniest bushes.

He helped to fill her bowl, and then, when she sat down on the grass to cut off the tops and tails, he established himself beside her and began to feel his way.

They talked of the house across the ocean—which Flo would never see—of the shiftless bachelor rooms that might be made so pretty—of the yellow rose that *would* not beat the jasmine, and that nobody ever tended. And Flo was full of such clever plans and fancies, that Charley said: 'I do wish you were there to carry them out!'

Flo laughed. 'Honestly, Charley, you are wishing that somebody like Helen Smith, somebody with beautiful eyes and voice—and primed with good advice from me—was sweeping up and down the veranda and ordering you to do things!'

'Talking of Helen Smith,' said Charley quickly—here was his chance—'I wanted to speak to you about her brother.'

'To speak to me?' and there was something very proud in the way Flo lifted up her little voice.

'Yes. I don't like the way—I mean I think he is trying to amuse himself—to'—

'Go on,' said Flo.

'Well, "flirt" I suppose you would call it,' finished Charley lamely—'with you.'

The bowl was overturned. The gooseberries rolled far and wide over the grass, and Flo stood up in a blaze of indignation. 'What right have you?' she cried tempestuously; 'and what business have you to suppose that, because you cannot care for me, because you do not think me pretty, others cannot? I will thank

you to let my affairs alone, and to try and imagine, if you can, that everybody may not feel as you do.' Then she caught up the empty bowl, and, crushing the gooseberries under her hasty feet, departed.

Flo was offended, and Charley found it a very serious matter. Rain had come on; there was no getting out. He was thrown on Aunt Mary's powers of entertainment, and got no help from Flo. The sitting-room had a damp and clammy feel. His own room was being 'cleaned' by a dilatory maid; the carpet was up, and could not be shaken in the wet. And Aunt Mary's talk was that of a barometer.

He waylaid Flo on the stairs once and began to make apologies. But she, sailing down, smothered in a big white apron, said she was busy, and quickly disappeared. Charley lingered in the draughty passage for a space, and then pushed open the kitchen door. The maid was up-stairs, and Flo in sole possession. The fire shone from the open range, and glittered on the polished things hanging about. Flo's hands, looking white and comely, were dabbling in white clouds of flour, and she looked so bright and busy that Charley forgot her wrath and took one step towards her. But on seeing him, her face changed, and the little song she was humming stopped. 'You must not come into the kitchen,' she said. 'Aunt Mary would not like it;' and her voice was dry and cold. She would not answer his beseeching except by a sharper repetition; and he had to remove himself from thence. That warm little picture fixed itself on his mind regretfully through the whole dreary afternoon.

She did not relent at night. And the next morning she had to go to a dentist, and Charley might not come with her. She would be all day about that and other things; and unless he cared to walk about the streets of a country town for hours in solitary state, he had better stay at home. So he stayed, and found the day extremely long.

He went over to the Smiths' for a little, but did not enjoy it so much as he expected. Helen looked as lovely as ever, but then she had always looked the same. For the first time Charley felt impatient, bored, and took himself off early.

He had observed a sudden look of Major Smith's as he said that Flo was coming back that evening; and he wondered if Helen's brother meant to have the impertinence to meet her. The fancy bothered him. He did not know by what train she would come. She would not say, but declared that all depended on the dentist and if he was merciful. But supposing that fellow Smith was going to hang about until she arrived, ought not Charley to go down? Even if Flo resented his brotherly attentions, still, as her oldest friend, and one who might have been more than that, he ought to take care of her, and keep the other, the insincere Major, at a distance. So Charley thought; and he marched along to his duty, feeling like a judicious guardian and a meritorious friend.

The first thing he saw on the platform was Major Smith staking up and down and watching the smoke of a coming train. He started

as Charley banged the little gate, but greeted him quite coolly. 'I just turned in to see about a parcel,' he remarked. 'Idiots, these porters!'

'They seem intelligent,' said Charley.

'Well, they can't find it,' said Major Smith. 'Say it has not arrived yet, and may turn up any time. So I must wait.'

'Can I do anything for you?' asked Charley most politely. 'I am waiting for my cousin, and perhaps—'

'Thanks so much; but I must see to it myself,' said Major Smith; and as train after train arrived, he questioned the guards and stuck to the platform. When Flo at last arrived, they were both still on the spot; when the Major said he must give it up, and the three went solemnly together down the road.

Flo was quite happy. The dentist had not hurt her much. But she had not forgiven Charley.

Major Smith was on one side, and he on the other; but Flo always turned to the Major when she spoke or smiled; and Charley strode glumly on and longed to punch his head, and do other zealous things that were not called for. It was a dismal walk for Charley. His cousin looked so bright and cheerful, and was so very oblivious of him; and he was sure the Major was only amusing himself; and altogether it was wretched. He had nothing to do but stare at the sloppy fields, and listen to their talk—so seldom including him—or think—

### III.

'A letter for you.'

'From Helen? Thanks,' said Flo carelessly, and she filled all the cups before she opened it. Helen Smith had gone on a fleeting visit somewhere, escorted by her brother. It was nice of her to write, but the letter could be nothing very special.

'Oh!' A short gasp made Charley look up. She sat quite straight, with her eyes wide, and her cheeks suddenly pale. Then she crumpled up her letter, and meeting her cousin's look, swallowed her tea quickly enough to make a casual observer think it had gone the wrong way, when she got up and hurried out.

Going up-stairs soon after, Charley heard a sound of crying. Flo's door was shut, and she did not speak when he called. There was clearly something wrong.

Poor little girl! So the blow had fallen, the thing that he had feared. Something in Helen's letter had done it. And a sudden anger rose in his mind against her. She was beautiful, charming; her eyes were dark and lustrous, and her voice was sweet. But she had not had the sense to avoid wounding her friend, or the heart to do it gently.

Poor little Flo! Charley had seen it coming; he had warned her, but she would not hear. And now Helen's own hand had shown up her brother; and Flo was comfortless. Oh, if Charley had only got that fellow in his grip!—that villain who had dared to play with her. He listened anxiously. She was crying still.

He called, and again; but she did not answer. So, with a sore heart, Charley went down and out into the garden. He stalked

about blindly, trampling over Aunt Mary's mignonette and young potatoes, thinking of nothing but his little cousin and her sudden grief. Then he saw a window open, and a face look tremulously out, and then Flo herself came slowly out and towards him. As he saw her sad little face approaching, his whole being longed to comfort her, and a great pity and anger filled him. More than that. In watching her, the fog of the last few weeks cleared suddenly, and Charley understood himself at last.

'Oh Charley!' Flo had come up now, and her eyes were full of the tears that were staining her kind little face. But while he was wondering how much comfort he dared to offer, she laid her hand on his arm and said: 'My poor boy!'

Charley stared. Was she going to console him for having given vain advice?

Flo continued: 'At first, I—I—oh, I don't know how I felt. But I was so sorry directly, and I—have been fearing to think how you would bear it.—Bravely, of course. But still I know how it will hurt; and if only I could do anything! Oh Charley, my poor Charley, believe me I am so sorry for you!'

'But why?' asked Charley blankly.

Flo seemed hardly to have the courage to tell her news; then she pulled herself together and said: 'Helen is engaged.'

After that, she thought that he was mad; for, instead of needing her support and comfort, he laughed, a great, wide laugh. And then she looked in his eyes, and her own brightened strangely.

'Is that all?' he asked.

'Oh yes,' said Flo, amazed, and she held up the letter for him to see. What was it that caught Charley's eye, far down the page? 'You naughty little girl, we might have been married together, if you had not refused poor'—That was on the other side, and Flo caught back her letter suddenly.

'Whom did you refuse?' asked Charley quickly.

Flo looked down. 'Major Smith.'

Then Charley took her hands in his own, and was encouraged when she let them stay. 'Do you know, Flo, I have found out something.'

'Oh Charley, so have I!'

### THE MONTH:

#### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE subject of meteorites is always an attractive one, if only on account of the interest which must attach itself to an emissary from the depths of space. For this reason, the lectures recently given at the Royal Institution by Mr Fletcher, F.R.S., met with much appreciation. At a moderate calculation, these luminous bodies travel at a rate of thirty or forty miles per second, a speed which is reduced to perhaps not more than four hundred feet per second when they come into contact with our atmosphere. Schiaparelli calculated that a meteorite eight inches in diameter and weighing thirty-two pounds would have its speed reduced to gunnery velocities even in the highly rarefied regions of the atmosphere,

although its initial speed may have been forty-five miles per second. Friction has not so much to do with this reduction of speed as the cushion of compressed air in front of the moving body. The luminous train which many meteorites leave in their wake may be accounted for by the recent researches of Professor Dewar with regard to the phosphorescence exhibited by bodies at an extremely low temperature after exposure to a brilliant light. The meteorite in passing through the air lights up the dust particles, and these continue luminous long after the meteor itself has become extinguished.

The utilisation of the Falls of Niagara as a source of energy, which, thanks to the dynamo, can be distributed over many square miles of country, will surely lead to the employment of many minor waterfalls in a like capacity, for a natural fall of water represents the very cheapest form of energy which we can command. Already many hundreds of waterfalls have been thus placed in harness, and, as a matter of course, their beauty has been spoilt by the juxtaposition of machinery. The Falls of Foyers, on Loch Ness, are, it is said, about to furnish the necessary power for a British Aluminium Company which is to establish itself there. The Falls are a great attraction to tourists, and we trust that they are not destined to assume the appearance of a manufacturing plant. In connection with this matter it may be mentioned that the difficulty of soldering aluminium has been solved by Mr T. M. Clark of Boston. No flux is necessary. A bit of solder is placed on the aluminium and rendered fluid by heat; it is then painted along the surface to be joined with a wire-brush. Two surfaces so treated will adhere so strongly that the joint cannot be torn open.

That mysterious action known as spontaneous combustion, which has been the cause of so many disastrous fires both on land and sea, was very clearly explained in a lecture on Fire-risks, recently given at Bristol by Dr Ernest Cook. Speaking of oils, he pointed out that they could be divided into drying oils and non-drying oils. The former included the animal and vegetable oils, which could not be distilled, but broke up under the process; while the latter are mineral oils, which can be distilled with ease. The non-drying oils will not ignite spontaneously, while the drying oils will do so. The action is due to oxidation, or union of the oil with the oxygen of the atmosphere. A board painted with boiled linseed oil will, when dry, be heavier than the original weight of the wood and oil added together, the absorption of oxygen accounting for the difference. This combination of oxygen with the oil will evolve heat, which in the case of the board will be carried away by the air. Oil-waste, if spread out so that the air will permeate it, will also give up the heat evolved in the same manner. But if the waste be placed in a heap, the weight of the upper portion will confine the lower part, and more heat will be produced than the air can carry away, and the temperature rapidly rises until the mass bursts into flame. 'This is the history,' said the lecturer, 'of what has doubtless often occurred in the cases of many fires of doubtful origin.'

The Society of Arts (London), with a view to encourage the development of photogravure in this country, are offering two prizes, the first being a gold medal and twenty pounds for the best reproduction of a selected picture; and the second a silver medal and ten pounds for the best negative suitable for such a reproduction. We may explain, for the benefit of the uninitiated, that photogravure is a process by which a photographic picture is reproduced on copper, which can be printed from in a copperplate press. It is generally considered to be the finest of all the photographic reproductive processes, not only because it gives most beautiful results, but also because the proofs, being in printing-ink, are as permanent as any printed matter can be. The method is only adapted to illustrations of the highest class, the process of printing from the plate being necessarily slow.

The British system of weights and measures is now being inquired into by a select Committee of the House of Commons; and according to the evidence given before this Committee by an official of the Board of Trade, the various methods of weighing and measuring which obtain in different parts of the country are most confusing. Practically, the only two European countries of any importance in which the metric system is not adopted are Great Britain and Russia, and the sooner that they fall into line with the others the better for the convenience of trade generally. Many weights and measures are in use among us which are not legally recognised, such as the carat, the boll (used in Scotland), the ell, the coomb (for measuring corn), the Winchester bushel, the butcher's stone (eight pounds), the miner's dish (a measure for ore used in Derbyshire); besides others. Then there were the Scotch and Irish miles, which differed from the recognised mile of 1760 yards; and, to go to smaller things, the druggist has two different ounces, one of 480 grains, and the other of 437½ grains. It is to be hoped that the Committee will put an end to these anomalies, and apparently the best way to do this would be to adopt the metric system.

M. Meillère of Paris has published the formula of a cheap and efficient disinfectant which is intended more especially for use in the sick-room. It consists of 1000 grammes of zinc sulphate, 5 to 10 centigrammes of sulphuric acid, 2 centigrammes of essence of mirbane, and 15 centigrammes of colouring-matter such as indigo. A small quantity of this mixture will not only act as a perfect antiseptic, but it will replace objectionable odours by an agreeable smell.

It is well known that the extreme tenuity of the air at great altitudes occasions much suffering both to mountaineers and aeronauts. A pigeon thrown from the car of a balloon will fall like a stone until it reaches a lower depth where the air is dense enough to offer sufficient resistance to the action of its wings. The short supply of oxygen at high altitudes makes exertion very difficult, and a case in point was furnished during the recent construction of the Peruvian Central Railway, a line which, starting from Lima, and proceeding inland, reaches an elevation of nearly 16,000 feet above sea-level.



At about half the altitude, the men could do a fair day's work; but after this there was a sudden falling-off in the work of one-fourth to one-third up to 12,000 feet. Higher than this, one hundred men were required to do the work which, at sea-level, could be easily accomplished by fifty.

Numberless methods for coating the bottoms of ships with so-called 'anti-fouling' paints and preparations have from time to time been brought forward, and vast sums have been spent in such enterprises, but without any really successful result. The importance of keeping the hull of a ship free from barnacles is instanced by a case recorded of a large vessel having used in one voyage a thousand tons more coal than she would have done had she been free from this pest. From two other vessels twenty-five tons of barnacles were removed. A coating of copper will effectually keep barnacles and other marine growths from the hulls of ships; and a process by which a hull can be electroplated by that metal has recently been put in practice at New York with every success. It has been patented by Mr T. S. Crane, of East Orange, New Jersey. The process briefly consists in attaching to part of the hull a temporary tray or bath, in which the necessary solutions are held in contact with the iron surface. First, an acid solution to clean the surface, and afterwards a copper solution, which in conjunction with an electric current deposits a layer of that metal upon the iron of the requisite thickness. The operation takes about four days, after which the bath is removed to operate upon another portion of the hull, until the whole is covered with a layer of copper so adherent that it can only be removed with a cold chisel. Of course the process can be hastened by the employment of several baths.

A new method of treating floors has been invented in Germany under the name of Wood-pulp Mosaics. The process briefly described is as follows: Particles of wood, such as sawdust and fine shavings, are thoroughly impregnated with shellac dissolved in alcohol, and are afterwards dried. A cement is then made by mixing fresh cheese whey and slaked lime, and incorporated with this is the shellacked wood. The compound is now allowed to dry to a certain extent, when it is placed in hot moulds under pressure, and thus takes any form required. After cooling, the compound becomes as hard as stone, and yet retains all the essential properties of wood; but it is not susceptible to moisture or to changes of temperature. If colour be desired, the wood is stained in the first instance, and then patterns can be worked out as in ordinary mosaics. The method is said to be particularly well adapted for use as floor-covering in living-rooms.

The cold wave which swept over the country in February will long be remembered by householders, if only because of the stoppage of the usual water supply, a stoppage due not to frost within their premises, but to ice-bound pipes beneath the roadways. It seems certain, from careful observations recorded by the Assistant Secretary of the Royal Botanic Gardens, London, that all pipes laid at a depth of two feet from

the surface are secure from frost, that is, in the case of private grounds. But owing to the reprehensible practice of strewing the public roadways with salt, they are turned into artificial refrigerators, and the pipes must surely suffer. This practice has again and again been condemned, as inflicting needless suffering on both man and beast, but it is continued all the same. Possibly the parochial mind cannot appreciate the fact that liquid slush can be colder than solid ice and snow.

Householders have a certain protection against the disagreeable incident of burst water-pipes within their premises, if they will only secure the means of emptying the pipes when the thermometer goes below thirty-two degrees. In the first place, there should be provided a stopcock to shut off the water from the street main. In addition to this there should be a small tap on the service pipe where it enters the house, so that the water remaining in the pipe may be drawn off. By this means the supply is kept under control, and no ice can form in the pipes. A similar draw-off tap should be provided on the hot-water pipe which serves the bath, &c., and all domestic boilers for the supply of baths should also be provided with a safety-valve. By such simple means, frozen water-pipes within the house and domestic boiler explosions would become impossible.

Four years ago, the Society for the Protection of Birds was formed as a protest against the wanton destruction of these beautiful creatures for decorative purposes, and it now numbers nearly twelve thousand members. The bird-wearing fashion, although it has greatly decreased, still continues, and the Society are endeavouring to impress upon members of Parliament that a law is still wanted to put some restraint upon bird-catching. In the meantime, there is another enemy to bird-life in the indefensible and increasing demand for larks for the table of the gourmand. A correspondent of the *Times* recently pointed out that in one poulterer's shop in London were to be seen twenty hampers packed with the bodies of these sweet songsters. Surely it is not too much to ask that protection should be extended to these birds, whose notes have given a theme to so many of our poets, and give such pleasure to all lovers of nature.

An excellent paper upon Cider-making was read recently before the Society of Arts by Mr Radcliffe Cooke, M.P., who stated that cider and perry making were flourishing industries two centuries back, but had since decayed. Within the last few years, however, there had been a revival, and there was every hope that the art was not a lost one, but would again become an important home industry. The recognised cider-fruit might be divided into 'Bitter Sweets,' such as the so-called Norman apples and the Wildings; and 'Red' fruits, with a sharper flavour, such as the nearly extinct 'Red Streak.' The best cider was made from an admixture of the two sorts of juice. He pointed out that cider was a very healthful beverage, and said that those who adopted it lived to an old age. There was no difficulty in expressing the juice, but the fermentation process was not sufficiently studied, and it was

there that failure commonly occurred. The process of cider-making in this country had recently been much facilitated by the introduction of improved appliances. The reading of the paper gave rise to an animated discussion, giving evidence that it had aroused much interest among the many who were present.

From statistics recently published, it would appear that the Infectious Diseases (Notification) Act of 1889, which has been rigorously enforced in London, although adopted or declined at will by other districts, has had no beneficial effect whatever, for there has been an increase rather than a decline in the diseases covered by the Act since its adoption. By this Act a case of, say, scarlet fever must be reported to the authorities both by the householder when the outbreak occurs, and by the doctor in attendance. But let us suppose that the case is of a mild type, and that it occurs in the house of a man too poor to call in medical aid. The patient is apparently suffering from a feverish cold, is confined to the house for a day or two, and then goes among his usual associates an innocent disseminator of the disease. The Notification Act, therefore, is a dead-letter with regard to those who are most likely in their ignorance to spread infection.

Few persons are aware of the enormous trade which is carried on in the supply of violets from the south of France, and particularly from the French Riviera. During the last two years the growers have noted with alarm a disease attacking the flowers, which occasions the greatest anxiety. The flowers are grown in the open fields to the value of many hundred thousand pounds annually, and the disease referred to manifests itself in a dropping of the leaves and a residue of bare roots. The application of a copper solution is found an effectual remedy, but the cost of applying it is a serious item of expense. In the meantime, there is no doubt that the 'modest violet' blossom is more highly esteemed than any other flower in season, and endless new varieties are appearing as a rival to the woodland original. One of these is a huge Californian variety with a bloom larger than a silver dollar, which is arousing great interest on the other side of the Atlantic. Its colour is a deep purple, and it is said to have a very strong scent.

The Catalonian cork industry forms the subject of a recent United States Consular Report. A large quantity of cork is exported annually from this district of Spain to the United States, the lesser purchasers being England, Italy, France, and the Spanish colonies. The cork forests are situated in Gerona, one of the four provinces comprising the principality of Catalonia. The trees grow for from three to four hundred years, and become productive at an age of about twenty-five years. The bark is then removed, and thereafter the operation is repeated every twelve or fourteen years. The greater part of the bark is made into corks for bottles, the rougher parts being reserved for rustic decoration. The fishermen also employ the coarser pieces as floats for their nets. The articles manufactured from cork comprise handles for bicycles, cigarette mouth-pieces, shoe soles, and visiting-cards. A very warm and lasting

flooring is also made from layers of cork. The cuttings and residue generally are ground to powder, and used for packing fruit; and if it is not good enough for this purpose, it enters into brick-making for building purposes.

A new advertising appliance which is designed to decorate the public roadways with lettering is described by a Parisian paper. The apparatus consists of a large tricycle with very broad wheels, upon which are fitted flat india-rubber tires with raised letters inscribed thereon. An air-blast in front of each wheel drives away the dust preparatory to the printing operations, for printing pure and simple it is, the wheels being inked by rollers placed above them. We trust that this new infliction will keep to the country of its origin. Luckily, its action must to a very great extent depend upon the weather. Upon wet asphalt it would make no impression whatever, and the words it printed would hardly be decipherable upon any other form of roadway. All things considered, it hardly seems good enough to tempt the enterprising advertiser from his customary groove.

#### ON A ROMAN CAMP.

HERE on this brow the Roman eagle made  
Her eyrie; hence she watched the wide champaign,  
And, taming the rude dwellers on the plain,  
Stablished that power which the world obeyed:

And hence the swart Italian, who had strayed  
Far from his home in sunnier Italy,  
Looked down with home-sick eye, and wept to see  
Bleak dreary wastes, that knew not axe or spade.

That day hath passed for aye; and whose stands  
Hereon, doth see no more the woods and heaths  
That lay of old beneath the sway of Rome,  
But corn and harvest, and green pasture-lands  
Dotted with flocks and herds, and circling wreaths  
Of blue smoke over many a quiet home.

R. C. K. ENSOR.

Next Saturday, May 4th, will commence the opening chapters of a new Novel, entitled

#### AN ELECTRIC SPARK,

By GEORGE MANVILLE FENN;

Also

#### RICHARD MAITLAND—CONSUL,

STORY II.,

By Professor R. K. DOUGLAS and L. T. MEADE.

#### \*.\* TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed to the 'Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
- 2d. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3d. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,  
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 592.—VOL. XII.

SATURDAY, MAY 4, 1895.

PRICE 1½d.

## AN ELECTRIC SPARK.\*

By G. MANVILLE FENN,

AUTHOR OF 'BEGUMBAGH;' 'WITNESS TO THE DEED;' 'ELI'S CHILDREN;' 'MAHME NOUSIE,' &c.

CHAPTER I.—AT FULL TIDE.

'No: there can be no mistake now. I have it safe—safe as anything upon this changing earth can be. Not a doubt about it.'

The sun shone brightly upon the green turf, but Paul Wynyan was brooding upon his own affairs, so that he did not see how it lit up the brilliant cups of yellow and scarlet where the tulips stood up rigidly, and ranked, like brigades from Flora's army, massed in the opening by the Abbey; but though the earnest-looking thinker paused by one of the carefully tended beds, as if to examine them, he still did not see the gay early summer flowers, for his mind was occupied with other matters, and he saw there before him the result of long months of arduous labour in the form of success—of fortune. This to him took the shape, not of a heavy balance at his bank, but of a pair of soft gray eyes set in a face that had for two years been to him that of his guardian angel, the decider of his course, and for whose sake he worked as few men of eight-and-twenty care to work, giving up every form of pleasure and social engagement, burning the midnight oil till he had, as he told himself, won, and with the winning gained the right to say to the keen, stern man he served: 'I love her: give her me to wife.'

Paul Wynyan could not see the tulips through Rénée Dalton's face; but in a few seconds he awoke from his dream, walked on quickly, and did see the tawdry drinking fountain whose ornamentation glittered in the sunshine.

'Gimcrack!' he muttered, and then strode along Great George Street, erect, proud, and as

if he were walking on air. Then he checked his pace, and one strong hand clutched his dark brown beard.

Carriages? Two, at the office door, forty yards away across the street.

Paul Wynyan felt startled, for the first was the doctor's brougham. Was his chief worse? Then his pulses began to beat with a heavy accelerated throb, for he knew the second brougham, a quiet-looking but perfect equipage with magnificent horses, and coachman and footman in quiet liveries.

He knew that carriage well in the park, at a distance, in square and fashionable street, where there were dinner-parties, and where, late at night, from knowledge previously gained, he had—accidentally, of course—been strolling along, smoking a cigar, about half-past ten, till, unnoticed, he could see a stiff-built, big-headed, elderly man lead out a graceful figure in light wrapper and lace veil to the carriage waiting. And at such times the young engineer would perhaps catch the flash of a diamond or the soft gleam of pearls in the lamplight. Then there was the clatter of hoofs, the whirl of wheels, and he went back to his chambers, to dream of the future and of the great work in hand.

But it was broad daylight now, as he walked up to the open doorway of Robert Dalton & Company's offices, stepped into the well-worn, dingy marble-paved hall, and stopped short facing a sandy and gray haired middle-aged man in black and shepherd's plaid.

'Hullo, young fireworks!'

'You, doctor? There's nothing wrong?'

'Who said there was?' was the rather acid answer. 'How are you? Needn't ask. My word, I'd give something for your physique, Wynyan. Strong as a horse—and young. Hah! But don't overdo it, my boy, don't overdo it.'

'But Mr Dalton! You've been to see him?'

'Yes; 'bliged to. He won't come to me. Oh, he's pretty well.—But, look here, Wynyan; you'll oblige me if you'll put the drag on him all you can. He's a good fellow, and we can't spare him. He really has overdone it. Stop him all you can.'

'I do; but you know what he is.'

'Oh yes, I know what he is. Talk about burning the candle at both ends: he does that, and melts it in the middle too.'

'But, doctor, surely there's nothing serious?'

'Eh? Humph! Well, I must be off: half-a-dozen important patients to see who have nothing serious the matter. The ladies are up-stairs.'

The doctor was off without answering the important question asked; and Paul Wynyan with his heart still beating heavily, hurried up-stairs to the principal offices on the first floor, where in the outer room four draughtsmen were busily at work with scale, compasses, and ruling pen, and a gray, plump little man of about sixty, with a quill pen behind his ear, and a small boxwood ruler across his mouth, rose from a green baize-covered table at which he had been busy writing in figures upon a plan held flat against a board with drawing-pins.

'Mr Dalton has asked for you twice, Mr Wynyan,' said the old man. 'You were to go to him as soon as you returned.'

'But he has company.'

'He wouldn't like you to study that, sir. Better go in at once.'

Wynyan drew a deep breath, steadied himself successfully, though the colour in his face was slightly heightened, hung his coat upon a peg, and crossing the room, he drew back a baize door, and then tapped sharply upon an inner one of oak, opened it, and stepped into a substantially furnished room whose walls and tables were covered with coloured plans; and the thick Turkey carpet littered like the wall and stands with papers, flat, rolled, and pinned out on boards.

Familiar objects these, but it was at the unfamiliar that Paul Wynyan gazed as he was greeted by a waft of fragrance, and faced the features which haunted his sleeping and waking moments. He was conscious of the brightness of flowers and fashionable attire, and then of the presence of some one beside the three ladies, for a sharp, rather bullying voice exclaimed loudly: 'Oh, hang it all, Mr Wynyan, don't you see that the room is engaged?'

'I beg pardon,' said the intruder; but he was interrupted by one of the visitors, whose voice thrilled Wynyan as she exclaimed reproachfully: 'Oh Brant, how can you!—We ought to beg pardon, Mr Wynyan,' she continued, holding out her delicately gloved hand, 'for intruding here. But I am so anxious about Papa. You know Miss Endoza?'

'I have had the pleasure,' said Wynyan, bowing as the lady named—a black-eyed, black-haired, waxen-complexioned girl of about seventeen—rose and returned his bow, gazing at him dreamily for a moment before the heavily fringed lids of her great eyes drooped slowly.

'And Mr Wynyan knows me too,' said the third visitor, a well-featured, rather faded lady of any age between forty and fifty, and once more a delicately gloved hand was extended to the engineer; 'but really, Mr Wynyan, you are not at all polite. You never call upon us, and we are always at home to you.'

The gentleman addressed as Brant turned impatiently away, made his teeth grate together, and said something known across Palace Yard as unparliamentary—but to himself.

'Miss Bryne forgets that I am not a society man.'

'Oh no! I do not,' said the lady. 'It is always this dreadful business.'

Just then a door behind the lady opened sharply, and the thick-set massively headed man of Paul Wynyan's dreams entered with a cheque in his hand. 'Here you are, *Rénée*. I shan't— Ah, Wynyan, back at last. Come in here.—There, my dear: that's the last donation I'll give them. I believe it's humbug. Take it, and be off for your drive.—Eh? Don't look shocked, Isabel, my dear.'

'But you quite frighten me, Mr Dalton,' said the foreign-looking girl, wrinkling her forehead and pouting.

'Do I, my dear? Then you shouldn't come and stir me up in my den when I'm busy.'

He smiled pleasantly as he took and patted the girl's hand, retaining it for a moment or two. Then turning to her elderly companion, 'There, Mary,' he said; 'now do rid me of these tiresome girls.—Well, Brant, what are you waiting for?'

'Oh, all right, uncle,' said the young man, glancing at *Rénée* and biting his lip.

'By the way, Miss Endoza,' continued the head of the firm quickly; but as he turned to the lady, he saw his nephew looking hard at his daughter. 'Did you hear what I said, Brant?' he cried.

'Yes,' said the young man sulkily.

'Then why don't you go?'

A sharp retort was on Brant Dalton's lips, but he checked it, made an impatient gesture, and went out, closing the first door gently, the baize with a bang.

Robert Dalton's head turned with an angry jerk, but it was brought back by his foreign-looking visitor.

'You really do frighten me, Mr Dalton,' she said, with a pretty little show of fear.

'No, no; I don't believe that,' he said.—

'Thank you both for the flowers, my dears. Now, good-bye.'

'But, Papa dear,' said his child, laying her hands upon his breast as he bent down to kiss her tenderly, 'you haven't told me what Doctor Kilpatrick said.'

'Eh? No. Oh, nothing. That I was quite well. To take a holiday or some nonsense or another, and— Here—I say,' he cried, in his quick sharp imperious manner, as he grasped *Rénée's* shoulders and peered sharply in her

face, turning then to look searchingly at Miss Bryne. 'This is a plot—an imposition: flowers for me from Covent Garden—cheque wanted for the Decayed Ladies' Asylum—Kilpatrick dropping in as he passed. Mary—Rénée—you witch—you told him to come.'

'Yes, Papa dear,' said the girl with the tears gathering in her eyes: 'we were so very, very anxious about you.'

'Tut, tut, tut!' he ejaculated impatiently. 'I'm quite well, only a little overdone with work.—There,' he said, changing his tone and once more bending down to kiss the sweet earnest face looking up so lovingly; 'I shall soon be more at liberty, and we'll have a run on the Continent. Mr Wynyan here will give me a holiday. There; run away now; I have urgent business with him.'

'Yes, Papa dear,' said Rénée, smiling once more.

'Good-bye, Spanish Gypsy,' continued the old man. 'Are you very much afraid of me now?'

'No: not a bit,' said the lady addressed, as she offered her lips to his salute.

'That's right. I shall see you on Friday of course.'

'Good-day, Mr Wynyan,' said Rénée, offering her hand. 'Do take care of Papa.'

'Yes, do, Mr Wynyan,' cried Miss Bryne, smiling quite maternally upon the young man.

By this time Robert Dalton had opened the inner door and then the baize.

'Here Brant,' he cried in his sharp imperious way: 'show the ladies to their carriage.'

The next minute, the baize door fell to, the great engineer's face turned ashy as he closed and slipped the bolt of the inner door; and as Paul Wynyan looked at him anxiously, he walked hurriedly to the great office table, took up the superb bouquet his child had left for him, raised it to his face in a dazed way, dropped it suddenly, and had just time to stagger to a great morocco-covered chair, Wynyan springing forward and guiding him as he sank back heavily.

'Water,' he panted—'glass;' and Wynyan caught a table filter from where it stood and filled a glass.

'Half,' said the old man in a hoarse whisper, and a portion of the glass's contents was sent flying over the carpet.

'Shall I call for help, sir?'

'No—that drawer—bottle,' and a trembling hand was pointed at the table.

Wynyan snatched open the drawer, caught up a small stoppered phial, read upon it the directions: 'Dose: twenty minims.' Then removing the stopper, he carefully let the required number of drops fall into the glass, held it to the fainting man's lips, and watched him as he drank it off quickly, and then sighed and closed his eyes as he lay back.

Wynyan took the glass from his hand, placed it on the table, and moved towards the door to seek for help.

'Don't go,' came from behind him. 'Better now. Hah! Thank God!' was breathed in a loud sigh. 'I shall be all right directly, Wynyan. Weak heart, Kilpatrick says. I don't look the sort of man, do I?' he added with a feeble smile. 'Hah,' he sighed. 'That's better.'

'Will you lie down, sir?' said Wynyan earnestly.

'No, no. It's passing off. A kind of spasm. Those drops work wonders. Must talk to you directly.'

'I would not worry about business to-day, sir,' said Wynyan in a tone of remonstrance.

'What!' cried the engineer with fierce energy now. 'Why, it is life to me. There; I'm myself again. Now then, Wynyan: sit down. Look here, boy. I've been half mad. Then they came—she came—God bless her! and I was obliged to keep it down. Look here, boy. I'll tell you now. It has been a terribly anxious time, but the negotiations have all been carried through. We've sold the motor.'

'To some company, sir?'

'Company? No, boy: at Whitehall—to the Government. They've paid me a heavy sum down—a big sum, Wynyan.'

'My dear Mr Dalton,' cried the young man excitedly, 'I congratulate you. Then now you must rest and grow strong.'

'Rest, boy? Congratulate me? It is ruin and destruction.'

Wynyan looked at him curiously. 'Ruin, sir?'

'Yes, Ruin. I thought—you thought—that we were perfect—that the cursed thing could not fail; and now it is like ruin to me and my bondsmen too; for, as usual in an invention, there was one little point we had forgotten, one little hole through which all our hopes escape. I only saw it last night, and doubted. This morning I have made sure. Two years of anxiety and labour cast away. In spite of all we have done, the motor as we have designed it is bound to fail, and even the greatest heads the Government called in were as blind as I.'

'Yes, sir,' said Wynyan, bowing his head: 'it was bound to fail.'

#### THE SUPPLY OF SEAMEN.

THE incessantly increasing proportion of foreign sailors and firemen in the many and various steamships and sailing-vessels of the British mercantile marine demands the careful consideration of all those who hold dear the red ensign of our futherland. Britannia can only continue to be supreme on the high seas provided her stalwart sons offer themselves for a life on the ocean wave in sufficient numbers to cope with modern requirements. Moreover, inasmuch as skilled seamanship is only obtainable by thorough training from youth to manhood, under every sky, it necessarily follows that boys and young men should be found forming an essential portion of every ship's crew. Warships may be of the most approved type, and numerous enough to satisfy the most exacting of competent critics. The naval architect can readily devise more and more powerful fleets; and money will doubtless be voted without a murmur to defray the cost of keeping up a first line of defence worthy of the premier nautical nation. Nevertheless, without sailors

and firemen, deck officers and marine engineers, battleships and cruisers would be worse than useless. The very fact that such splendid ships were afloat might mislead those 'whose heritage is the sea' by engendering a feeling of baseless security. In the old sailing-ship days of our masterful forefathers there were certainly a few foreigners serving in inferior capacities on board British merchant-ships; but, as a general rule, our sailors and officers were of British birth. They were second to none, neither with respect to quantity nor to quality.

Hence, when the dogs of war were let loose, the ships of the State could always fairly rely upon the services of many sterling seamen of every rank, who would readily volunteer from our carrying craft to help their native land in the hour of her need. Those who evinced any reluctance to risk their lives at the cannon's mouth not infrequently fell into the over-eager hands of the prowling pressgangs, so much in evidence when the world was younger. Such stragglers accepted the situation thus thrust upon them, despite every effort to the contrary, with but little demur, when once environed by the discipline and duty of a British man-of-war. In the days of yore, when pigtailed and long voyages were *de rigueur*, British boys yearned to become sailors. At the same time these ingenuous youngsters were warmly welcomed on board their country's cargo-carriers, making perilous passages under swelling sails to and from far-off lands. Charles Kingsley, in his soul-stirring story of *Westward Ho!* has delightfully described that absorbing love of the sea and seamen which animated British-born youths when Drake, Hawkins, and a famous host of undaunted rovers on the wild wastes of waters laid the firm foundations of England's naval and commercial glory. His vivid word-picture of young Amyas Leigh affords an insight to the intense attraction which the sea had for boys of that history-making epoch. That ardent youth addressing Oxenham, a navigator just returned home from an adventurous voyage to the Spanish Main, blurted out: 'I want to go to sea. I want to see the Indies. I want to fight the Spaniards. Though I am a gentleman's son, I'd a deal liefer be a cabin boy on board your ship.' Of such stuff are seamen made!

Steam and the screw propeller have almost killed that spirit of adventure which has helped to make the British flag evident and respected on every sea. No longer even does the hardy toiler of old ocean 'fill his pockets with the good red gold, by sailing on the sea, O!' Prudent parents more often prevail upon their boys to seek safer and more lucrative employment on dry land; and, worse still, many of those who actually proceed to sea soon throw up the nautical profession in deep disgust. *Robinson Crusoe* has an ever-widening circle of readers, but that enchanting book appears to have a decreasing influence upon each successive generation. Alfred Crowquill's moral appended

to one edition of Defoe's tale may not be known generally, but it is acted upon literally, and home comfort is at a premium. As a matter of fact, boys are seldom wanted now on board sailing-ships, except as apprentices in training for officers; and lads from the school-ships around our coasts experience very great difficulty in finding a ship-owning firm that will give them employment in the fore-castle. Able-bodied seamen are almost solely in request, but no attempt is made to bring up boys in the way they should go to become seamen for the replacement of those who die or desert. A stow-away is sent on shore as soon as possible after discovery. He also runs a serious risk of receiving three months' imprisonment in a common jail for his pains. Yet we must have sailors of mature age to man our carrying craft. British ship-owners exercise the right of all employers of labour by buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest, and sailor boys are seldom seen in our merchant-ships. Consequently, seamen of British birth are surely becoming a lamentable exception under the red ensign of our fatherland.

Captain A. G. Froud, R.N.R., during the course of an inquiry into the manning of British ships, found that of thirty vessels taken haphazard, no fewer than eighteen carried none but able seamen. Hence the fore-castle, or sailors' dwelling-place, of many a sailing-ship under the British red ensign is a veritable Tower of Babel, where every language is heard save our own. There are not wanting sailing-vessels belonging to one or other of our principal home ports, on board which master, officers, and men are all foreigners. Just eight years ago a Californian daily newspaper, the *San Francisco Call*, gave a curious example of the extent to which foreigners are carried in our merchant-ships. A large British sailing-vessel, the *Bandaneira*, at that Pacific port was one day the observed of all observers. She was decorated with flags from stem to stern, from truck to rail, as though it were the occasion of some national holiday. The paper's marine reporter ascertained that, although an English ship, captain and crew were Germans, and they took this means of testifying to their joy at the passage of a Bill in the German Reichstag which affected their interests. Ships thus manned would not only be a source of weakness, but also an element of danger, in war-time. The Liverpool ship *Theophane* disappeared while taking a coal cargo from New South Wales to Peru. Her published crew-list shows that her officers were British born, but her sailors were of various nationalities. There were seven Germans, two Norwegians, two Italians, three Swedes, one Dane, one Russian, and only four English. Captain J. Mitchell, R.N.R., in a pamphlet of 1876, gave two examples of mixed crews under the British flag, and since then we have gone from bad to worse in this respect. The sailing-ship *Northfleet* had sixteen sailors. Of these there were three Russians, eight Swedes, two Germans, one American, and but two British. A steamer, the *Scotland*, had a crew consisting of eight Greeks, two Brazilians, eight Scandinavians, three Dutch, four Germans, three French, one American, one Russian, one

Austrian, one Chinaman, one East Indian, and twelve Englishmen. The last-mentioned would doubtless include the deck officers and marine engineers. 'Comment,' he said, 'is needless on the above; they speak for themselves in all languages.' Very many instances of a like nature might be quoted. Sufficient, however, has been done to indicate that the British mercantile marine, as at present constituted, would be but a broken reed to rely upon in the hour of danger.

Statistics often afford much food for reflection. 'Facts, or what a man believes to be facts,' said Mark Twain, 'are delightful.' Curiously enough, the same data by delicate manipulation often serve to enforce contradictory propositions at the sweet will of the operators. Board of Trade returns give sixteen per centum as the actual proportion of foreign seamen in British ships of the mercantile marine. Sailors, however, frequently form a relatively insignificant portion of the whole crew in many a modern merchantman. A large passenger steamship will have a master, mates, petty officers, sailors, engineers, firemen, coal-trimmers, stewards, stewardesses, and others, in her crew. Captain E. Blackmore, J.P., in a paper read before the London Shipmasters' Society, has referred to the misleading nature of these official returns. The correct result can only be obtained by taking the number of able seamen who sign the articles of agreement in British merchant-ships during one year, separate our own countrymen from the foreigners, and then make the comparison. 'Any other method is simply throwing dust in the eyes of the public, and can never show our strength or weakness in case of a great war with European powers.' A Liverpool ship-owner, Mr Williamson, of statistical repute, is of opinion that nearly one-third of the sailors in British ships are foreigners, who owe no allegiance to the famous flag under which they sail. An interesting return, apparently obtained from an official source, has lately made the round of the public press. This being accepted as true, it follows that in April 1891 there was forty-three per centum of foreign sailors in our sailing-ships making voyages to ports abroad; and during the first six months of 1894 the total percentage of foreign sailors in ships belonging to the United Kingdom was forty-three. In London, the percentage was forty-eight; and in North Shields it actually reached sixty-seven!

Our near kindred on the other side of the stormy North Atlantic are even worse off than ourselves with respect to seamen of native birth. We continue to rigidly exclude foreigners from serving Her Majesty in a war-ship. The United States could not possibly do without the ubiquitous foreigner in government ships. Otherwise, the first-class fighting-ships of her brand-new war navy would have to remain snugly moored in her home ports. Her naval officers are all citizens of the Great Republic, and equal to those of any other race either in theory or in practice. Not so her sailors. The United States war-ship *Ashuelot*, which met her fate in the China Sea about eleven years ago, going down with part of her crew, had one hundred and eleven enlisted men exclusive of

marines. This small number comprised twenty different races gathered from the four quarters of the globe. Only nineteen were native-born Americans. Another similar ship, the *Monocacy*, had a crew of one hundred and five exclusive of officers and marines. Twenty-one countries were represented, and foreigners held most of the important petty officers' ratings. From personal observation of the writer, at least one-half of the sailors on board the United States flag-ship *Chicago* are foreigners. Mr F. M. Bennett, an engineer officer of the United States Navy, in the course of an instructive article entitled 'American Men for the American Navy,' has done good service to his country by drawing attention to the danger to the State likely to arise by the employment of foreigners in war-ships. He suggests that 'theories must be laid aside, and some practical method put in operation whereby an American youth can find in the navy of his country an opportunity for a career at least equal to that open to him in trade or in the mechanical arts.' America once had a far-famed fleet of first-class clipper merchant-ships which held their own against all comers. These sailing-vessels monopolised the most paying routes. British shipmasters often murmured because the American clipper could command a freight in a China tea-port; whereas our ships, badly modelled, for the purpose of evading the tonnage laws of the period, were utterly ignored. Much has happened since then, however, and the glory of the American mercantile marine is but a memory of the past.

Ships of the Great Republic seem at one time to have been actually officered and manned by her sailor sons. The repugnance against a sea-life evinced by American youths of to-day must militate sadly against the wish of Americans to obtain a larger share of the world's ocean carrying-trade. The American flag is now seldom seen in ports abroad displayed by merchant vessels, and the crews of her finest ships are of every nationality. It would be passing strange were England and America compelled to rely for seamen upon Scandinavia. Yet, unless some serious steps be shortly taken, this most undesirable result is probable in the near future.

Captain G. Cawley, R.N.R., has well said that 'it is a question of patriotism and national expediency that we should foster British seamen.' Not only are foreigners filling the forecables of our cargo-carriers, but they are also serving as officers and masters. The late Admiral Hornby, in an important letter which appeared in the *Times* of 9th June 1894, dealing with the supply of seamen, remarks that 'ship-owners complain that they are obliged to employ many of those foreigners as mates, and even as captains, for want of competent Englishmen.' If this be true, it follows that the downfall of England's supremacy at sea is merely a matter of time. The Shipmasters' Society have denied that there is any truth in the imputation. Nevertheless, it must be confessed that foreign sailors are becoming more and more numerous in British merchant-ships; boys are rarely found; and there is no restriction at present with respect to this insidious danger, which threatens to sap



the foundations of British maritime supremacy. No other country, save Belgium, will permit her merchant vessels to be manned solely by foreigners. That celebrated nautical novelist, Clark Russell, in one of his most recent yarns of the salt sea, makes the principal character truthfully say that 'with a fok'sle so full of fired Dutchmen—why, when they hoist the English red ensign, the flag's the bitterest lie since Annynius and Sophia.' Our heritage is the sea, and the incessant influx of foreign seamen does not tend to make it secure for those coming after us. To have British-born seamen requires that our youth shall be trained on our merchant-ships, and ship-owners will not have boys. Hence the supply of native-born seamen will grow surely less, while those seamen found in British ships will be either inefficient or foreign. It is high time that this question of the supply of seamen received the serious attention of our foremost legislators ere it be too late. Sea-going training ships have become almost absolutely necessary to ensure even a proportion of competent merchant seamen of British birth.

#### RICHARD MAITLAND—CONSUL.

By L. T. MEADE and Professor ROBERT K. DOUGLAS.

#### STORY II.—A VICTIM OF THE KOLAO-HWUY.

##### CHAPTER I.

AFTER the exciting adventures related in the last story, the Foreign Office thought it well, for more than one reason, to remove Richard Maitland from the Consulate at Ch'anyang to the larger treaty port of Tingchiang. Here he was in the centre of a large English community; and as time passed, the strange events which had so seriously destroyed his peace, and almost cost him his life, began to fade from his mind. He commenced once again to look upon life from a humorous and kindly standpoint. He was soon an immense favourite with the English residents, and began also to be popular with those Chinamen who came in his way.

On the day when this story opens, Maitland was in his most genial frame of mind. An entertainment on a very magnificent scale was to take place that evening at the Consulate. To this festivity nearly all the English residents of the place were invited. Amongst the expected guests was a young man of the name of Wilfrid Sterling. He had been a resident at Tingchiang for some years, and was one of the most popular of the English inhabitants. On this occasion his name was in every one's mouth, for he had just returned from England bringing his bride with him. Mrs Sterling happened to belong to a family whom Maitland knew well in the old country, and it was primarily in her honour that the ball was given.

In due course the company began to assemble. The splendid rooms of the Consulate were brightly lighted. The gardens and verandas

were rendered gay with Chinese lanterns and various other illuminations. A spirited band kept up a constant and gay strain of music. It would have been difficult anywhere to find a more brilliant or more animated scene. The hour was close on midnight; but the special guests of the evening—Sterling and his wife—had not arrived. As the moments flew by without their putting in an appearance, the feeling of expectation which all shared gradually reached that of disappointment. A bride was not to be found every day at Tingchiang; and this bride, report said, was both beautiful and young.

Maitland had seen Mrs Sterling that morning. She and her husband had promised to arrive in good time; the Consul was therefore beginning to feel a slight sense of uneasiness at their prolonged absence, when a commotion near one of the principal entrances caused him to hurry forward. One of the Chinese servants called the names of Mr and Mrs Sterling in a shrill, high, penetrating voice, and a slender girl in white, accompanied by a tall square-shouldered young man, came eagerly forward.

'Better late than never,' exclaimed Maitland, as he extended a hearty hand of welcome to each.

'We were unexpectedly delayed. We are ever so sorry,' explained Mrs Sterling.

Maitland offered her his arm, and they entered the ballroom together.

All eyes were immediately fixed on the young bride's pretty face. The brightness of her complexion, her fresh and rounded cheeks, the delicate lines of her soft mouth, all proclaimed to those habitués of an Oriental climate the fact of her late arrival from England.

'She will soon lose those roses,' whispered a sallow-faced lady to a young naval officer with whom she was dancing.

'What a beautiful girl she is!' he replied. 'I hope I may get introduced to her. Her husband is a remarkably good-looking fellow too.'

'Oh, Wilfrid Sterling has been the pet of all the English residents for a long time,' replied Mrs Anstruther. 'He is one of the best-natured, jolliest fellows I have ever come across. We were all astonished when he suddenly got leave of absence and rushed off to England; and still more amazed when the news reached us that he was coming back with an English wife. He was not quite well when he left—I only hope the change has done him good.'

Here Mrs Anstruther looked eagerly across the room at Sterling, as he stood in the recess of a window. He was not speaking, and some lines of worry were plainly discernible on his brow.

'Now that I look at him, he does not seem much better for the change,' she continued. 'What a pity!—one would have thought that England and matrimony would have set up any man.'

'Sterling's complexion is as sallow as his wife's is the reverse,' replied Captain Jeffrey. 'I should say—though perhaps it is treason to think such a thing—that your good friend indulges in opium-smoking on the quiet.'

'I am certain he does not,' replied Mrs Anstruther with indignation; 'he is as steady

a fellow as any in the settlement. But come this way; I must speak to him, and get him to introduce me to Mrs Sterling.'

Sterling had moved farther into the recess of the window. No one was speaking to him for a moment, and the look of anxiety seemed to deepen and grow more marked on his dark, handsome face. His young wife was standing not ten yards away from him. Her girlish and silvery laughter floated to him where he stood. He suddenly clenched his teeth.

'For Evelyn's sake, I will cut this Gordian knot,' he said to himself.

Just at this moment Mrs Anstruther came up to him. 'How do you do?' she said. 'Allow me to introduce my friend, Captain Jeffrey. I am delighted to welcome you back, Mr Sterling. Pray, introduce me without any delay to your wife. How sweet and fresh and charming she looks—in short, almost a child.'

'Evelyn is nineteen,' replied Sterling. 'She will be only too glad to make your acquaintance, Mrs Anstruther; and if you can help her in any way, you will secure my abundant gratitude. She knows nothing of the life here; and I am very much afraid may suffer from loneliness while I am busy at the office.'

'Oh, she won't suffer from that long,' said Mrs Anstruther. 'There isn't a lady in the settlement who won't be good to your bride.—Oh, how provoking! Mr Maitland has taken her away to a distant part of the room. Most inconsiderate of our good Consul. I see that my introduction must wait. Well, I will come back to you presently; in the meantime, I should like you and my friend Captain Jeffrey to know each other.'

Sterling bowed; and Mrs Anstruther, seeing a new acquaintance, hurried off to exchange greetings. The two young men were left standing side by side in the veranda.

'Why don't you join the dancers?' said Captain Jeffrey presently.

Before Sterling could reply, some one touched his coat from behind. He turned abruptly; a Chinese servant who had come up slipped a small piece of paper into his hand. His fingers closed over it tremulously; he could not quite conceal his emotion.

'You will excuse me for a moment, Captain Jeffrey, while I attend to this,' he said.

He went up and stood under the light of a Chinese lantern. His eyes quickly devoured the following words: 'Meet me under the willow tree by the bridge which crosses the Mien stream, at twelve to-night. If you dare to disobey, or if you breathe a word to the authorities, an order will at once be issued for the murder of yourself and of your wife; so obey and tremble.'

Having read this ominous epistle twice, the young man crushed it tightly in the palm of his right hand, and turning to Captain Jeffrey, who had been watching him with undisguised interest and some slight alarm, began to speak in a husky voice.

'This letter is of importance,' he said; 'I must attend to it immediately.'

'You cannot intend to leave us!' exclaimed Jeffrey. 'Why, you and your wife have only just arrived, and I know our good friend Mait-

land has been expecting you the whole evening.'

'I know it, worse luck,' muttered Sterling. 'The business which now calls me away also delayed my coming here in time. Now, I must hurry off. I wonder if you would be good-natured enough to take a message from me to Mrs Sterling?'

'I will, with all the pleasure in the world.'

'A thousand thanks. Pray, do not stand on ceremony with her. Tell her I asked you to speak to her. Say that I have been obliged to leave here unexpectedly, but I expect to be home early to-morrow morning. Ask Maitland to see that she has a sedan-chair home to our *hong* [house]. I shall be eternally grateful if you can do this for me.'

A grave expression came over Captain Jeffrey's good-humoured face when Sterling left him.

'That lad looks as if he had got into some sort of trouble,' he muttered. 'Yes, of course; I will take his message to his pretty wife; but I will also interfere sufficiently in the matter to consult Maitland. I confess I do not like the look of things. That letter, which evidently gave Sterling such a shock, was not written by an Englishman.'

As these thoughts passed quickly through his mind, Captain Jeffrey re-entered the heated ballroom.

Meanwhile, Sterling having reached the outer air, stood still for a moment to breathe and consider how best to act. His head was burning, and his pulses were beating fast. He knew too well the purport of the paper which had been put into his hands in Maitland's drawing-room. Its contents, short and stern as they were, were not any shorter or sterner than the fate which would be his if he dared to disobey them.

'Obey and tremble,' said the writer of the note. Sterling was as plucky a young Englishman as could be found anywhere, but at the present moment he undoubtedly felt a strong sense of fear.

The circumstances under which he now found himself were as follows: He was entrapped by one of the most terrible of the many secret societies which abound in China. The document which he still held in his hand was stamped with the seal of this society; and though the paper was unsigned, the unfortunate young man was able to make a shrewd guess as to the personality of the writer.

Wilfrid Sterling was the junior partner in a large firm of tea-merchants. He had come from England when little more than a lad, and for a long time all had gone well with him; but in an evil hour he had been tempted into an opium saloon by a Chinese acquaintance. He had gone there principally from curiosity, and did not even intend to indulge in the pipe. This scruple, however, was quickly overcome; and although at first he had found some difficulty in inhaling the drug, and had wondered what gratification its votaries could possibly find in the opium pipe, by degrees he learned to breathe it in, and then the delight of its fumes fairly intoxicated him. His first evening at the opium saloon was followed by many others. Soon, evening after evening found him

there, until at last the one dream of his life was to repair to the den, and there rejoice in visions of joy, beauty, and happiness until the small-hours of the morning. In the daytime he made desperate struggles to overcome the vice which was undermining his manhood, but evening after evening found him again the victim of this terrible temptation.

Bad as this state of things was, however, there was worse to follow. More often than not, when indulging in the opium pipe, he was associated on the same divan with a Chinaman of the name of Lin. Close neighbourhood and a certain affinity of tastes brought about an alliance; and as time went on, Lin confessed himself to be a member of the Kolao-hwuy, one of the largest and most famous of the secret societies which abounded in all parts of the empire. Even to mention the name of the Kolao-hwuy was to strike terror in many a breast. But Sterling, under the influence of the drug, listened to his companion's speech with complaisance, and gradually became himself indoctrinated with Lin's views of the iniquities of the present dynasty, and the past glories of the dynasty of Ming. One marked effect of opium-smoking is that it weakens the will and demoralises the sense of right and wrong. Under the influence of the fumes, Sterling listened to his companion with deep sympathy, and eventually authorised Lin to enter his name as a candidate for election to the society.

He had no sooner done this than the reaction came, and he hurried back to his lodgings in the English settlement in a state of terror.

The next morning, however, unexpected relief came. It was necessary to send a member of the firm to England without delay, and Sterling, as the youngest partner, was the man appointed to undertake the business. Within two days he found himself far from Ting-chiang, and hoped that he had also put away for ever the vice which had so nearly ruined him. The bracing climate of his native land, and the society of those whom he loved best, helped further to restore him. The evils of the habits he had contracted were borne in strongly upon him, and he vowed a fierce vow that never again would he take an opium pipe within his lips. During his stay in England, Sterling met the daughter of an old friend of Richard Maitland's.

Evelyn Stanhope was a beautiful girl, with sparkling eyes and a vivacious temperament. Sterling fell in love with her almost at first sight—his passion was returned; and when he set sail again for China, Evelyn accompanied him as his wife. During their short engagement, he had often felt inclined to tell the girl whom he loved the story of his brief fall from the paths of virtue; but he had not sufficient courage to undertake this task. He could not bear to see the reproach which he was quite certain would fill Evelyn's dark eyes; and as he now considered the whole thing at an end, he hoped that his bride might never learn how nearly his life had been wrecked.

In the excitement of his hurried visit to England, his brief wooing and hasty marriage, the young man had absolutely forgotten the

promise he had given to Lin. Lin, however, was the sort of person who never forgets. It was one of the objects of his life to gain recruits for the society, and he hoped great things from the young Englishman.

Sterling and his wife spent two or three weeks of perfect happiness at Tingchiang before the blow fell. On the evening, however, of Maitland's ball, as he was preparing to accompany Evelyn to the scene of festivities, he was met by an emissary of Lin's, who whispered to him that he would presently receive a substantial token of Lin's identity. The news came as a terrible shock to the unfortunate young man. He returned to the room where his pretty wife stood in her white dress, looked at her with passionate trouble in his eyes, and wondered if even now he might dare to tell her the truth.

'We are late already, Wilfrid,' exclaimed Mrs Sterling in an eager tone—'had we not better go?'

Sterling sat somewhat in shadow, and she did not notice how pale and haggard his face had grown.

'Yes, yes, we'll go at once,' he exclaimed.

He roused himself—a sedan-chair was sent for, and the young couple were carried quickly to the Consulate.

The fatal note, therefore, which was so soon slipped into Sterling's hand, came by no means as a surprise.

As he stood now, in the open air, just outside the Consulate, the thought of all this note involved made him feel for a few moments as if his reason would be upset. To flee was hopeless; to struggle was absolutely vain. The old habits—the old horrors—would once more surround him.

'Nay,' he said half aloud; 'if it were only the old habits—the old demoralising vice! It is worse, far worse things which I have now to fear. What madness seized me when I promised to become a member of such a terrible and dangerous society as the Kolao-hwuy? Well, I dare not hesitate; there is no turning back. I must meet Lin under the willow-tree which crosses the Mien. Yes, and it only wants half an hour to twelve o'clock. I can't risk Evelyn's life. Yes, I must obey. What a frightful position to be in! how little I guessed what a noose I was slipping round my neck when I became friends with an unscrupulous fellow like Lin.'

The night was warm, the sky cloudless; but Sterling shivered as he stood alone and allowed these thoughts to rush through his brain. Then making a great effort, he pulled himself together. 'Whatever happens, I must play the man,' he exclaimed. 'I must be wary, cautious, cunning—there may be a loophole of escape; but at present there is nothing for me but to obey—well, at least I will not tremble. Outwardly, I'll show these Chinese beggars that I have got the grit of an Englishman about me.'

He hurried forward, hastening his steps as he knew that the time of the appointment was close at hand. He soon left the town behind him, and the soft night-air fanning his heated forehead brought back some degree of courage

to his heart. As he walked faster and faster, houses occurred at rare intervals, until by-and-by he found himself in the neighbourhood of the rice-fields and beyond the reach of human dwellings. A walk of a mile and a half farther along the narrow path which bordered the rice-fields brought him to the spot where the appointment had been made. As he approached the willow-tree, he trembled again with anxiety and horror. The place, however, was perfectly quiet, not a soul within sight. The solitude and the peace had a strange power of relieving Sterling from his worst terrors. He looked around him, to right and left. No one was waiting for him at the willow-tree. This fact brought immense comfort to his overstrained nerves, and he said to himself, with a sigh of gladness, that doubtless he was after all but the victim of a hoax. He was about to turn back again, when suddenly, from behind a bush, Lin and another man who was an absolute stranger to Sterling, appeared. He started violently when he saw them.

'Your Excellency has done well to come,' said Lin, 'and it is high time we started.'

The revulsion of feeling from hope once again to despair, had made the poor young Englishman almost incapable of speech.

'Are you in a dream?' said Lin roughly. 'I said it was high time we started.'

Sterling made an effort to find speech.

'It is many months since we talked of these matters,' he said. 'I have married since then; and though approving of the principles of your society, I do not now feel inclined to join its ranks.'

A grim smile passed like a flash over Lin's austere face.

'The order has gone forth at the Willow Lodge for your initiation,' he said. 'And the punishment for non-compliance stated in the summons is no idle threat, I can assure you.'

As he spoke, his companion planted himself on the narrow causeway along which Sterling had come, and the manner of both men showed that at all events in this matter they were fully in earnest.

For a moment he scarcely knew how to act. Whether he obeyed or disobeyed the summons, he felt that ruin was awaiting him. If he became a member of the society, there was no knowing what terrible commission he might be called upon to accomplish. If he refused to take the initiatory vows, he and his young wife would certainly both fall victims to the secret and awful power which never failed to strike those who had once put themselves in its grasp. Scarcely a moment was given him for deliberation, and in the confused and hurried rush of thought which passed through his brain, he tried to consider which course entailed the least fearful consequences to Evelyn. After brief and rapid thought, he made up his mind that the only thing now to do was to follow the men. For the present at least, his life and his wife's were safe, and he must leave consequences to the future.

'I will go with you,' he said to Lin. 'How far is it to the place?'

'Not far,' said Lin. 'We will take you there

straight, and you will be able to get home in good time in the morning.'

'Then let us get it over quickly,' said Sterling.

In sober silence, the three men set forth in Indian file, Lin taking the lead, Sterling following, and the other man bringing up the rear. By many secret and divers paths, they crossed a rough and mountainous country, until at last they came to a narrow opening in the rocks which went by the name of the 'Sun Moon Pass.' Here, a stern-looking custodian awaited them, motionless; when the three men approached him, he turned and passed a secret sign with Lin, and immediately afterwards demanded a small fee in money from Sterling.

'Give him a trifle and come on,' said Lin in his harshest tone.

The Englishman obeyed mechanically. The three walked on quickly once again until, having crossed a stone bridge over a rapidly flowing river, they reached a small building which went by the name of the 'Hall of Fidelity and Loyalty.' Here Lin and his friend were obliged to produce their diplomas. They did so quickly, and hurried Sterling on at a greater speed than ever. After a further walk of some distance, they reached the Lodge known as the 'City of Willows.' This ominous-looking place was surrounded by a wall which resembled the approach to a camp. Here a number of men stood waiting, and Sterling was informed by Lin that they were neophytes, who, like himself, were to be initiated into the society that evening. The neophytes were all attended, as Sterling was himself, by well-accredited brethren. So soon as the party met outside the 'City of Willows,' they were led within the first gate of the camp, where they found themselves face to face with an official whom Lin described to Sterling as the *Vanguard*. The candidates were paraded one by one before this individual, who asked them their names and ages. Sterling's English face and figure formed a striking contrast to those of the other neophytes, and as he passed before the Vanguard, the man favoured him with a piercing and suspicious glance.

'What is the name of this neophyte?' he said, turning quickly round to Lin.

'Sterling, the Englishman, your Excellency, whose services we have been so anxious to secure for our society,' replied Lin, in a somewhat pompous tone.

'Is he likely to be loyal and faithful?' asked the Vanguard.

To this question Lin replied in too low a tone for Sterling to catch his words, but the ominous look on his face was the reverse of reassuring.

The Vanguard now once again asked Sterling's name. This proved a severe puzzle to his unaccustomed lips, nor did he feel equal to cope with the spelling of such an unwonted word; he finally ended by writing it down as follows—*Ssu-Ta-ling*.

When all the names had been duly registered, the Vanguard gave the word of command.

'Form the Bridge of Swords,' he shouted in a sonorous voice.

In compliance with this startling order, the brethren immediately formed themselves into two ranks, which were distinguished by the materials of their swords; the swords held by the right rank being made of steel, and those by the left, of copper. Having raised the swords so as to meet in the air in the form of a bridge, the neophytes, conducted by their introducers, were obliged to pass beneath them, and were then immediately led forward into the presence of two generals who were guarding the Hung Gate.

'Name the "New Horses,"' commanded these officers.

The Vanguard immediately replied by reading out the list of candidates; and Sterling found himself with the other neophytes introduced into the Hall, where the task of instructing the new members in the objects and rules of the society began.

### BLONDIN.

ROPE-WALKERS, like lion-tamers and poets, are born and not made. Blondin began to walk along a rope when he was only four years old, and at twice that age gave a special exhibition before the king of Italy at Turin. And last Christmas, although over seventy years of age, when performing on the high-rope in the Agricultural Hall, Islington, he appeared as nimble and active as ever. He went through much the same performance as that which startled the public at the Crystal Palace about thirty years ago. He ran along the rope; he did the journey in a sack and blindfolded; he stood upright in a chair, which he had previously balanced in the centre of the rope; he stood on his head on the rope, and concluded by carrying his attendant across. When performing at the Crystal Palace in 1860 he made one hundred pounds a day by his exhibitions, and one hundred and fifty pounds when he had two exhibitions. A rope two inches in diameter, and two hundred and forty yards long, was stretched from the level of the hand-rail of the highest gallery in the transept right across to the other side, and kept from swinging laterally by fifteen pairs of guy-lines. The rope was made steady, but not rigid, at one hundred and seventy feet from the ground. There Blondin disported himself as if the narrow rope were as broad and safe as a London street. He turned somersaults, walked blindfolded; passed along the rope with his feet in waste-paper baskets. He even carried a cooking-stove, and fastened it on the centre of the rope, and cooked an omelette there. Once, when he pretended to slip, two ladies fainted right away. A spectator has written: 'We have seen enough to set our pulses thumping painfully, to send a cold sickening terror crawling along our veins, to make us very glad to look anywhere but on the rope, when the fascination which riveted our gaze upon it had a little died away. When this

happened, and we looked around, we beheld a more curious spectacle than Blondin will ever present, reflected in the sea of up-turned faces that were watching him.' If this was so in the Crystal Palace, what must have been the terrible fascination and tension of feeling in watching him cross and recross Niagara?

Blondin is the *nom de théâtre* of Jean François Gravelet, who was born at Hesdin, near Calais, on the 28th of February 1824. His father—whose nickname, 'Blondin,' from the colour of his hair, has descended to his son—was a soldier of the first French Empire, who had seen service under Napoleon at Austerlitz, Wagram, and Moscow, but died when his son was in his ninth year. The pluck and strength that young Blondin displayed even in his fourth year was marvellous; and when only a few years older, he was trained by the Principal of *L'Ecole de Gymnase* at Lyons in many gymnastic feats, and after six months there, was brought out as 'The Little Wonder.' He excelled especially at tight-rope dancing, jumping, and somersault-throwing. One of his jumps was over a double rank of soldiers with bayonets fixed. The agent of an American company—the Ravele—aware of his success in the French provinces, gave him a two years' engagement for the United States, which afterwards extended to eight years. He went to America in 1855; and it must have been about four years later, when looking across the Niagara Falls, that he remarked to Mr Ravel: 'What a splendid place to bridge with a tight-rope!'

When at the end of his contract, although called idiot and madman, he endeavoured to carry this daring project of crossing the Falls on the tight-rope into execution. In the spring of 1859 he took rooms in the Hotel at Niagara Falls village, and began to make his arrangements. There was some difficulty at first in getting permission from the proprietors on either side of the river. A Mr Hamblin was good for the necessary thirteen hundred dollars for the rope to span the fifteen hundred feet of roaring water below the Falls. The bank on one side was about one hundred and sixty feet in height; on the other, one hundred and seventy. He crossed for the first time on the 30th of June, in the presence of what was said to be a concourse of upwards of fifty thousand people. On the 4th of July he crossed again, his body enveloped in a heavy sack of blankets; with eyes thus blindfolded, his step was as steady as if he saw. In the middle of the month he crossed, wheeling a wheelbarrow; and on the 5th of August, in crossing, he turned somersaults and performed various gymnastic feats on the rope. He crossed with a man on his back on the 19th; and on the 27th as a Siberian exile in shackles. On the 2d of September he crossed at night, and stood on his head amid a blaze of fireworks. In the summer of 1860 he crossed below the Suspension Bridge; but previously, he had great difficulty in adjusting his one-inch rope, and nearly lost his life in fixing the lateral guy-ropes. The difficulty and danger in crossing was increased by a dip of forty feet on the length of the rope. His last performance here, on the 14th of September 1860, was witnessed by the Prince of Wales and

suite and a vast assembly of spectators. The Prince eagerly and anxiously watched his progress through a telescope; and on Blondin being presented afterwards, his first words of greeting were: 'Thank God, it is all over.' At this time he crossed with a man on his back, traversed the rope in a sack and blindfolded, and even went across on stilts. In traversing the rope with a man on his back, the time occupied was forty-five minutes; he set the man down, while he rested six times on the rope. Fancy the man thus climbing again on his shoulders and inserting his legs in the hooks attached to the hips of the gymnast for his support!

The Prince of Wales sent a special cheque to Blondin after his great feat; another of his gifts was a cluster diamond ring; and the inhabitants of the village gave him a gold medal, as a tribute of admiration, with this inscription: 'Presented to Mons. J. F. Blondin by the Citizens of Niagara Falls, in appreciation of a feat never before attempted by man, but by him successfully performed on the 19th of August 1859, that of carrying a man upon his back over the Falls of Niagara on a Tight-rope.' Probably, these feats are never likely again to be repeated by even the most daring and accomplished rope-walker.

Since his triumphs at Niagara, Blondin has made more than four thousand ascents in all parts of the world without the slightest accident. He used his Niagara rope for the first performance at the Crystal Palace; in one of these performances the man who had charge of the fireworks sent him off his balance, and he narrowly missed falling one hundred and twenty feet, by catching hold of the rope. He dropped his balancing-pole, however. His only other misadventures were while wheeling a lioness down the 'sag' of the rope; it became entangled with the line regulating his descent, and he had to return walking backwards. At Birmingham reservoir the sag of the rope caused him to cross knee-deep in water at one part. The riding along the rope on a special bicycle seems a difficult feat, and the finish up, surrounded by a blaze of fireworks, was very effective.

Apparently, Blondin does not know what nervousness means, and his secret has been described as confidence in himself, obtained by long habit in rope-walking. There is no doubt some of the victims he has carried across his rope have suffered. He would talk to them on the most indifferent subjects; tell them to sit perfectly still, and avoid clutching him round the neck, or look downward when in mid-air. He has frequently detected a gasp of relief from the man on his back, when the end of the rope and platform were reached. What he considers as one of his greatest feats was in walking on a rope from the mainmast to the mizzen on board the *Peninsular* and *Oriental* steamer *Poonah*, while on her way to Australia, between Aden and Galle in 1874. He had to sit down five times while the heaviest waves were approaching the ship.

His baggage when on tour consists of the following: a main rope of eight hundred feet; circumference six and a half inches; weight eight hundredweight: twenty-eight straining-

ropes, fifty guide-ropes, eighty tying-bars—the average weight, not including poles, being five and a half tons. The freight of his fixings—including, we suppose, a huge travelling tent, which can encompass fourteen thousand people—amounted to one thousand pounds between Southampton and Melbourne. About three days are consumed in making his preparations, by the aid of a dozen assistants. The due adjustment of his rope is his principal care, and he superintends every detail.

In a fragment of autobiography written some years ago, Blondin tells us that the rope he generally used was formed with a flexible core of steel wire covered with the best Manila hemp, about an inch or three-quarters in diameter, several hundred yards in length, and costing about one hundred pounds. A large windlass at either end of the rope served to make it taut, while it was supported by two high poles. His balancing-poles, of ash-wood, vary in length, and are in three sections, and weigh from thirty-seven to forty-seven pounds. He is indifferent as to the height at which he is to perform. Blondin has never confessed to any nervousness on the rope, and while walking, he generally looks eighteen or twenty feet ahead, and whistles or hums some snatch of a song. The time kept by a musical band has frequently aided him in preserving his balance. Blondin is something of both carpenter and blacksmith, and is able to make his own models and fit up his own apparatus.

At Niagara House, South Ealing, he is quite a country gentleman, surrounded by his pet black and tan terriers, and poultry, and recreates himself, and does a stroke of honest work in his workshop with its lathe and forge. He is no smoker, takes little or no wine, and is a good billiard player. This blue-eyed, fair-complexioned, ruddy old man seems to have the secret of perpetual youth. He displays a profusion of diamond studs and rings; and besides his gifts from the Prince of Wales, has had many honours from crowned heads. He is the proud possessor of one of the two gold medals struck in commemoration of the opening of the Crystal Palace in 1854. The Queen has the other. He has, besides, the Cross from Queen Isabel of Spain, which entitles him to the title of Chevalier; while the Australians bestowed a handsome cross upon him of Australian gold.

Blondin possesses besides a wonderful scrap-book, containing extracts and pictures from newspapers in almost every language, recording his feats in various parts of the world. Here is a gem entitled 'A Nod to Mr Blondin: Remarkable pusson! enterprisa! Strainger! You probably startid on to a railrode trac, or praps a curb ston; then you took to fensia; and then you Soared to rafters of noo houses. Remarkable pusson! Bi merly a taikin ov a walk you clear 1000 dolers neerly every time. Then the hier you get the Straiter you kin walk, this shows you ain't at al like common foax, wich can't walk mutch when they are Elevated.'

There have been rope-dancers and rope-walkers before Blondin, but he claims to have been the first to perform on the horizontal tight-rope. Previous performances were on hori-

zontal slack-ropes, or ropes fastened diagonally from a height to the ground. And certainly he has shown as much care, talent, and originality in the manufacture and adjustment of his ropes, as in his performances, else he had not lived till now.

The Romans were familiar with performances on the tight-rope, and Pliny has described the evolutions of elephants thereon. At the marriage festivities of Charles VI. with Isabel of Bavaria in 1385, a rope-dancer walked along a rope stretched between St Michael's Church and Notre-Dame, with burning candles in his hand. A Spaniard danced and tumbled on a tight-rope at another royal marriage in 1501—'sometime on pattens, sometime with tennis balls, sometime with fetters of iron, dancing with bells, and leaping many leaps upon the said cables both forward and backward. He played some time with a sword and a buckler; oftsoon he cast himself suddenly from the rope, and hung by the toes, sometimes by the teeth, most marvellously and with greatest sleight and cunning that any man could do.' A man slid down a rope from the top of St Paul's, without aid of hand or foot, in 1554. Pepys, under date September 15th, 1657, records the feats of a wonderful rope-dancer. And all through the eighteenth century there are references now and again to this amusement. Cadman, a rope-walker, was killed by a fall from a rope stretched from Shrewsbury Church tower across the Severn to the fields on the other side. And this is part of his epitaph:

'Twas not for want of skill,  
Or courage, to perform the task, he fell:  
No, no—a faulty cord, being drawn too tight,  
Hurried his soul on high to take her flight,  
Which bid the body here beneath good-night.

No wonder Blondin sees personally after the making and adjustment of his rope, when all the risks to be run are fully realised.

#### SCHLOSS MANSFELD.

ON a wooded hill, in the midst of a bare, unattractive landscape, in Prussian Saxony, not far from Luther's town of Eisleben, rise the walls of Schloss Mansfeld, one of the most notable fortresses in Germany during those stormy centuries when a great noble was a powerful factor in the history of his country. For generations the Lords of Mansfeld played their parts in the tragic drama—'stern lords and mighty,' as their chronicler calls them, ruling like independent princes over the wide tract of land which, by fair means or foul, they had gradually drawn under their sway, and passing away at last, after a blaze of meteoric splendour, in the Thirty Years' War, in a riot of pride and luxury, of debt and fraternal hatred—one of the saddest ruins of a grand old family of which even German annals can furnish us with an example.

'The old order changeth, giving place to new.' And surely, nowhere could the contrast be more striking than at Mansfeld now. Round the base of the hill, far almost as eye can see, the commercial spirit of the nineteenth century shows itself in a most unlovely aspect. The low swelling hills are pierced by mines in

every direction; the tall chimneys of furnaces and smelting-houses pour forth volumes of black unsavoury smoke; small towns and villages inhabited by rough miners; fields on whose red metallic soil grow but scanty harvests; unsheltered roads over which the wind sweeps in fury; black heaps of ashes and refuse—make up, spite of the human activity of which they tell, a sad picture, rendered sadder still by the knowledge that these mines, the source of the wealth and power of the Mansfelds, were also, indirectly, the cause of their shameful decay. In the last few months, the mines have been inundated, and are now closed, thousands of men being thrown out of employ. The subsidence of the great lake near Halle, the waters of which are believed to have forced a subterranean passage into the galleries, has provided the scientific world of Germany with an interesting problem.

A modern house has been built in connection with the best-preserved portion of the old castle; terraced gardens have been laid out on what remains of the gigantic fortifications; the tournament court is now a grass plot with flower-beds and fruit-trees; a lodge, recently erected, occupies the site of the old gate-tower. Passing under this and crossing the drawbridge, you look down into the broad deep moat, where trees are growing amid fragments of enormous masonry. Shattered as the ruins are, they have so far escaped the ravages of Time as to allow us to trace out the lines of the ancient building; while the Gothic chapel and spiral staircase, the gems of Mansfeld, remain almost entire.

There is no record of the foundation of this mighty stronghold; the first mention of it occurs in the Saxon wars of the twelfth century, when it was already a place of considerable importance. Its owners, the Counts of Mansfeld, are said to have acquired their lands in the following manner: a doughty warrior in the service of the Emperor Henry IV., when told to name the reward of some great service, modestly asked for so much ground as he could sow with a bushel of corn. The request was granted; and he, dropping grain by grain warily, to the amazement and chagrin of his comrades, traced the borders of the county which bore from that day the name of the Man's Field. In corroboration of the legend, the Counts bore six grains of corn gules on a field argent.

As they became more powerful, adding, by conquest or by marriage, fief after fief to their fair possessions, this story of their origin was considered too modern, and zealous chroniclers, groping into the mists of prehistoric times, discovered a certain Hoyer the Red, whose prowess eclipsed most of his companions of Arthur's Round Table. Hoyer was always a favourite name with the Counts of Mansfeld. They were masters of all the country round, and at the period of their greatest prosperity, no fewer than seven ruling families of the name dwelt in their respective fortresses, while the main line resided in Mansfeld itself, where it was represented by three brothers, who shared the castle, naming their respective abodes the Vorder (Front), Mittel (Middle), and Hinter (Rear) Ort.



Their descendants dwelt for generations shut up between these walls, hating each other with a hatred born of jealousy and greed, nourished by constant intercourse, and finally embittered by difference of creed, presenting us with one of the most miserable family histories which it is possible to conceive. In 1420 a number of friends and adherents interfered, and a treaty was signed by the three families, specifying their mutual rights, and making arrangements for the future, which it was vainly hoped might enable them to live peacefully together. At this time the buildings of the Vorder Ort were painted red, the Mittel yellow, and the Hinter blue. Vast sums were spent by the Counts in decorating and fortifying their residences; the Hinter Ort was wainscoted throughout with precious foreign woods, the scent of which perfumed the whole castle; the Mittel Ort boasted a large banquet-hall, which from its splendour was called the Golden Room; the Vorder Ort, being less magnificent, outlasted both its rivals. It was repaired and partly rebuilt by Count Hoyer, the privy-councillor of Charles V., whose monument may still be seen in the chapel; and in it died (1710) John George, the last Mansfeld who inhabited the home of his ancestors, and who was carried to his grave at Eisleben with regal pomp and ceremony.

The castle stood many sieges in troublous times; the tide of the Thirty Years' War ebbed and flowed round its vast ramparts; sometimes it was in the hands of the Protestants, with whom Count Albert of the Hinter Ort had cast in his lot; sometimes in those of the Imperialists, for whom Count Wolf held it with the help of his Catholic brothers and cousins. An amusing story is told of two Protestants who were imprisoned for a long time in the vaults and fed on bread and water. They heard the guns firing in honour of several Catholic victories; presently came tidings of the Catholics' defeat at Leipzig, which the captives found out somehow or other. They sung Protestant hymns of triumph lustily through their dungeon bars, till the Commandant, finding that neither threats nor persuasion would silence them, ordered the one to be left alone in his subterranean prison, while the other was carried to a cell over the gate tower. It says something for the Commandant's humanity that, in those fearful times, when every man did that which was right in his own eyes, he should have adopted no sterner measure to enforce their silence. Count Albert at this juncture had been turned out of the castle; but his wife, a courageous dame, who proved her Protestantism by deeds as well as words, kept her apartments with a stately retinue around her. The cousins lived in constant dread of Albert's return, and once, when a dense fog enveloped the hill for three consecutive days and nights, they insisted on expelling all the Countess's male retainers, and allowed only her maids to wait upon her. Albert did return after all, by a peaceful compromise. He had a large family, fifteen in all; and, by marrying three of his daughters to three brothers of the rival house, he stayed the feud for a while.

The Swedes sat down before the castle; and

mines and counter-mines, stratagems, attempts to poison the water in the deep well, all that the ingenuity of those days could devise, was tried against the formidable fortress. The Imperial garrison was at length starved into capitulation, and for seven years, Gustavus's soldiers manned the walls under various commanders, one of whom, George Wardland, was a Scotsman. The chief burghers of Eisleben were detained here as hostages till the town paid the enormous contributions levied by the Swedes.

In 1650, after the peace of Westphalia, the keys of Mansfeld were handed to Christian Frederick, the senior of the family. Not long after, the inhabitants of the adjacent country entreated that the fortifications might be razed, and a party of four hundred soldiers and forty miners worked busily at the demolition of the ramparts. Strange secrets were then brought to light—unknown vaults with fragments of antique weapons and human skeletons; an underground passage leading into the town of Eisleben, and said to exist to this day, though choked up by rubbish. Several of the bastions were blown up by gunpowder; but such was the strength of the walls, that considerable portions still attest the skill of those builders from Nuremberg who laboured on the vast pile in the days of its splendour. There is a legend in the neighbourhood that Luther, who was at school in Mansfeld, and loved the place with all his heart, had the proud castle in his mind when he composed the glorious battle-hymn of German Protestantism, 'Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott.' And one can easily believe it when standing in the round battery of the Mint, and looking through its embrasures, fifteen feet deep, each one of which used to hold a cannon blazoned with the arms of Mansfeld. This was the famous bastion, the Fox, of which it is said that, when its guns fired, the whole valley of the Wipper used to tremble. The great bastion in the rear, called the Wild Cat, from the name of its largest piece of ordnance, has entirely disappeared.

Traditions of Luther are the most cherished memories of the place. In his childhood he was frequently in the small mining town at the foot of the hill, and must have looked up, with a child's boundless awe and wonder, to the towers frowning on the height. As a man, he retained his love for the place and people, though his respect for their lords must have been rudely shaken. He preached often from the little pulpit in the chapel; and when the reckless extravagance of the Counts had reached its highest pitch, he rebuked them publicly. It was doubtless at the time when his stanch partisan, Count Albert, was a fugitive, and political and religious differences added a yet deeper dye to their sins in his eyes. Trusting in the sacredness of his office, perhaps, too, in the friendship of the strong-minded Countess, who seems, even when her husband's fortunes were at their lowest ebb, to have inspired her rough relatives with a certain amount of respect, the great Reformer went to beard the lion in his den. Standing on the neutral ground of the tournament court, he inveighed against the evil courses which were sapping their proud house

to its very foundations. The Counts, newly risen from a banquet in the Golden Room, stood on the carved balcony whence the ladies used to hand prizes to the victors in the jousts. Flushed with wine, they mocked the sturdy champion of the new creed, and made their servants roll down upon him a cask which had been brached for their revels. Masters and men laughed boisterously as the rich liquor splashed the steps; and Luther, gathering his black gown about him, retreated a few yards; but, turning once more and raising his hand in solemn warning, he told them that, for all their godless mirth, the grass would grow in their courts ere a hundred years were over. And his prophecy was fulfilled, although the Catholic Count Hoyer restored the castle, and made a pilgrimage to the Holy Land, and filled the small court near the Golden Room with hallowed earth from Palestine, in which flourishes to this day a peculiar species of nettle, *Urtica pillulosa*, which, they say, will grow nowhere else in the country.

Though Luther shook off the dust from his feet when he parted with the riotous Counts, his love for Mansfeld was not extinguished. Evil tidings reached him from time to time in Wittenberg, and it was in the hope of making some impression on the godless nobles that he set out on his last journey to Eisleben. Heavy storms had made the river impassable, and for three days he waited on its banks, crossing at last, not without danger, in a frail boat. During the last fortnight of his life, he summoned the Mansfelds to his bedside and admonished them repeatedly. Albert and his wife remained with him, ministering to him with their own hands till all was over. Several of the Counts, with two hundred mounted retainers, escorted the corpse to Wittenberg; but the smouldering feud broke out again when the Reformer was in his grave, and raged till the proud family was destroyed and the doom fulfilled.

The Gothic chapel of Mansfeld is a beautiful building, with high groined roof and long lancet windows; the altar-piece, a curious old triptych by an unknown hand, represents the Crucifixion. A screen of wrought-iron, with the arms and quarterings of the Mansfelds, and surmounted by a large crucifix with the Virgin standing at its foot, separates the chancel from the rest of the building; inside the screen stands the small pulpit. The carved gallery round three sides of the chapel used to be connected by passages stretching across the courts with the three different residences. The spiral staircase giving access to the Vorder Ort now joins the chapel to the modern house. The Counts used to sit in the right-hand gallery, their officers occupying the left one. The service used to be celebrated with considerable pomp. When they repeated the Creed, all the gentlemen stood with their hands on their swords, drawing them half out of the scabbard, in token that they were ever ready to fight for their faith; and in the early days of the Reformation, when heresies were rife, four choristers used to kneel in front of the altar when the officiating minister began the words, 'Born of the Virgin Mary,' and remain kneeling till

he had said, 'He rose again from the dead,' a protest against the wild theories which impugned the perfect divinity of the Son. Unseemly disputes took place sometimes in the chapel. Protestants and Catholics, with their respective chaplains, fought for possession of the sacred edifice, and when, by a compromise, the use of it was allowed to both at different hours, matters were hardly improved. The Reformers thundered against the Romanists in the morning to the edification of Count Albert; Count Wolf's priest reconsecrated the church in the afternoon, and diligently refuted all that had been taught in the morning.

After the Mansfelds left their dismantled castle, a Protestant service was held by the minister of the town below; sometimes, at long intervals, one of the family would come from Prague for a few days, bringing his chaplain to say mass for him daily. All the carvings and ornaments which were considered of any value were gradually removed to Bohemia. The chapel was left entirely to the Protestants, who took no care of it whatever.

The tombs of Counts Hoyer and Albert, and a few broken ornaments of wood and stone, are all that remain in the lovely building which now serves the purposes of a common lumber-room. In the sacristy are some life-sized wooden figures, male and female, which used to be draped in mourning garments and placed round the coffin of each departed Mansfeld as he lay in state before the altar. Tradition says these quaint figures were made to replace twelve statues of the apostles in massive silver. As their debts increased and their faith waxed feebler, the Counts sent one apostle after the other to the Mint, to be coined into the thalers which are still sometimes found in the neighbourhood, and to which a special value is attached. They bear the arms and initials of the Counts in whose reign they were coined, and on the obverse side, their patron, St George, slaying the dragon. As their fortunes waned, their patron dismounted, and on the latest Mansfeld thalers he appears on foot. In the Hungarian wars of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, these coins were supposed to protect the bearer from all hostile weapons. To this day they are worn as talismans, the most curious part of the superstition being, that the thaler must either be received as a gift, or found, or stolen. If purchased for money, its efficacy is at an end.

#### MORE ABOUT SOLUBLE PAPER.

SINCE the appearance of the short article on 'Soluble Paper' in the 12th January issue of this *Journal*, many fresh facts about this important form of cellulose have come under our notice. A number of experiments in the practical applications of 'viscose'—as the new substance has been termed by its discoverers, Messrs Cross, Bevan, and Beadle—have been carried out by Mr Arthur D. Little, who has published the results of his work in the *Journal of the Franklin Institute*. The term 'soluble paper' is perhaps rather a misnomer, for the cellulose

is not soluble when once the alkali and sulphur that were combined with it have been removed; but what we wished to express by the title was that in the new substance we had a soluble combination of cellulose—or, in popular language, paper—from which the solid could be recovered in any shape we desired. Wonderful, indeed, are the forms it can be made to assume, either alone or in combination with foreign matter, for Mr Little's experiments have extended the sphere of usefulness of viscose so as to include such heterogeneous things as sponges, artificial leather, floor-tiles, and 'lagging' for steam-pipes and boilers. A substance that can assume such a multitude of forms, all equally useful, and can appear first as glue, then as a film of paper so thin as to be almost intangible, and finally as a substance hard as ebonite, is indeed a wonderful addition to our workshop. It sounds almost too good to be true, and reminds us of the gifts of the fairies that would change at the will of the possessor from a cloak to a table spread with an aldermanic repast.

As regards the first of its applications, viscose is said to be not only better than glue, but cheaper, a five per cent. solution having greater adhesive properties than a fifty per cent. solution of hot glue; whilst a solution containing more than ten per cent. was too thick to be used. When two pieces of maple were stuck together with a ten per cent. solution of viscose so as to form a joint one square inch in section, a strain of five hundred pounds was required to separate them. Weak viscose has been used successfully in the manufacture of three and four ply straw boards, and has an advantage over glue in that it has no smell and is not affected by moisture. Books that have been bound by its aid open anywhere, and remain open, being perfectly flexible. Another application will be welcomed with positive enthusiasm by nearly everybody—namely, its use in the treatment of cotton and linen as a substitute for starch. Articles of personal apparel, such as 'shirt-bosoms,' to quote the American original, or larger articles of domestic furniture such as table-cloths and serviettes, are passed through the decolourised solution, and the excess is squeezed out by rollers. When dry, the various articles become as stiff as if they had been starched in the ordinary way, and possess that polished surface which is so much appreciated by the male members of the community. The superiority does not end here, for the sizing operation with viscose only requires to be done once for all. When a collar or a 'shirt-bosom' that has once been treated with viscose is sent to the wash, it becomes perfectly soft directly it is placed in hot water; and after the washing process is complete, the articles resume their former stiffness when dried and ironed without any further addition of viscose.

As soon as the new method comes into vogue generally, we shall get over the tortures incident on buttoning a collar that has been starched so as to resemble enamelled iron; and shall escape the opposite extreme of fastening round our necks what is little better than a limp rag.

We have mentioned the use of viscose solution for strengthening and filling textile goods in our previous article, so that we can pass on to its application in colour pigment printing. In this industry the weak solution will be employed as a vehicle for the pigments, and the cloth, after printing, will be washed and dried in the usual way. As soon as it is dry, the viscose will coagulate, cementing the pigments firmly to the material, so that the cloth will preserve its appearance for a longer period than is now the case. For centuries the Japanese have done exquisite work in colour-printing on fabric, largely with a stencil; and European manufacturers are showing a disposition to adopt their methods, although in the hurry after cheapness, the Westerns will never turn out such beautiful work as the Japanese have done. The style of the new school of design, which has learned a great deal from the Japanese, is admirably suited for stencil-work, and the introduction of viscose will lend much assistance to the work, for, by varying the density of the medium, we shall be enabled to alter the effects of the superimposed colours. In our last article we spoke of the possible use of viscose in the manufacture of artificial silk. We do not know whether it is being used for this purpose at present, but a nitrated wood-pulp is actually being manufactured into artificial silk by the apparatus we mentioned, which is the invention of Dr Lehner of Zürich. Those who are interested in the subject will find much information in the United States Consular Reports for December. It is stated that a company is being formed in Bradford for the manufacture of this material, and that we shall soon be able to purchase it in England. Some doubts, however, have been expressed by experts as to its success when used alone, although they think there is a possibility of the artificial product being used as a weft with other material as a warp.

According to the Report of the Bradford Conditioning House, the strength of the artificial silk is little more than half that of the natural variety, but the two resemble one another in being practically non-elastic. The artificial silk is relatively heavier and more even in texture, taking the dye perfectly in all shades with a brilliant effect. It is probable that the introduction of soluble paper will give an impetus to this new fabric; and it is quite possible that the silk made from viscose will be quite as strong as the product of the silkworm, although whether it will be as beautiful remains to be seen.

The applications of the films are more extensive even than we had imagined. Not only will they be useful by themselves; but by cementing the wet films on to a cloth backing, a whole series of new products can be evolved. As regards the simple film, which may vary in thickness from gossamer to thick leather, it is stated that a film as clear as glass can be

made by pouring the viscose solution on to a glass plate with rough edges, to regulate the thickness, and coagulating it by heat. When it is washed and dried, the film is perfectly clear and transparent, and eminently fitted for all photographic purposes. The inventors of viscose have discovered a new substance, also a cellulose compound, which seems likely to be more valuable for this end than viscose, and possesses the remarkable property of being unaffected by heat up to two hundred degrees Centigrade (three hundred and ninety-two degrees Fahrenheit). This substance is quite a new addition to our knowledge of cellulose, and experiments upon it from an industrial point of view have hardly been begun; but it will prove to be of the utmost importance commercially, and we hope to give further particulars about it soon. The heavier sheets made from viscose have been cut into all kinds of useful things, including plates, trays, backs for brushes, inner soles for boots, embossed signs, &c.; and the sheets can be printed upon and used as book-covers. Cloth with a facing of cellulose from ten- to thirty-thousandths of an inch in thickness seems to be of great importance. Owing to the readiness with which the superficial layer can be moulded, it can be made to imitate morocco exactly, taking all the fine grain under a suitable die; whilst thicker sheets have proved themselves to be a handsome carpet, and durable withal. Perhaps the most remarkable opening for viscose is in the manufacture of sponges. By suitable treatment, the cellulose can be recovered from the viscose solution in a porous form; and with a little improvement, there is no reason why the structure of the sponge cannot be imitated. A large sponge is a somewhat expensive luxury, and promises to become still more so as the fishing-grounds become exhausted; so that the discovery of a substitute is very opportune. Besides sponges, the porous form of cellulose is admirably adapted to the making of fancy boxes, embossed hangings, photograph frames, book-covers, and novel kinds of decorative material. By mixing foreign ingredients such as sawdust, fibres, plaster of Paris, clay, *Kieselguhr*, &c. with a small proportion of raw viscose solution, all kinds of materials, such as linoleum, decorative tiles, panels, and numberless other products, can be obtained. In fact, there seems to be no end to its applications in this direction. Viscose solution makes a splendid medium for *gesso* work, and we have seen some clever decorations executed with a mixture of plaster of Paris and viscose.

With all our boasted progress, we are a long way behind the plants and the insects. Plants discovered soluble cellulose before man existed, and the long rows of upright cells just under the upper surface of the leaf called by botanists *Palisade parenchyma*, seems to be the principal manufactory of it. Wasps and other insects learned to build their houses of paper long, long ago, and we are only just beginning to find all this out. We are endeavouring, nevertheless, to make the most of our discoveries; and if the present century has earned the title of the Iron Age, the next era may perhaps claim the title of the Paper Age. To

all appearances, we shall build our houses soon of paper bricks, make the floors of paper tiles, and cover them with paper carpets, decorate the walls with paper mouldings, shut out the draughts with paper curtains, sit on paper chairs, and on high days and holidays clothe ourselves in paper silks.

#### A BACHELOR'S CONSOLATIONS.

WHILE most companions of my youth  
Now proudly lead about a wife,  
I sometimes feel, to own the truth,  
But half-content with single life;  
Yet wedlock may be not all sweet,  
And e'en the humble bachelor  
In unthought ways a joy may meet  
That's well worth living single for.

A trait it is of envious man  
To think his share of blessing less,  
If in another's lot he scan  
Some part which he does not possess;  
But, rightly viewed, my Celebs yoke  
May be a state superior  
To that of double-harnessed folk,  
And well worth living single for.

'Tis clear that in the case of Tom  
The gray mare is the better horse;  
She orders him to go and come,  
And he obeys her as of course.  
I go and come just as I please,  
Ruled by no female monitor.  
Are not such liberty and ease  
Right well worth living single for?

Three tiny restless elves bath Jack,  
Of whom he is exceeding proud;  
By Jove, my ears they soon would crack,  
Their squalls are so exceeding loud!  
But in my wifeless, childless nest,  
Peace is a constant visitor,  
A blessing surely of the best,  
And well worth living single for.

Two, and potential more, afford  
An easy mark to fortune's aim;  
Misfortune here the fitter word  
May be, the meaning is the same;  
Man *solus*—hard to hit is he  
By any stroke of fortune, or  
Misfortune. Such immunity  
Is well worth living single for.

The wight before the altar who  
'I wed thee' says, with fateful breath,  
Hath little to look forward to  
In order of events but death;  
While he whose bolt is still unshot  
Hath hope and chances yet galore;  
In short, a prospect—hath he not?—  
That's well worth living single for.

WOODBURN.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,  
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 593.—VOL. XII.

SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1895.

PRICE 1½d.

## CHINEE TOWN, CALCUTTA.

In Christmas week there met me at the races an acquaintance fresh from England. It was the height of the globe-trotting season, and Calcutta was sweet with the savour of them. I am only a subaltern, one of a privileged class in the matter of globe-trotters, for no earnest seeker after knowledge can spare more than a cursory dinner with such insignificant persons—it is even delusive to talk to them. But this man failed, somehow, to take himself seriously. He came to dine in the Fort, and capital company he was. I found he had never seen opium dens. They were much discussed at the time, for the beautiful *Sunbeam* was lying in the Hooghly, and the Opium Commission was laboriously examining the notes in other men's eyes. A note to the police station brought a pleasant sergeant of police; and we descended to the Inferno of Chinese Town. 'And to the place I come where nothing shines.' In truth, the slums were fearsome, dirty, dark, evil-smelling—remote, apparently, from all things open, cleanly, respectable.

The opium dens close early, so thither we went first of all. Shade of De Quincey! there was no 'cottage room seven and a half feet long by seven and a half high; no library of five thousand books; no tea-table; no open volume of German metaphysics; no glass decanter made to look as much like a wine decanter as possible, full of a quart of ruby-coloured liquid, the *pharmakon nepenthes* for all human woes—oh! just subtle and mighty opium.' Here were far other temples for other devotees—a small door with a hatch in it—a narrow, dark passage, and a tiny stifling den—a wooden couch with wooden blocks for pillows—a sort of safe with bars—a smiling Chinese attendant—two bundles of inert blue garments, and a fresh customer paying two annas for his smoke. Two annas bought enough to half-fill a thimble; and a piece which looked about the size of a packet of envelopes was worth twenty-five

rupees. The price varies largely, and there is much gambling done in opium-broking in the 'Afim-ha-chowrasta.'

We watched the process of filling and smoking a pipe. The two annas' worth was put into a small metal cup and roasted. It became a brown treacly-looking substance—lifted, turned, and twisted on a skewer, round which it writhed and wriggled demoniacally like silver paper in a flame. The long wooden pipe was taken from its nail, the writhing brown mass placed in it. The intent Chinaman sat him down on the edge of the couch and pulled at it. His eyes brightened, then half-closed, and he lay back among the other recumbent bundles, his so strange Mongolian visage beatified. Did he reach the heaven of philosophy, the rapture of release from individuality, the selfless floating in contentment? Or was it only of his puny life glorified that he dreamt, of hundreds of rupees, of a good son, of a new wife, of a run at the gambling-table?

The man in charge presented us with little sticks of incense. They are about eight inches long, and will burn all night before the black joss. We left the quiet hot place, where no one seems to speak above a whisper.

A dark muddy lane, a right-handed turn into a courtyard, through a shop, into a sort of bamboo-built outhouse. This was a Chinese gambling den, where 'fan-tan' was being played. There was a large table divided into four parts by lines from corner to corner. These parts were numbered 0, 1, 2, and 3, and the stake could be placed on any of them. A heap of cowries or counters was poured upon the table, and rapidly counted into fours by a croupier with a small rake. According as the remainder was one, two, three, or nothing, the people who had staked on the division so numbered won double their stake; for the table laid two to one, which obviously it could very well afford. The gamblers were quick reckoners. Before the croupier had nearly finished counting, they seemed to know from the size and

appearance of the pile what the remainder would be. There they stood in a crowd, stolid, immovable as so many tallow idols. They were all dressed in blue cotton; their faces were all yellow and wrinkled, their eyes all narrow and brown, their pigtailed all black and greasy. They were one and all apparently indifferent to gain or loss, though they were all poor men, and many of them, we were told, would stake a week's earnings. The profits of such tables, which, from the odds they lay, must necessarily be large, are formed into charitable funds among these peculiar people in their peculiar quarter. The poor are relieved; and as the men of Chinese Town are all too familiar with the police courts, the defence of any accused member of the community is furnished out of these funds. Several noted criminals were pointed out to us that night—one old man with a wooden, vacant, smiling face, had served his time in the Andamans. It is not a quarter of the city where it would be pleasant to wander after dark without a police escort.

We went to several gambling places. They are all alike—hot, foul, and crowded, full of the sickening smell of cocoa-nut oil. Even Western curiosity was glutted with the kaleidoscope of faces—hard, seamed faces—young yellow faces—each like a mask, a riddle to decipher, yet even so all alike, covering one emotion, one master-passion.

At last our cicerone put us down by the lock-up, appropriately wholly of stone, and of an iron colour, and we fled out of this ominous region in a *ticca gharry*.

The night was young, and I remembered an invitation to the wedding feast of a wealthy *babu's* son. The very thing; and we headed for Dum-Dum. Two miles in this direction brought us to our destination. Flags, flowery poles, triumphal arches, an avenue of lamps. It was a great *tamasha*. Torches waved, and servants bowed, and we were shown into the *atrium*, the middle court, which is so distinctive a feature in Eastern houses. We were met by our host, a genial *babu*, who spoke excellent English. In the centre of the court sat the bridegroom, throned. He was richly dressed, and covered with jewels, but he looked very tired, poor little boy. His part was to sit there all night, neither moving nor speaking, nor being spoken to. His father once spoke two words to him, but it was not etiquette for guests to greet him. He was only fourteen; and the bride, not of course *en évidence*, was much younger. This was the preliminary or betrothal ceremony, what we should call the marriage not taking place for three or four years. We were taken up-stairs, where a lavish table was laid for many people, and we duly drank the bridegroom's health. The food, the wine, and the service were English; while from the wall, bizarrely painted, looked down strangely Vishnu the Preserver.

After supper, we were all seated in the court. In one corner was a band, made up of ten or twelve *sepoys* in mufti from the band of the nearest native regiment. They played at intervals, the *British Grenadiers* and the *Regimental March* seeming about the sum-total of their accomplishments. In the upper storey, which was built on stucco columns, were the ladies of the house. They were screened of course, but evidently enjoying the scene, whispering and laughing.

The nautch began. Dancer succeeded dancer. We only stayed for four of them, each uglier than the last, and to our ears more cacophonous. Their silk dresses and massive silver ornaments rustled and chinked as they circled. Each girl was *en grande tenue*, and had brought her own four musicians—tom-toms and saringia. One dancing girl who just escaped being ugly, came forward singing in English—she was the *première danseuse et cantatrice* of Calcutta—'Oh! my darling! where is she?' with tedious repetition. Chink-chank! chink-chank! went her anklets as she swayed before us, her feet together, her arms raised gracefully, sinking to the ground in a sort of curtsying finale. A nautch is extremely monotonous, and we were soon saying good-night to our host.

He took us across the road to show us the temple that he had built. It was of stucco, and was highly ornate in the usual Hindu style. How many lakhs it had cost, or how many poor men he fed daily, I have forgotten; but he was a good man and passing rich.

The Bengali theatre was near, and to finish the night we turned in there. Sitting in state in the Viceregal box, we surveyed the house. There was a tier of boxes to the right and left of us, curtained for *purdah nashin* ladies, and every box seemed full. The stalls and pit were crowded with white toged *babus*; young, mild-eyed *babus*; old, bearded, and paunch-bearing *babus*—there they lolled, all chewing betel, all looking happy, all wearing patent-leather shoes. One felt certain they would answer every conceivable question under the sun. The play was a classic tragedy of the highest order—scenes from the *Ramayana*, showing the ruin of Sita, and the slaying of her destroyer, the king of Lanka, at the hands of Rama. The language was either Hindi or Bengali, and was too hard for us; but it was pleasant to hear, and the elocution was undeniably good. The company acted with great spirit, and some actors were natural and eloquent, though even the best of them ranted somewhat. The orchestra played dreary, blatant, native music. When the piece was over, the manager took us behind the scenes. We were introduced to the green-room, where the main article of furniture was a large sink, in which the company washed their faces. The actors are shareholders. The leading actor's pay was sixty rupees a month, besides a share of profits. The leading lady's, thirty to fifty rupees.

While we were behind, they began the farce, the humour of which was beyond us. It was then about half an hour after midnight, and the farce would last another hour. It is a strange reversal of our arrangement to play a long classical piece first, and then with the

same troupe embark after midnight on a roaring farce. The audience would certainly get their money's worth.

Then away in the cool black night, between dark houses and up quiet streets. They were playing the last bars of the opera at the Parsi Theatre, a sort of dismal, clanging, thumping medley of tuneless instruments and strained voices. In the house were a curious crowd—Hindus from Bengal, Mohammedans from the Punjab, Parsis from Bombay, Afghan horse-dealers, Arabs from the Gulf, Malays, Chinamen, with here and there the green turban of a hadji.

An iced drink at the club, an appointment to visit the rain-gambling den next day, and we went over the Maidan homewards in the grateful coolness of an Indian night.

## AN ELECTRIC SPARK.\*

### CHAPTER II.—ONE CLOUD CLEARED.

ROBERT DALTON gazed wildly at the man whom during the past year or so he had grown to trust more and more, looking at him as his *alter ego*, only, as it now seemed, to find that he had leaned upon a bruised reed.

'You knew this,' he cried fiercely, 'and did not speak?'

'Yes, sir.'

'And let me go so far as to make that tremendous engagement? Why, it will be the ruin of a reputation I have spent my life in building up!'

'The thought must have come to us simultaneously,' said Wynyan, smiling. 'I had not a doubt until last night; but I have always been seeking for that flaw. Last night I found it. It came like a flash.'

'Yes, the thunderbolt to destroy the work of a life. How could we be such idiots!'

Wynyan was silent; but he took out a large thin flat leather case from his pocket, and opened from it a fine sheet of transparent tracing-linen folded like a map. This he spread upon the table, and the old engineer shrank from it as if it filled him with disgust.

'Don't,' he cried. 'Keep the accursed thing out of sight.'

'Why?' replied Wynyan with a faint smile of satisfaction upon his lip.

'Why?' cried Dalton fiercely. 'I'll tell you. Because you are almost a boy. To you it means trying to grapple with difficulties during the long years of life you have stretching out in sunshine. To me it means hopelessness and despair. You are healthy and strong. I am old and broken in health. For Heaven's sake, burn the miserable delusion—the snare with its tempting bait.'

'That is not the spirit in which we have always worked,' said Wynyan quietly. 'You taught me differently from that, Mr Dalton.' He

took up a pencil and drew his chair closer to the table. 'It is as you say, sir, certain to fail as it stands. Our model worked beautifully, but as you have seen, the constant pressure must after some hours mean collapse.'

'Yes, yes, I know,' said Dalton bitterly; but he was impressed by his junior's manner. There was something suggestive of the holding out a straw to one who drowned, and his fingers twitched as if to grasp that straw in his great despair.

'Now,' said Wynyan, in a low voice as if to himself, and he kept on touching portions of the coloured sections carefully drawn to scale, 'I spent last night going through this from point to point, calculating it, working the stress and strain at easy pressure.'

'Yes,' sighed Dalton sadly, 'and it means utter destruction after some hours' use. Ship or building would go, and it would be more dangerous to its friends than to its enemies.'

'So would a steam-engine be if there were no safety-valve,' replied Wynyan quietly.

'Then you propose to put a safety-valve in there, I suppose?' replied Dalton mockingly.

'That which would occupy its place and purpose,' replied Wynyan. 'Suppose I introduce a small shaft here bearing an eccentric, and break or modify the current at stated intervals—half-minutes or minutes as we pleased, or experience taught us was necessary to relieve the strain.'

He pointed with his pencil as he spoke, and the old engineer sprang from his chair, clapped his trembling hands down upon the drawing, and gazed at the portion indicated by the pencil.

'Say that again,' he cried in a husky voice, and Wynyan quietly repeated his words, while the great drops gathered on the old man's broad forehead ran together, and there was a faint pat and a gathering stain upon the weak spot of the drawing—a spot which made the colour run as if marked out upon blotting-paper. Then with a cry, the hands resting upon the plans were shifted to Wynyan's shoulders, and he was pressed back in his chair.

'Not—not another word,' panted Dalton, 'unless you cry "Eureka." But there—I must be calm—for Rénée's sake. Paul—Paul Wynyan,' he gasped out, as he sank back in his chair, 'God bless you, boy! You have saved my life.'

'You think, then, that I am right?'

'You are right, boy. A simple thing threatened ruin; a simple thing has given me back my life. I couldn't have borne it, Wynyan. I must have gone.'

'Come, come; you are excited, sir, and you magnify the evil and relief.'

'No, boy; neither—I know.'

He spoke in a subdued voice now, with his hands laid upon his breast.

'I did not want more money; but when you suggested the production of this motor, I saw its enormous value, and for your sake, as well as my own, I went into it heart and soul. As we went on, it grew upon us till I felt that if



we perfected our work a nation which possessed it might laugh at her rivals.'

'Yes, sir,' said Wynyan quietly, 'it must give a country gigantic power.'

'And we have won, then, after all. Wynyan, my dear boy, I promised you that if you succeeded I would be fair.'

'Yes; but you need not have promised,' said the young man quietly. 'You always are.'

'My enemies do not say so,' said Dalton. 'Even Brant considers me unjust.'

'Don't let us discuss that or anything else now, sir,' said Wynyan, doubling up his drawing, and replacing it in his pocket. 'You have had anxiety enough. Only tell me this—you feel full confidence in the invention now?'

'Perfect.'

'And I have the same, Mr Dalton, in you.'

'I know that, my boy,' said the old man, leaning forward to lay his hand upon his lieutenant's knee. 'But I will say this—you must join me as my partner.'

'Mr Dalton, this is too much,' cried the young man, flushing.

'Let me be the judge of that. There; I must rest now; I have gone through too much during the past twenty-four hours. Tell Hamber not to let me be disturbed.'

'Would it not be better to have some advice, sir?' said Wynyan anxiously.

'Send for Kilpatrick again?' replied Dalton with a smile. 'My dear boy, you have prescribed that this afternoon which will give me years of life. By the way, we are at home on Wednesdays. Come in for an hour or two.'

Wynyan hesitated.

'Yes,' continued Dalton, 'come in now and then. You must meet people more. There will not be many, but Villar Endoza said he would come; I want you to know him more. He has something on the way again, and we may as well have the contract. They pay—or the British public does. The electric lighting has given great satisfaction, he says. For the present, then. You will come in sometimes?'

Come! When it was like opening to him the door of happiness and joy.

The old man turned to the table filter to replenish his glass of water, and Wynyan's hand closed upon a white rose which had half escaped from the bouquet on the table. He hesitated for a moment, and then resisted the temptation.

The next moment Dalton was back and took up the bunch to hold them to his face. 'Hah!' he said with a smile, 'the links that hold us back to childhood. Take one for your button-hole, Wynyan. They are very fine. But you don't do that sort of thing.'

'Oh yes,' he cried eagerly, 'sometimes;' and he took a creamy bud with feverish haste, placed it in his coat, and then went out from the principal's room with the feeling upon him that flowers linked us with something more than childhood. To him then it was as if he were a step nearer *Rénée*.

The next moment he felt a chill, for Brant Dalton came up as if to enter the private room.

'Mr Dalton asked me to say that he wished not to be disturbed.'

'What?' said Brant sharply; but he did not look at the man he addressed. Wynyan saw that his eyes were fixed upon the rose he was wearing at his breast.

### THE SCOTTISH GOLD-FIELDS.

THERE are few countries in the world which have not at some time or other yielded gold, for it is one of the most widely distributed metals, though, unfortunately, it always occurs in small quantities, mingled with vast masses of valueless materials. So valuable is it, moreover, that once a deposit has been discovered, men do not rest until they have extracted all the precious metal that is within their reach; and therefore in countries which have been long civilised, the gold-fields have mostly become exhausted. The United Kingdom has in the past yielded very considerable quantities of gold, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales each giving a fair share; but of all the regions in which gold has been found in Great Britain, the Scottish gold-fields of Lanarkshire are the most interesting.

Not fifty miles from the city of Glasgow, it is yet a *terra incognita* both to natives and visitors, except the very few who have in some way become acquainted with it; indeed, probably the great majority of Scotsmen do not know that Scotland ever produced any gold. The district in which the gold was found is the only mineral region in Scotland, and so rich was it in gold and lead, that it came to be called 'God's Treasure-house in Scotland.' The gold was found in the valleys of the Lowthers, a group of rounded, featureless hills, covered with dark grass, enriched during the autumn by patches of purple heather; bare and treeless, and having altogether a very barren and uninviting appearance. Nor are they lofty; and they cannot by any stretch of the imagination be considered to be mountains, the highest point, the Green Lowther, only attaining an altitude of about two thousand four hundred feet. The hills are the remains of a mass of high land elevated above the sea many ages ago, into which the long-continued action of running water has cut deep valleys. On the high lands rise tiny rivulets, which uniting, form burns, and these ultimately find their way into the two rivers which receive most of the drainage on the two sides of the water-parting, the Clyde and the Nith. Of the streams, but three have yielded any considerable quantity of gold, and these rise very close together near the base of the Green Lowther. The Wanlock Water flows by a very devious course to the Nith; the other two soon separate, and reach the Clyde, some miles apart—the Glengonar Water taking the more northerly course, and the Shortcleuch, which soon becomes the Elvan Water, going more to the south. The total length of each of these streams, from its source to the Clyde, is under ten miles. The valleys are not narrow gorges; but are of the usual river-valley type, a more or less wide plain through which the stream runs, winding in and out, bounded by steep sloping hills, which are cut into smaller transverse valleys

wherever smaller burns send down their waters.

The streams have cut their courses deep into the rock; the heavy rains aided by the resistless expansive force of freezing water, and the more important, though less obvious disintegration brought about by the chemical action of air and water, have worn away the sides of the valleys, and the remnants of the rocks have been carried into the streams. In ordinary times, these streams are small brooks, and seem almost powerless; but in times of 'spate' they increase enormously in size, and, becoming torrents, sweep the lighter materials down towards the sea; whilst the larger and heavier fragments, which the rushing water cannot carry, are deposited, forming the beds of gravel which line the bottom of the valleys, and through which in peaceful times the streams flow.

It is in these gravels that the gold has been found. Gold is not easily destructible; it is not acted on by water, or by air, and being very heavy, it is not easily carried down by the streams, whilst its brightness enables it to be found with comparative ease, even when present in small quantities. At what period gold was first discovered in this region it is impossible to say—certainly it was before the beginning of authentic history, for gold ornaments have been found in abundance among the very earliest Scotch remains; and we know of no district from which the metal is likely to have come but this—unless, indeed, it was imported, which does not seem to be likely—and both Strabo and Tacitus mention gold as being one of the metals occurring in the island. Gold is known to have been worked in these valleys as far back as the thirteenth century, mention being made of workings in the reign of David I. (1125). Later, in the reign of James IV., gold was obtained in considerable quantities, the works being then known as those of Crawford or Crawford-muir.

In 1537, James V. married Magdalene, a daughter of the king of France, and brought her to Scotland, accompanied, of course, by many retainers from the French court. Soon after their arrival, the king, accompanied by the queen and her train, set out to hunt among the Lowthers, and took up his abode at Crawford Castle. No contrasts could be greater than those between the lovely fertile valleys of France with their trees and flowers, and these bare, bleak, treeless hills, hardly supporting any plants but grass and heather, uncultivated and uncultivable, affording a bare subsistence to hardly mountain sheep, and between the bright sunny weather of the south, and the damp, dull, depressing climate of the north. The French felt the difference keenly, and no doubt also expressed it openly, jeering at the barrenness of the land to which they had come. The king heard of this, and, according to the tradition, he wagered that his land, barren though it seemed, would produce fairer fruit than any in sunny France; and at a banquet to be held soon after, he would be ready to make good his wager. When the day of the banquet arrived, a large covered dish was brought in and set before the queen; the cover was removed, and revealed a heap of

fine new gold coins (the celebrated 'Bonnet' pieces), made with gold from the Elvan Valley. It was admitted that this was a goodly fruit, and the king thus won his bet. It seems curious that a descendant of one De Hope, who came over in the train of Queen Magdalene, should afterwards own Leadhills. These valuable mines were acquired by the Hopetoun family through the marriage of Sir James Hope of Hopetoun, a member of the Scottish bar, to Anne, only daughter and heir of Robert Foulis, of Leadhills.

Soon after the death of his young French queen, James married Mary of Guise. The new queen was a woman of great ability and enormous energy; she had no doubt heard of the bonnet-pieces, and she resolved to gather a further harvest of the same fruit. She brought over miners from France to carry on the work systematically, and probably a considerable quantity of gold was obtained, for in '1567 Cornelius de Vois sent eight pounds' weight of gold to Edinburgh, the produce of thirty days' work of the persons he had employed; and the Regent Morton not long after 'presented to the French king a gold basin filled with gold pieces, all being the produce of Scotland.'

A period of religious and political upheaving followed, in which men had little time to give to systematic mining, and still less to recording their success; so for a few years nothing is known of what was done.

About 1578, another attempt was made to find gold—this time, by an English adventurer, Bevis Bulmer. Thomas Foulis, an Edinburgh goldsmith, had commenced to work the lead-mines at the head of the Shortcleuch and Glengonar Waters—which have been worked ever since, and are now known as the Leadhills mines—and in 1576 he engaged Bulmer to take charge of the works. Bulmer had of course heard of the gold finds, and being of a very speculative disposition, was more powerfully attracted by the chances of gold-finding than by the more prosaic if more profitable lead-mining. He obtained 'letters of recommendation from Queen Elizabeth;' and on the strength of these, the Scotch Government granted him a patent to 'adventure and search for gold and silver mines' on Crawford-muir.

He commenced work on the Menock Water, where he found but little gold; then he tried the Wanlock Water, where he was more successful; then he turned his attention to the Shortcleuch, and worked down it and the Elvan Water, and then down the Glengonar Water, on all of which he found gold, some pieces being of considerable size. The works were carried on in a thorough and systematic manner. He was miner enough to know that desultory hunting could be of little use, so he erected dams, and made artificial water-courses or sluices for the washing; and the great heaps of refuse, the 'gold scaurs,' which still remain in various parts of the valley, attest to the thoroughness with which the work was done. He built stores in several places, and erected a house for himself in Glengonar, over the door of which he is said to have put the lines:

In Wanlock, Elvan, and Glengonar,  
I found my riches and my honour.

For three years the work went on successfully; about three hundred men being employed, and gold to the value of one hundred thousand pounds was obtained; but as the workings were carried down the streams, they became less and less productive, and at last ceasing to be profitable, were abandoned. Bulmer returning to England, 'presented Queen Elizabeth with a porringer made of Scotch gold, along with the statement in rhyme:

My mind and heart shall still invent  
To seek out treasures yet unknown.'

Bulmer's work had been a success; he exhausted the gold so completely, that there was little left for those who came after him. Alluvial gold-washing can never last long, if systematically carried on; a very short time sufficing to clear out the gold which has taken ages to accumulate; but as the most complete washing fails to remove all the metal, occasional finds are possible, even after the gravels have been well worked. Since Bulmer's time, no systematic working has been attempted; but occasional finds, sometimes of considerable value, have not been uncommon. In 1863 a party of Leadhills miners made an organised search, and obtained about two thousand grains of gold, which was presented to Lady Hopetoun, who had it made into ornaments. Since that date, on several occasions small quantities of eighty grains or so have been found, and made into wedding rings on the occasion of the marriage of some of the officials of the mining company, and an ornament of Leadhills gold was given by the miners to the present Lady Hopetoun on her marriage. A ring of Leadhills gold was presented in 1893 to the Duchess of York. The lion shield of the old Scottish kings with the thistle was impressed upon the outside of the ring, and also this motto, 'Nemo me impune lacessit.' Inside the ring there was this inscription: 'This ring of Scotch gold, from the ancient mines of Leadhills, was given by Mr W. G. Borron and the miners of that district, to the Princess Victoria Mary of Teck, July 1893.' Even now, small quantities of the precious metal are occasionally found by miners, some of whom spend their spare time in searching likely places—a very good substitute, one would think, for fishing, and one not to be despised as a recreation in a place where amusements are few.

The gold occurs in the gravels in the form of dust, scales, and small nuggets, and is very irregularly scattered. It might be thought that none would now occur near enough the surface to be obtained; but it must be remembered that the heavy rains, which are by no means infrequent in the district, disturb and rearrange the gravels, and sweep down fresh debris from the hillsides.

The gold from various parts of the field differs much in appearance; and like all native gold, it is never pure, but contains a considerable quantity of silver. The Leadhills gold has an average fineness of about 850, or contains eighty-five per cent. of gold, the remainder being almost entirely silver.

Whence came the gold; and how did it get into the gravels? It must surely have come from the rocks which have yielded the gravel;

and if the streams be traced up to their source, the place from which it came should be found. For centuries, search has been made for this 'reef,' but without success. Bulmer thought he had found it, and set up stamping machinery to extract the gold; but the yield was too small to be profitable. Quite recently, a miner found a piece of quartz containing unmistakable gold, and he thought he could find the reef from which it came; but after diligent search, he, too, failed to find it. The accumulation of the mass of auriferous gravel must have taken an enormous time, the water breaking up the rocks, and carrying them in powder or in solution to the sea, whilst the gold, from its durability and density, was left, Nature carrying on in her own way a process of concentration exactly similar to that by which man treats the gravels to recover the gold.

If the reef exists, it is curious that it has not been discovered; but as the great bulk of the gold has been found not very far from the heads of the streams, it is obvious that the source of the gold cannot be lower down. The whole region is traversed by a large number of mineral veins, which now yield lead, or contain nothing of worth; and it is possible that the gold may have been in the upper portions of some of these, and that the reef, as far as it was gold-bearing, may have been completely washed away.

Whether the days of Scotland as a gold-producing country—at any rate as far as the district under consideration is concerned—are gone for ever, it is impossible to say. Bevis Bulmer did his work so well, that there is no likelihood of more gold being obtained from the gravels; but should the reef at any time be found, it is impossible to say what it may or may not yield. Quite apart from gold, 'the Treasure-house' is still rich in mineral wealth; and a large quantity of lead, containing some silver, is still obtained from the mines at the Leadhills and at Wanlockhead. The output from these mines is much smaller now than it was; but in 1892 it amounted to about 3000 tons, containing about 9000 ounces of silver.

In both places the lead ore is smelted, and at Wanlockhead the silver is extracted, whilst the lead from Leadhills is sent to Glasgow, and is there desilverised. The mines have been profitable in the past; but it is difficult to see how they can long continue so with lead at its present very low price.

In Dr John Brown's delightful article in *John Leech and other Papers* on the wild Enterkin Pass, near at hand, the story of a covenanting rescue is quoted from Defoe. There is much information also in Porteous's *God's Treasure-house in Scotland*. Allan Ramsay the poet was a son of a mine manager at Leadhills; and James Taylor, a pioneer in inland steam-navigation, was also a native. There is a good public library, founded in 1741. Dorothy Wordsworth has a record in her *Journal in Scotland* in 1803, of the visit paid to Leadhills and the neighbouring village of Wanlockhead by herself, her brother William, and Coleridge. Leadhills and Wanlockhead claim to be two of the highest villages in Scotland; and both, along with Crawford, Elvanfoot, and Abington, on

the upper reach of the Clyde, are patronised by visitors, in the season, for the bracing hill air.

There is another district from which gold has been obtained, and which deserves mention among the gold-fields of Scotland. It is situated on the south-east coast of Sutherland. Here streams flowing down from the hills have deposited beds of gravel, and in these gravels gold has been found. The first finds in this district date back to a somewhat remote period, and attempts have been made at intervals to work them. Whether the gravels contain enough of the precious metal to make a systematic washing profitable is uncertain, but attempts are being made to test this, and to keep the working open, and it is to be hoped that the yield may be large enough to add gold-washing to the permanent industries of the Highlands.

## RICHARD MAITLAND—CONSUL.

### A VICTIM OF THE KOLAO-HWUY.

#### CHAPTER II.

It took some time to prime the candidates in their new duties; but at last the weary task came to an end, and Sterling and the other neophytes were led to the 'Lodge of Universal Peace,' where the whole council was assembled.

'May my lords live myriads of years,' said the *Vanguard* as he entered the assembly.

'Who is there before me, on the ground?' demanded the President.

'It is *T'ien-yu-hung*' (the Introducer).

The 'Introducer' took his place by the side of the candidates. A long examination immediately followed, which to poor Sterling's fevered brain appeared meaningless and wearisome in the extreme.

At the conclusion of this so-called examination, the following question was put to the new members: 'Do you still desire to become one of the brethren?'

Sterling raised his eyes with a momentary gleam of hope—the word 'No' had almost passed his lips; but he fortunately paused before he uttered it, for a wretched neophyte who stood near was bold enough to decline to become a member of the Kolao-hwuy.

'No; I do not wish to become a brother,' he said. The words had scarcely passed his lips before the unfortunate man was dragged outside the west gate of the camp and instantly beheaded.

After this ghastly experience, there were no more dissentient voices on the part of the neophytes. Sterling felt his heart beat hard and fast; but true to his resolve to act up to the traditions of his country, he held himself erect, and looked boldly into the face of the President.

'We will now go into the Red Flower Pavilion,' said that personage. He led the way; and the new members with the council immediately followed him. Here the neophytes were obliged to confirm by a bloody oath their desire to join the society. The whole of this ceremony was ghastly in the extreme. The place, the hour, the expressions on the faces of those men who already belonged to the

Kolao-hwuy, added to the horrors which already filled poor Sterling's mind. He thought of Evelyn waiting for him at home, and of the terrible chains which, through his own rash act, were now being riveted round his neck.

As a preliminary to this final ceremony, the faces of the new members were washed in cold water and long white robes were put upon them. After a tedious prayer to the gods, in which the brethren declared their intention of destroying the present dynasty, and remaining faithful to the Kolao-hwuy Society through all changes and chances of life, the oath, which consisted of thirty-six articles, was read to the neophytes on their bended knees. A bowl of wine was next introduced, over which each candidate pricked his middle finger with a silver needle and let some drops of blood mix with the wine. This was done as a token of membership. After which each individual drank in turn out of the bowl, and thus confirmed by blood his loyalty to the society.

This formality ended the initiation ceremony, immediately after which the President distributed to each member a diploma inscribed on linen.

When he received his, Sterling asked if he might now be allowed to return home. His request was gruffly refused. He had once again to accompany his brethren through the Lodge, and was called upon to listen to many and weary explanations of all the numerous insignia pertaining to the society. The lecture was finally followed by a feast; and it was not until the first streaks of dawn lit up the eastern sky that the new member of the Kolao-hwuy was allowed to make his way back to the settlement.

When he found himself once more in the open air, he could not help giving a sigh of relief. 'The ghastly thing is over,' he muttered under his breath; 'and I must now hope for the best. I must hide all knowledge of what has occurred from Evelyn, and must as soon as possible take steps to ensure our return to England. It is impossible for me to be a member of anything so iniquitous except in name, and I have a shrewd suspicion, from the look on Lin's face when he introduced me to the *Vanguard*, that these people mean me to be by no means an idle member. It is to be hoped, though, that they will give me a few days' grace; and now my first care is to reassure Evelyn, and satisfy her as to my strange absence from home to-night.'

The sun was shining brightly when Sterling entered his *hong*. He was startled to see that his wife had never been to bed. She hurried out of one of their reception rooms, threw her arms round his neck, and burst into tears. 'I have gone through a terrible night,' she said. 'I cannot tell you what fears and horrors have come to me. Where have you been, Wilfrid? What has happened? Oh, the joy of seeing you back again! Do tell me where you have been.'

'I was called away on unexpected business, dearest,' replied the young man; 'we won't say anything about it now—it doesn't concern you, and it is over, Evelyn;' and so he silenced her inquiries for the time being.

During the day that followed, Sterling found it extremely difficult to keep up his spirits. In the first place, he felt tired; and in the next, the more he thought about the dilemma into which his own rash acts had brought him, the more difficult it appeared to be to find any way out of it. It was all very well for him to say that he might escape the machinations of the Kolao-hwuy by leaving the country; but what possible excuse could he give to the other partners of the firm for asking for leave of absence just after he had been for a holiday. He thought and thought; the more he thought, the less he liked the position of affairs. In the evening he returned to his hong, where Evelyn was waiting for him. She was dressed in one of those simple dresses which she used to wear at home. She looked so young and fair, so guileless, so almost child-like, that the young man's whole heart went out to her with a great yearning. He felt a choking sensation in his throat as he looked at her.

'She is such a child,' he muttered to himself. 'How can I ever forgive myself for dragging her into a mess of this sort.'

Evelyn, however, was not quite so child-like as she looked. She was a woman, and a brave one—she had also considerable sense and penetration. In short, she could read the faces of those she loved as an open book. Sterling had assured her when he came back in the morning that there was nothing wrong; but Evelyn looked into his eyes and suspected otherwise. It was impossible for her to have the least suspicion as to the sort of trouble that hung over him, but to know that he was in trouble was quite enough for her. She thought of him all day long; and when he came down-stairs dressed for dinner, she determined to win his confidence before the evening passed.

During dinner, Sterling's spirits somewhat revived. It was some hours now since his initiation into the society. Not a word, not a token had been vouchsafed to him during the day, and he greatly hoped that Lin and his emissaries would leave him alone for at least a time.

'I shall surely be given breathing-space, and during that time something must be done,' he murmured.

He cheered up as this thought came to him, and after dinner suggested to Evelyn that she should sing to him.

Glad to see him cheerful once more, she ran out of the room to fetch her music. She was some little time absent, and when she came back, her face wore a startled expression.

'See what an extraordinary thing I found in your study,' she said. 'It was pinned to the tablecloth with an arrow. What in the world is it? I cannot understand this curious message.' 'Give it to me at once, Evelyn,' said her husband.

He snatched the piece of blue paper from her hand, tore it open, and read the contents. His face turned ghastly.

'What is the matter? You look as if you are going to faint,' said the wife.

'Nothing, nothing,' he replied. He walked across the room, took some brandy out of a sideboard, mixed it with water, and drank it

off. The strong stimulant brought back his failing courage.

'You must tell me what is wrong,' said Evelyn, following him. 'There,' she added, using a sudden new note of authority; 'I insist upon knowing. Sit down on that chair and tell me at once. Do you think I can't share your troubles? What is a wife for, except to share her husband's troubles?' Here she knelt by his side and put her arms round his neck.

The unfortunate young man clasped her tightly to his heart. 'Oh, my darling,' he exclaimed, 'I ought never to have married you. I have done wrong, and I am punished. I ought not to have married you, Evelyn.'

'Why so?' she answered. 'You love me, and I love you.'

'God knows I love you, dearest.'

'Then nothing else is any matter,' she replied in a cheerful tone. 'I didn't expect everything to be smooth when I became your wife, Wilfrid. Now tell me the trouble. Where were you last night? And what does that dreadful bit of paper and this horrid arrow mean?'

'They mean, Evelyn,' said Sterling, 'that I am in the hands of an enemy who never relents, and who never slackens his hold. Believe me, my dear wife, you had best not know any more.'

'I insist on knowing. Who is the enemy, Wilfrid?'

'I will whisper the name to you.'

'Yes, do. What is it?'

'The Kolao-hwuy. I am a member of the Kolao-hwuy.'

Evelyn's face looked blank. She had never heard of the Kolao-hwuy, and thought that her husband must be slightly off his head.

'I have no time to explain,' he said, springing to his feet. 'I am a member of a very terrible secret society called the Kolao-hwuy. I was initiated into that society last night. I didn't mean you to know, but I cannot keep the knowledge from your ears. If I disobey the mandates of the society, I am a dead man. The letter which you saw pinned with an arrow to the tablecloth in our study is a summons to be present at one of their important meetings. I must go, Evelyn. As long as I obey them, I am all right.'

Evelyn's face had grown as white as death. 'But what do they want you to do?' she exclaimed.

'God knows; I don't.'

'But suppose it is anything wrong, anything awful?'

'I must go to them to-night, Evelyn. They are scarcely likely to give an important mission to so new a member. My dear, you must not keep me any longer. This summons requires immediate attention. We will try and get back to England by-and-by. In England we shall be safe.' Sterling rose as he spoke. A moment later he had left the room and the house.

Evelyn stood quite still after he had left her. The suddenness of the calamity which had overtaken her husband, and turned all their happiness into misery, stunned her for a moment; then a great wave of courage and determination filled her heart.

'Something must be done, and I am the one

to do it,' she murmured. 'Yes; I won't lose a minute.' She walked across the room and rang a bell. When a servant appeared, she asked him to fetch a sedan-chair for her immediately. When it arrived, she stepped into it, and desired the bearers to take her to the Consulate.

The night was as beautiful as the previous one, and Maitland was enjoying the fresh air on the veranda when Mrs Sterling was announced. She had thrown a white shawl over her head and shoulders, and came up to his side impulsively.

One glance at her face was quite enough to show Maitland that she was in trouble. 'My dear girl, what can I do for you?' he said, taking one of her hands in both of his.

'I want to speak to you,' she said in a hoarse kind of voice. 'Can we be alone somewhere?'

'Yes; come into my study with me.'

The moment they entered this room, Evelyn came close to Maitland. 'We're in terrible trouble,' she said. 'I have not the faintest idea what it means, but I know it means something dreadful. My husband was made a member of the Kolao-hwuy last night.'

'What?' cried Maitland.

'My husband was last night made a member of a secret society here, which goes by the name of the Kolao-hwuy. It was for that purpose he suddenly left this house.—What is the matter, Mr Maitland?'

'Oh, nothing, my dear—nothing,' replied the Consul—'only, your news has startled me a good bit.'

'I am ignorant of where the danger lies,' replied Evelyn; 'but I judge from Wilfrid's manner that it is very real and very grave.'

'What possessed the man?'—began Maitland.

'We have no time to go into that now,' continued Evelyn, interrupting him with sudden passion. 'Wilfrid was made a member last night. An hour ago, I found a paper pinned with an arrow to the cloth in our study, summoning him to a meeting of the society. I took it to him. I do not know what the contents were, but they evidently caused him the deepest distress. He has now gone to attend the meeting; and I, Mr Maitland, I have come to you.' Evelyn looked full into the Consul's face as she said the last words. 'Will you help me?' she asked. 'Will you save my husband?'

'I will do everything that man can do for you, my poor child. Your news has upset me a good bit. I know all about the Kolao-hwuy. I can't hide from you, Evelyn, that your husband is in extreme danger. You must let me think for a few minutes. Sit there, my dear; when I have arranged my thoughts, I will speak to you.'

Maitland paced up and down his room in deep cogitation. Evelyn sat in her chair, leaning her face on her hands—she was trying hard to restrain her tears—a fearful weight lay at her heart. Maitland's manner, too, added to her alarm.

Suddenly he stopped and stood opposite to her. 'Where is Sterling at this moment?' he asked.

'I don't know,' she replied. 'I suppose he has gone to this terrible meeting.'

'That can't be,' said Maitland. 'The meetings are always held late at night.' He turned as he spoke, and again strode up and down the room—his brow was heavily overcast, as if he saw a fresh difficulty in his way. Evelyn's eyes followed him in mute agony.

After a time, he again broke the silence. 'Can you tell me, Evelyn, if there is any one who knows your husband's usual haunts?' Maitland laid a peculiar emphasis on the word 'haunts,' that made poor Evelyn shiver.

'I don't know,' she replied with a choking sensation in her voice. 'Until last night, I thought I knew everything about him; but it seems I was mistaken. Perhaps his "boy" can tell us.'

'Ah, that is a good thought,' answered Maitland. 'I will go and see the boy immediately.—Now, my dear, listen to me; you're safest where you are at the present moment. I wish you to stay here; and I want you further to trust me, and to rely on my promise to do all that mortal man can to save your husband from the grave danger in which he has placed himself.'

Evelyn stood up. 'How can I thank you?' she said. 'I felt from the first that you were the only one who could and who would help me. But I would rather go home now, please. Wilfrid might return at any moment, and think it strange if I were out.'

'Do as you like,' replied Maitland; 'only, we have no time to lose.' He drew her hand through his arm as he spoke, and conducted her down-stairs to her sedan.

The coolies who were crouching beside it rose to their feet at a word from the Consul, and without more ado, carried the chair towards the hong at a pace which taxed Maitland's walking powers to the utmost. On reaching the hong, Maitland immediately summoned Sterling's boy into his presence.

'Where your master have got?' inquired the Consul.

'I no savey,' answered the imperturbable Chinaman.

'You no talkee me lie, pidjin. You savey very well. Tell me where he have got. You no tellee me, I send you to the Mandalin.'

This threat had a perceptible effect on the boy. He lost his stolid indifference, and began to gesticulate as he said: 'How can savey—master go plenty places.'

'Tell me where that place, opium shop belong?'

This last question was said at a venture. A sudden idea had darted through Maitland's brain that Sterling might be seeking refuge from his misery in opium. When putting the question, Maitland looked at the boy straight in his eyes, and he saw at once that the shot had told.

'Suppose master go smoke opium, I can savey that place,' he answered in a low tone.

'You can show me immediately,' said Maitland, as he rose to go into the drawing-room to speak one last word to Evelyn. She was standing near the door, listening intently—her hands were tightly clasped together, her head slightly thrown back.

'I think I know where your husband is now,' said Maitland in his most cheering tones. 'Keep up your courage, and I will bring him back to you in less than no time.'

Without allowing himself even a moment to glance at the poor young wife's stricken face, the Consul turned and went out into the courtyard, where Sterling's boy was waiting for him; and in silence the two walked out of the foreign settlement into the native city.

On entering the main street, the boy turned sharply to the right, down a narrow lane, and, after several more turns and twists, stopped suddenly and pointed at a house which stood just before them. On the side of the door was pasted a round piece of paper, which marked the character of the place.

'Wait here for me,' said Maitland in an authoritative tone.

Without a moment's hesitation, he pushed open the door and walked into the squalid yard of the building. As he entered, he saw an attendant carrying some prepared opium and a pipe into the principal saloon. Maitland followed him swiftly: he found himself in a long low room—the sickening fumes of the drug hung heavy in the air; and stretched on different divans lay eight or ten men in various stages of intoxication.

As long as he lived, Maitland never forgot this sickening sight. Some of the opium victims were inhaling the first few whiffs from their pipes, and were chatting eagerly to one another. Others, who had passed this stage, were sleepily breathing in the smoke, and were fast entering that land of dreams in which others, again, were already revelling. The pale and haggard features of these wretched men were in striking contrast to the painted cheeks of two girls who were supplying their wants. None of the men took the least notice of Maitland; but one of the girls came quickly up to him and offered him a place on a divan, and also a pipe.

Maitland pushed her aside in disgust; and looking more keenly into the faces of the smokers, discovered, with a strange thrill of pain and satisfaction, the haggard features of the Englishman whom he had come to rescue. Sterling was lying in a half-stupor, waiting for the refilling of his pipe. Maitland went quickly up to him, took him by the arm, and gently shook him. Sterling gazed at him with a confused stare, then exclaimed, in an accent of terror: 'Who are you?'

'Come along, Sterling. I am Maitland, your friend. I have got something to say to you.'

Once in the courtyard, a cup of tea which was immediately supplied had a wonderful effect on Sterling. He recovered his senses, and with them came a feeling of shame which bowed him to the ground. 'How did you know where I was?' he asked. 'And why have you come to see me in my disgrace?'

'Because I have something to say; it is this: I am determined to save you from yourself, and also to save your brave wife from misery and shame.'

At the word 'wife,' Sterling uttered a groan and covered his face with both hands. 'You don't know what you are saying,' he answered. 'I am in the hands of those whom to disobey is death.'

'I know what you mean,' said Maitland; 'but remember, I am on the side of right against wrong, and I swear that I will save you, were you in the hands of fifty Kolao-hwuya.'

'You can't, Maitland—you can't,' said the wretched man. 'I am lost—I am lost!'

### THE FOREST DWARFS OF THE CONGO.

THE existence of a tribe of Dwarfs, not as a mere *lusus nature*, but as an independent branch of the human race, has been an oft-disputed point, which the explorations of Mr Stanley in the great forest of the Congo have gone far to solve. Dwarfs figure largely in all heathen mythologies, whence they have descended into the pages of modern fairy tales. As early as the fifth century B.C. the geographer Hecataeus of Miletus speaks of a race of tiny beings no more than a span in height, dwelling in Libya, who cut down corn-stalks with an axe, and whom Hercules is said to have gathered up in his lion's skin as a present for King Eurystheus. Dwarfs also play an important part in the folklore of the nations of northern and western Europe, whose imagination peopled the hills, the woods, and the rivers of their respective countries with numberless elves, fairies, sprites, trolls, and water-nixies—beings endowed with supernatural powers, employed for the most part in the service of man. Modern writers have occasionally adapted the same tales to meet their own requirements—for example, the rivalry between Oberon and Titania forms the background of the plot of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*; while Swift, under cover of Gulliver's visit to Lilliput, takes the opportunity of directing a scathing satire against the political intrigues of his own country.

But altogether apart from the imaginations of ancient and modern writers, it is interesting to notice the persistent and reiterated tradition which asserted the existence of an undersized nomadic race in the heart of the African Continent—a tradition whose first appearance dates from the time of Homer, nearly a thousand years before the Christian era. In a passage found in the third book of the *Iliad*, Homer refers to the wars carried on between the Pygmies and the Cranes:

As when the cry  
Of cranes is in the air, that, flying south  
From winter, and its mighty breadth of rain,  
Wing their way over ocean, and at dawn  
Bring fearful battle to the Pygmy race,  
Bloodshed and death.

By the time of Herodotus their position had become permanently fixed in the centre of Africa. That historian relates the adventures of five young men of the Nasamones, a fierce Libyan tribe on the north coast of Africa, who started to explore the unknown parts of the interior; and describes how 'they at length saw some trees growing on a plain; and having approached, they began to pluck the fruit; and while they were gathering it, some diminutive men, less than men of middle stature, came up and seized them and carried them away.'



Later on, Aristotle, with evident reference to the passage in the *Iliad*, alludes to the same tradition. 'The cranes,' he says, 'fly to the lakes above Egypt from which flows the Nile. There dwell the Pygmies; and this is no fable, but the simple truth. There, just as we are told, men and horses of diminutive size dwell in caves.'

Strabo, the Roman geographer in the time of Tiberius, had heard of the Pygmies, but disbelieved in their existence. In the seventeenth book of his *Geography*, which deals chiefly with Egypt and Libya, there occurs the following statement: 'The Æthiopians for the most part live a miserable and nomadic life. They go naked; and their domestic animals are of small stature, as are also their dogs. The inhabitants themselves are small, but active and warlike. Perhaps it is their small stature which has given rise to the fables about the Pygmies; for there is no man worthy of credit who has spoken of them as an eye-witness.'

From these statements of early historians and geographers, it may be clearly gathered that the existence of a nomadic race of undersized men was an article of popular belief among the ancients. It remains, therefore, to inquire how far the investigations of modern African explorers tend to confirm the truth of this tradition. On the disruption of the Roman Empire, civilisation and literature perished for a time under the smouldering ruins of Athens and Rome. During the period that ensued, the course of exploration and scientific investigation was roughly interrupted, and was not resumed until the nations of modern Europe began to emerge from the chaos. Throughout the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the tide of exploration was for the most part turned to America; nor was it until the end of the eighteenth and the beginning of the nineteenth century that attention was once more fully directed towards Africa. During the first half of the nineteenth century, a fair knowledge was gained of those parts of Africa adjoining the sea-coast; but the interior of the Continent long remained unexplored, until the modern era of exploration began under Livingstone, Speke, Burton, Grant, and others, and culminated in the successful expeditions of Mr Stanley.

With the increased knowledge of the interior, it is interesting to notice the revival of the traditions concerning the Pygmy race of Central Africa. As early as 1848, Du Chaillu, a well-known African traveller, had heard reports of a tribe called Dokos, no bigger than boys ten years old—that is, about four feet in height—with dark olive-coloured complexions, whose main articles of diet consisted of serpents, ants, and mice. At a later date he himself came across a race of dwarfs called Obongos, whose appearance and customs are fully described in a book entitled *The Country of the Dwarfs*. He found them dwelling in a forest, scattered at intervals near the settlements of the full-grown aborigines. He describes them as skilful hunters and trappers of game, using no iron weapons, but only bows and arrows, the latter of which they tip with poison. They never remained long together in the same place; but when food began to grow scarce, moved off in search of

new quarters. On several occasions he entered their huts, which were oval in shape, resembling the half of a severed orange, and high enough to allow a full-grown man to stand upright without touching the roof. They are represented as having prominent cheek-bones, thick lips, flat noses, and low, narrow foreheads, while their average height is about four feet seven inches.

The next explorer who makes mention of the forest dwarfs is Dr Schweinfurth, a Professor of Heidelberg University, who in three years (1868-1871) penetrated the heart of Africa as far as the previously unknown region of Mombuttu. He gives an extremely interesting account of the dwarfs, whom he describes under the generic term of Akka. According to him, they inhabit the forest region lying to the south of the Mombuttu people, whom they assist against the neighbouring tribes. They are skilful hunters, very cunning and cruel, and have no domestic animals except poultry. Two specimens whom he captured measured respectively four feet one inch and four feet four inches; and he never came across any whose height exceeded four feet ten inches. The personal characteristics of the two captured dwarfs are thus described: 'Their skin was of a dull brown tint, the colour of partially roasted coffee; their heads were large, set on thin, weak necks; chests flat and contracted, with protuberant bellies; hands small and well formed; jaws projecting and very prognathous, their facial angles measuring sixty and sixty-six degrees respectively.'

Emin Pasha during his eight years' residence at the Equator occasionally encountered individuals of the same race. By him they are described as being divided into numerous small tribes, with no settled abodes, leading a nomadic life among the Mombuttu and Amadi. They have neither lances nor spears, but make exclusive use of the bow and arrow. Two distinctly marked types of physiognomy are found among them; some having a pale yellow skin, the colour of ivory, while others possess a dark skin tinged with red. Their general appearance is described in terms nearly identical with those of Dr Schweinfurth, with the addition that their bodies are covered with a thick stiff hair almost resembling felt. Individual specimens measured five feet five inches (a man of exceptional height), three feet six inches, and three feet one inch, the last being a girl of fourteen.

The man, however, to whom we are chiefly indebted for full and accurate information about the forest dwarfs is Mr H. M. Stanley, the result of whose investigations was made known to the world in *Darkest Africa*. In 1875 he first heard rumours of them from Arab traders at Ujiji, on the shores of Lake Tanganyika; and shortly afterwards, during his adventurous descent of the Congo, he actually encountered an isolated member of the Pygmy race.

But in his search for Emin Pasha he passed through the centre of the forest district inhabited by the dwarfs. Ascending the Upper Congo by steamer, he entered the mouth of the Aruwimi River, and formed an intrenched camp at Yambua. Thence pressing forward with the

advance-guard, he traversed the great forest of the Congo, a vast district, as large as the whole of France and Spain, six hundred and twenty miles in length, and upwards of five hundred miles in breadth. There, thickly scattered along the course of the Aruwimi and the Ituri Rivers, he passed through more than one hundred and fifty villages of the dwarfs. Like Emin Pasha, he saw two tribes with different characteristics—the Wambutti to the south, and the Batwa to the north of the district traversed. The Wambutti he describes as having a bricky complexion, long heads, narrow faces, and red ferret eyes, with a sour, anxious look. The Batwa, on the other hand, are of a rich ivory-yellow complexion, with round faces, and gazelle-like eyes, set far apart on broad open foreheads.

The following interesting description of their habits and manner of life occurs in the second volume of *Darkest Africa*: 'The Wambutti—variously called Batwa, Akka, Bazungu—are undersized nomads, dwarfs, or pygmies, living in the uncleared forest. They support themselves upon game, which they are very expert in catching. They plant their camps from two to three miles from the dwellings of the aborigines. A large clearing may have from eight to twelve separate communities, numbering from two thousand to two thousand five hundred souls. With bows and arrows smeared with poison, they kill elephants, buffaloes, and antelopes. When food becomes scarce, they move on to seek other settlements. They live on friendly terms with the larger aborigines, for whom they act as scouts.'

Their dwellings are described as low oval-shaped structures, with doors from two to three feet in height, placed at the ends. The houses are arranged in a rough circle, the centre of which is left clear for the chief and his family. About one hundred yards in advance of the camp, along every path leading away from the settlement, is placed a sentry-house with a doorway looking up the track. The approaches are further protected by poisoned skewers artfully concealed among the dead foliage.

Members of the expedition had frequent opportunities of studying their height and general appearance, as dwarfs were from time to time brought into the camp in order that they might act as guides. The first specimen actually encountered was at the Arab settlement of Ugarowa. 'At this settlement,' says Stanley, 'I saw the first specimen of the dwarfs. She measured thirty-three inches in height, and was a perfectly formed woman about seventeen years old. Her complexion was that of a quadroon, or of the colour of yellow ivory.' On another occasion they captured four women and a boy, the tallest of whom measured only four feet four inches. Again, during the stay at Iburi, the wife of a chief was brought into the Fort. She was of a light-brown complexion, with broad round face, large eyes, and small lips, and about four feet four inches in height. Later on, a man was measured by Mr Bonny, the assistant-surgeon of the expedition, whose stature did not exceed four feet. The colour of his skin was coppery, and his fell almost furry. At Kavalli, Emin Pasha, after his meeting with

Stanley, took exhaustive measurements of four specimens—a man, a woman, a boy, and a girl, measuring respectively four feet five, four feet five and a quarter, four feet two inches, and four feet.

An amusing incident occurred during Stanley's second journey through the forest. A member of the expedition having dropped a heavy ammunition-box not far from the camp, returning to look for it, found a number of dwarfs of both sexes watching with excited interest the efforts of two of their strongest men, the Hercules and the Milo of the tribe, to carry off the prize. A few harmless shots sent them scampering off into the depths of the forest, and the ammunition-box was brought safely back to the camp. Another encounter was followed by more serious consequences, two stragglers from the expedition, like the young Nasamonian explorers, being carried off by the dwarfs, and never seen or heard of again.

Now that the truth of this long-established tradition has been thus definitely ascertained, the causes which tended to produce and to perpetuate this stunted branch of the human race will no doubt be thoroughly investigated; and an interesting field of inquiry will be opened both to the theologian and to the man of science. With the rediscovery of this long-buried people, one of the last secrets of the great African Continent may be said to have been unveiled. Henceforth the future history of Africa will doubtless consist in the development of its great internal resources, and in the civilisation of its teeming tribes. Even now, the forerunners of civilisation in the shape of Christian missionaries are slowly winning their way into the heart of the country; it is therefore to be hoped that before long the civilising light of Christianity will shine upon the strange race dwelling in the gloomy forest recesses of the Dark Continent.

#### PRINCE RUPERT'S EMERALD RING.

ABOUT twenty years ago, I held the rank of Troop-sergeant-major in the 1st Lancers, the regiment being then quartered in Horneleigh. At that period, full arrangements had been made for celebrating the marriage of our Captain, Lord Dashcliffe, a very popular, genial, and handsome young fellow, who had succeeded to the title on the death of his father, about two years previously. The lady of the soldier-peer's choice was Miss Daisy Wylkyns, the daughter of Sir Pierce Wylkyns, of Billoby Hall, Yorkshire.

On the day before that fixed for the wedding, the two subalterns of the troop, and the requisite number of non-commissioned officers and men, were, by permission of the commanding officer, despatched by train to the Hall, in order to form a guard of honour at the church door during the time of the marriage. Upon our arrival, a most sumptuous meal was provided for the rank and file in the servants' hall; and beds for the men, which were of the 'shake-down' order, were provided in the Riding-school attached to the stables, about half a mile from the Hall.

Between eight and nine in the evening, just as I was thinking of getting my men marched off to night-quarters, the senior lieutenant, Mr Gloster, sent for me and said: 'Sergeant-major, Lord Dashcliffe wishes a sentry to be placed in the Library where the wedding presents are laid out. Many of the articles are of great value, and he thinks it best to have them watched, in case of accident. So just pick out three of the men and form a guard.—Lord Dashcliffe will remember them for their trouble, which may afford them some consolation, and any three will do.' Accordingly, I picked out three men, took command myself, and one trooper, by name Martin Clements, I ordered to go on duty first.

I bade Clements put on his sword, and we entered the spacious and beautifully fitted-up Library. The sight that met my eyes was dazzling in the extreme. A large table in the centre was literally covered with pieces of plate, from a solid silver service presented by a Prince of the blood-royal, to the modest inkstand we had subscribed for in our own troop. On several side-tables were displayed numerous articles of jewellery, with tickets in front bearing the donors' names, representative of nearly all the best families in England. About a dozen gentlemen were in the room, surrounding a tall, florid-faced, handsome old man, with well-cut, aristocratic features, and the unmistakable bearing of a soldier. The butler, who was standing near, whispered to me: 'That is Major-general Wylkyns, Sir Pierce's brother.'

When the General saw me, he called out: 'I perceive you have got your man on; very good.' Then he said to the others: 'Excuse me a moment, while I show the Sergeant-major round.' In a most gracious and friendly manner, the old officer pointed out to me all the valuables in detail. Then he stopped at one of the side-tables, and picking up a large emerald ring of very antique pattern, said, in a garrulous fashion: 'That is one of my gifts to my niece. You see—isn't the stone magnificent? One of the finest I ever saw.—Well, it was presented to an ancestor of mine by Prince Rupert, some time after Naseby, for services rendered at the battle. I believe the Prince took it from his own finger, or something of the sort. Anyhow, this ring has been in my family for over two centuries. When my aunt died, a couple of years ago, she bequeathed it to me; and now, having no children of my own, I am giving it to my niece.—No, by Jove! it won't go on!' continued the General, as he tried the ring over the glove on the little finger of his right hand. 'I remember when it would, though. My fingers are a trifle gouty nowadays.—But see, Sergeant-major'—and General Wylkyns slipped the ring in rapid succession over all the digits of his left hand—'no chance of a swelling of the muscles here. I'll tell you why. This paw is made of wood and steel springs, and so forth. It takes the place of the hand I lost at Sobraon. I can fish, shoot, hunt, carve, box—do anything with it, in fact.'

While I stood opposite to Clements, I heard the voluble General still talking to a knot of guests on the subject of the ring, when a young

Baronet, Sir Harry Beynell, a well-known character in society and on the turf, observed: 'Look here, General; I wonder if that ring was ever consigned by your folks to the care of Messrs A—— or some bygone "uncle" in the same line of business as that distinguished firm? Perhaps, according to the condition pertaining to a breach of contract in the shape of non-payment of principal and interest, the real one may have been forfeited, and a sham one substituted, for the look of the thing.'

General Wylkyns, appearing a trifle angry, responded: 'By Jove! Beynell, I have heard stories of the same kind about diamonds! Outside the value of this emerald from its associations, I assure you it is intrinsically worth a thousand pounds.'

One of the guests now popped his head into the doorway, and cried: 'I say, you fellows, come to the billiard-room.'

There was immediately an exodus, the last to leave being the General. He had reached the corridor outside, when there was a noise as if he had fallen, and then I heard the old warrior giving vent to a volume of potent imprecations. I rushed outside and said to him: 'Oh, I beg your pardon, sir, but I thought I heard you tumble; I hope you aren't hurt, sir?'

He replied: 'Not at all, Sergeant-major, thank you. My foot slipped on the polished oak floor. I wonder if I've broken my artificial hand?' Having rapidly felt it all over, he growled: 'No; I think not, for a marvel. I'm off to bed.—Good-night, Sergeant-major.'

Turning, I saw Clements at the Library door. 'Sentry-go, Sergeant-major,' the man whispered; 'it's just struck twelve.'

'All right,' I replied. Then I walked to the end of the corridor that ran parallel with the Library, and ascending the stair, called the second man, whose name was Jones.

While I was relieving Clements, Sir Pierce Wylkyns came in with the butler. The Baronet remarked to me: 'Sergeant-major, I think it will be better to lock up all the small articles in a cabinet.—Williams here will clear them away.—Hulloa!' he exclaimed excitedly, 'where on earth is that emerald ring?'

Sure enough, Prince Rupert's emerald was missing!

'I beg pardon, Sir Pierce,' I remarked; 'General Wylkyns had it in his hand only a few minutes ago. Possibly he may have inadvertently placed it in his pocket. He informed me, Sir Pierce, that he was going to bed.'

Sir Pierce fumed for a minute, and then said to the butler: 'Just go and tap at my brother's door—he can't be asleep yet—and ask him to give you the ring.'

Williams disappeared; and Sir Pierce began carefully to place the smaller articles of jewellery on a silver waiter.

When the butler returned, he said to his master: 'I knocked at General Wylkyns's door, Sir Pierce, and told him your message. He called out: "I'm in bed, and shan't get up!" I daresay, Sir Pierce, it's all right.'

'I daresay it is, Williams,' remarked the Baronet carelessly.

When Sir Pierce had placed all the jewels

under lock and key, he bade me good-night, and retired.

Next day, before Lord Dashcliffe and his fair bride went off on their honeymoon, the peer sent me a sovereign, and five shillings for each man of the guard. He also gave orders that the troopers should be allowed out for a stroll round the town of Billoby, if they chose. This indulgence was almost universally taken advantage of.

I did not leave Sir Pierce's grounds, but instead, strolled about the garden and park. Late in the afternoon, when I was returning to the Hall, I met a footman, almost out of breath, who exclaimed: 'Your officer, Mr Gloster, wishes to see you at once!'

I quickened my steps; and approaching the Hall, perceived Mr Gloster pacing about in front of the portico. 'Sergeant-major, he exclaimed, 'this is an awkward business. General Wylkyns, who, after the breakfast, was applied to on the subject by Sir Pierce, denies that he took the ring out of the Library last night, and avers that he laid it on the table again.—Who was on sentry at the time?'

'Clements, sir,' I answered.

'Was he alone in the room at any period during that portion of the evening?'

'Just a minute or two, sir,' I answered, 'when I was outside ascertaining if the General had hurt himself, as I heard him fall. Then Clements, for the first time, I am almost positive, traversed the whole length of the Library to the door opposite to the western corridor, in order to tell me that it was "sentry-go!"'

'Do you think the man could have the villainy and audacity to steal the ring?' excitedly queried Mr Gloster.

'Surely not, sir,' I replied. 'But of this I am certain—I saw the ring last in General Wylkyns's hand. That was while he was talking to Sir Harry Beynell, who was leaning over the table beside him. There was no other person near it, excepting, perhaps, the first relief, Jones, sir. As I was posting him, Sir Pierce came in, and I remember the man walked about the room while Sir Pierce was speaking to me. The third man, Tomlin, was asleep up-stairs; he didn't go on until two.'

At this instant Sir Pierce and General Wylkyns approached, accompanied by the local Inspector of Police and two of his Sergeants.

General Wylkyns, who looked terribly cut up, said to me sternly: 'Now, Sergeant-major, do you know anything about this ring?'

I replied: 'Only, sir, what I mentioned to Lieutenant Gloster just now. I saw it last in your hands.'

The Inspector interrupted: 'Excuse me, General, but I must first search all concerned—the Sergeant-major, the sentries, and all the men of the guard of honour. Assuming the first sentry to have stolen it, he may have passed the ring to a comrade to avert detection.—Sergeants Price and Davis, go to the Riding-school and carefully overhaul all the soldiers' valises and pouch-belts.—You, Sergeant-major, remain here, and let your men fall in as they arrive. And, please, don't allow a single whisper of the supposed theft to transpire. A constable will be here immediately to assist me, when

each will be searched in turn.—And, General Wylkyns, I must search you first.'

'Me!' exclaimed the surprised General.

'Yes, sir; you may have placed the ring in one of the pockets of your dress suit.'

'I assure you, I examined it carefully a few minutes ago.'

'Still, there may be a hole in the lining, and it has slipped through.—Stop, sir! Have you a valet here?'

'No,' answered the General. 'Sir Pierce's man attended to the clothes I wore at the wedding. My dress suit, which I had on last night, I left on a chair in my dressing-room.'

'Who had access to your bedroom and dressing-room after you left it this morning?'

'I've no idea; possibly, a housemaid or a footman. But I give you my word of honour that I'm certain I laid down the ring before I left the Library last night.'

A rapid search was made of the men, including myself; but nothing came of it.

Clements stoutly and indignantly denied ever having seen the ring, except when General Wylkyns was holding it up for inspection.

I heard the General whisper to Mr Gloster: 'I wonder, now, if that satirical rogue Beynell has annexed the article as a practical joke? He's bad enough, but surely not so bad as that!'

The missing ring threw a complete damper on the conclusion of our otherwise enjoyable outing, and all were glad, consequently, when we entrained and rattled off to London.

A day or two after our return to Horneleigh, and while the story of the lost ring was still the staple subject of barrack gossip, a telegram reached our commanding officer from the Billoby Police Inspector, which read as follows: 'Soldier, description answering to Clements, sent off registered letter while here. Arrest him. Detective leaves to-night.'

Clements, while vigorously protesting his innocence of the charge against him, was confined in the guardroom.

When the Yorkshire detective who had charge of the case reached barracks, the prisoner was at once brought before the commanding officer. The man admitted having sent off a registered letter, containing half a sovereign, to his sweetheart in London, whose business was that of a dressmaker, but who was out of a situation, and required assistance. One five shillings he had received from Lord Dashcliffe; and the other he had saved out of his pay. The registration receipt, which had been found in his pocket, was produced by the Sergeant of the guard. It bore the name 'Emily Hawkins,' with the address, 'Care of Mrs Tucker, 612 Park Street, London.'

The detective remarked: 'My informant at the Billoby Post-office says that the envelope you had registered was bulky.'

'Yes,' spoke the prisoner without hesitation. 'I sent off with the half-sovereign two letters for Miss Hawkins to read, that I had received from my cousins in America. One contained an offer to buy my discharge. I crammed them into the envelope anyhow. Sir,' continued Clements boldly, addressing the commanding officer, 'that night, while on sentry in the

Library, I saw all that went on. The matter of the disappearance of the ring lies between two—General Wylkyns and Sir Harry Beynell.

The accused man was detained in custody until the detective made inquiries in London. He speedily ascertained that Clements's story, in respect of its main details, was perfectly true. The half-sovereign when it arrived had been at once paid by Miss Hawkins to her landlady. The girl's room was carefully searched, but nothing incriminating was found. Her former employers, when applied to, assured the officer that Miss Hawkins was a young person of unexceptionable respectability.

There being nothing to justify the further detention of Clements, he was at once released.

A dark rumour was now afloat—how it originated, no one could tell—that Sir Harry Beynell was the purloiner of Prince Rupert's emerald ring. An allusion made to the affair in a 'society' paper provoked an indignant denial from the Baronet and a threat to horse-whip the editor. The latter applied for a summons; and Sir Harry, in consequence, was bound over to keep the peace. This episode had the effect of making still more public the evil report.

One day Clements applied for a furlough. Many, including myself, were still of opinion that he knew something about the ring, and I took the liberty of stating my views to the Colonel. The theory I advanced was that the man, or rather his sweetheart, had the article secreted somewhere, and that Clements, when he proceeded on leave, meant to realise what he could on it and clear out of the country.

'Thank you, Sergeant-major,' answered the Colonel. 'Your hypothesis is at least reasonable. I'll write at once to Sir Pierce Wylkyns, who will doubtless instruct some of those private detective fellows to keep an eye on Clements. Therefore, in the hope that the mystery may be cleared up, I'll grant the man his furlough.'

Clements, after drawing whatever savings he had deposited in the regimental bank, obtained a month's leave, and left for London. Sir Pierce Wylkyns had given instructions to a well-known private detective agency in the metropolis; and from the time the suspected man left the barrack gate, he was vigilantly shadowed. Late one afternoon, a telegram reached the commanding officer, which contained the startling news: 'Clements and girl arrested. Sergeant-major wanted at Bow Street to-morrow morning, ten.' Therefore, acting upon orders, I caught the evening train to town, and reaching Victoria, put up at an adjacent coffee-house.

On my arrival next morning at Bow Street, I heard particulars of the arrest from a police Sergeant on duty. Clements, accompanied by his sweetheart, had been seen to enter the shop of a dealer in jewellery near Holborn who for some time had been suspected by the police of trafficking in stolen property. The detective looking through the window, perceived that the soldier handed something like a ring to the jeweller for inspection, and the latter took it aside, to submit it, presumably, to the usual tests. Then the detective called to a

passing policeman and informed him of his suspicions. The two entered the shop, and the man in blue demanded to see the article that Clements had offered for sale. The shopkeeper produced a cheap nine-carat article, set with garnets; and the soldier explained that he was exchanging it for a wedding ring, and was prepared to pay any difference in value. (From inquiries made, it appeared Clements was to have been married that very morning in St Pancras Church.) A police Inspector having been called, and the particulars of the case detailed to him, it was decided to take all three into custody on suspicion. The shop had been overhauled, and a large antique emerald ring discovered in a drawer, which was supposed to be the stolen valuable. The jeweller, despite his annoyance, appeared to be half amused, and averred that the emerald was spurious. General Wylkyns had been wired to respecting identification of the missing ring, and had replied, stating that he had left Billoby for London by the last train, and would be in court during the examination of the prisoners.

It was near mid-day when the case was called, and the suspected trio were placed in the dock. The court was crowded, and I could perceive Sir Harry Beynell sitting in the counsel's seat, in company with a barrister whom he had employed to watch the case. Briefly, the Inspector, the constable, and the private detective gave their evidence. I had just been called upon, when there was a bustle at the witnesses' door, and in pushed General Wylkyns and Lord Dashcliffe, the latter having returned from the Continent that very morning. Both appeared to be in a condition of great excitement. The General, addressing the learned magistrate without ceremony, cried: 'I'm very sorry, Your Worship, but will you please stop the hearing of this case? I'm gratified to be able to say that the ring has been found!'

There was what newspaper reporters call a 'sensation' in court; the usher bawled 'Silence!' and the magistrate leaned over his desk in an attitude of attention.

The General went on: 'Your Worship, I must tell you that I wear an artificial left hand. I am a trifle excitable at times, and am apt to smash it, so I keep one or two in stock, in case of accident. Well, last night, Your Worship, before starting for London, I packed up a damaged specimen, intending to have it repaired, when I found the missing article on one of the fingers! I must inadvertently have slipped it on. Here is the ring, Your Worship, presented by Prince Rupert, after Naseby, to one of my ancestors.'

'The soldier and the woman are discharged,' abruptly interrupted the magistrate. This was followed by applause.

Turning to the police Inspector, the bench said: 'Do you wish the other prisoner to be detained? Is there anything respecting him that requires investigation?'

'No, Your Worship,' answered the Inspector. 'Only, in his shop we found a large emerald ring.'

'Which, Your Worship, is spurious!' interrupted the jeweller. 'We'll soon settle that question. I see Mr Habakkuk of Hatton Garden

in court. Perhaps, to save trouble, he will give an opinion upon it.'

'I shall be pleased to be guided by a gentleman of Mr Habakkuk's well-known experience as a lapidary,' spoke the Court suavely.

Mr Habakkuk, who was waiting to give evidence in a charge of an attempted diamond robbery, looked at the ring for a moment, and observed: 'It is an imitation, and a very poor one, Your Worship. Gold may be worth fifteen shillings, or thereabouts.'

'Discharged also,' said the magistrate to the tradesman.

When Clements and his sweetheart—a pretty, modest-looking girl she was, by the way—and I managed to elbow our way out of the crowded court and into the passage, we saw the General and Lord Dashcliffe shaking hands with Sir Harry Beynell.

After General Wylkyns had profusely expressed his regrets to the soldier, Lord Dashcliffe added, on hearing that Clements intended leaving the service, and that he had only been exchanging an old ring for a wedding ring, as he was getting married, 'Here is my present to you on this auspicious occasion;' and the peer placed five sovereigns in Clements's hand. This the General supplemented by a similar sum.

When Clements and his betrothed, pleased and happy, had taken their departure, the General whispered to me: 'Sergeant-major, I didn't wish to say it in court, but the truth is I had taken too much wine that evening. I did break my hand when I fell in the passage; and when I got to my bedroom, I wrapped it in paper, placed it in a portmanteau, and got another out. What a stupid business it has been, to be sure!'

'Wylkyns,' interrupted Sir Harry Beynell in a sneering tone, 'I have been all but called a thief over this lost ring of yours; now I should like to know the value of the article.'

'What!' said the General sharply. 'It was valued at a thousand pounds by a banker, who was introduced to me as an authority on such matters at the Anglo-Indian Club.'

At this moment Mr Habakkuk was passing out of court, and Sir Harry Beynell, accosting him, said: 'Would you be good enough, sir, to give your verdict on this famous emerald ring?—Kindly let the gentleman see it, Wylkyns.'

'Certainly,' responded the General, and he passed the historical bauble to Mr Habakkuk.

The latter, putting a magnifying glass to his eye, intently examined the stone. Then he said with a smile: 'Gentlemen, the value is about two guineas, and that's mostly for the setting!'

'Nonsense!' angrily exclaimed the General, reddening. Sir Harry tittered, and Lord Dashcliffe appeared very interested.

Mr Habakkuk quietly went on: 'Sir, in my business we see queer things, and possess queer secrets. If you knew as much as I do, you might be suspicious of the genuine character of the crown jewels. I think, General, your mother was a Wielden, of Wielden Hall, Norfolk?—Well, your grandfather, Squire Wielden, as you know, was a great pal of the Prince Regent's, and went it fast and loose, and lost pots of money card-playing.'

'Yes, by Jove!' stammered the General. 'I am suffering for the Squire's eccentricities now.'

'Well, for five hundred pounds, the Squire sold the undiluted article to my partner Mr Joab's grand-uncle. Why, I can trace the history of the stone ever since. Now, it is in the possession of a New York millionaire, who had it palmed off on him by an Amsterdam firm as a gem presented to Anne Boleyn by Henry VIII., and worn by that lady when she had her head struck off. Whoever the Squire employed to get up that rubbishy make-believe thing, I can't say. It certainly couldn't have cost him much more than a fiver!'

The General looked fairly crestfallen; and the highly gratified Sir Harry Beynell, after exclaiming, 'So this has been a delicious case of much ado about nothing!' burst into a mocking peal of laughter.

When Clements got his discharge, Lord Dashcliffe procured him a situation in one of the Government offices at Whitehall.

General Wylkyns took independent opinion respecting the emerald, but each authority applied to supported the statement of Mr Habakkuk. The story got into the papers, and, in consequence, the poor General was prodigiously chaffed about the business.

On one occasion, within the Anglo-Indian Club, the fiery veteran got so annoyed at the banter he was being subjected to, that he took from his pocket the degraded imposture of an heirloom, erst supposed to have belonged to Prince Rupert, and tossed it into a roaring fire!

#### THE COMING OF THE MAY.

THE chestnut boughs are all aglow;  
The gorse illumines the fells;  
The hawthorns bend 'neath summer snow;  
The violets pave the dells;  
The lilies fling their banners free;  
Their plumes the cowslips sway;  
The foam-white daisies star the lea  
At coming of the May.

The skylarks chant their triumph strains  
High in the blue above;  
The throistles join in loud refrains  
In every vale and grove;  
And blackbirds in a happy mood  
Sing on from dawn to gray,  
And wake the wind-flowers in the wood  
At coming of the May.

A scented wealth of bloom is spread  
On orchard branches old;  
The long day comes in gold and red,  
And ends in red and gold;  
The brown bees and the butterflies  
Flit o'er the heather gay;  
Like jets of flame the marsh flowers rise  
At coming of the May.

M. ROCK.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,  
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 594.—VOL. XII.

SATURDAY, MAY 18, 1895.

PRICE 1½d.

## WHEN ARE WE OLD?

By the Author of *How to be Happy though Married*.

A MAN is as old as he feels, and a woman as old as she looks. The number of years is of less importance. There are old men, like the late Oliver Wendell Holmes, in whom youth—the youthful outlook—is perennial. A friend asked Lord Palmerston when he considered a man to be in the prime of life. His lordship immediately replied, 'Seventy-nine.—But,' he added, with a playful smile, 'as I have just entered my eightieth year, perhaps I am myself a little past it!'

Leigh Hunt quotes the following, which he calls 'a delicious memorandum,' from Mrs Inchbald's Diary: 'I dined, drank tea, and supped with Mrs Whitfield. At dark, she and I and her son William walked out and rapped at the doors in New Street, and ran away.' The narrator of this feat of a woman who was then middle-aged and a most popular authoress, adds, 'but such people never grow old.'

Some of us know middle-aged men who think it a hardship not to be allowed to play marbles, and even leap-frog. If they dared, they would still take part in boyish 'larks.' The death of Matthew Arnold, the apostle of 'sweetness and light,' was caused in his sixty-fifth year by leaping over a fence in a fit of juvenile high spirits.

Swedenborg imagines that in heaven the angels advance continually to the prime of youth, so that those who have been there longest are the youngest. Some of us have friends who seem to fulfil this idea. They preserve the freshness, guilelessness, hopefulness, and elasticity of youth. They have put away the weakness, imperfection, and immaturity of childhood; they retain its open mind and heart—'In wit, a man; in simplicity, a child.'

Many young men are more *blase* than their fathers; and there are girls who are more worldly wise and world-worn than their mothers. After talking with the venerable missionary, Dr

Marsh, a young man once said: 'What is the use of being young, when one sees a man of eighty in better spirits than the jolliest among us?' When an old lady who had devoted her life to others was congratulated, at the age of eighty-seven, on her remarkable vigour, she said: 'They never so often told me I was young as since I have grown old.' This reminds us of the lady of ninety who said to Fontenelle, then eighty-five: 'Death appears to have forgotten us.'—'Hush!' whispered the witty old man hastily, putting his finger on his lips.

The writer knows a lady who is 'so well preserved' that she looks almost as young and is as much admired as her handsome daughter, who is engaged to be married. 'How does she do it?' is the question of friends, who wonder and envy as they see her from time to time looking 'younger than ever.' To some extent, no doubt, she does not do it at all. It is done for her by the splendid constitution which she has inherited from a long-lived race. Then she had the advantage of being brought up simply and in the country. The roses of her youth were not blighted by late hours, heated ballrooms, and indigestible suppers. She has had few sorrows of her own; but she never denies sympathy and help to the sorrows of others. And this last fact is perhaps the chief reason why she wears so well, for nothing tends to keep the heart, and therefore the outward appearance, young as the nurture of kindly feelings and the practice of doing good.

'The Lord hath kept me alive,' said Caleb, a young man of eighty-five years (Joshua xiv. 10, 11). 'Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fail; but they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; and they shall walk, and not faint.' This was the secret of Caleb's prolonged youth. He had 'followed wholly' the Lord his God.

Old age, then, does not depend on years so much as is generally supposed; but if we think



only of years, when does it tap us on the shoulder and say that it has come to keep us company? This varies with each individual and the circumstances of his life. Aristotle said that a man is not at his best until forty-five. Other writers say that he is old then. The threescore years and ten of the Psalmist has been adopted by most people as the normal standard. Dr John Gardner, who has written on 'Longevity,' remarks: 'Long observation has convinced me that sixty-three is an age at which the majority of persons may be termed old.'

This last age, however, is mere infancy compared with the ages said to have been attained by many people. Mr C. Walford, in his *Insurance Guide*, gives a list of two hundred and twenty persons who, he thinks, can be shown to have reached the age of one hundred and twenty years and upwards. An American (Mr Joseph Perkins) has published a work in which he records over ten thousand cases of centenarianism. In his *History and Antiquities of Richmond* (Yorkshire), Clarkson tells the following story in reference to the cause 'Howe v. Wastell,' in which a man called Jenkins gave evidence as to his age. 'When the agent of Mrs Wastell went to him to find out what account he could give about the matter in dispute, he saw an old man sitting at the door, to whom he told his business. The old man said: "Ah can remember nought about it; but thee can find feather i' t' house, an' ah do nought doot he'll tell ye arl about it." When he went into the house he saw another old man sitting over the fire, bowed down with years, to whom he put again his question. Only with difficulty could he make this old man understand what he wanted. But after a little time he got the following answer: "Ah noo nought about it; boot maybe if ye'll go in t' yard ye'll meet wi' feather, who maybe can tell ye." The agent upon this thought he had met with a race of antediluvians. However, into the yard he went, and, to his no small astonishment, found a venerable old man with a long beard, and a broad leathern belt about him, chopping sticks. To this man he again told his business, and received such information as in the end recovered the royalty in dispute.'

One of the last services Dean Stanley did for Westminster Abbey was to cause the almost effaced inscription over the celebrated Old Parr's grave to be recut. It is as follows: 'Tho: Parr of y<sup>e</sup> County of Salop. Borne in A<sup>D</sup> 1483. He lived in y<sup>e</sup> reigns of Ten Princes viz.: K. Edw. 4, K. Edw. 5, K. Rich. 3, K. Hen. 7, K. Hen. 8, K. Edw. 6, Q. Ma., Q. Eliz., K. Ja. & K. Charles. Aged 152 yeares, and was Buried Here Novemb. 15, 1635.'

'The old Countess of Desmond,' who is said to have died at the age of one hundred and forty, is mentioned by Lord Bacon, Archbishop Usher, and Sir William Temple. The first assures us that 'she did dentige [renew her teeth] twice or thrice, casting her old teeth, and others coming in their place.'

These cases of longevity will not seem so very

incredible if we reflect that it is not natural for the lives of men to be as short as they are. The law of Nature is that every animal should live five times the number of years it takes to reach maturity. In the case of man, this is twenty-one, so that the child born with a good constitution should, if he lived a perfectly healthy life, and were not cut off by accidental destructive agencies, live one hundred and five years. There must be something wrong somewhere when he does not. There has been more or less of a murder or of a suicide, or the environment has been unsuitable.

When a certain Frenchwoman, eighty years old, was running over the catalogue of her ailments, her physician at last said to her: 'What would you have, madam? I cannot make you young again!' Ordinary practitioners cannot do this; but there are four famous Doctors who, if they cannot make us young, can keep us for a long time from becoming old. Their names are Temperance, Exercise, Good Air, and Early Hours. Many people do not believe in these physicians, because they are cheap, unaffected, and truthful; but if they were more generally obeyed, old age would stay away much longer, and when it came, would be far less burdensome.

Were people to observe moderation in all things—were our working classes as well fed, clothed, and housed as they might be—and were the rich to abstain from the use of dangerous luxuries, including idleness, no end of diseases and accidents would be averted, and the threescore years and ten would not be the ordinary limit, but the ordinary average of human life—as many living beyond that period as dying before it. Quiet consciences and contented minds keep away sickness and old age. So does the will to be well.

The surest guide to health, say what they will,  
Is never to suppose we shall be ill;  
Most of those evils we poor mortals know,  
From doctors and imagination flow.

As for youthful excesses, they have been well defined as 'drafts upon our old age, payable with interest about thirty years after date.' A young man said to a man of ninety years of age: 'How do you live so long and be so well?' The old man took the youngster to an orchard, and, pointing to some trees full of apples, said: 'I planted these trees when I was a boy, and do you wonder that now I am permitted to gather the fruit of them?' We gather in old age what we plant in our youth. 'As I approve,' says Cicero, 'of a youth that has something of the old man in him, so I am no less pleased with an old man that has something of the youth. He that follows this rule may be old in body, but can never be so in mind.'

The ingredients of health and long life are  
Great temperance, open air,  
Easy labour, little care.

If men would only take as much care of themselves as they do of watches or other machines of which they have charge, they would not grow old and wear out nearly so soon. Sir Benjamin Richardson relates a con-

versation which he once had with an engineer who had charge of a large stationary engine. The man surprised the eminent physician by telling him that this engine had been working as true as steel ninety years. 'And do you know,' he added, 'it has had eight masters. I am the eighth who has had the care of it; the others are all either dead or worn out, and yet it goes on as if it were as young as ever.—Very strange, sir, isn't it? that an engine should live so much longer than a man; and it is not hard work for us either, or exposed work, for the room is always warm and comfortable, and the place is of course clean and light.'

'What did the men die from?' asked the Doctor.

'Well, three or four, I am afraid, died of drink; another, of bad temper; another, of worry; and so on. But the engine went on all the same.'

'The fate of the engine,' says Dr Richardson, 'its long life and continued industry, puzzled the man. He often in his lonely hours thought of it, and wondered how many men would follow him before the engine began to break down. It did not puzzle me. That engine worked a great many hours a day, truly; but it was equable in its work; it never ran loose; it was true in its vocation; it was bright as a new pin, clean in every point; it was served with the best but simplest fuel-food; it had its furnace tubes clear; it was saved from friction by having its parts oiled; and it drank nothing but water. So it lived on through nearly three generations, with a good chance of living through three more; it was allowed, in fact, to make the most of its physical life. Its masters did not make the most of their lives; they might have been somewhat industrious, but they were not so orderly, so true, so steady, so clean as they made the engine; they had not learned so well how to find the best food and drink for their own labour as they had found for the engine.'

Speaking of Ephraim, the prophet Hosea says: 'Gray hairs are here and there upon him, yet he knoweth not.' Many people resemble Ephraim in this respect. They will not recognise the fact that they are getting on in life, and not so young as they were. So they make themselves ridiculous by dressing and acting in a juvenile way. They take liberties with their health, and play games for which they have neither wind nor limb. They force their company upon youngsters, and are indignant when these keep them at a respectful distance.

Others acquiesce too readily in old age. Instead of resisting it, they make 'I'm getting old' an excuse for mental and bodily laziness. Their tempers become grumpy, and they allow themselves to fall into the boring ways of an old fogey.

Athletes are said to have a second breath. After they have exhausted their first strength, there is a rallying of the system, and then they have come to their second breath. When they are on their second breath, they hold out a great while. So it is with our thoughts about growing old. We have a sad feeling to get over, which arises from the consciousness that we are becoming aged; but after men have got

over that, they do not feel old, though they are eighty years of age.

When are we old?

We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;

In feelings, not in figures on a dial.

We should count time by heart-throbs. He most lives

Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

This seems to be what the prophet Isaiah means when he says that in the new Jerusalem 'there shall be no more an infant of days, nor an old man that hath not filled his days: for the child shall die an hundred years old; but the sinner being an hundred years old shall be accursed.'

## AN ELECTRIC SPARK.\*

### CHAPTER III.—A VILE BARGAIN.

CAN any one explain why it is that West End money-lenders usually affect streets in which wine-merchants have their offices and cellars?

Mr Lewis Levinson, who always reached his offices in that particularly neat brougham so well known at the principal theatre doors on first-night performances, would have been insulted if any one had spoken of him as a money-lender—his profession being finance, and his place of business in a particularly aristocratic-looking house in St James's, of which the whole basement extending half under the street was extensively cellared. So much was this the case, that when Brant Dalton stepped out of a cab and entered the door, there was a fine strong ether-like odour strangely suggestive of pale dinner sherry chemically matured.

A clerk in a well-furnished office gave him a look of recognition, half-way toward a smile, and thought that Mr Levinson would see him, placed a chair, and went out into the hall, leaving Brant soiling the cushion of the chair by planting one foot thereon, and scowling round the place, biting his under lip and occasionally uttering an angry ejaculation.

'How long's he going to keep me here?' he said, at the end of about a minute; and he walked to the mirror over the fireplace, examined the flower in his button-hole, curled up the ends of his carefully tended moustache, took up his well-brushed hat, and put it on again with the slightest suggestion of a cock, and then saw that the clerk had re-entered the room.

'Well?'

'Mr Levinson will see you, sir.'

'All right. You needn't come; I know the way.'

'Yes, sir, of course; but Mr Levinson prefers his clients to be shown up.'

'Clients? Slaves!' thought Brant as he followed the man up the thickly carpeted stone staircase to the first floor. 'Only let me once get clear of the brute!'

Mr Levinson's business was so private and confidential that he conducted it in no back-

\* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

rooms communicating with others, but in the handsome drawing-room provided with double doors, double windows, the surroundings of pictures, sculpture, and bric-à-brac, such as would have formed the nucleus of a museum, while the rich hangings, pieces of valuable tapestry, and thick carpets and Eastern rugs acted as mufflers to voices, even if raised in anger or dispute.

Into this room Brant was ushered, and as the doors closed behind him with a peculiar click which indicated that the clerk had passed through, a keen, dark, slightly gray personage, with the look of one who had been sharpened by long contact with hard men, rose from an easy-chair and held out his hand—a well-shaped, thin, but particularly white hand.

'Ah, my dear Dalton!' he said, 'what a lovely morning. So sorry to bring you here. What is the latest good thing on the turf?'

'Morning! How should I know?' said Brant sulkily and without removing his hat. 'I got your letter: what is it?'

'Bile, I should say, my dear fellow,' came the reply with a smile which showed some very white teeth. 'Try one of these.'

The speaker took a cigarette box from the table and held it out to his visitor, who made an angry gesture.

'No? Well, I will; I've not had my morning whiff yet. Hah!' he continued, as he lit the cigarette at a taper burning on a filigree silver stand. 'These are some choice tobacco sent me from Alexandria. Better try one.'

'I've no time to stop here smoking,' said Brant, snatching one of the little rolls from the box and lighting it impatiently. 'Now, then, Levinson, what is it? If you've dragged me here to tell me my paper's overdue, I knew it. I haven't any money, and I don't know when I shall have, so there!'

'Dear me!' said the keen-looking man, watching his visitor with half-closed eyes as he stood see-sawing heel and toe upon a thick rug. 'Now, don't you think, my dear boy, you could have said that just as easily and far more comfortably if you had taken a chair?'

As he spoke, he let himself subside into the one from which he had risen, and looked mockingly at Brant.

'Hooked, and of course you'll play me as long as you like,' said Brant with quite a sneer; and taking off his hat he banged it down upon a buhl table, laid his ivory-handled cane across it, and hitching up the knees of his trousers, threw himself back in the nearest chair. 'Now, then, say it out, and get it over.'

'My dear Dalton, you would never do for a financier,' said Levinson, with a meaning smile. 'The *suaviter in modo* is wanted there.—Like these cigarettes?'

'Confound the cigarettes! What is it you want?'

'I sent you a line, my dear Dalton, because I wanted to see you.'

'What for?'

'On business.'

'Then you do not send for me because—on account of—money?'

'Yes, I did.'

Brant's manner had been eager on hearing the word business; but it became gloomy and sullen at the financier's last announcement. In fact, his aspect was what is generally known as chop-fallen.

'Don't be disheartened, my dear Dalton. Any one would think you had no expectations.'

'Oh no, they wouldn't,' said Brant; 'not if they saw me here.'

'That's not so bad, my dear Dalton. Any one who says you are not a sharp-witted fellow either does not know you, or is a fool. But you are quite right: if you had no expectations, you would not be here. Who would lend money to a man who had nothing to make a return seem likely? But have another cigarette; they are very short.'

He leaned forward to hand the box, and then took another, lighting it daintily from the stump of the last. Then, after a side-glance through his half-closed eyes had shown him that his visitor had lit the second cigarette, he drew one leg over the other, placed his hands behind his head, and said quietly: 'What would you think, my dear Dalton, if I proposed to place a heavy sum of money in your hands?'

'Two things,' replied Brant shortly. 'At how much per cent.? and what for?'

'I'll take it that you have said the two things, my dear Dalton; and I'll answer your questions frankly. It is as well to be quite plain in business: I always am.'

'Yes, you are,' said Brant meaningly.

'An unfair innuendo, my dear Dalton,' said the financier quietly, 'for when you have come to borrow money of me, I have told you what my percentage would be. High, perhaps, but not too high for the risk; and then I have given you a cheque for what you asked; no deduction for interest in advance, no cigars, wine, or paintings: but the cash.'

Brant nodded.

'Be just, then, my dear fellow. Now, then, for my answers. A heavy sum in cash as a *douceur* or fee for what you will do for me. Not a loan. That is an answer to your first question—"What for?" will take longer. Now, then: you have lost pretty heavily lately.'

'How do you know?' cried Brant roughly.

'I pay people to tell me what is going on,' said Levinson quietly. 'And one way and another, you must be rather tightly fixed. Gambling does not pay, my dear Dalton, believe me'—

'Look here; if you're going to lecture me, Mr Levinson, I am off,' cried Brant shortly.

'What an impatient irritable boy it is,' said Levinson, laughing. 'Here; go on with your cigarette and I'll explain. I want you to help me, my dear fellow, and in return I will place such a cheque in your hands as shall make you easy for some time to come.'

'So long as it isn't dirty work, I'm ready,' said Brant; 'so go on.'

'Dirty work! Absurd! A little bit of diplomacy, my dear fellow, nothing more.—Look here: your firm has invented an electro motor of a very peculiar nature. It is a miraculous success, and will be invaluable for naval purposes.'

'What?' cried Brant, with a laugh; 'nonsense!'

'It is a fact,' said Levvinson quietly. 'While you have been enjoying life, like the handsome young butterfly you are, that dear good busy old bee of an uncle of yours has been making honey and sealing it all in private cells without trusting you with the key.'

Brant winced, and Levvinson saw it, but he did not stir.

'Well, my dear Dalton, the invention being a marvel, and likely to prove of incalculable value to a warlike nation, our dear uncle, as a patriot and a business man combined, has sold all rights and the secret of this invention to the Government.'

'Impossible! I should have known,' cried Brant, startled into utterance. 'But how do you know this?'

'By money, my dear Dalton. One can do anything with coin.'

'Oh! Can you?' said Brant sarcastically. 'I have not found it so. But suppose we have produced this wonderful motor: what then?'

Levvinson looked at his visitor for a moment or two, and then turned his eyes to the table, drew forward a silver ash-tray and carefully removed the gray powder from the end of his cigarette.

'That being so—and it is, my dear Dalton—I want the drawings, plans, and descriptions as laid down by the inventor—in other words, the whole scheme.'

'Oh! indeed!' cried Brant with a forced laugh. 'May I ask what for?'

'If you like. I shall simply reply that it would be a pity for the officials in Whitehall to pigeon-hole so valuable an invention, and perhaps never make the smallest use of it.—I should pay very handsomely.'

'I should think you would,' said Brant contemptuously. 'Is that all?'

'Yes, save that I want you to bring me those plans.'

'Oh! to be sure,' cried Brant, gazing hard at the perfectly dressed nonchalant man before him. 'And so you think, because I have stooped to borrow money of you, instead of worrying my uncle, that I should be scoundrel enough to steal them. That I am a thief!'

'Absurd! Never use strong language in business matters, my dear Dalton. As you may surmise, I am only the agent in this case, acting for a foreign Government, which is ready to be generous to any one who will serve it. Steal! Thief! My dear boy, of what are you thinking? Petty transactions between man and man are so dubbed, just as, should you kill me or I killed you, people would call it murder; but if a Government destroyed thousands, it is war. So in this case you obtain these plans for me, and I pass them on to a foreign Government, then it becomes diplomacy.'

'Oh, that's diplomacy, is it?' said Brant.

'Yes, my dear Dalton, with a *quid pro quo* to the tune of a thousand pounds.'

'Shared with Mr Lewis Levvinson, eh?' cried Brant, 'and the sharers share a cancelled bill or two.'

'My dear Dalton, you must have got into very bad hands before you came to me.

Really, my dear boy, your experience of human nature must have been very sad. I must ask you to recollect that you are dealing with a gentleman, whose word of honour in this transaction would be as good as any bond. Bring me the complete scheme of that invention, so that it can be worked out abroad; and I, trusting you that it is complete, will immediately place in your hands Bank of England notes for a thousand pounds.'

'And confoundedly poor pay, too, for making a man turn a thief.'

'Diplomat, my dear Dalton, a diplomat,' said Levvinson, watching him keenly through his half-closed eyes. A thousand pounds is a very serviceable sum—a great deal can be done with it; but I am only the agent acting for a Government willing to be generous. It is my duty of course to study their interests; but I confess it seems to me too small a douceur for so important a transaction, and I shall take it upon myself to double the amount named. Two thousand pounds sterling, my dear Dalton, for those plans.'

'Two thousand pounds,' cried Brant, starting up, 'for behaving like a scoundrel, betraying my uncle's trust!'

'You complained, my dear fellow, that very little trust was placed in you.'

'Never you mind that. I'm not going to betray the secrets of our firm. You've got hold of the wrong man, Lewis Levvinson. Pay some one else: that blackguard who has betrayed so much already.'

'Sit down, my dear Dalton. What a hot-blooded, impetuous boy you are. I see now why it is that you so often run short of money. You must curb yourself, and practise calculation a little more. Chess would be the making of you.'

Brant in spite of himself yielded to the man's influence, and sank back in his chair once more, snatched up another cigarette, and began to smoke furiously.

'Ah, that's better,' said Levvinson. 'Very good tobacco that, is it not? The Khedive's special brand. Now, my dear Dalton, do, pray, look at this transaction from a business man's point of view, and as an affair that is no petty question of buying and selling, but a national matter.'

'I do,' said Brant shortly. 'You ask me to rob my uncle and betray my country.'

'Pish! My dear boy, I ask you nothing of the kind. Now listen to reason.'

'I'll have nothing to do with it.'

'Very well; but let me remind you of how matters stand. There, be calm and go on smoking. If you do not put this money in your pocket, some one else will, for I look upon the matter as done. I shall have the drawings and plans—tracings of them, and I shall have to pay; but I would rather put the money in your pocket than in that of any other man.'

'You won't get them,' cried Brant.

'Indeed!—But to continue. You are not well treated at the office: less trusted than one of the clerks.'

'Why, it would ruin the old man.'

'Nonsense! He would lose, of course, and be

furious. But why should you trouble about that? Will he let you have money to live like a gentleman? No; you are forced to come to me.—You are deeply attached to your cousin.'

Brant swung himself round fiercely; but Levvinson did not meet his eyes, only went on talking in a quiet convincing tone.

'A sweet lady, my dear Dalton, and worth the winning. But the old man has already nipped your aspirations in the bud, and under the present state of affairs he never will consent to a union. Why not help me in this? It will go a long way toward making you independent of him; and if he went down a little, you would go on and be in a position possibly to dictate.'

Brant threw his half-smoked cigarette into the grate.

'You might—you see I speak plainly—you might injure him a little; but in so doing you would benefit yourself and his daughter. He has had his innings. It is your turn now.'

'To be a thief and a traitor to my country!' cried Brant.

'Absurd boy!' said Levvinson, with a little laugh, as if the other's firmness was amusing. 'With three thousand pounds in your pocket, you would be independent of the old man; and if you wished it, independent of me. But if I might advise, I would not throw Lewis Levvinson over, my dear Dalton. Oblige me in this, and you will make a good friend. It might be in my power to put a very good thing or two in your way. Come, your hand upon it. Such a trifle—a few hours shut up with the documents and some fine tracing-paper'—

'No,' said Brant firmly. 'I'll be hanged if I stoop so low even for what you hinted at.'

'Or that fine transparent tracing-linen,' continued Levvinson, without heeding the interruption. 'Then you double it all, and bring it to me sealed in an envelope; it is a perfectly private transaction in secret service. Then you have herewith bank-notes to the value of four thousand pounds in your pocket.'

As this was said very slowly, and with a slight emphasis upon the four, Brant's breath came heavily, and there was a singing in his ears. He started forward, but threw himself back with his teeth pressed hard together, and something like a faint groan escaped him, as he had a vision of freedom and enjoyment before him, with far onward in the future his cousin *Rénée* smiling upon his suit: but he uttered no word, and Levvinson's clear soft voice went on delivering words which sounded like empty nothings, but were really full of the deepest meaning.

'Then as to the trifling matter outstanding, my dear Dalton, I should feel bound to say to a man who had proved himself so great a friend, "Never worry about that; pay me at your convenience, dear boy."'

'No,' cried Brant, springing up firmly now. 'Tempt some one else, and get the papers if you can. I don't believe there are any such plans in existence; but I'll do no such dirty work, and I'll go straight from here and put the old man upon his guard.'

As he spoke he caught up his hat and cane. And now Levvinson rose too, but in the quietest and most deliberate fashion.

'One moment, my dear Dalton,' he said. 'You must forgive me for misjudging you. I never gave you credit for so much firmness and prompt decision. There you are a true diplomat, and ought to rise high in whatever you take up.'

Brant looked at him mockingly as he put on his hat, and then glanced in a mirror.

'You force my hand,' continued Levvinson, 'and I must now speak out finally. I tell you frankly that there are those in your uncle's employ who will get me what I want.'

'You cannot get it.'

'I will get it,' said Levvinson quietly; 'but I prefer to obtain it without trouble—from you. Now listen: I should detest to do anything unpleasant over your monetary affairs.'

'Threats now?' said Brant mockingly.

'I have not threatened. Don't force me to do so. Once more I ask you to oblige me, and I will now go to the limit entrusted to me. Get me those papers—a trifle in your case, and then feel independent of your uncle, and all he can say or do.'

'I will not.'

'Hear me out, my dear Dalton,' said Levvinson very softly. 'Bring what I want, and there shall be no deduction, commission, or paper. I will place in your hands directly the sum that will enable you to carry out every plan you may have *in petto*, for I promise you in the name of the Government for which I act an immediate payment of five thousand pounds.'

'Five thou.' cried Brant, excitedly.

'Yes: five.—There, your hand upon it as a man,' cried Levvinson now quickly as he extended his own.

Brant sprang forward, and in another instant it would have been grasped to seal the iniquitous contract, but with an oath he dashed the extended palm away, strode out of the room, and the doors closed heavily behind him with their peculiar click.

At that moment a large easy-chair half hidden by the hangings at the far window was slowly thrust back, and the figure of a tall slight Spanish-looking man rose from where it had lain back unseen. It was the living presentment of one of Velasquez's handsomest faces above the faultless dress of an English gentleman; and the fresh comer upon the scene stood with his high forehead wrinkled as he buttoned one of his gloves.

'An hour wasted, Mr Levvinson. But you have other cards to play?'

There was only a slight foreign accent in the voice, so slight that it was hardly perceptible.

'Oh yes, Count, several; but the hour has not been wasted.'

'I say yes, and it was very wearisome. I do not like playing such a part as this. But you must get these plans.'

'I have got them,' said Levvinson.

'Got them?'

'Well, sir, good as got them.'

'But he refused point-blank. He said decisively that he would not.'

'Yes,' said Levinson quietly, as he offered the cigarettes and then the taper; 'but do not have any doubts about that. Talk only. I know my man.'

### CURIOSITIES OF ADVERTISING.

ADVERTISEMENT, which somebody has called the breath of trade, and somebody else has styled the lubricating oil that makes the wheel of commerce run, is only about two hundred years old. At all events, it is to the reign of Charles II. that one must look for the first extensive use of the public prints by advertisers; but if one chooses to go back to the stentorian 'What d'ye lack?' of the London 'prentice boys, it will be only to find that one must go farther back still in order to reach the real beginning of the art. For it is an art, as well as a science, and an art which flourishes by expenditure. It is not so very long since Thackeray was moved to moralisation by an advertisement of Warren's blacking on the Egyptian Pyramids, yet such a thing to-day would excite no surprise. Were a traveller across the Kalahari Desert now to come upon a collection of 'Moonshine Hair-wash' coupons, he would simply note it as an instance of enterprise. Blacking on the Pyramids! Why, are not our seas covered with argosies of pills worth a guinea a box? And do not the very clouds rain down upon us eulogies of the virtues of some American watch, or other 'notion,' which the aeronaut takes up with him in lieu of sand ballast?

It was George Cruikshank, if we remember aright, who drew for a blacking-manufacturer a wondrous picture of an astonished cat gazing at herself in the speckless surface of a Hessian boot, polished to refugence by the use of the blacking. Since then, the art of pictorial advertisement has developed enormously, and if we do not see anything more clever than Cruikshank's design, we see an infinite variety. Who does not know how two great Royal Academicians have immortalised a certain soap? We do not know how much Cruikshank got for his astonished cat, but Messrs Pears are said to have paid £20,000 in the purchase and reproduction of Millais' famous 'Soap Bubbles.' Every street hoarding is a mural exhibition of the art of puff, and these exhibitions are more in keeping with their surroundings than the dreadful signposts that disfigure the fair face of Nature, so that he who runs by rail may read of some vaunted pain-killer or pig-fattener. And in place of Cruikshank's cat, have we not a familiar monkey in full dress careering round the globe in shoes of swiftness in order to spread the glad tidings of something whose virtues are largely expressed in negatives? How familiar has the benevolent Simian become! Yet think of it, how many other familiar forms, faces, and formulas one meets with month after month and year after year, bound up with the monthly copy of our favourite magazine, or showered upon us through our letter-box. Sometimes it is a brilliant butterfly in variegated colours, sometimes a hirsute female or a gurgling baby, and sometimes the plain and positive statement that

'Pumblechook's Paste is the Best,' or the friendly though gratuitous advice—'When you ask for Tommy's Tooth-powder, see that you get it.'

We would all miss these more or less ingenious and ingenious announcements, especially the publishers and proprietors of newspapers and periodicals. In fact, but for the advertiser, the modern newspaper would be an impossibility. The advertiser not only purveys for the public—he practically provides the news of the world. Does anybody suppose that the penny he pays for his morning journal will cover the cost of all the reading matter for which he looks daily as eagerly as for his breakfast? Certainly not the least interesting portion of the reading matter for the thoughtful student in what Pope called the proper study of mankind—namely, Man—are the advertising columns. Therein one may find an infinite variety of food for reflection—in the display of the wants, wishes, faults, virtues, rivalries, and eccentricities of all classes of the community. The advertisement sheet is the reflex of the social and industrial life of a people, as well as the patent of its commercial enterprise.

There is both likeness and difference between the advertisements one sees in one's daily paper and those one finds stitched up with the magazines or displayed on the walls. The costliness of the numerous pictorial and other ingenious devices, many of them by renowned artists, must be obvious to the merest tyro; and when to such striking appeals to the eye we find allied presents of books, calendars, and artistic trifles, and generous offers of pianos, bicycles, sewing-machines, and all sorts of things to those who will help forward the work of advertisement, one is lost in wonder how it can pay. Princely incomes are expended by some of the large purveyors in bringing and keeping their wares before the public. When a certain well-known soap concern was not long ago turned into a Limited Liability Company, it was stated that the advertising bill ran over eighty thousand pounds per annum. If we are not mistaken, the late 'Professor' Holloway expended even more in vaunting the virtues of his pills and ointment, and with what pecuniary result is pretty well known. And it has been frequently proved that a business which has been built up by advertising will rise or fall according as the advertising is maintained or reduced. In practical business, indeed, 'once an advertiser, always an advertiser,' seems to be the invariable rule.

Among the most remarkable of modern-day advertisements are those which refer to specifics for every disease under the sun. The number of 'perfect cures' is so large that the only room for wonder is that any disease should remain to be cured. Not less marvellous than the qualities of the medicines are the length and liberality with which some of them are advertised. And the money spent in advertising pills ought to be enough to cure earthquakes—not to mention the endowment of hospitals. But after all, this kind of thing is not new. Here, for instance, is the advertisement of one Thomas Smith, a quack of the last century: 'In King Street, Westminster, at the Queen's Arms

an Corn-cutter liveth THOMAS SMITH, who by experience and ingenuity has learnt the art of taking out and curing all manner of Corns without pain or drawing blood. He likewise takes out all manner of Nails which cause any disaster, trouble, or pain, which no man in England can the like. He cures the Toothache in half an hour, let the pain be never so great, and cleanses and preserves the Teeth. He can, with God's assistance, perform the same in a little time. . . . The famous Ware in England, which never fails to cure the Toothache in half an hour, price One Shilling the bottle. Likewise a Powder for cleansing the teeth, which makes them as ivory without wearing them, and without prejudice to the gums, One Shilling the box. Also two sorts of Water for curing the Scurvy in the gums: though they are eaten away to the bottom, it will heal them and cause them to grow as firm as ever, very safe—without Mercury or any unwholesome Spirit. To avoid counterfeits, they are only sold at his own house, price of each bottle Half-a-crown, or more, according to the bigness, with directions.'

This is not quite so ingenious as the American dentist who advertised: 'Teeth extracted; without Pain, two dollars; with Pain, one dollar.' This is pithy and to the point. There is no mistaking the intention of the advertiser, and the patient is quite free to make his own choice.

Apropos of medical advertisements, we have come across the following in an old Stamford newspaper: 'Whereas the majority of Apothecaries in Boston have agreed to pull down the price of Bleeding to Sixpence, let these certify that Mr RICHARD CLARKE, Apothecary, will bleed anybody at his shop, *Gratis*.'

Contrast with the foregoing advertisement of Thomas Smith's, the following, which is a type of what one sees every day in every newspaper in the land: 'All Diseases Cured with HERBS, after failure everywhere; free advice, 10 till 2, and 4 till 8; or write.—Botanic Hall.' Do our people really believe in such professions? Do any suppose that an illiterate herbalist can do what the most highly trained medical skill cannot effect? We fear that many people are innocent and credulous enough to do so, for advertisements cost money, and advertisers could not and would not incur the cost if it did not pay them.

Soap, which now is the subject of the most extensive, complicated, and often artistic advertising of the century, was an early material for advertisement. In Dr Robert Chambers's *Book of Days*, for instance, among a number of examples given of curious advertisements in the seventeenth century, we find the following, dated 1680: 'WILLIAM DEVAL, at the sign of the Angel and Stilliards in St Ann's Lane, near Aldersgate, London, maketh Castile, Marble, and White Soap as good as any man sells: tried and proved, and sold at very reasonable rates.'—'As good as any man sells,' observe, not 'matchless,' or capable even of washing a shipwrecked crew ashore, like some modern saponifiers we read of.

In Edinburgh newspapers of 1709 we have seen the following grimly suggestive advertise-

ments: 'All sorts of Dead Cloathes made after the British fashion, are made by JANET CHAMERS in Patrick Turnbull's, Goldsmith, at the head of Forester's Wynd, at as reasonable rates as anywhere.' And: 'All sorts of Grave Cloathes of woollen, ready made for men, women, and children, as fine and as fashionable as any which are to be sold at MISTRES CHRYSTIE's in Dunse.' What was the British fashion, and what constituted fashionableness in such grave affairs, we are unable to explain; but among the collection of advertisements of Charles II.'s time above referred to is this one: 'At the sign of the Golden Pall and Coffin, a Coffin-maker's shop at the upper end of the Old Change, near Cheepside, there are ready made to be sold very fashionable laced and plain dressings for the dead of all sizes, with very fashionable coffins, that will secure any corps above ground without any ill scent or other annoyance as long as shall be required.' Happily, this kind of thing is not met with nowadays, although the purveyors of mourning lose no opportunity of letting everybody know where to go for the garb of woe.

Here is the case of a widow who advertises her wants in a recent daily newspaper in a somewhat mysterious manner: 'Would Lady or Gentleman kindly Lend Respectable Young Widow, Good Home, £5 for Rent? Repaid monthly. No. —, — Office.' This is something like a prize puzzle. Does the 'respectable young widow' want the loan of a good home or a five-pound note, or both? And what is it she proposes to repay monthly? Her need may have been urgent, but her grammar is defective.

Telegraphese is a species of elliptical expression that has resulted from the use of the telegraph. When people have to pay for every word, they necessarily reduce the number as much as possible. The same result may be observed in the 'Wanted' columns of the newspapers, where the most surprising abbreviations may sometimes be seen. Look at the following, for instance: 'General (experienced) Wanted; no family; superior place; references.' No retired military officers, of course, need apply. A general servant is meant; and though the male mind may ponder in amazement over a request for 'Cook (plain): flannel washing,' or 'no washing,' he may rest content in the belief that his better-half knows better.

The oddities of foreigners who advertise in English, not exactly 'as she is spoke,' have frequently called up a smile. Here is a specimen of a genuine hotel advertisement of some fifty years ago: 'MR DEWITT in the Golden Apple art of the Burges Gate at Ghent, has the honour to prevent the Persons who would come at his house, that they should find there always good and spacious Lodging, a Table served at their taste, Wine of any quality, &c. Besides he hires horses and chaises, which shall be of a great conveniency for the Traveller. The Bark of Bruges depart and arrives every day before his door. He dares flatter himself that they shall be satisfied, as well with the cheapness of the price as with the cares such an establishment requires.'

As another specimen of foreigners' English



take the following playbill of an English entertainment in Paris in 1829: 'A Grand Entertainment Concert and Ball will be given at Monsieur Lemer pres du Port de Charenton, No. 5. To open with the favourite comic song called the mill after witch will be given a part of Macbeth a song and Resitation after witch a favourite hornpipe. A gentleman a performer in provencal parts will appear in imitations of the great English actors from Paris, afterwards the prinsopal parts of Douglas or the noble shepsard after witch a grand terifac combat then to be given a Resitation, comic duet, songs &c., the whole to conclude with a Ball. Music is provided. Enteeonce at  $\frac{1}{2}$  past 6 to begin at past 7. Tickets to be had of Mr Joseph Turner, James Riley, John Liwois or at che wouse.'

Among the curiosities of advertising may surely be placed the first advertisement of the first steamer that plied for hire in Great Britain—namely, Henry Bell's *Comet*. Thus ran the advertisement in the *Glasgow Courier* of 1812: 'Steam Passage Boat, the *Comet*, between Glasgow, Greenock, and Helensburgh. For Passengers only. The subscriber having at much expense fitted up a handsome vessel to ply upon the river Clyde between Glasgow and Greenock—to sail by the Power of Wind, Air, and Steam, he intends that the vessel shall leave the Broomielaw on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays about Mid-day, or at such time thereafter as may answer from the state of the tide, and to leave Greenock on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays in the morning to suit the tide. The elegance, comfort, safety, and speed of this vessel require only to be proved to meet the approbation of the Public; and the Proprietor is determined to do everything in his power to merit public encouragement. The terms are for the present—4 shillings for the best cabin and 3 shillings for the second; but beyond these rates nothing is to be allowed to servants or any other person employed about the vessel.'

What would poor neglected Henry Bell have said could he have seen his humble little *Comet*, of whose elegance, comfort, and speed he was so proud, alongside a modern Cunarder or one of the latest palatial river-steamers of the Clyde or Thames, all so well advertised?

In these days of anti-sweating, living-wage, and short-hour movements, it is well to recall that slavery was not confined to America and the West Indies. In a now extinct Edinburgh newspaper of February 1740, we find the following advertisement: 'In August last a Negro ran away from Denen, belonging to Captain William Jones of the St David of London. He was spoke with at Dalkeith on Wednesday the 20th instant. Any person who can apprehend him shall have a Guinea of reward and all charges paid.' Only a guinea for recovering the *corpus* of such a piece of property!

Another advertiser somewhat later (1773) in the same paper is more liberal. He announced: 'Ran off a White Negro man who passes by the name of William Northumberland, the property of a gentleman lately from South Carolina. . . . He is supposed to have gone to Leith, in order to secure a passage for

London, and will probably offer to work his passage. . . . It is therefore requested that no gentleman will take him into his service, nor no captain of vessels or others will take him on board their ships. Reward of Two Guineas for his apprehension.' Who, by the way, ever heard of a white negro man?

The Lord Mayor's show is still a popular spectacle, in spite of Progressivism; but it was so popular a hundred and fifty years ago that people were even ready to listen to lectures about it. Here is the advertisement of one of these lecturers of the year 1730: 'At the Oratory, the corner of Lincoln's Inn Fields near Clare Market, this day, being Wednesday, at six of the clock in the Evening, will be a new Riding upon an old Cavalcade, entituled, "The City in its Glory; or my Lord Mayor's Show." Explaining to all capacities the wonderful Procession so much env'y'd in Foreign Parts and nois'd at Paris: on my Lord Mayor's Day: the fine appearance and splendor of the Companies of Trade: Bear and Chain: the Trumpets, Drums, and Cries intermixed: the qualifications of my Lord's Horse, the whole Art and History of the City Ladies and Beaus at the Gape-stare in the Balconies: the Airs, Dress, and Motions: the Two Giants walking out to keep Holiday: like Snails over a Cabbage, says an old author, they all crept along: admird by their Wives and huzzaed by the Throng.'

This advertiser seems to have had something of the talent which made the late P. T. Barnum famous. Barnum was the Prince of Advertisers, and floated his Fiji Mermaid so persistently as head-lines before an incredulous public, that they were compelled to go to see her. And doesn't everybody know how the 'moral' qualities of his Exhibition were made capital of by poor Artemus Ward?

The law's expense is not less proverbial than the law's delay, but, according to standing announcements in the daily—particularly the evening—papers, the expense is trifling. See this: 'Law Advice, 1s. till 9. Courts attended, Deeds prepared, Debts recovered. Aliments, Damages, Divorces, Separations.—No. — Street.' Advice for a shilling is surely cheap enough; but what about the cost of preparing deeds? Those who contemplate having recourse to a shilling lawyer—for even less serious matters than 'Divorces and Separations'—would do well to consider the same advice may be dear at any price.

There are queer animals in the world as well as queer folks, but surely the horse referred to in this is a phenomenon: 'For Sale, brown mare; would suit coal lorry; goes to bed every night; cheap.—Great Western Road Station.' From one point of view, a horse that goes to bed every night would be cheap at any price, because it would make such a splendid show. But then if it runs in a coal-cart, the laundry bill must be excessively heavy—and few households could provide a bedstead large enough. Nothing is said about a nightcap or foot-warmer for this remarkable animal, whose exemplary conduct outshines that of the man who 'always comes home to tea.'

One has heard a good deal at different times about the quarrels of authors, but perhaps not

many living people have seen the following advertisement, which the author of *Essay on Man* inserted in the *Daily Post* of June 14, 1728: 'Whereas there has been a scandalous paper cried about the streets, under the title of "A Popp upon Pope," insinuating that I was whipped in Ham-walks on Thursday last: This is to give notice that I did not stir out of my house at Twickenham, and that the same is a malicious and ill-grounded report.—ALEXANDER POPE.' Poor Pope, who said his life was one long disease, was justifiably angry on this occasion, though one cannot excuse some of his other bursts of temper.

But what of those people who advertise their family quarrels, and who insist on washing their dirty linen in public? The reader knows the kind of thing we mean, when partners and brothers and married couples fall out. And surely the least edifying and the most lamentable of the curiosities of advertising are the notifications one so frequently sees, that 'I, A. B., hereby give notice that I will not be answerable for any debts contracted by my wife C. D. after this date.'

Said we not that the advertising sheet is the reflex of the social as well as the industrial life of a people? It is a record of sorrows as well as of joys; of tragedy as well as of frivolity—it is, in short, not an epitome of human nature, but human nature writ very large.

## RICHARD MAITLAND—CONSUL.

### A VICTIM OF THE KOLAO-HWUY.

#### CHAPTER III.

No human being could look more absolutely limp or less capable of moral effort than the unfortunate Sterling did at this moment. Maitland, however, who knew the demoralising effects of opium, was not to be discouraged. 'Be a man, Sterling,' he said. 'If not for your own sake, for that of your wife. Pull yourself together, and put yourself in my hands. You know I am not a man to say what I don't mean.'

'I know you are not,' replied Sterling. 'If you can drag me out of this bondage, I shall be eternally grateful to you.—But there,' he continued, the abject expression returning once more to his face; 'you can't save me even if you would; and even if you are able, Evelyn will hate me the remainder of my life for this disgrace.'

'No,' said Maitland; 'you wrong her. If I read your wife's character aright—and I think I do—she is one of the best women that God ever made. It will be her delight to help to lead you back to a new and better life.—Now, come along with me—we must get back to the Consulate as quickly as we can.'

As he passed out of the courtyard, Maitland turned towards the door of the saloon, and saw that the two attendants had evidently been watching his interview with Sterling. Of this he thought with nothing but disgust; but now above their heads appeared a face which filled him with serious misgivings. In those malignant features he saw a mixture of hatred and

anger, and felt sure that it belonged to an emissary of the Kolao-hwuy. He was right. Lin had been one of the occupiers of the divan, and saw in the presence of the English Consul the possibility that Sterling might escape from him.

With all speed Maitland now hurried his unfortunate young friend back to the Consulate. Having reached it, he put Sterling, who was still weak, dazed, and trembling, into a chair on the veranda, and immediately afterwards sent a servant with a note to Evelyn begging her to come over and take up her quarters at the Consulate.

In a surprisingly short space of time Maitland saw her sedan-chair enter the courtyard. He went to meet her, and without uttering a word, brought her immediately to the veranda. Sterling lay back in the chair in which he had sunk, sleeping heavily. Maitland pointed to him and immediately turned away. For a moment after he had left her, Evelyn stood in a state of hesitation. The man whom she now looked at in his weakness and disgrace, was in no sense the hero of her happy love-dreams. For a brief moment a pang sharper than any sword passed through her heart; but real love, after all, is not easily conquered; the next instant the affectionate girl was kneeling by Sterling's side—her arms were round his neck, her kisses pressed his cheek, and tears for the first time flowed freely from her eyes.

Hasty directions were meanwhile given by the Consul for the reception of his unlooked-for guests. He called his faithful constable Bryce, and gave him stern and rigorous directions that the gates of the consular compound were to be kept carefully shut and guarded, and that the watchmen were to have special orders to be more than usually on the alert. The night was far spent when Maitland at last betook himself to his bed; but at early dawn he was up again and about. He knew only too well that he had not a moment to lose, if Sterling was really to be rescued from the clutches of his formidable enemy.

As soon as the conventionalities would permit, Maitland sent his principal *Tingchai* (messenger) to the Taotai with a message to say that he would call upon him at noon if convenient on a matter of importance.

When Sterling and his wife appeared at breakfast, Maitland did his best to seem unconcerned, and to talk to his unlooked-for guests as if nothing extraordinary had happened. Evelyn's face was white, and there were black lines under her eyes, but otherwise she looked calm and composed. Sterling, on the other hand, was evidently intensely nervous—he ate next to nothing, started at every sound, and looked up apprehensively when a servant happened to enter the room. By nature he had all an Englishman's pluck; but opium had effected the most disastrous results, and, as Maitland saw, he was unable to pull himself together at the present juncture.

After breakfast, the two men went to smoke their Manila cheroots on the veranda. When they found themselves alone, Maitland turned immediately to Sterling and said abruptly: 'Now look here, Sterling. It's no use mincing matters—you're in a frightful mess.'

'I am indeed,' replied Sterling; 'and,' he added—his voice slightly shaking—'I am in a worse mess than even you could possibly dream of.'

'Well, my dear fellow,' said the Consul, 'you must treat me as a man does his doctor—you must tell me everything. I can do nothing to aid you if I don't know all.'

'It is awful,' said Sterling; 'but the lot has fallen on me to murder the Tartar General who has been waging war against the society; and unless by to-morrow night I have done the deed, my life is forfeited.'

Maitland's brow became heavily clouded. 'That certainly is worse than anything I thought of,' he said. 'But, after all, it doesn't matter so long as you are in this Consulate. While you remain here, you are safe against all the wiles of the Kolao-hwuy; but remember, you must do exactly as I tell you.'

'I have promised Evelyn that I will,' replied Sterling; 'and however low I have fallen, please God, at least I'll keep that promise.'

'That's right. Now, you are getting more like yourself. Pray, give me your attention carefully. I have thought matters over, and there is nothing for it but what I now propose to do. I am going this morning to the Taotai to get from him two of his most experienced detectives, who shall come here and guard you night and day until we can ship you to England.'

At these words a ray of real hope lit up Sterling's haggard face. 'How is it possible for me to thank you?' he exclaimed. He sprang from his chair, and suddenly taking the Consul's hand, shook it with a grip and vehemence which was as iron compared with the nerveless twitching of his fingers a short time back. 'Your goodness leaves me no words to express what I feel,' he said. 'But,' he added, 'however terrible my position, it will be simply impossible for me to get away for another month, as Stephenson—one of my partners—will not be out here for two or three mails.'

'Well, never mind,' said Maitland cheerily. 'We'll look after you for that time; and now I must be off to the Yamun.'

Though the Consul had assumed a cheerful air in talking to his guest, his mind in reality was the reverse of easy, and many and dark forebodings seized him as he was borne in his consular chair to the Taotai's residence.

When he approached the Yamun, his Tingchai, taking his card, went ahead to announce his arrival. As soon as the sedan-chair drew up at the Yamun, the centre doors were thrown wide open, and a messenger, bowing low, invited the Consul to enter.

Without dismounting from his chair, the coolies carried him into the compound as far as the steps leading up to the principal hall. Here the Taotai stood ready to receive him.

With many bows, the host conducted his guest into the reception room and placed him immediately in the seat of honour on his left hand. The interchange of many compliments followed. The servants brought in tea, and, as is usual, remained in the apartment within earshot of the Consul and his host.

This state of affairs did not, however, at all

suit Maitland's purpose, and he leaned over to the Taotai and whispered a request that they might be left alone for a few moments. The Taotai immediately issued a command that the room was to be cleared. The moment this was done, Maitland began to speak about his business. He told his terrible tale in brief clear words which it would have been impossible to misunderstand. He described the young Englishman in graphic touches, just alluding to the weakness which had made him a prey of the terrible Kolao-hwuy, and dwelling also on many good points in his character. He described the threats which had been employed to induce him to attend the initiation ceremony, and spoke in graphic words of his present bitter repentance. He finally ended by saying that he was certain Sterling would gladly lay all the information he possessed before the authorities.

On hearing these last words, the Taotai's brow cleared. 'That condition alone saves your friend from being accused of the crime of belonging to the society,' he said. 'Can you give me the name of the man who entrapped him?'

'Yes,' said Maitland; 'his name is Lin. I saw him for a moment last night at the opium den, when I went to look for poor Sterling. He is as ill-favoured a scoundrel as ever I saw; and from the expression of his face, I feel sure he was vowing vengeance on Sterling for allowing himself to be drawn out of his clutches.'

'I will send to the opium shop and secure that fellow at least,' said the Taotai. 'The question now, however, is this: What is to be done with the Englishman? As you are aware, his life is in immediate danger; and I shall want him to give evidence against these men as I catch them.'

'That is what I came about,' said Maitland. 'At present, Sterling is in my Consulate, and as long as he remains within the compound, he is safe. He has, however, his business to attend to, and what I would ask Your Excellency is this: send me two of your sharpest detectives—so that one can be on duty night and day—to follow Sterling when his business calls him beyond the protection of my flag.'

'I will do it,' said the Taotai, 'on the distinct understanding that he shall be forthcoming whenever I want him to give information or take evidence from him.'

'Agreed,' said Maitland. 'Now, I will no longer detain Your Excellency.'

So saying, he drank off his cup of tea as the signal of the conclusion of his visit. The Taotai conducted him with courteous ceremony to his chair, and bowed low in response to Maitland's parting salutations.

On arriving at the Consulate, Maitland went at once to the veranda, where, as he expected, he found Sterling and his wife. They were talking earnestly together, and Sterling's face looked animated, and even hopeful again. When they saw Maitland, they hurried to meet him.

'What news?' said Sterling.

'I have arranged everything satisfactorily,' replied the Consul. 'The detectives will be

here in half an hour, and one will always be ready to go with you whenever business calls you to the hong or elsewhere.'

'How can we thank you?' said Evelyn, her bright eyes filling with tears as she raised them to Maitland's face.

Sterling said nothing; but the expression of his face showed plainly that he would now leave no stone unturned to regain that strength and manhood which the use of opium had deprived him of.

Tiffin was announced, and afterwards the two men smoked their cigars in comparative peace. Alas! this peace was soon to be broken. Maitland had just risen to see to the duties of his office, when Sterling's 'boy' came forward with a scared face, holding a piece of paper in his hand.

'Me findee this piecee chit on master's table,' he said as he handed the note to the Consul.

Maitland took it and translated the Chinese characters, which were as follows: '*The die is cast; your death-warrant is signed.*'

Maitland crushed the paper in his hand, and called Sterling to follow him. 'Read that,' he said. 'The scoundrels are evidently determined to have a shy at you; but we will be one too many for them.'

Sterling turned pale as he read the missive. 'For God's sake, don't tell Evelyn,' he exclaimed.

'Not I,' answered Maitland. He took the paper from Sterling and locked it up in his secret drawer.

Sterling went slowly back to where his wife was sitting. She had returned to her place in the veranda. It was comparatively cool there; and relieved from some of her worst fears, and having absolute confidence in Maitland, she was idly employing her fingers with some gaily coloured embroidery, which she was preparing to ornament her own pretty drawing-room. The many-coloured silks and wools lay in her lap—a bright colour was in her cheeks; and her beautiful dark eyes, full of love and relief, looked full at her husband as he approached her. Her attitude and expression stabbed the unfortunate young man to the heart. Her quick eyes saw all too soon that there was some fresh trouble.

'Sit down by me, Wilfrid,' she said. She made a great effort to speak cheerfully. 'See how natural and peaceful everything seems, and you certainly are safe here. Now you must keep up your courage—it is that dreadful opium that has upset your nerves.'

'It has been the cause from first to last of my undoing, Evelyn.'

'Why do you look so pale now? Is there anything fresh the matter?'

'No, no, my darling. I am in a mess, and must get out of it as best I can.'

'And the Consul is so kind and brave. Was there ever a man like him?' exclaimed Evelyn.

'If I do escape, Evelyn, I shall certainly owe my life to him.'

'You are perfectly safe, so long as you stay here.'

'But I can't stay here always, Evelyn—that is just the point. I must get back to business this afternoon.'

Evelyn's face turned very white at these

words. 'You must not stir until the detectives come,' she said.

Sterling laughed impatiently. 'To tell the truth,' he said after a pause, 'I don't much believe in them. What are two detectives, sharp as they doubtless may be, against the machinations of a society like the Kolao-hwuy? But there, my darling, I am frightening you. What a brute I am! There, Evelyn, don't cry. I wonder you care a bit for a fellow like me; but if my life is of any value to you, I will certainly do all in my power to preserve it for your sake.—Now, let me help you to match these silks. You know my eye for colour is more perfect than your own.'

Evelyn tried to smile, and to keep back the tears which ever and anon filled her eyes.

As long as her husband was by her side, she felt that he was safe, but she dreaded indescribably the moment when he must leave her. An important meeting was to be held in his office that afternoon; and as his clerks knew nothing of the scrape into which he had got himself, it was all important that he should attend it. As the moments flew by, he became more and more restless, and even went into the compound to ask Bryce if the detectives whom the Taotai had promised to send had yet arrived.

After a time, two quietly dressed and rather stupid-looking Chinamen were seen to enter the compound. They had a short consultation with Bryce, who a moment or two afterwards put in his appearance on the veranda. He asked Sterling to step outside with him.

The young man complied. The Chinamen, who called themselves Foo and Chang, bowed a low obeisance to Sterling. They then told him in a few words that he might now feel himself absolutely safe. They assured him that they would not intrude themselves on his notice in any way; but also, never for a single moment would they allow him out of their sight.

'You are safe now,' said Foo. 'Your Excellency may go in and out exactly as you please. We know the emissaries of the Kolao-hwuy, every single man of them, and no harm can possibly happen to you.'

The man called Chang further told Sterling that Lin had been arrested by the Taotai, and was now in custody in the prison-house of his Yamen.

This fact went further than anything else to reassure the Englishman, and he went back to say 'Good-bye' to his wife in better spirits.

'It's all right,' he said. 'If ever there was a brick in the world, it's our good friend Maitland. I will go at once to my hong, see my people, transact all the necessary business, and be back with you before dark. Keep up your courage, my dear wife; I verily believe the danger is past.'

To Sterling's astonishment, it was just at this juncture, however, that all poor Evelyn's self-control gave way. 'I can't bear it,' she sobbed. 'I feel that the danger is not past. As you said yourself, what can two men do against hundreds?—Oh, don't leave me, Wilfrid. Stay here, or at least allow me to accompany you.'

'That would indeed be folly,' answered the young man. 'What could you do, dearest, at a meeting of my tea-tasters?'

'Nothing,' she answered with a heavy sigh. 'Oh, why are women so useless, when they love so much?'

'Useless!' echoed Sterling. 'It is love like theirs—like yours, that keeps the world straight. —Now, good-bye. Don't despair. I vow and declare that I'll be back with you before you have time to miss me.'

Evelyn made a great effort to check her tears; but when Sterling had really gone, she flung herself back into the deep chair in which she had been sitting on the veranda and gave way to a burst of terrible grief.

'How can I bear it?' she moaned. 'All the terrors of last night were nothing to what I am now enduring. No; my fancies are not really nervous. I feel that some terrible fate is going to overtake my husband.'

Poor Evelyn never forgot the slow torture of the next two hours. Maitland was busy over the duties of his office. She was absolutely alone, and the time seemed to crawl on leaden wings. She became more and more nervous, until at last her dread reached the culminating point of agony. 'If Wilfrid is not in by dusk,' she said to herself, 'I will go myself to the hong. I cannot endure this suspense any longer.'

At this moment there was a commotion in the compound. Evelyn, peering through the dusk, which was already beginning to set in, saw the detective Chang enter hurriedly, go up to Bryce, and speak to him.

This was enough. As if wings were to her feet, she flew down-stairs, and running out, went up to the constable and laid her shaking hand on his arm. 'What is it? what is it?' she gasped in a choking voice.

Bryce was much startled when he saw her. 'Won't you come in, Mrs Sterling?' he said. 'I will take you at once to my master.'

'Oh, I know there is bad news,' she gasped. 'You have something to say,' she continued, fixing her eyes on Chang and speaking in a new tone of command. 'I insist upon knowing immediately. Where is Mr Sterling? Why have you left him?'

The man threw up his hands in despair. 'He have vanished,' he exclaimed. 'The Englishman turned a corner and vanished before my very eyes.'

#### A LOST PAGE OF BRITISH HISTORY.

JUNE is generally a month of comparative tranquillity, from a meteorological point of view. Then 'the summer's sun does brightly blaze, and breezes light the water's bosom gently brush.' The June of 1650 was, however, a month of extreme boisterousness; for days and weeks together winds and rains prevailed, and the sea was much tormented. The meteorological condition of the atmosphere was in keeping with the political and ecclesiastical condition of our country, for it was then passing through a period that will ever remain prominent in the pages of history. To picture here the condition of things then existing is needless, for the history of the Commonwealth is closely wrapped around the minds of every

one. Suffice it to say that Charles II. was then a refugee in Holland; Cromwell's soldiers filled our barracks; Cromwell's frigates kept watch along our coasts; and the Solemn League and Covenant remained unsigned. Overtures had been made to the absent king that he should recognise the last-mentioned document; but promise of that recognition was not granted till a second deputation from Scotland had waited on Charles. That promise being given, the king set sail, from the not too hospitable shores of Holland, on the morning of Sunday the 12th of June 1650, and a course was steered for the British coast; nor did the king lack company, for Walker, in his *Historical Discourses*, informs us that 'the chief persons of quality that waited upon him were the Dukes of Buckingham and Hamilton; the Earls of Cleveland, Bramford, Dumfermline, Lauderdale, and Carnwarth; and the Lords Wentworth, Wilmot, Wedrington, and Sincleer; besides his own servants, the Scottish Commissioners, and divers other persons (as well as soldiers) of quality, courage, and fidelity.'

The first stage of the historic voyage—according to the testimony of a fellow-passenger with the king—was successfully accomplished. The weather was fine, the wind was favourable, and we may safely assume the company was happy. But alas! all too suddenly were these favourable conditions reversed. Lowering clouds darkened the face of the wind-tormented waters, and the lumbering hulk (a Dutch man-of-war belonging to the Prince of Orange) with its royal cargo struggled in the teeth of a rising gale. Night closed in, and the darkness added fresh discomfiture to the situation. Head-winds sorely impeded progress, and for days and nights together the billows raged round the now all but stationary and sadly battered ship. If we could have stepped on board just at that juncture, the scene presented to us would certainly have been one entirely out of keeping with the presence of royalty. Under the most favourable circumstances, the berths afforded to passengers must have been the very opposite of luxurious, for the deck accommodation was inadequate, the cabin conveniences of a very third-rate order, and all pretensions to anything like moderate comfort, under the circumstances, could not have been entertained. It is easy for us to imagine, too, that the physical condition of the party must have been reduced to the lowest ebb; for none of them, we may assume, were practical sailors, and, consequently, the effects of some weeks 'of stormy and contrary winds' must have put all thought of comfort out of the question, and must have played sad havoc with nightly rest. Those of the party addicted to the horrors of sea-sickness must have prayed that the waters would engulf them.

But still another calamity was in store for the luckless passengers and their royal superior. The limited stock of provisions on board went done long before the destined haven was reached—for the voyage had already been protracted long beyond anticipations. A fresh supply of provisions would have to be secured at all hazards; and with this end in view Holy Island was called at, though such an act made

the king and his companions run a grave risk of being seized by a Government frigate. No such mishap occurred, however, and with abundance of provisions on board, the voyage was renewed. It was the intention of Charles to proceed forthwith to Shetland, 'where seven ships of the States, guarding the herring-fishing, were, by the Prince of Orange's orders, to have joined with the king, the better to secure his passage.' Whether the commander had miscalculated his bearings or no we cannot say, but certain it is that the desired destination was not reached. After floundering forward for seven days 'in no very good weather,' quite unexpectedly—altogether contrary to expectations—land was discovered, 'which,' records one of the passengers, 'was found to be Caithness, in the north of Scotland.'

On Sunday morning, the 22d day of June (old style) 1650, a man-of-war could have been seen from several vantage-points along the shore making slow headway down the now still waters of the Moray Firth. At first, the ungainly hulk was deemed to be a Government war-vessel; but on closer inspection, its peculiar build betrayed its nationality. When opposite the quaint little village of Garmouth, which nestles almost on the margin of the Firth, the foreign craft tacked landward, and made for the rough natural harbour formed at the mouth of the river Spey. The crew, however, unacquainted as they were with the peculiarly dangerous characteristics of the river's mouth, did not notice that the tide had almost fully ebbed, and that, in consequence, the harbour basin was extremely shallow. It was not long, therefore, before they became convinced that to enter the harbour under existing circumstances would be a physical impossibility. A boat was lowered, and into it Charles stepped, followed by the more illustrious members of his retinue. But before *terra firma* was reached, a very ludicrous incident took place. The oarsmen had rowed forward only a short distance when the boat, probably grounding on one of the hidden sandbanks which are so common along this coast, stuck fast, and refused to budge. What was to be done? To go back to the ship was impossible: to reach the shore was equally impossible, unless, indeed, the party cared to wade the goodly piece of deep water that lay between them and it. History relates that Charles II. found himself in many queer plights in his day; and probably the royal dignitary who dressed in buckskin breeches and carried a tashed riding-whip under his arm, in order to escape his enemies would not object to be seen floundering through the water on the back of a humble dependent. The king's companions were, however, saved the exertion that such an exhibition would entail. Old Thomas Milne, the local ferryman, a man described as being 'little of stature, but more than ordinarily robust,' and who from the shore had seen the boat stick fast, took compassion on the party in their perplexity. Tucking up his moleskin breeches, he strode into the current, and was soon by the boat's side. Milne, honest fellow, as he doubtless was, knew nought of the superior deportment that is wont to be displayed

in the presence of royalty; indeed, probably he did not know he was offering his services to a king, when, turning round his broad shoulders, and slightly stooping down, he simply said in the broadest of broad Scotch, 'Loup on!' The monarch did not readily comply with the abrupt invitation thus laconically given; but eyed suspiciously the little fellow, and then cast a furtive and fearful glance at the threatening water beyond. Milne at once perceived the dubiousness and uncertainty thus unmistakably expressed, and, looking Charles full in the face, said, with just the slightest twinkle of mischief in his keen, honest eye: 'I may be leetle o' statur; but I'se be bound I'm baith strong an' studdy; an' mony's the weightier burden I've carried in my day!'

The tone of voice in which these words were uttered at once banished all uncertainty from the 'Merry Monarch's' mind, and he, to the no small amusement of his companions, at once mounted the back of the little ferryman, and, next minute, found himself on dry land. Local tradition does not tell if Milne received any royal favours for this piece of gallant service to his king; but certain it is that both he and his descendants—the last of whom, bearing the name and title, died at Garmouth recently—received, and were afterwards known by, the sobriquet of 'King Milne.'

It is hardly possible to trace with any great degree of precision the immediately subsequent movements and actions of Charles. It is held by some that the Solemn League and Covenant was signed on board ship while the vessel lay in the offing at Spey's bar. But other authorities contradict this, arguing—and local tradition conclusively supports the contention—that the king signed the Covenant in a house in Garmouth, and that he was afterwards entertained by the knight of Innes, the then superior of the place. Until within quite a recent date, part of the gable of this house stood; and as long as a remnant of the wall was left, tourists and others were wont to visit Garmouth and carry away with them a morsel of the clay of which the lowly though historic building was built. So eminent an authority as Sir Thomas Dick Lauder declares, 'It was in this very house that the clergy of Moray presented Charles with the "Solemn League and Covenant," which he signed.' This fact is slightly alluded to in the title as given in the printed copies of the 'Confession of Faith' of the Scottish Church, where it is said 'that it was taken and subscribed by King Charles II. at Spey, June 23d, 1650; and at Scoon, January 1st, 1651.' According to the same authority, the house referred to was two storeys high, built of clay and straw, its door being approached by an outside stair. Its apartments consisted of a kitchen and three rooms, the upper of which was 'panelled all round.' In this room, it is supposed, Charles subscribed the Covenant.

Immediately on the king's landing, word was sent by the Commissioners to the magistrates of Aberdeen; and the letter, which was dated 'Speymouth, June 23d, 1650,' is carefully recorded in the Council register of the Granite

City. It ran thus: 'Worshipfull and good Friends—We have directed these to let you know that the king is safely arrived, and intends, if God permits, to be in Aberdeen on Thursday at night: therefore, you will take care to provide such lodgings for him and for the Commissioners and for the train as may be best had on such short advertisement. And we beseech you let nothing be wanting which may testify your affection to the native king, who has fully assured all the desire of his people.'

For several days longer Charles and his retinue remained in the Garmouth district, enjoying the unstinted hospitality of local magnates; and on reaching Aberdeen he was, according to Walker, 'received with real expressions of joy by the people.'

It is unnecessary that we should here further detail the progress of Charles, for his subsequent joys and triumphs, cares and crosses, are fully chronicled in the open pages of British History.

### MY FIRST RAVEN.

A TAME raven which was kept in our neighbourhood had for long attracted my attention, and in time became an object of much interest to me. It may be that a sort of weird influence was exercised over me by this dark bird of the mountain and corrie, so strangely at home in the courtyard of a cottage against which were exposed, like gibbeted highwaymen, the bleached and tattered remains of many of its predatory congeners. Over these ensigns of mortality it would at times perch and croak loudly and mournfully, as if bewailing their fate or chanting their requiem. Being clever and intelligent, as also thoroughly domesticated, it had learned several tricks, and could utter a few words in a deep guttural voice. An impartial witness of its ongoings might have said that it was little better than a confirmed rogue and nuisance—the terror of little children, whose heels it pecked; the plague of the dogs, whose tails it pulled; the pest of the poultry yards, which it plundered of eggs and chickens. But if it was a troublesome pet, it certainly was an unusual one. So prejudiced had I become in its favour, that I resolved as soon as possible to become possessed of such another.

A pair of ravens year by year nested a few miles distant on the rocks of the South Ayrshire coast, where Loch Ryan opens its haven of refuge to storm-tossed sailors. Often have I watched and admired them as in their bold flight, upborne on the breeze, they circled and towered and plunged above the crest of the highest hill in the range, which hemmed in our glen on its north-western side—their wild notes all the while resounding far and near. No one could have observed their aerial evolutions or studied their habits in their native haunts without acknowledging that, on account of their daring and hardihood, their wonderfully developed sense of sight or smell—for from their dizzy heights they mark the carrion, be it leagues away—the wild scenes amid which they live and move, the wide area of the globe over which they wander free, being veritable 'citizens of the

world'—ravens are among the most notable of our birds, and lend a peculiar interest and charm to those localities which they still frequent.

Usually, the brood were hatched early in March. One year the young were taken as early as the middle of February. The spring, however, was now drawing to a close, and I had quite given up hope of having my desire gratified that season, when a gamekeeper, to whom I had communicated my wish, told me that, though the ravens had deserted their first nest, he had discovered another midway on the face of a high cliff, overlooking the sea, and that, by peering from a precipice opposite, he could see in it the young ready to take wing. Early next morning we set off together in a drizzle of rain; the mist hung like a chill curtain upon the hillsides, and the long grass and heather of the moorland were drenched with the moisture. The plan which approved itself to my guide was to take his boat, which he kept on the pebbly beach of Finner Bay, and make our way by sea to the foot of the cliff on which the ravens had built their nest. By rowing round, the weary trudge over rough and broken ground, and the dangerous climbing over slippery rocks, would be avoided. But on reaching the bay the experienced eye of the gamekeeper at once told him that with the strong tidal swell from the Atlantic any attempt to land among rocks so rugged, and on a coast so full of hidden perils, would be hazardous in the extreme. Before leaving the boat, he took with him a large rod and tackle, used for fishing off the rocks.

Ascending the steep brow of a hill and looking northward, we saw stretched at the foot a long broken line of cliff, ravine, and precipice, over which spread the mist. This scene, which was the haunt of these hardy birds, was magnificent in its wild savage grandeur. At one place, high above the sea, the hillside was strewn with the wreckage of a ship, lately dashed to pieces against this iron-bound coast. Ere we had journeyed far, the conviction was borne in upon the mind that this region, so inhospitable to man, so dangerous to his herds, was at once a home and refuge to many helpless creatures, against which he waged a relentless war of extermination. Save for the rock-doves, which in large numbers bred in the caves, the martins that hung their frail nests upon the cliffs, or the noisy choughs that now and then visited these giddy heights, there was not a bird or beast that found in this solitude a resting-place but against it my companion had proclaimed himself the foe. Were there not such fastnesses, to which our persecuted fauna could resort, their sadly diminished numbers would certainly be reduced even more than they are. From a rocky precipice covered with ivy and scraggy juniper there flew out a kestrel, engaged in rearing her brood. On another, bare and exposed to sunlight and storm, a hooded crow had brought forth several young, their bodies black as night, while breasts, shoulders, and back were mantled in gray. At a ravine where a rivulet, after many leaps, lost itself in the sea, we clambered down into a cave to inspect traps set for otters. To



my relief, their cruel jaws were innocent of the vermin; so, after destroying as best we could all trace of our visit, we regained our former track, where the bent of the hillside seemed to spring from out the brow of the rocks. In a cave where the chambers, festooned with the tender fronds of maiden-hair and thongs of hartstongue, decreased in size as you penetrated their darkness, a pair of foxes had that season hidden their cubs, which were discovered and captured, and afterwards sold for the purpose of affording elsewhere sport to the huntsmen. A considerable stretch of coast-line, made up of frowning precipice and treacherous rock, inaccessible to human foot, was appropriated by a crowd of evil-looking skarts or cormorants, which the gamekeeper misnamed 'cameronians.' Tier above tier they squatted in the midst of their foul-smelling offal, the deposit of centuries. Now and then, one, taking alarm, would awkwardly waddle to the edge and throw itself into the sea; but once in that element, its movements were nimble and graceful as it swam and dived and rose again to the surface far distant from where it disappeared. On the huge side of a cave, up the mouth of which, opening wide to the sea, the waves roared and dashed themselves to spray in tempest, and murmured and danced in calm, the peregrine falcon had built its eyrie; but the young had been taken ere they could fly, and perhaps caged in the tainted atmosphere of some bird-shop, were now awaiting a purchaser. At last, after a rough scramble over rocks, leaping over gorges where the gurgle of the waters underneath was heard, creeping along ledges where one false step meant death, then descending as near as possible to the tide-mark, and turning the corner of a huge rock, before us rose the cliff from which the ravens' brood were looking down.

The usual method of securing the eggs and young of birds which nest on these cliffs is for a man or boy bound to a rope to be let down from the top. Such hazardous work demands a cool head and no small amount of daring. This procedure was of no avail here, as the cliff leaned over considerably; and had a person been let down, he would have hung wide of the nest by many yards. The gamekeeper, however, was prepared for the emergency. I had wondered at his bringing the fishing-rod and tackle from the boat. But now, with a look that told me he knew his business, he got ready the rod, and attaching to it a strong line with large hooks, he began to lash vigorously the face of the cliff, aiming at the nest. After a few throws, he landed the hooks in the midst of the young ravens. In an instant, one, two, three, they sprang into the air, and after circling for a brief space in their virgin flight, dropped wearied into the sea! Had it been possible to have brought round the boat, they could have been rescued little the worse for their mishap; but now, all that could be done was to shout to and encourage the retriever, which at the gamekeeper's word had plunged into the waves, and was struggling hard to reach the drowning birds. By this untoward event our toil seemed doomed to failure. Hope revived when, after climbing the precipice, from

which a view of the nest could be got, a young one was seen crouching in the further corner. Descending, the keeper again plied his rod; the hooks at one time caught among the twigs of which the nest was made, tearing away the front, but failed to attach themselves to the bird. My own attempts to wield the ponderous implement were in vain; it required the arm of a strong man and the art of an expert angler. When the afternoon was drawing to a close, one lucky cast of the hooks at last caught the bird, and in a moment it was landed at our feet, safe and sound.

It was not my fortune to retain this raven for long. After a few weeks' confinement, it seemed tame enough to be allowed some liberty, and in a little while it was hopping about among the poultry, doing its best to persuade them that it was one of themselves. But one day, suddenly, without the least warning, the old pair swooped down from the heavens. Not deigning to alight, they uttered a call, which was at once recognised; and in an instant the young raven, which before had never shown any inclination to fly, was on the wing—the parents passing and repassing under it, as if, in their eagerness to rescue their lost nestling, they would bear it upon their backs. For a while after this they frequented the glen; whether it was because they expected to discover and lure away others of their missing family, I know not. Only this remains to be told, that all my careful searchings for the escaped one were in vain, as never did they permit it to be seen, but kept it well out of danger's way.

#### MEMORIES.

A LITTLE window, and a broad expanse  
Of sky and sea,  
A little window where the stars look in,  
And waves beat ceaselessly;  
Where, through the night, across the silvery foam,  
The moonlight falls, like blessed thoughts of home.

A little space within a crowded ship,  
A restless heart;  
A little time to pause awhile and think  
O'er lives apart;  
To pause and think, while others pray and sleep;  
A little while to bow the head and weep.

A little window, but a heaven of rest  
Bent over all,  
Where, through the silence of the star-lit dusk,  
The angels call,  
Where the dead faces of the vanished years  
Look in and smile, across a sea of tears.

A quiet room—a quiet heart at peace  
With earth and sea;  
A little corner—but a glimpse of heaven,  
An angel's company;  
Oh steadfast soul, oh floweret pure and white,  
Still on my lips I feel thy last 'Good-night.'

M. F. T.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,  
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 595.—VOL. XII.

SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1895.

PRICE 1½d.

## TWO PER CENT.

FOR more than twelve months the official rate of discount at the Bank of England has stood at two per cent., without sign of movement, a phenomenon not altogether but almost without precedent in the history of the Bank rate. In those foreign countries where the general conditions of the money market approach most nearly to those prevailing in London, such as France and Germany, there is, as a rule, a much greater steadiness in the charge for loanable capital; the variations are neither so extreme nor so frequent. It is indeed a complaint often heard from our merchants and traders that the impossibility of foreseeing these changes imposes an additional difficulty in the way of profitable business. At the present moment the tendency is rather to complain of a steadiness that too much resembles stagnation. It may be worth our while to inquire what are the principal causes affecting the rate, and particularly why for so long a period it has stood at this low point.

Seeing that the interest allowed for money deposited with bankers necessarily fluctuates with that which is charged for the loan of it, the matter is one which touches not business men alone, but the entire community. No doubt it is true that the paramount importance of the Bank of England rate has to a large extent declined with the development of banking, and with the rise in our own country and abroad of joint-stock institutions, the amount of whose resources in capital and deposits may rival and in some instances overtop the Bank's own. An incident which Cobden narrates as coming under his observation when travelling in a steamer off the coast of Greece, is a well-known illustration of the world-wide influence of the Bank rate—a little boat putting off from the shore with no other errand than to inquire how it stood! Great changes in this respect, as in so many other conditions of commerce, the past forty years have indeed witnessed; the

money markets of the world and the masses of capital employed in them have now a magnitude hitherto undreamt of. It is well understood nowadays that the official rate is frequently ineffectual in ordinary times, neither controlling nor representing the current value of money—a circumstance never more evident than during last year, when the open market lent freely for short periods at one, or three-quarters, or even one-half per cent., while bankers and bill-brokers considered themselves happy in getting from one and a half to one and three-quarters or thereabout for the discount of good commercial bills, and had often to be content with much less. Yet even now the rule adopted by the banks in fixing the rate of interest for deposits is to follow the Bank of England rate at a little distance, generally one per cent. or one-half per cent. below it, although the practice has been somewhat modified very recently, in view of the unreality or ineffectuality to which we have referred.

The present condition of the money market is most anomalous, nor is there any class of the commercial community to which it can be said to be quite satisfactory. Obviously the business of bankers must be unremunerative, with a rate so low, and an ever-growing mass of deposits for which a suitable outlet can scarcely be found. It might appear to be possible for them at any time to invest their funds so as to secure a return of about three per cent. with absolute safety; that is, about double what they allow for deposits, seeing that 'gilt-edged' securities are still to be had, although the prices of them have of late risen to an extraordinary degree. But it is only a comparatively small proportion of their resources which prudent bankers will employ in such a manner. It is a recognised rule that banks cannot, like a Trust Company or an Insurance Company, place their means freely in fixed and dead investments; the reason being, that they are liable to be called upon to repay their deposits at a moment when all such investments are

falling in value, and cannot be disposed of in heavy amounts without a serious sacrifice. The same considerations do not affect merchants, and it might be supposed that a state of things in which bills can be discounted or advances obtained at so trifling a charge, would be an ideal one for traders. But the price of loanable capital may be so low as to indicate an unhealthy state of business; and when it remains low for a long period, it does indicate that trade is shrinking in volume or becoming less profitable. Thriving conditions of commerce do not usually accompany either extreme; so that it has often been considered that it is when about four per cent. is being charged and freely paid for the loan of money, we are to look for signs of active and profitable trade.

Some light may be thrown on the causes of the present stagnation if we recall what has generally taken place at those crises when the rate of discount has risen to its highest point. In the course of the last half-century many such crises have occurred, and we have always found the immediate starting-point of a rapid rise in the rate to be a threatened scarcity of loanable capital, generally exhibited most visibly in an undue decline in the Bank's reserve—the last line of defence in the citadel of finance. The condition precedent to such a situation has invariably been a period of more than ordinarily active trade and speculation, of rising prices, and of inflation in one or more forms of enterprise. These periods have commonly issued in disasters that have made too deep an impression to be forgotten, and have alternated with times of sluggishness and depression. Trained observers have told us lately that symptoms are now to be discerned which foretell the approach of happier times for the commercial community. Nothing could be more welcome, for the depression has been very deep and prolonged; it is only to be hoped that when the revival comes, it will not be in the form of a renewed outburst of financial recklessness. We must guard ourselves against thinking that recent years have been a period of privation or more than ordinary suffering for the people generally. Prices have fallen in almost every branch of production, and profits have declined; but neither has the bulk of trade diminished nor has the standard of wages been lowered; where, at least, this has occurred, it has been in quite exceptional instances. Low prices, and especially prices continuously falling, are grief and pain to merchant and manufacturer, to farmer and tradesman; but they wear another aspect to the great body of consumers. It might, indeed, very fairly be argued that the growing cheapness of nearly all articles has made the last twenty years a time of unusual prosperity for the working population. Yet every one can see that this process must have its limits, and that it not only inflicts

severe loss on important classes, but cannot be carried very far without in time affecting adversely those who for the present reap its benefits. Profits may reach vanishing-point, and thus employment be curtailed by the discouragement or stoppage of an industry.

Some remarkable theories have been broached in order to account for the origin and long continuance of the present depression. A very active section of the commercial community both at home and abroad trace it to the demonetisation of silver, pointing out that since 1873 the fall of prices has been almost continuous—a fact to be explained only, as bimetallicists affirm, by the shrinkage of our measure of value. Since 1870 both Germany and Italy have adopted a gold standard, and in 1873 France was obliged to close her mints to the free coinage of silver. Thereupon—the argument runs—followed a greatly increased demand for gold as coinage, as well as a hoarding of the metal to an unprecedented extent in the war-chests and national banks of Russia, Germany, and France. So that the general fall of prices since that date is to be interpreted rather as an appreciation of gold. The remedy they propose is in some way to rehabilitate silver, to link it with gold at a ratio fixed by statute and by international agreement, and thus very largely to increase if not even to double the mass of metallic money. For some years this theory has been the subject of very warm controversy; the bimetallic view has of late attracted some very able and distinguished advocates, though it is still very far from being accepted or even considered by the general public, without whose approval so delicate a matter as the coin of the realm is little likely to be meddled with by responsible statesmen.

The leading arguments on the other side are almost too well known or too obvious to be cited here. The present plethora of gold in the money market is taken to be a sign that there is no such scarcity as is affirmed; while the greatly increased production of the metal in recent years is relied upon to meet all probable requirements. There are, further, the practical answers which perhaps weigh most with our financiers and investors—that we are a creditor country, and should be unwilling to receive the payment of, say, a hundred millions annually in silver rather than in gold; that with our present standard, we have enjoyed much prosperity, and that the risks of so great a change may be very real, even if it is not easy to define them beforehand. Then, again, the fall of prices can be otherwise explained, particularly by the immense advance in methods of manufacture, in the means of communication and of transport. In the near future more will be heard of this controversy, one feature of which is certainly remarkable—the absolute confidence on either side of equally able and well-informed disputants.

Another view of the reasons why the rate of interest continues so long at its present low

point is that the natural and ordinary course of commerce will bring about this result, and that the tendency which has long prevailed for the value of loanable capital to fall is only being somewhat more clearly manifested than heretofore. This we take to be a theory by no means free from doubt. The rate of interest perhaps tends in the long run to fall; but in a very long period of years it has not actually fallen so decidedly as many suppose. William Paterson, the founder of the Bank of England, and projector of the Darien scheme, writing in the beginning of the eighteenth century on the redemption of the National Debt, declared that the Dutch at that time obtained money 'at three per cent., or under, simply by the punctuality of their payments.' If that was the case almost two centuries ago, then the value of money lent on good security has not altered even to the extent that might have been expected, and the alleged permanent tendency in this direction scarcely explains sufficiently a downward movement so considerable as the last few years have witnessed.

We believe that the present stagnation may be accounted for without the exercise of so much ingenuity and without the aid of any far-fetched theories. It has been the rule in our commercial affairs, exemplified by several striking instances within living memory, that periods of inflation and periods of depression should alternate, a time of undue eagerness in trade and recklessness in speculation generally terminating in a disastrous crisis, and being followed by a period of slack trade and extreme caution in every kind of enterprise. For some years past we have been at the lowest point of this cycle, and if we have waited longer than usual for the reaction towards prosperous times, it is because the excesses of the latest period of activity resulted in a more than usually severe shock to credit.

A noticeable feature of those outbreaks of speculative mania which lead in the first place to financial crises, and then by a natural sequence to distress and dullness in trade, is that they usually expend their energy in some one particular direction; as in 1825, in overtrading and foreign loans; in 1835 and 1836, in the formation of joint-stock companies; and in the years preceding 1847, in railway enterprises. But since 1890, when a terrible crisis was very narrowly escaped, the evidence of speculative recklessness has not been confined to any one kind of investment. The year just named brought to its height, and also for a little time to its close, the insatiable demand for the wretched securities offered to lenders by some South American States—a demand stimulated inordinately by the fact that firms of the highest standing and of world-wide reputation introduced these securities to the public, and were themselves holders of them to a vast amount. To common-sense people it appears a mystery why States whose governments are unstable and in too many cases corrupt, should have found it so easy to borrow in the money markets of Europe. Whatever may be the natural resources of a country, if there is a plentiful lack of men of character and principle to direct its affairs, then to avoid

touching the obligations of such a State would seem to be the only wisdom. But high interest and the sanction of great financial names combined to form a temptation too powerful to be resisted. It may well be feared that even now, after the serious breakdown of 1890, the lesson has been partially forgotten, and that some of the worst defaulters now enjoy a higher credit than their history justifies.

South America, however, has not been the only theatre of overstrained credit in recent times. Somewhat more than two years ago symptoms of financial weakness began to appear in our Australian colonies, and developed with great rapidity into a serious crisis. Bank after bank of high standing and widespread connections closed its doors, and could only reopen them after a reconstruction involving considerable concessions on the part of its creditors. No such financial disturbance, of course, can happen anywhere without affecting many people in this country; but, owing to the fact that the Australian banks have always with large classes of our population been a favourite and thoroughly trusted channel of investment in the shape of deposits, the recent breakdown was felt with especial severity. Overtrading in Australia had taken the shape of a land boom, supported and stimulated by the deposit money with which the banks were overloaded. It appeared also that the Government finance in many of these colonies had been conducted in a much too sanguine spirit, and that a burden of debt disproportionate to their present resources had been recklessly accumulated. Our colonies, it is needless to say, are in a very different position from the South American States to which we have referred, especially in the character of their people and the honour of their Governments; but from this very fact the shock of the disaster was felt more widely; nothing, indeed, that has happened of late years has proved a more serious discouragement to enterprise and investment than the Australian crisis.

The two great sources of trouble which have now been specified might be sufficient in themselves to account for all the recent depression; but much has been done to aggravate the mischief by the fraud and neglect disclosed in the failure of the 'Liberator' and of some gigantic 'Trusts,' Building Societies and Trust Companies alike, if managed with care and prudence, should be among the safest of enterprises; but the history of finance may be ransacked in vain to find a more deplorable exhibition of folly and criminality than was displayed in these insolvencies. Perhaps the most disheartening feature of all was the revelation that the most reputable names on a prospectus or on a directorate are no safeguard to the investor under present conditions; he can derive no assurance therefrom that fraud will be guarded against by the vigilance of directors, or that their shrewdness may be trusted to save the concern from the most childish mismanagement. The natural result is that the investing public have become timid, and seek for absolute safety before everything else. This, we believe, is the explanation of the extraordinary price of Consols and of other 'gilt-edged' securities; and the dullness of trade,

the stagnation of the money market, and the unprecedented continuance of a Bank rate of two per cent., appear to us attributable to the same causes.

### AN ELECTRIC SPARK.\*

#### CHAPTER IV.—UNCLE AND NEPHEW.

'I'm going to see how I stand,' said Brant Dalton. 'If the old man thinks that he is to do just as he likes with me, he is mistaken. I want to get clear of the miserable Israelite. Lewis! and Levinson! Buh! Hang it all, if I were a Jew, I wouldn't be ashamed of it. Why should they be? Grand old nation enough. Why can't he call himself Levison or Levi, like a man?'

This was as he walked from his chambers in the Temple toward the offices, stopping once at a shop to purchase an expensive button-hole, and then marching along as if the pavement were set aside for his especial benefit, and he expected every one to give way.

His thoughts were busy, too, over his cousin, who, he told himself, must be brought to book, for he was tired of being played with at fast and loose.

It was about half an hour after his usual time when he entered the offices; and going up to the principal room, the old clerk Hamber looked up from his work and said, 'Good-morning, sir,' with a large paper knife across his mouth like a bit.

'Morning.—Mr Dalton come?'

'Yes, sir; been here nearly an hour,' said Hamber.

Brant grunted, and went into a little room at the back, which he had taken to for some months past for his special office.

At the end of a quarter of an hour he was out again, and his eye wandered about the place; but no one took any notice of him, and he went back to look over the *Times*, the work of the office going steadily on without much help from him.

'India—the Burmese—Money Market,' he muttered as he turned over the sheets. 'Hang money! I wish there wasn't such a thing on the face of the earth.'

He tossed the paper aside and went out into the principal office again, where pens and rulers were at work, calculations being made to scale; and old Hamber was busily mixing some Indian ink on a white earthenware slab, and holding a camel-hair pencil in his lips.

Just then, Wynyan entered the office quickly, and Brant crossed to meet him, while the old clerk slowly left his chair to follow, but hesitated, wrinkled his forehead, looked perplexed, and began to arrange his thin gray hair with the cedar handle of the camel-hair brush.

'Oh, there you are, Mr Wynyan,' said Brant, in a supercilious way. 'Things all right at the works?'

'I have not been there this morning,' replied the young engineer.

'Not been there? Well, somebody must go. I thought you were down there.'

'I have been to the works, Mr Brant,' said Hamber, interposing; 'and Mr Dalton would be glad if you would step into his room, sir—as soon as you got back, sir.'

'Ah! Why didn't you tell me before?' cried Brant haughtily.

'Not you, sir; Mr Wynyan, sir,' said the old clerk; and Brant turned sharply round, walked to his room, and went in and banged the door.

'Wynyan,' he muttered, 'Wynyan, always Wynyan. If ever poor wretch was driven—It's fate!'

He took up the *Times* again, and the first words his eyes lit upon were 'Money Market.' The paper was tossed aside once more, and he walked up and down till he heard Wynyan's voice in the office.

'I can't stand it,' he said to himself. 'I'll bring things to a climax somehow.'

Leaving his place, he walked sharply across to his uncle's private room; to find the table covered with drawings, and the old engineer in the little inner office, where the safe was built into the wall.

'That you, Wynyan?'

Brant stifled his ejaculation. 'No, uncle.'

'You, Brant?' said the old man, coming hurriedly out. 'Yes? What do you want? I'm very busy this morning.'

'Oh, I won't keep you long, uncle,' cried his nephew. 'I only want a few words with you.'

'Well—what is it? Money again?'

'Yes, uncle; I want some money for one thing.'

'Then we will soon settle one thing,' said the engineer with a grim smile. 'You are no use to me here in the business, Brant; but in the hope that you may alter some day, and cease to be ornamental, I pay you, as my brother's son, five hundred a year, which is more than I have paid Wynyan. My house is always open to you to have as many meals as you like; my wines and cigars are at your service; and all you have to do is to walk in here and read the newspapers.'

'Yes, you've often told me that,' said Brant sulkily.

'Here's the rest of it then, my boy. You draw your salary quarterly; and you have, Hamber tells me, drawn two quarters in advance, so we'll settle the thing promptly.—No, Brant; I cannot let you have any more money.'

'But I want a few hundreds badly, uncle,' cried the young man, almost imploringly.

'What for?'

'To extricate myself—to pay a debt of honour.'

'Dishonour, boy. Not a penny. Now then: the other thing?'

'It's about my position here,' said Brant bitterly.

'Well, sir, it's a very good one.'

'No, sir; it is not,' cried the young man warmly. 'I have no encouragement. I seem to be left out of everything.'

'Your own fault, Brant.'

'Was it my fault that I was kept in ignorance of this new invention?'

'What new invention?' said Dalton, with his massive face turning hard.

'This electric motor.'

\* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

'Who told you a new electric motor had been invented here?'

'I asked you, sir, why this was kept a secret from me,' said Brant, evading the question.

'Inventors as a rule keep their schemes to themselves. You could have been of no service to Mr Wynyan and me, so we kept our own counsel, and worked while you played.'

'Yes,' cried Brant bitterly. 'Mr Wynyan!—always Mr Wynyan.'

'A gentleman to whom I must request you to be a little more respectful. I have noticed several things lately, Brant Dalton, that I must ask you to alter.'

'A miserable prig!'

'A gentleman, sir, and one whom I can trust.'

'How can you expect me to behave respectfully to a man who regularly ousts me from my position? I thought I was to become a partner some day. But when am I asked to join in any of the business consultations? Why, old Hamber and the clerks laugh at my position.'

'I'll tell you, Brant,' said the old engineer, with his manner changing and becoming fatherly; 'you have driven me into a corner, and I must say things to you that I would rather have left unsaid. You ask me why you are left out of the consultations. I will tell you—Because I cannot trust you yet.'

'Not trust me, uncle?'

'No, Brant; and I grieve to say it. Most of my business dealings are of great importance, and signify thousands gained or lost. They require clear cool heads to deal with. How can I place faith in a man whose mind is given up to the new ballet or the next race, and who gambles?'

'Has that contemptible prig Wynyan dared to tell you that?' said the young man hotly.

'Mr Wynyan has not mentioned your name to me; but I know these things as a fact, just as I know that you are in debt and visit the money-lenders.'

'Then some one has been maligning me,' cried Brant hotly.

'No: people from whom you borrowed have applied to me for payment, and for a time I paid the amounts due by my dead brother's son. I soon found, though, that it was pouring water into a sieve, and stopped. You see, I know more, Brant, than you imagined.'

'Calumnies, sir.'

'I do not call the reports by that name, boy; and I tell you plainly that if you were not my nephew, and I did not hope soon to see an end to the wild-oats business, I should long ago have told you that you are not fit for my profession, and suggested ranching, squatting, or something of the kind.'

'You misjudge me,' cried Brant passionately, 'because you have given all the trust due to me to this man, this Wynyan.'

'I would rather have trusted you, my boy, that you know,' said Dalton, growing calmer as his nephew became more heated.

'A nice confidential man! Yes, I have treated him as he deserved—a hound. A hired servant, who, knowing he is high in favour with you, cannot contain himself, and must be insolent to me.'

'Rubbish, boy! You are in a passion. Don't make a donkey of yourself.'

'Ah, you don't believe me. Mr Wynyan is too honourable and trustworthy for that? Why, I could soon open your eyes to what he is, if I would stoop to such a thing.—Yes, you drive me to it. I will tell you. While you have been petting him and blinding yourself to what he is, the scoundrel—a hired servant—has dared to raise his eyes to *Rénée*.'

'Indeed!' said Dalton quietly. 'I thought he was too much occupied over our work. But if he has, pray, what is that to you?'

'Uncle! Are you mad? You would not let that hound'—

'Silence, sir! No such language as that concerning Mr Wynyan. Answer my question, if you please—this time. I said, what is that to you?'

'I told you a year ago,' said the young man sulkily.

'Yes; and I told you then that the notion was outrageous; and after what I said, I supposed you would come to your senses—that you had forgotten all that folly. *Rénée*, if she marries, will choose her own husband, and he will not be her cousin.'

Brant winced and ground his teeth.

'So once for all, let that miserable notion be buried. It is utter madness—unnatural—un—Pooh! *Rénée* would laugh at you for an idiot. But I have no more time to waste upon you now. I will just say this: If I believed in you now, I'd pay off every shilling you owe, and let you start fair; but I can't: you've deceived me too often. Your creditors must wait while you retrench. Such people as they are deserve to wait. You have five hundred a year, so set to work and live on one hundred: that will leave four to pay off debts for a few years. When I was your age, I lived on fifty, and thought myself well off. There; I've done: behave yourself towards Mr Wynyan, and act as a Dalton should, that is, like an honest man. Prove to me that I can trust you, and then I will. Now be off.'

'He treats me like a schoolboy,' muttered Brant. 'Behave myself to Mr Wynyan! Yes, I'll behave myself to Mr Wynyan. The insolent overbearing prig. I always hated him. He has got the length of the old lunatic's foot, and no mistake. Actually encouraged the idea. Live on a hundred a year, eh? All right, uncle; it's to be a game of chess, then, is it? Perhaps I can get the better of your pawn, my beloved uncle. Suppose I play the Queen.'

(To be continued.)

## THE HABITS AND TASTES OF LEPIDOPTERA.

By CHARLES J. MANSFORD, B.A.

MUCH as we have already learned about the habits and tastes of butterflies and moths, there seems still much more to be taught us from the open book of Nature. Every collector or entomologist is aware how very local many species are wont to be. Although the food-plant may abound in every nook and corner of a country, and, to all appearances, every necessary condition for some insect's life is

fulfilled, yet nowhere can this same insect be found except, perhaps, in a space a few yards square.

Quite a flutter was produced among entomologists, some years ago, by the discovery of a small moth (*Albulalis*); and the discoverer thereof was able to keep his secret to himself for a long time, during which he reaped no slight benefit pecuniarily by disposing of the insects to less fortunate collectors. This moth was found first in a small plantation on the estate of the Earl of Darnley, where it is common enough during the month of July, although in no other part of the British Isles has it, so far as the writer is aware, been discovered.

A knowledge of the geographical distribution of plants is, however, leading up to a more sound knowledge of the general distribution of Lepidoptera, although it will appear from the above that no account, even then, can be made for insects that are only on the wing for a few weeks or days, and rarely leave the narrow bounds within which they, willingly it would seem, imprison themselves.

So much attention has of late been turned to Japan, that it may not seem out of place to comment on the fact that no less than six per cent. of English Lepidoptera are taken in that country. For a knowledge of the butterflies and moths of Japan we are largely indebted to Mr Jonas, whose splendid collection was placed at the disposal of the British Museum. Turning over the leaves of the catalogue of this collection, the English collector will recognise many old friends; and a reference to the Flora of Japan will explain the wherefore of this.

In Europe, the year 1894 has been a bad one, the unsettled weather making collecting difficult, and, moreover, damaging the slender wings of the mature insect. Curious enough it is, too, that Nature, so careful to preserve the species, and so careless of the life of the individual specimen, should endow a moth or butterfly with a life that is frail in the extreme, if we except the hawk-moths, which cling tenaciously to life even when chloroform is administered. While the mature insect dies when pinched or struck down by the hand, the egg from which the moth or butterfly comes forth is able to endure extremes of heat and cold with perfect immunity from death. A temperature of ten degrees Fahrenheit has failed to freeze the young blood of the tiny life within the tiny shell no larger than a pin's head; a cluster of butterfly eggs, upon a withered stalk of grass, has defied the burning heat of the sun glaring down upon the sand of the Sahara.

Entomologists visiting Greenland have found the same species of moths and butterflies existing there as at Grindelwald, and among the Swiss mountains generally. When Europe emerged from its glacial state, many scores of insects were forced slowly but surely to migrate up the mountain sides or to emigrate to frozen Arctic lands.

Brazil is probably the best hunting-ground in the world, so far as the aggregate number of species to be found is concerned: out of a total of ten thousand species, no fewer than five thousand are said to be found there. In Peru, Mr W. H. Gates is reported to have taken seven hundred different species in a single year.

Perhaps the great discoveries yet to be made will emanate from Borneo. Already collectors have touched its shores; but within its confines there exist, in all likelihood, species absolutely unknown to the world, and thither entomologists who now explore the Alps in search of fresh species would do well to direct their footsteps.

There is another more remarkable fact than that of the localness of Lepidoptera that is engaging the thought of many collectors: this is the keen sense of taste or smell which butterflies and moths possess. The connection in the human being between taste and smell is so intimate that it is a matter of difficulty to say where the one ends and the other begins. Certainly, with regard to moths and butterflies, one is at a loss to say why certain smells and the evaporation of certain liquids should attract them.

The common notion that the quest of honey is the sole object for which a moth or butterfly exists, has long been exploded by the experience and experiments of even the tyro in entomology.

Among moths, the Noctuæ, and among butterflies, the Vanessæ, have long been lured to destruction by the simple device of treacling. This, for the benefit of the uninitiated, may be briefly explained as smearing the boles of trees with a decoction of brown sugar, beer, and rum. The process here mentioned has resulted in the discovery of many species of Noctuæ and a few geometers, that otherwise might never have been known to the entomologist.

Granted that the mixture of beer and rum is intended to intoxicate the insects—a result known from the effect of mixing drinks among mankind—is it the sugar, the rum, or the beer which attracts Lepidoptera? It may be all three; certainly the smell of beer has some attraction in itself for moths, which the writer has tested by smearing trees with beer alone, and neglecting both the rum and sugar, or treacle.

Sweetness, either in honeyed or other form, cannot be, then, the sole attraction for insects. Further, it has been shown that strength of smell, rather than sweetness, has the greater effect. In the case of the Purple Emperor (*Apatura iris*), the old mode of catching this prize by means of a net attached to a pole twenty feet long has been superseded by the discovery of the insect's taste for game. The word 'game' is used of malice aforethought, for the beautiful insect delights in the taste of the juice of a much decomposed cat, or the fragrant essence it is able to distil from a hare's skin that has been kept in the sun until ripe for operations. These juices, too, seem to intoxicate, though to a less degree, as do the sugar, rum, and beer.

Apart from atmospheric conditions, which



largely settle whether an insect shall remain at home or not, it has been found that in some years 'sugaring' does not pay. For some perverse reason, the insects refuse to accept the airy invitation to a drunken carousal, at the end of which they will be transferred to the collector's pill-boxes or relaxing box. Experience here again seems to point to the fact that pungency and not sweetness attracts, for, among entomologists, the use of methylated spirits instead of rum as a bait for the unwary butterfly and moth is coming into rather common use; and by its means, or by means of some other liquid still more pungent, we may yet discover new species, and so enrich our knowledge of the wonders which the world contains.

## RICHARD MAITLAND—CONSUL.

### A VICTIM OF THE KOLAO-HWUY.

#### CHAPTER IV.—CONCLUSION.

ALL Evelyn's worst fears were immediately realised. With wild despair at her heart, she rushed into Maitland's office. One glance at her face revealed to the Consul that something had happened.

'All is lost! They have taken him,' she said with a bitter cry. As she spoke, she sank into a chair and rocked herself to and fro in her misery.

'Tell me exactly what you have heard,' said Maitland, taking her hand.

Evelyn looked up at him—her throat was choking, and try as she would, no further words would come. Fortunately, at this moment the detective appeared at the door. It must be a circumstance of more than usual excitement to effect any change in the stolid features of a Chinaman, but the man, to Maitland's horror, showed manifest signs of agitation. His yellow complexion showed a greenish tinge, his eyes were bloodshot, and the hand in which he held his fan trembled visibly.

'What has happened?' asked the Consul, speaking in Chinese.

'I will tell Your Excellency,' replied the detective. 'I went with His Honour to his hong this afternoon, and waited there until he had finished transacting business. At six o'clock he told me to follow him to the Consulate. I did so; but happening to meet an acquaintance close to the corner of the Street of Longevity, I stopped for an instant to speak to him. I then turned the corner, and His Honour was nowhere to be seen. I searched for him everywhere, and made inquiries of the bystanders, but could neither hear nor see anything of him. The only man who could throw the least light on the subject was a shopkeeper, who said that he had noticed three men hanging about the corner of the street all the afternoon; but when I questioned him further, he denied having seen any gentleman pass.'

'You have betrayed your trust,' said Maitland, 'and have allowed the members of that abominable society to carry off the Englishman, who was under the direct protection of the

Taotai. If he is not found and brought back alive, your head may be lost.'

'Have mercy, Your Excellency!' cried the man in an agony of terror. 'I stopped for only one instant, and I have made every possible effort to get news of His Honour.'

'You must follow me to the Taotai's Yamun,' said Maitland.

Glancing at Evelyn, who, wrapped in the stupor of despair, took no notice of him, Maitland hurried from the room. A moment later, he was being carried as fast as four stalwart coolies could bear him.

As he entered the Yamun, he saw by the number of Tingchais about that the court was sitting. On reaching the tribunal, he found the Taotai seated by a table with a prisoner in the courtyard before him. Maitland was too pre-occupied to recognise the culprit. He hurried forward as the Taotai rose to receive him. 'I have bad news, Your Excellency,' he said.

'What is it?' asked the Taotai. His tone expressed sympathy, for Maitland's perturbation was too evident not to be noticed at once.

'Sterling has been carried off by the Kolao-hwuy,' exclaimed the Consul.

'Where and how?' asked the Taotai. 'Were not my detectives with him?'

'That is true,' replied Maitland; 'but, unfortunately, the detective Chang, who was following the Englishman from his hong to my Consulate, turned for a moment to speak to an acquaintance: at that instant, Sterling was carried off. A shopkeeper who stood near said that he saw three men loitering near the corner of the street for some time—they, doubtless, were emissaries of the Kolao-hwuy, and did their fell work while Chang's attention was otherwise engaged.'

'The scoundrels!' exclaimed the Taotai fiercely. He raised his head, saw Chang, and called to him in angry tones: 'How dared you lose sight of the Englishman for a moment?'

The man immediately fell on his knees, and with loud protestations declared how diligently he had sought Sterling the instant he discovered he had been carried off.

'You have been shamefully neglectful,' said the Taotai; 'and the only way in which you can save yourself from the consequences of your crime will be by bringing the Englishman back again safe and sound. Go at once and bring the shopkeeper who saw the three men.'

The detective hurried off, and the Taotai turned to Maitland. 'I was examining a man connected with this pestilential society as Your Excellency came in,' he said. 'Perhaps he may be able to throw some light on the matter.'

On hearing these words, Maitland turned and looked at the prisoner. He immediately recognised him as the man whom he had seen the night before at the opium den. The features were, however, altered. Then they had been full of malignant hate, now they were expressive of a queer mixture of agony and obstinacy. This state of things was easily explained. An executioner was driving wedges into wooden boots which were crushing the man's ankle bones and knee joints. Infuriated as Maitland felt, he could not but experience a pang of compassion for the wretched sufferer.

'Is it necessary, Your Excellency,' he said to the Taotai, 'to use such torture to this miserable man?'

'It is,' he replied. 'He is one of the most obdurate villains I have ever come across. If you will stand by me now, I will proceed with his examination.—The Englishman Sterling,' said the Taotai, raising his voice and looking full at the half-fainting prisoner, 'was carried off to-day by your vile society. Tell me, who planned the capture?'

'I don't know,' answered Lin defiantly.

'Put in another wedge,' said the Taotai to the executioner. This order was immediately obeyed. With a heavy blow, the man drove in a wedge, and Lin's whole frame quivered with the agony.

'Tell me who planned the capture,' repeated the Taotai.

Lin made no answer; and at a nod from the Taotai, the executioner drove the wedge to the head. The pain was more than human strength could endure, and Lin fell back in a dead-faint.

'Carry him away for the present,' said the Taotai, 'and bring him back when he has recovered consciousness.—Now,' he said, turning to Maitland, 'we must see what can be done to save your friend, and— Ah, here comes the shopkeeper. I will first question him.'

'Did you see the Englishman?'

'I did not, Your Excellency.'

The shopkeeper confessed to having seen three men hanging about the street corner. 'They were all three tall: one had a black complexion; another was deeply marked with small-pox; and the third had only one eye.'

'This crime,' said the Taotai, 'was committed at your door; and unless the Englishman is recovered, you and those in your neighbourhood will be punished for allowing such a disgraceful matter to happen in your street. Now go, and come back to-morrow morning with some news, or else beware.'

The shopkeeper on being dismissed struck his head three times on the pavement, and then hurriedly rose and departed.

'I would impress on Your Excellency,' said Maitland, turning to the Taotai, 'that what we do, we must do quickly. It may be that even now Sterling has been murdered.'

'I doubt it,' said the Taotai. 'According to their rules and practices, the society will hold a meeting before deciding on the Englishman's immediate fate. My hope is in Lin. Up to now, he has been obstinate; but I think I know of a way of making him speak.' Here the Taotai gave a grim smile.

Maitland could not help shuddering. After a pause, he asked, under his breath: 'When shall I hear from you?'

'To-morrow morning at latest. I hope by that time to be able to give you some definite news. We shall have to follow your friend to the "Willow Lodge," and it is possible we may have to go in force.—What number of Englishmen can you bring?'

'There is not an Englishman in the settlement who will not gladly aid me,' said Maitland. 'I should think I could count upon twenty.'

'That will be quite enough. I shall bring about twice that number.'

Maitland now hurried back to the Consulate. As he entered his compound, Evelyn, who had evidently been waiting for him, came forward. He could not help starting when he glanced at her. The change in her appearance was almost indescribable. Yesterday, she had been a bright and happy-looking girl, with the fresh colour and bloom of youth. Now, her cheeks were deadly pale, and deep black rims surrounded her eyes, which were red and staring. She was twisting the remains of her handkerchief, which was little more than a shred, in her nerveless hands. In a hollow voice, which had lost all its old ring, she demanded hoarsely: 'Have you any news?'

'Not yet,' replied the Consul, trying to assume a cheerful tone; 'but I hope to have something to tell you soon,' he added. 'Now go and lie down—you are looking ill and exhausted.'

'How can I rest?' she replied. 'At this very moment those wretches may be murdering my husband. Do you think, under such circumstances, it is possible for me to rest?'

The repetition of almost his own words gave Maitland a shock. 'My dear,' he said suddenly, 'you must not give up hope. I quite think that we may be able to give you back your husband safe and sound.'

'Are you telling me the truth?' asked the poor girl; 'or are you only trying to comfort me? Ever since you left me,' continued Evelyn, 'I have been praying to God. I have been begging of Him to save my husband: although I pray, I seem to be absolutely without hope.—Oh, I know you are doing your best, and you are kind, very kind; but I have no hope, none—none.'

'Your feelings are quite natural,' said the Consul. 'The position is a terrible one. I can't deny this fact for a moment; but you may absolutely depend on all being done that can be done. Come, let me take you to your room. Rest assured that I will bring you news the instant it arrives.'

Overmastered by Maitland's strong will, Evelyn obeyed like a child. She went to her room—but to rest was impossible. When she found herself alone, she threw herself upon a sofa, where she tossed about in agony, listening to every sound. At times, too, she rushed to the veranda which overlooked the courtyard, in the vain hope that some messenger might be arriving with tidings. As night came on, she fell into a feverish and fitful sleep, which was broken by wild dreams and imaginings. At daylight she rose, and seating herself on the veranda, waited for Maitland's appearance. Her restlessness was over for the present—she sat motionless, in a partially stunned condition.

At nine o'clock a note came from the Taotai, asking the Consul to call upon him. Maitland received it with a sense of disappointment. He had fully expected that some definite news would be forthcoming. He went immediately to the veranda, where Evelyn was sitting, and told her that the Taotai had sent for him.

She raised her eyes to his face. 'I hoped you would have had news this morning.'

'I certainly hoped to have heard something,' said Maitland; 'but perhaps I may have news

for you when I return. I judge from the tone of the Taotai's note that he knows more than he chooses to say.—Now I will go, and be back with you as quickly as possible.'

The Taotai received Maitland cordially, and told him that the torture which had been applied to Lin had at last had the desired effect—he had confessed that it was at his instigation a party of three members of the Kolao-hwuy had been told off to kidnap Sterling; that he had probably been carried off to one of their secret resorts; and that a council would most likely be held that evening, at which he was to be brought up for judgment and sentence.

'The scoundrel admitted,' said the Taotai, 'that the sentence would probably be death, and that by *Lingche*, or the lingering process.'

Maitland's face grew cold and stern. 'How are we to prevent this horrible atrocity?' he said.

'We can do nothing till evening. The movement of a body of men in the direction of the Yellow Lodge by daylight would be the instant signal for the removal of your friend to some inaccessible fortress. I would suggest that we start about an hour after sunset; that should bring us to the Yellow Lodge about the time when the members meet.'

'But how are we to find our way?'

The Taotai gave a grim smile. 'I have reduced Lin to a state of compliance,' he said. 'I have given him a respite from torture, on condition that he leads us direct to the meeting-place.'

'Can you trust him?' asked Maitland.

'I think I can. He knows that at the slightest deception, the executioner, whom I shall take with me, will at once behead him. It is fortunate that we have not to go for some hours, as at present he is unconscious, and I have left him in the hands of the jailers until his senses return.'

As Maitland returned to the Consulate, his feelings were of a mixed nature. He fully believed that the Taotai would do everything in his power to save Sterling and to seize the leaders of the Kolao-hwuy. Self-interest, if no other motive, would prompt him to this course. A capture of so important a kind would certainly lead to his being promoted to a higher office; but he also felt that the chances of saving his unfortunate young friend were but slight. He recalled Evelyn's words—her despair—the dumb misery of her face.

'She has reasons for her dark forebodings,' murmured the Consul under his breath. 'I know only too well the cruel barbarity of the League. The slightest mistake in the expedition for capture will lead to Sterling's instant execution. Yes, I confess I feel almost as hopeless as that poor girl at this moment.' Full of heavy fears, Maitland entered the Consulate. Evelyn saw him, but she seemed to read his thoughts, and made no effort to rise and meet him.

'I must keep my alarms in check for her sake,' thought the Consul. He came forward boldly and made valiant efforts to cheer the unhappy young wife. She listened to his story, standing before him like a block of marble.

Her face was white and motionless—her eyes sought the ground. When Maitland had finished speaking, Evelyn said, in a quiet, determined voice: 'I will go with you.'

Maitland endeavoured to show her the fearful risk she was running. But when she declared she would lose her senses if left behind, he saw she spoke truly, and consented to her going, on condition that she took some refreshment, went straight to bed, and undertook to obey him implicitly when on the expedition.

The day which followed was one of terrible suspense. The Consul found it impossible to settle to his ordinary duties. The feeling of hopeless despair which had seized him as he was returning from the Taotai's Yamun increased as the hours flew on. Half an hour before the appointed time, he knocked at Evelyn's door and told her to be ready when he sent for her.

As the clock struck eight, the Taotai was seen to arrive at the trysting-place. A moment later he was met by Maitland, Mrs Sterling, and a party of stalwart Englishmen. Maitland and Evelyn were carried in sedan-chairs; but Bryce, Captain Jeffreys, and other friends of the Consul's, accompanied the expedition on foot.

'I don't like the lady coming; but I suppose there is no help for it,' said the Taotai, pointing with a shrug of his shoulders to Evelyn's chair. The party immediately departed in silence. As they moved on, Maitland glanced at a figure which was borne at the head of the procession in a chair, and recognised with some difficulty that it was Lin. His features expressed intense suffering, and he appeared more dead than alive. Now and then he was seen to open his eyes, and to direct the bearers on the desired road. They went slowly forward in the intense darkness. To both Evelyn and Maitland the distance seemed interminable. They passed the bridge where Sterling had been met on his first expedition, and reached the Hall of Fidelity and Loyalty. When they came to this spot, Maitland fancied that he heard a movement amongst the trees. His thought was evidently shared by Lin, for he partly raised himself and turned towards the thicket that covered the hills.

Maitland whispered his suspicions that they had been seen, to the Taotai, who immediately gave orders to the coolies to go as fast as they could. Though the way was steep and rugged, the coolies carried their burdens quickly over the ground. They passed the Pavilion of the Black River, and the Palace of Justice, and at last Lin whispered to the man beside him: 'Tell His Excellency we are close there.'

Maitland overheard the words, and getting out of his chair, went immediately to Evelyn's side. 'You must stay here with Bryce,' he said; 'I dare not take you another step.' Evelyn strongly objected to remain, and was only persuaded when she heard that her presence might interfere with the saving of her husband.

The Taotai, who seemed impatient at the brief delay which Maitland had caused while talking to Evelyn, immediately ordered the party to hurry forward.

For a moment they halted to gain breath for the last spring, and finally, at a command from the Taotai, they rushed into the Yellow Lodge. The sound of hurrying feet told them that their presence had been discovered, and that their quarry were fleeing. Maitland rushed forward with a few of the first soldiers, and almost immediately found himself within the inner hall. At the first glance, he thought that it was empty; but peering through the gloom, he discovered one motionless figure which appeared to be standing with outstretched arms in front of the tribunal. The Consul rushed forward, and, to his inexpressible distress, saw that it was the form of his friend. The unfortunate Sterling was fastened to the cross, with the wooden tally recording his sentence over his head. Maitland's eyes quickly read the following sentence: 'The English traitor to the Kolao-hwuy, sentenced to death by the Lingche process.' The unfortunate man's head had fallen forward on his breast. His face was ashen pale. Maitland's first impression was that he was already dead. A cry, however, from one of the soldiers quickly and joyfully undeceived him.

'The Englishman is safe—he is unhurt—we are in time,' said the man. 'Cut him down—he is unhurt.'

This was done in a moment; and Sterling, still unconscious, was dragged out of the hall into the outer air.

Had the rescue party been two minutes later, the dread sentence would have been carried out to the full. As it was, Sterling was safe. He opened his dazed eyes and looked around him. 'Where am I?' he gasped. 'Is it over? I can bear nothing further.'

'It's all right, old fellow,' said Maitland in his ear. 'Keep up your courage. Your wife is waiting for you not a hundred yards away—you will soon be well enough for me to take you to her.'

Maitland poured some brandy out of a flask which he was carrying, and induced Sterling to swallow the stimulant. His colour returned almost on the instant, and he sprang to his feet. 'How can I thank you?' he said with a gasp.—'Where is Evelyn? Take me to her.'

The return journey was made without adventure; and a week later, Sterling and his wife were shipped off to England, from which haven of refuge they are never likely to return to the horrors of the Celestial City.

## THE MONTH:

### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE discovery of Argon in the atmosphere has led to an interesting and quite unexpected development, an account of which was given at the recent anniversary meeting of the Chemical Society by Professor Ramsay. He explained that he had been led to repeat certain experiments which had previously been made by Hillebrand on the rare mineral called Clèveite. Upon boiling with weak sulphuric acid, this mineral gave off a gas hitherto supposed to be nitrogen. But he found that the gas was almost free from nitrogen, and showed in his spectroscope all the prominent Argon lines. In addition

to these, he had found a bright yellow line, which had previously only been seen in the solar spectrum, and which had been attributed to a hypothetical element to which the name Helium had been given. Professor Ramsay's observations were corroborated by Mr Crookes, who pointed out that although the brilliant yellow line apparently occupied the position of the well-known yellow lines due to sodium, 'examination with high powers showed, however, that the line remained rigorously single, when the sodium lines would be widely separated.' The list of terrestrial elements must therefore receive an additional member in Helium, which until the other day was supposed to be peculiar to the sun.

Stupendous engineering undertakings are marking the closing years of the nineteenth century, and among them must be named the Blackwall Tunnel beneath the Thames, now approaching completion. The first Thames Tunnel, the work of Brunel, was almost useless until a railway company took possession of it; but at the same time it was regarded as a wonderful triumph of the engineer's art. It cannot, however, be named in the same breath with the new tunnel which is boring its way beneath the same river between Greenwich and Blackwall. The work has been carried out on the shield and compressed-air principle, upon a scale never before attempted, the diameter of the tunnel being more than twenty-four feet. Its length is nearly a mile and a quarter, of which about twelve hundred feet pass beneath the river. One unlooked-for difficulty was found in passing through a mass of flint ballast which occurred nearly in the centre of the boring. This necessitated the sinking in the river above of ten thousand yards of puddled clay to cover the weak place. The men who are engaged in the work of advancing the shield and clearing away the debris have to carry on their labours in a chamber where the air-pressure is twenty-three pounds on the square inch. It may be noted that Brunel devised the shield method of cutting tunnels, and that Lord Cochrane patented the use of compressed air for such operations more than sixty years ago.

Referring to a note which appeared some time ago in our columns with reference to the necessity of securing efficient ventilation in ships conveying such cargoes as jute, cotton, &c., an esteemed correspondent at Natal proposes a plan which seems to be as practical as it is novel. He suggests that a number of perforated pipes might be laid through the whole of the cargo, such pipes to be supplied with air by means of a steam-pump or in some other available manner. In case of fire, the pipes could be charged with water, so that they would fulfil a double office. When not in use, the tubes could be carried as ballast.

The annual Report of Dr Clouston, Physician Superintendent of Morningside Asylum, Edinburgh, contains a remarkable testimony to the value of the new treatment of Myxœdema, or mucous swelling, already noticed in this *Journal* (May 6, 1893), in certain forms of mental disease. The new mode of treatment was devised by Dr Bruce, one of the assistant

physicians, and consists in the employment of thyroid extract. In addition to many patients who were greatly improved by the treatment, three had been cured whom the Superintendent had regarded as quite beyond hope. These cases were so striking that he regarded them as miracles of healing. The same Report alludes to the practice of making photo-micrographs of brain sections, and projecting such pictures on a screen by means of a lantern, for the education of students. It thus becomes possible to show in a graphic manner why one man is under the delusion that he is somebody else, and why another commits suicide. This is regarded as a long step in advance in the study of morbid psychology.

'The calm, quiet, innocent recreation of angling,' as old Izaak Walton called it three hundred years ago, has many followers among those who can afford no more expensive form of sport; and for the benefit of these worthy persons, a movement is on foot to urge the London County Council to utilise some of the lakes in the parks under their control as hatcheries or rearing-ponds. These reservoirs would be emptied from time to time, and the fish turned into the public rivers. It is calculated that hundreds of acres of water are available for this purpose, and that the authorities who spend so much upon grounds for cricket, football, and other pastimes, might reasonably benefit the anglers in the manner indicated. It is curious to watch some of these humble fishermen on a summer evening standing for hours at the ponds at Hampstead Heath, and elsewhere in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, holding a rod and line, and never apparently catching anything but the proverbial cold. One of these ponds, by the way, was cleaned out a short time ago, and yielded two cartloads of medium-sized fish.

It is stated that the peat deposits of Great Britain cover an area of six million acres to an average depth of twelve feet, and it is obvious that in such an enormous mass of fuel there must be stored up a corresponding amount of energy. Hitherto, peat has not been much used as a fuel for steam-engines, for it contains much water, and produces a great deal of ash; moreover, it can only be used profitably where it occurs. A recent invention, however, shows that peat may have a future before it as a gas-producer for gas-engines. Mr B. H. Thwaite, C.E., has constructed a gas-generator in which the ash cannot accumulate, and he has found that by working a gas-engine in conjunction with it, he can produce from brown peat half the power which would be obtained from the same weight of good coal. It would thus appear possible for dwellers in peat districts to get motive-power without coal and without water or boiler.

While most things nowadays are machine-made, the familiar cigar has hitherto resisted all mechanical attempts to fashion it, and has continued to be literally 'manufactured,' that is, made with the hand. But at last a contrivance has been introduced by the Honduras Government Banking and Trading Company which is said to conquer all difficulties, and to turn out machine-made cigars of far more

perfect shape and finish than those due to the most nimble fingers. The foundation or inside of the cigar is placed in a mould, and four curved jaws press it into shape. The outside wrapper of tobacco is then fed into the machine by an attendant, is rolled round the moulded part automatically, and is finally sealed at the pointed end by a drop of gum, which presents itself at the right time and place. The cigars so made are uniform in length and shape, and the leaf in the interior is so evenly distributed that the 'draw' is far better than in many hand-made cigars. The contrivance is known as the Jean Reuse Cigar-making Machine.

Crawford's Patent Portable Balcony is a temporary iron-work screen or guard which can be placed upon any window ledge while the glass is being cleaned. It is secured in place by counter-weights, which hang towards the floor inside the window, and seems to well answer the purpose for which it is designed. It is needless to remind our readers that many fatal accidents have been recorded in connection with domestic window-cleaning, and an invention which promises immunity from such disasters is worthy of mention in these columns. The contrivance is made by Messrs Musgrave & Company of London and Manchester.

We recently called attention to a voting machine which had been patented in the United States. We now learn that a previous patent had been granted to Mr O. Sheppard of Bridgend, South Wales, for a machine very similar in design. By this contrivance votes are recorded in absolute secrecy, and every safeguard is provided against fraud. The illiterate voter is also cared for, and can take part in an election if only he can distinguish one colour from another. The device has been warmly approved by many members of Parliament; but it awaits a special Act to make it supersede the present cumbrous system of voting.

On both sides of the Falls of Niagara, works are in progress which will, when complete, generate from that mighty force of water, which for countless centuries has been running to waste, electric energy equivalent to three-quarters of a million horse-power. What this means may be partly conceived when we state that a few years ago an official estimate put the whole of the machinery at work in New York State at 450,000 horse-power. Unfortunately, there is a difficulty in conveying this subtle form of energy over long distances without serious loss by leakage; but Mr Nicholas Tesla, one of the foremost electricians in America, is said to have overcome this problem, although no particulars have been given of the method by which he has done it.

A very simple and effective method of obtaining from a photograph a block for the printing-press was invented some years ago by Mr Leon Warnerke, a Russian gentleman, to whom photography is much indebted for other advances. This invention was, however, before its time, but it has recently been revived under the encouraging demand that now exists for photo-mechanical means of illustration. Here is the process

in brief. A specially prepared gelatinous paper, sensitive to light, is exposed beneath a line-screen negative—that is, a negative which has been cut up into dots by the interposition of a ruled screen. The paper, after exposure and development, is pressed into contact with a plate of copper, to which it firmly adheres, and is then laved with hot water. Under this treatment the paper and unaltered gelatine come away, leaving the image, which has become insoluble under development, upon the copper plate. The metal is now placed in a series of baths of perchloride of iron, each one varying in strength, by which the copper is etched away except in those parts covered by the gelatine dots which form the image. After being mounted on wood, to make it type high, the copper becomes a block ready for the printing-press. From specimens which we have seen, we can testify to the practicability and beauty of the process.

Compressed gases for all kinds of purposes are now supplied commercially to an enormous extent, and many thousands of steel cylinders containing oxygen, hydrogen, nitrous oxide, or carbonic acid gas are in daily use. The cylinders are made of the best mild steel, and are tested to double the pressure which under normal conditions they will be called upon to bear. A small cylinder of this description, supposed to contain oxygen, recently exploded at a London railway station, unfortunately killing the man who carried it. At the coroner's inquest it was rendered apparent that the cylinder in reality contained an explosive mixture of gases, which were fired by the unsuspected presence of some oxidisable substance. It is now proposed that the compressed-gas industry should be placed, like the trade in explosives, under some kind of Government control, and that all containing vessels should have a stamp like the proof-mark on a firearm.

Any one in the constant habit of using the telephone will know that a difficulty in hearing one's correspondent often arises from the presence of induction noises. This is due to the well-known fact that a wire conveying a current will induce a current in another wire in its neighbourhood. This phenomenon has led to the belief that it would be possible to send electrical signals between two places although no metallic conductor in the form of a telegraph or telephone wire acted as a bridge between them. Practice bore out theory, and experiments between Kintyre and Arran, on the Clyde, and in Wales, showed that within certain limits telegraphic communication without lines of communication was possible. Recently, the cable which runs from a point not far from Oban to Mull got out of order, and for some days telegraphic communication was carried on across the Sound of Mull, where the waterway measures about two miles across without any communicating wires. Wires there were already running along the coast on the Mull side; and corresponding wires had to be erected on the Argyllshire side, and the current generated in the one induced the necessary current in the other. The most daring of romance writers would hardly have ventured upon such a possibility as this.

A new method of preserving wood is known in America as Vulcanising or Haskinising, after the name of its inventor, Colonel S. E. Haskin. Hitherto, all methods of preserving wood have been based upon the assumption that the sap must be discharged from out the pores, and must be replaced by some chemical antiseptic body such as creosote. Colonel Haskin holds that this system is wrong in theory, and that the sap being the life-blood of the wood, should remain, being subjected to special treatment. By certain processes in which heat plays a very important part the sap is rendered insoluble, and the wood is no longer capable of absorbing moisture. This vulcanised wood is coming into use for all kinds of constructive work. It is odourless, can in the process be charged with any desired stain; it works well under all cutting-tools, and is practically indestructible. Specimens have recently been on view in London, and have met with much attention among builders, furniture manufacturers, and others.

M. Charpy has recently published the results of certain experiments which he has made regarding the changes which take place in steel under the operation called tempering. He has found that tempering will diminish the length of a steel bar, while at the same time the metal has imparted to it great resistance to bending, shock, or breaking stress. The amount of change depends upon the chemical constitution and nature of the tempering bath, and in every case this change takes place at a temperature of about 700 degrees Centigrade. No action takes place below this temperature, and no advantage seems to be gained in exceeding it.

A strange relic of troublous times, when civil war was rife in the land, has recently come to light at the church of Teynham, in Kent. The west door of this edifice has been undergoing repair, and the removal of sundry coats of paint and patches has revealed the original oaken door in a fine state of preservation, save that it is scarred in various places with bullet-marks. Some of the leaden missiles are of large size, and still remain embedded in the wood. It has been suggested that the shots were fired by Cromwell's soldiers; for this particular building is believed to have sustained much damage at their hands, notably in the destruction of valuable stained glass; and it is assumed that the west door being shut against them, guns of large calibre, fired from a rest, were brought against the woodwork, in order to force an entrance. There are also distinct signs of fire having been applied to the door.

Several alarming explosions having occurred in London and elsewhere, by which the pavement in the streets was torn up over the sunken boxes containing electric-light apparatus, a Committee of experts was appointed to investigate the cause of the accidents. They have now issued their Report, which reveals a very curious state of things. It appears that on the insulators of the electric-light mains incrustations have formed, embedded in which have been found globules of metallic potassium and sodium, which metals it will be remembered take fire by contact with water. It is assumed with regard to the formation of the metals in

such a strange situation that they 'have been produced by the electrolytic decomposition of alkaline salts chiefly derived from the soil.' The wooden bearers of the insulators had acted as conductors of moisture from the ground, and some of them were found to be saturated with alkaline salts. The explosions themselves were doubtless due to an accumulation of gas from leaky and adjacent pipes mingling with the air in the boxes and fired by the metals named. This Report calls to mind the fact that both sodium and potassium—which are unknown in nature in an uncombined state—were both produced by Davy at the beginning of this century by passing a powerful electric current through the alkalis.

The Royal United Service Institution now finds a home in handsome premises adjoining the large banqueting hall which until lately formed one of the Chapels Royal, Whitehall, and the latter building is converted into its Museum, which formerly was hidden away in very shabby rooms. This Museum contains a very valuable collection of models, arms, and armour, ordnance, and other things pertaining to naval and military matters. It seems a pity that, at a time when every inducement to enlist should be held out to aspiring youth by making both services popular, a collection such as this cannot be visited by the public without payment for admission, while all other museums are free. It is a penny-wise and pound-foolish policy.

An Antarctic expedition is to start from New York on the 1st of September next, under the command of Mr F. A. Cook, who went out with Lieutenant Peary as ethnologist and surgeon, and has twice since been on Arctic voyages.

### KATIE.

THERE are few more cheerful places on a cold winter night than a smithy with its roaring fire. The ruddy glow and sparkle of light, the interested faces of the village loungers, the roar of the bellows, and the cheerful ring of the smith's hammer on the anvil, all combine to make up a comfortable rural picture of light and warmth. The smithy at Godscroft on a cold December evening was no exception to this rule; it was warm and bright, and filled to overflowing with village gossips, met to talk over the events of the day. The group of men collected round the fire was just such a group as may be found round any smithy fire in the country, hard-headed, hard-featured, hard-fisted, shrewd, sensible men; keen politicians, learned in polemical controversy, fond of argument on most subjects, and able to take an intelligent, although often prejudiced, interest in almost all the leading topics of the day.

Such were the loungers collected round the smithy fire at Godscroft, listening eagerly to a man who was in many respects dissimilar to them. There was about him an easy breadth, a freedom, an expansiveness of gesture and

manner, which suggested colonial life. He had an air as if the village street were scarcely wide enough for his swinging stride, as if he felt the little world of the smithy, the arena of the intellectual heroes of Godscroft, narrow and circumscribed. He was good-looking, with a sun-embrowned complexion, and dark eyes with a merry twinkle in them; while a strong squarely-cut chin and jaw gave character to a face that would otherwise have been only weakly good-natured. A large wiry-haired dog, of a mongrel and nondescript type, lay at his feet, and formed the theme of conversation.

'It's a bonny dog o' its kind, and a guid dog, I'se warrant; but I will never allow that it's a collie,' said one speaker.

'Did I ever say that it was? It has nothing of the collie about it, although it has more than a collie's intelligence.'

'It's a dour-looking beast,' said another. 'It reminds me of a wolf I once saw in Wombwell's menagerie, that came round this country-side four years ago come Lammas.—Ye'll mind it, Geordie?'

'You're none so handsome yourself, Jock,' said the stranger, 'that you should object to the want of beauty in others. Did you never hear tell of the old proverb, "Handsome is as handsome does?" Bill, here, is better than he is bonny, and that he has proved.'

'Tell us all about it. It's just grand to hear ye telling these outlandish stories,' said one of the bystanders.

'It would be away out there in Australia, I'se warrant,' said another.

'Yes, boys, it was,' said the tall, bronzed, bearded man who owned Bill; and he tossed back his hair and gave his forehead a rub, as if to quicken the bump of memory, and straight-way began.

'You want Bill's story, mates. Well, here it is. Some of you here, I don't doubt, will remember that when the old man died in the hard winter of '70, I left the old country, that was pretty well used up for me, to try my luck in the Australian gold-fields, where they used to tell us down here that the gold might be got for the mere trouble of lifting it up. What I got, and that was never very much, took a precious deal of hard work, I can tell you; and what with one thing and another, I tired of it, and went up the country to a big squatter, a keen man and a kindly, for he was one of Hunter of Godscroft's sons, and hired myself to be one of his shepherd. I had a good berth with him, nothing to complain of, either in the way of work, or meat, or wages; but it was an out-station, and it was terribly lonesome. I missed my mother, poor old body, more than I can tell you. Many a time it would have done my heart good just to have heard the click of her knitting needles, or seen the whisk of the skirts of her old black gown; and sometimes I laughed, and sometimes I almost shed tears, when I thought how it would have amused her to have seen me with my sleeves turned up kneading damper, or toasting a bit of mutton at the smoky fire.

'However, it was better, as I often said to myself, to be alone than tethered to a bad neighbour; and my sheep kept me in so much



work that I had very little time for thinking. Every now and again they would take a wandering fit, and I would get up some fine morning and find the half of the hirsle gone; and nothing for it but to scour the country far and near till I came upon the track of them. I have seen me ride fifty miles before I came up with them.'

'Eh, man, but ye would be fearsome when ye did,' said an old school-fellow appreciatively.

The big Australian withered him with a look, and went calmly on.

'I was out one day after a lot of these long-legged woolly trespassers, that were as swift as deer, and as cunning as the oldest fox in your spinneys here; and I had not seen as much as a print of one of their feet. I had been riding since the morning broke, and I was spent with hunger and fatigue, when the night came down upon me pitch dark, not a star visible—a deep Egyptian darkness that could almost be felt. I could not so much as see my hand when I held it up before me.'

'Ye were aye a bauld billy,' said another retrospective school-fellow, 'but that would daunton ye. What did ye do?'

'What could I do? To turn back was more dangerous than to go forward. I let my horse solve the difficulty; he seemed to see what was before him; I could not; and we went on, and on, and on till I saw a shimmering gleam flash through the mirk darkness of the night, and heard the rush of water. It was a creek, as we call them in those parts; and as the horse made no pause, I rode boldly on, and by God's mercy, rather than my own good guidance, we stumbled on a place that was fordable, and got safely to the other side. The steep bank was overgrown with bush, as I could see by a glint of moonlight that flashed out all of a sudden, and I was just taking a look round to see if I could make out where I was, when my ears were pierced by the most awful cry I think I have ever heard. It was so loud, and so shrill, and so full of pain, that it fairly made my blood run cold. I leaped out of the saddle in sheer fright, and looked round me like a man bewildered. The wide bare pastures and scrubby bush around were void of any human habitation, and yet it was like the cry of some poor human creature in the extremity of distress. It was so ghastly, so unearthly, that the horse I was riding, although he was a steady old brute, shied, and swerved sharply round. He was in such a panic, that I could not help remembering mother's old-world stories about ghosts, although I tried to tell myself that there was no such thing. However, ghost or no ghost, I was bound to go on; so I set a stout heart to a stey brae; and when I found that I could not force the terrified brute up the bank, I dismounted, and tied him to a young gum-tree.

'I had scarcely set my face to the bank again, when the same cry sounded out once more. I tell you, mates, it made the blood run cold round my heart, it was so shrilly wild, so unearthly, so despairing; and to make it worse, the black night came down on me again mirk and heavy, like the blackness of the parish mortcloth I used to wonder at when I

was a boy. I had not the least idea in what direction to turn, and was standing irresolute, when I heard the cry again, and it sounded nearer, and was so distinct that I thought I could go straight to the very spot it came from. The bank was so steep that I had to scramble up on my hands and knees, often slipping back and stopping to listen; but I could hear nothing except the soft gurgling splash of the water down beneath me. I was not sure which way to turn, when I heard the cry again right out of the scrub before me. I was in the right direction—that was one good thing; but I will never deny that I was frightened a bit, it was such a terrible cry, and the spot was so lonely. I had that spirit in me, though, that I would not go back; and I crept forward on my hands and knees towards the top of the bank, which was covered with a close low bush. It was a bit of a climb, and I had stopped a minute to get my breath, when I thought I heard a low moaning noise close to me. I gripped my revolver, but it was of little use in the darkness, so I took out instead a big bowie-knife I always carried, and held it ready in my hand. The next moment there was a sort of hurtling rush through the air above me, and something leaped right down upon my shoulders. I gave a yell, and then another; and then away down the bank we rolled, riving and tearing at each other in an agony of mortal fright. As soon as I could get my right hand free, I gave a desperate thrust with the knife; and with a yell of rage and pain, the creature dropped off from me; and I heard the thud of its fall on some projecting rock or bush that had caught it in its downward descent.

'I was more frightened than hurt, and soon scrambled to my feet. As a smoker is never without matches, I soon had a light, with which I groped my way down to where the creature lay, and what do you think I found?'

'A teeger, maybe,' said another old school-fellow.

'Ye silly gowk, there are no tigers in Australia. I found Bill; but my word, he was not the comfortable well-fed beast he is to-day. I don't think I ever saw such a dog as he looked then, either before or since. He was a gaunt, starved skeleton, bleeding slowly from a wound in the side which he had got in his struggle with me. He made no attempt to escape, but lifted his head and gave me a look so pathetic, so almost human in its mute, reproachful appeal for help, that it fairly went to my heart. I spoke gently to him; and he looked up at me as if he would fain have spoken and told me his story. He let me stanch the blood that was trickling from his side; and I bound up the wound as well as I could. He then staggered to his feet and whined, and caught my sleeve with his teeth, and showed me as plainly as if he had spoken that he wanted me to follow him.

'I took up the lantern and he wagged his tail and licked my hand; and we scrambled up the bank together, and then, always whining and looking back, he led the way into the bush. The brushwood was so thick and dense that I was almost beat; I could scarcely force my way through; but whenever I stopped to

get a mouthful of breath, he whined and fawned on me, and pulled at my sleeve, and showed such an agony of distress, that I could not but pity the poor dumb beast, and make all the haste I could to follow. By this time the day was beginning to break, and it was not so dark as it had been. He had led me to a sort of cave formed by a shelf of rock projecting from the bank, and there, wrapped in a tartan shawl, was a sight that brought my heart to my mouth. A girl, a bit lassie, so sorely wasted and spent that I lifted her up in my arms like a child and carried her out to the open. Her eyes were closed, and she seemed too far gone for speech; but there was life in her still, as I could see by the flickering of her eyelids when I stooped down to look at her.

'As for the dog, who had crawled after us, he looked up in my face with his pathetic eyes full of a dumb prayer for help; and then—for he was fairly beat, and could not, I believe, have dragged his trembling limbs another step—he stretched himself out on the grass beside her and licked her little wasted hand. I was in such a state of excitement myself that I fairly trembled. I scarcely knew what to do; but I got some water and laved her face and moistened her lips; and when she had swallowed a few drops, she came round so far that she could utter a word or two in a faint whisper.

'Thus, bit by bit I got her story. She and her father had been on their way home from the gold-fields, and he had a considerable sum of money on him, how much she scarcely knew, and it made little matter, for it was all gone. In a darksome gully on the road, he had been set upon and robbed and murdered; and she had fled into the bush like a distracted creature, and wandered about day and night till Bill had come back to her; and she had followed him to this cave, where she had lived for some weeks on such berries and roots as she could find. She was afraid to leave its poor shelter, for she had lost her way completely, and was thoroughly bewildered; and so, when the supplies of roots and berries—never very plentiful in an Australian bush—began to run short, she gave herself up for lost, and lay down in despair to die.

'Poor thing! My heart was in my mouth as I listened. Gaunt and haggard as she was, it was easy to see that she had been a bonny lassie; and her voice was so soft and sweet that it was like a song from Paradise. "You must not speak of dying," I said—"you that have all your life before you, and can scarcely tell yet how pleasant a thing it is to live."

"I have no desire to live longer," she said. "I have nothing to live for, now that my father is gone;" and she closed her eyes and shuddered.

She spoke with a pretty accent, and her voice sounded in my lonely ears like the sweetest music I had ever heard; but although she was so gentle and sweet, she quite knocked all the conceit out of me, and I could only stare at her and mumble, "No, no; you must not talk of dying."

'When she revived a little, I carried her down to the place where I had left my horse, and

by his aid I got her home to my hut, where she lay for many days more dead than alive. She wanted nothing but a sip of water or tea; and when she came round a little, a mouthful of damper. It was poor fare for an invalid, and one, too, who had evidently been daintily nurtured; and I expected nothing but that it would kill her outright. She rallied, however, and got up at last, and crept to the door; and the fresh air helped to strengthen her; and, as was natural for so young a creature, the heavy cloud of grief that had overshadowed her lightened a little, and she began to sing softly to herself, in a sorrowful heart-broken way, that saddened me to hear, but was better for herself, maybe, than the silent despair in which she had been since the day I found her.

'As for Bill here, he had got better long before she was able to move about; and although he always took a charge of her, he showed a great affection for me, and liked nothing better than to follow me about.

'I could make out nothing clearly about Katie—for that she told me was her name—except that she was the daughter of a poor gentleman; that her mother was dead; and that she and her father had always been all in all to each other. He had made money at the diggings, but that was gone; she was all that was left; and I could see for myself that she was the bonniest bit lassie that ever gladdened a man's heart. Her eyes were bright and blue, like the dewy blue-bells I used to gather when I was a laddie on the Godscroft rigs; her hair had the colour and glint of burnished gold; and her cheeks began to show the loveliest colour, like that of the sweet fresh wild-roses.

'I think I see her as if it were but yesterday shaking back the curling hair from her brow, and lifting her bonny bit face to mine, and asking how she was to do this, and what she was to make of that, for she had never been used to work; and I had to show her how the simplest things were done; but she was quick at the uptake, and never needed to be told a thing twice; and I liked her to ask my advice, for when she did so, her eyes would shine like gems, and her face would flush up almost as if she liked me; but that, I told myself, was impossible.

'The long and the short of it was that I began to like her too well for my own peace. The only happy moments in my life were spent in watching her, or listening with the keenest delight to every word she uttered. She told me often about the books she had read; and she spoke sometimes of the life she had led, a life altogether unlike mine. My heart sank within me when I thought it over. What was I that I should think of winning her love; I had nothing to offer her but the true affection of a fond, loving heart. I could not even tell her how well I liked her. I trembled before her like an aspen leaf, and could scarcely get out a word if it were to save my life. That was a rough time on me, mates. I was so wretched, that I got sour and gruff, and spoke sharply to the very creature I could have fallen down and worshipped. So, from less to more, she got to think that I was tired of her presence there; and one evening—

how well I remember it—she was standing full in the blaze of the firelight, her figure erect, her hands loosely clasped before her, her bonny blue eyes fixed wistfully on mine.

"I must have been a great trouble to you," she said quietly. "And you have been very good to me. But now I feel quite strong. If you will put me on the right road to-morrow, I will go away with Bill, and never trouble you any more."

"Where?" I almost shouted, clutching Bill's collar as I spoke.

"To the city; it was there my father was going."

"Have you any friends there?"

"No; I have no friends anywhere; but I have learned to work. I shall find work there, I hope."

"Stay with me, Katie," I cried in utter despair. "I have not much to offer you; but I love you—you must have seen how I love you."

'She did not answer me in words, but she stole her little soft hand into mine. How happy I was! I could scarcely believe in my own good fortune, for I had never dared to hope that it was possible that she could like me.

'There was nothing to be gained by waiting. Handsome trousseaux are not easily come by out in the Australian bush. We went down to the station, where the parson chanced to be making his rounds, and were married. The very loneliness of our life made our happiness deeper, I think. We were like Adam and Eve in Paradise. I never saw the sun shine so brightly as it did that spring, or the grass look so fresh and green; and my bonny bit lassie was as pleased as a queen and as blithe as a mavis. If I were to speak for ever, I could never tell you of all the true and tender feeling of a lad and his lass who love each other as we did. Earth was like heaven to us, and that lonely little hut an Eden. Woes me! we were driven too soon from its shelter.

'She was as merry as a linnet, as I said before, and her eyes glanced like diamonds, and her cheek bloomed like the red, red rose; but for all that, the canker was at the root of my bonny flower. She complained of no pain, and she seemed to grow bonnier and bonnier every day; yet she grew weaker also, and she knew it herself; but I struggled sore not to see it.

"When I cannot stay any longer with you, John," she said, "promise to bury me beside my father."

'For I had gone out to the bush and looked for the murdered man, and found him lying where she had covered him up with leaves and moss. A ghastly object he was to look at, with his skull beaten in, and his clothes all covered with clotted blood; and I had laid him in a decent grave, and happit him up close and warm—for love of her, that was even then the very light of my eyes.

"Don't speak in that way, Katie," I cried; "I cannot bear it. Oh, my lassie, you are better to-day—tell me that you feel stronger?"

"I think I do," she answered, looking wistfully at me; but that very night, when we were sitting on a bench I had put up outside the door, she leaned her head against my

shoulder, and I thought she was tired, and was falling asleep; but after a few minutes she opened her eyes, and there was a solemn far-away look in their blue deeps that fairly frightened me. "John," she whispered so low, that I could just hear her by bending down my ear to her mouth—"John, you have been a dear good husband to me. Kiss me, and hold me fast, for I feel as if I were slipping away."

'Woes me, how gladly would I have held her fast for ever; but I could not; she was slipping away from me, and from all things earthly. There was a flutter of her bonny white eyelids, a long, long gasping breath, and she was gone. Bill, there, is all that I have left of her, and rough, mongrel tyke as he is, the money is not coined that could buy him from me!'

He drew his large brown hand across his eyes. 'It is years since now, and the world has used me not unkindly. I am a prosperous man; and my wife up there'—and he pointed to the village inn behind him—"is a good woman, and has made me an excellent wife, and we are happy enough. I have nothing to complain of; but oh! I never lay my hand on Bill's rough head but I think of my lost love, and the place where she lies by the side of her murdered father far out in the Australian bush.'

#### A LULLABY.

HUSH-A-BYE, baby!

Mother will sing to thee.

Soft is the moan of the wind in the tree.

Angels are listening,

Bright stars are glistening,

Like sentinels watching my baby and me.

Hush-a-bye, baby!

What shall I sing to thee?

Sinketh the bird to her nest on the lea;

Shadows are creeping,

Moonbeams are peeping,

Twilight is deepening o'er moorland and sea.

Lullaby, dearie!

Mother is near thee.

Bright may the dreams of my little one be.

Angels defend thee;

God His love send thee,

And carefully guard both my baby and me.

GERALD HAYWARD.

#### \* \* TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1st. All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

2d. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3d. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.

4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 596.—VOL. XII.

SATURDAY, JUNE 1, 1895.

PRICE 1½d.

## AN UNAUTHORISED INTERVENTION:\*

BEING A PASSAGE IN THE CAREER OF A CENTRAL AMERICAN DIPLOMATIST.

By DAVID LAWSON JOHNSTONE, AUTHOR OF 'THE REBEL COMMODORE,' &c.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

'WELL, good-bye,' said Sir Ralph, rising. 'I hope you will have a good time in the States, Thorold. You will go straight on to 'Frisco, of course?'

'Oh, I suppose so.'

'It will be better. I only mentioned it in case you had a fancy to land in San Estevan. The trouble there seems to be coming to a head, you know, and a man with your reputation for getting into scrapes cannot afford to run risks—nor we to allow you.—I think that's all.'

Jack Thorold laughed as he shook hands with his chief. 'Most reputations would be the better of being pricked,' he remarked, 'and mine has been ready for the needle for a long time.—Good-bye, sir. Don't hesitate to telegraph if I am wanted in Salvatierra before my leave's up.'

'Thanks,' said the chief, quite gravely. 'But we shall try to get along for two months without your assistance.'

Providence and the Foreign Office had assigned to Sir Ralph Petre the arduous task of watching over Her Majesty's interests in a group of little republics on the Pacific coast, most of them addicted to the engrossing amusement of revolution; and the same authorities had saddled Sir Ralph, who was a worthy man and did not deserve it, with Mr Jack Thorold as his second secretary. One is afraid that neither was sufficiently grateful. Jack had devoted five years of his life to the service of his country and his own entertainment, and the occupations were inclined to clash. He was popular with everybody, except with his supe-

riors for the time being; and he was so charmingly irresponsible, and did outrageous things—considered from an official standpoint—with such an unconscious air, that the most easy-going diplomatist was forced in his own defence to get rid of him as quickly as possible. Thus, having exhausted the influence of his relatives and the patience of Downing Street, and gone the round of the smaller European legations, he had been banished for his good to a place where opportunities for mischief were of the smallest. He did not like it—for the American Spaniard is prone to jealousy, and the details of Spanish American politics are somewhat sordid—but for twelve months he had made the best of the situation, and added not more than half-a-dozen wrinkles to his chief's brow. Now he was free for a time. It had been his intention to visit the Western States, and try to get some shooting. But Sir Ralph, in the innocence of his heart, had given him a new idea. The worthy knight had failed altogether to comprehend his junior's nature, or he would never have mentioned the troubles in the neighbouring republic of San Estevan—still less would he have barred him from going thither. It may be said at once that Jack *did* go to San Estevan, and underwent some remarkable experiences. The story is told here because—for reasons that are good and sufficient—it is not to be found in the archives of the Foreign Office.

Within twenty-four hours of his interview with Sir Ralph, Jack was quite at home on board the Pacific mail steamer *Idaho*, northward bound for San Francisco, touching *en route*

at various points of Central America and Mexico. He had arrived at the port of New Salvatierra from the capital as she was getting up steam, and had swung his luggage—it consisted of a gun-case and a small portmanteau—on board when the engines were actually moving. The first-mate stood fuming at the gangway.

'Come! hurry up, sir!' he cried. 'Do you wish to be left behind?'

'A moment, please.' Jack paid his boatmen, and, without undue haste, began to climb the steps.

'Hurry up, sir! hurry up!' repeated the mate.

Jack stopped, and pulled out his watch. 'Why should I?' he asked, with an aggrieved air. 'You will pardon me, but it still wants two minutes of the advertised time of starting.'

This was at five o'clock; before dinner, he had heard the captain's family history over a glass of sherry-and-bitters, and was on excellent terms with his fellow-passengers.

Sir Ralph's hint played hide-and-seek with his conscience all that night; and on the morrow, while the *Idaho* ran northward within sight of the blue range of the San Estevan mountains, that troublesome little State was more in his thoughts than was altogether safe. For the first time it struck him as a grievance that he had never set foot in it. His chief had visited it more than once during the past year, but had always left him in Salvatierra. Its reputation, of course, was not unknown to him. Although one of the smallest republics of the group, it was undoubtedly the worst governed and most corrupt and most turbulent; which meant much. For ten years General Melgarejo, with the army behind him, had ruled it as Dictator, suppressing the numerous attempts at revolution with rigour, choking all progress, and ultimately landing it in bankruptcy. Now, by all accounts, the tide was turning. Melgarejo was confronted with the most serious rebellion of the long series; the whole country beyond the capital and the seaboard was said to be in arms against him; his back was to the wall; and, as Sir Ralph had indicated, it was an open question what the upshot would be. Jack, on his part, was sorely tempted to find out for himself.

At dinner-time that evening he was still in doubt, but made an opportunity to bring the talk round to the subject.

'You touch at San Estevan, I suppose, captain?' he inquired, in an indifferent tone.

'We'll be off Sampacho in a matter of three or four hours,' replied the captain. 'But I guess you won't see much, sir. Not that there's much to see—barring surf, and there's no scenery in *that*. It'll be dark, of course; but we've only to land the mails and some cargo, so that don't matter neither. A two-hours' job, say—and quite long enough. It's not exactly what you call a health-resort, Sampacho isn't.'

'The same remark might fit the whole republic just now, I believe.'

'Well, it isn't the healthiest spot in the world for an honest man, if all's true that's told,' admitted the captain.

The parable was taken up by another passenger. 'How's the revolution going?' he asked.

'Looks as if Melgarejo was going to be euchred this game,' said the captain. 'No funds; and can't get 'em at any price. I heard a good yarn about him last trip,' he went on. 'It seems he bought a couple of old Gatlings from Mexico, and for a while carried everything before him. This didn't suit the rebels, as they call 'em. So they made a surprise raid one night, and collared all the Gatling ammunition. Melgarejo can't move until he gets more from the States; and if the rebels can manage to capture the guns before it turns up—well, it's all over with him.'

'And a good job, too,' remarked somebody.

'I'm not so sure, now. It depends. They say the rebel leaders don't hit it off together; and if they fall out over the spoils—as they're morally certain to do—it may mean six of the one and half-a-dozen of the other. That's the worst of these revolutions. They're like liqueur-drinking: you can't break yourself off the habit. Here, there's only one man that can pull 'em through.'

'And that is?'

'Young Juan Tovar.'

'I'm afraid I never heard of him,' said Jack. 'But if he can, why doesn't he?'

'Never heard of Tovar?' asked the captain.

'The old man, Juan's father, was the best President that San Estevan ever had—and a long way the best in Central America, for the matter of that. As straight as old Job, sir. In five years he showed what the republic could do under honest rule: paid up the interest like a man, developed trade, built the railroad from Sampacho to the capital, encouraged enterprise of every sort. Tell you for a fact, sir, the country was never so flourishing. I used to lift five times the amount of cargo myself; and if that ain't proof, I'll be glad to hear what is. Then he went down under this blackguard Melgarejo, who was his Minister of War, and had him treacherously shot in the back one fine morning. And his son? Oh, he was a lad of sixteen or so then, and managed to give 'em the slip. He's been all over since—in the States and England—doing a bit of fighting in Brazil and Chili—waiting his chance, so to speak. They tell me he's got plenty of sand—a second edition of his father for brains and grit. Well, you may lay to it that the biggest part of the people look back upon these times with considerable regret, and after ten years of Melgarejo, swear by the name of Tovar. The youngster has only to turn up to have half the army and the whole country with him in a fortnight.'

'Then why doesn't he?' repeated Jack, quite eagerly. All this information had not tended to lessen his interest in the affairs of San Estevan.

'I was coming to that. Melgarejo, for all he's a sweep, ain't much of a fool. He's hand in glove with the surrounding States—birds of a feather—and they watch the frontiers for him. So young Tovar's choked off there; and if he tries the front-door entrance by steamer—then, I guess, I wouldn't risk the lowest insurance premium on record on his life. They say, too, that the President's spies have been dogging him for years. And *that's* why, sir.—

But it's too good a night to waste here, now that dinner's over, gentlemen. In an hour or two we'll maybe have some fresher news to discuss about this revolution.'

As they rose to go on deck, Jack's eyes happened to meet those of his neighbour. He was a young Spanish-American of the name of Valdez, understood to be a Chileño, and while he had taken no part in the conversation, had evidently followed it with interest. Now he smiled to the Englishman.

'What do you think, sir?' he inquired, in perfect English.

Jack caught his meaning at once. 'That if I were this young fellow,' he replied, 'I shouldn't think twice about running the risk, big as it is. There's bound to be a flaw somewhere.'

'I think the same,' said the other.

For half-an-hour thereafter Jack paced the deck, idly thinking. The sun had dropped into the Pacific, which for once did not belie its name; the night was calm, the sky bright with a thousand stars; and perhaps the dim phosphorescent gleam from the water, the witchery of the tropic evening, insensibly affected his decision. Like most men, although he was unaware of it himself—and, like them, would have scouted the idea—he was very susceptible to the romantic. He did not argue the matter out in his mind: he never did. Stopping, he leaned over the starboard rail. All at once he saw the twinkle of a light in the distance, doubtless from some point on the shore—the San Estevan shore. Then, yawning, he tossed his cigar into the water. His decision was taken.

'Is it not a beautiful evening, Mr Thorold?' said a voice in his ear.

Turning, he recognised his neighbour at dinner. Señor Valdez was smiling pleasantly: a clean-built young fellow, something of his own age and height, with a face telling of some power and considerable decision. Jack liked his appearance, and returned the greeting; and for a little the two walked up and down, conversing on this and that.

At last Valdez recurred to the old subject. 'You seem to have some interest in San Estevan, Mr Thorold?' said he.

'I mean to land at Sompacho to-night,' said Jack, quietly.

'Indeed?' There was a moment's pause.

'For pleasure, I presume?'

'And in the pursuit of knowledge, of course. It is the proper thing to add.'

'You know the country?'

'I was never there, I am glad to say. Knowledge of a country is sometimes a dangerous thing.'

'Ah!' said Valdez, and was silent for a minute. Then: 'You may see some fighting, if the captain is right.'

'Frankly, I might never have thought of going otherwise,' replied Jack, laughing. 'The captain has made me anxious to see this terrible Melgarejo before he's thrown. Good-luck to the rebels, say I! Isn't it curious, now, how the mind of the average man has an abstract sympathy with rebels? I know I have, at least.' He broke off. 'Do you know the country, señor?'

'I?—Oh, I am a native,' said Valdez.

'Of San Estevan?' Jack wheeled round upon him, wondering from his tone if he had put his foot in it. 'Then perhaps you are going to land also?' he asked.

Valdez smiled. 'Thanks; but I am not quite tired of my life,' he answered. 'The truth is, Mr Thorold, that Melgarejo and I have several old scores between us. I am one of his exiles, and have been lucky enough to cross him in one or two pet schemes. So he does not love me; and I'—his voice took on a more bitter tone—'well, I should give much to have him within ten feet of my revolver. I do not think his army would be of much use to him then.—But pardon me,' he went on; 'I must not trouble you with my ambitions. Such talk always sounds foolish.—You are quite determined to go to San Estevan?'

'Quite!'

'Pray, consider.' He laid his hand on Jack's arm. 'It may be dangerous—it will certainly be uncomfortable. For one thing, you will have to stay all night in Sompacho, and it is a most miserable place. Then the risks of war'—

'My dear fellow, you are really making me more eager to go. Any way, my mind's made up. It will do me a world of good to rough it for one night; and as to San Estevan, it will be a service if you can recommend me a decent hotel in the city.'

Valdez shrugged his shoulders in deprecation.

'It is your own affair,' he said.

'And the hotel?'

'The *Casa Bolívar* is said to be good.'

Jack thanked him, and the subject was dropped by common consent: there was no more to be said. Then, after a minute, Valdez made his excuses and went below.

'Good-luck, amigo mío,' he said, as they shook hands. 'Something tells me we shall meet again.'

As for Thorold, he paced the deck for a little longer, wrestling with some new ideas to which the conversation had given birth. Whatever the result, it did not change his intention.

Before ten o'clock the *Idaho* was riding at anchor a full mile off the port (humorously so called) of Sompacho, which was as near as she dared venture; and the lights of the village were before Jack Thorold, and the sound of the surf was loud in his ears, as he stepped into the boat to be rowed ashore with the mails. He was the only stranger to land, and captain and passengers bade him farewell at the gangway with a pleasant exaggeration of concern—all except Valdez, who did not again appear. Jack was in high spirits. There was a suggestion of adventure in the affair that was very congenial to his mood. A heavy swell was running; and it was a matter requiring some delicacy of management to approach the jetty through the surf, and some nerve to catch and mount the rope-ladder that at one moment swung high above the water, and at the next was immersed in it to the highest rung. But at last it was done in safety, and Jack Thorold set foot for the first time in the republic of San Estevan.

Involuntarily he shivered as he paused for a moment to take in the scene. The air was thick and close, and smelt of malaria; and the crowd of Ladinos (Ladino or Mestizo—half-breed, applied to the descendant of white men and Indians in whatever degree) and Indians on the jetty—Custom-house officials, soldiers in ragged uniforms, hangers-on of the port—looked far from prepossessing under the light of half-a-dozen miserable lamps. He noticed first that the soldiers largely predominated, but were in no apparent order; secondly, that they were armed with rifle and bayonet; and, last of all—this with a mild surprise—that his own appearance had evidently caused some excitement; for he was being scrutinised from head to foot with distinct curiosity, while mysterious nods and winks were circulating amongst the on-lookers. He could not understand it, but stood the ordeal with his customary modesty. For perhaps a minute he awaited a sequel; and, just as he was despairing of one, a fellow in Indian dress hustled roughly against him.

'A thousand pardons, señor,' he said, aloud; and then, in English: 'Follow me—quick! quick!'

Jack turned upon him like a shot, only to find that he was gazing unconcernedly out to sea. At first, in his astonishment, he could do nothing but stare at the man's profile. There was little doubt in his mind that it was he for whom the remark was intended; and the small amount remaining was presently dispelled by a gentle pressure of the stranger's foot upon his. His curiosity mastered his instinct of prudence.

'Why, what's this?' he demanded.

'H'sh! they're watching us—take no notice, on your life!' was the quick reply. Louder, in Spanish: '*Si, señor*: she sails in an hour for the north.' Dropping again into English, he whispered: 'Follow me at once—it's the only chance—don't hesitate to use your revolver if necessary! Ready? This way, then—come!'

The stranger edged away as he spoke; and his tone was so peremptory that Jack—who had a curious feeling that he was somebody else, and as such bound to obey the command—was half-tempted to see the affair through, be the consequences what they might. But at that moment a sharp whistle sounded; all at once, as it seemed, he was surrounded by soldiers; his bag was seized by one, his gun-case by another; and so, before he had time to realise the position, he was hustled into the badly-lit shed that did duty for a Custom-house. How the thing had been done, and why, were equally beyond him. He glanced around. He was the centre of a motley crowd which occupied the room and blocked up the doors, and one and all were eyeing him harder than ever. But of the mysterious English-speaking Indian there was no sign. Somehow, he was glad of it.

It was a minute or two before he had quite recovered his equanimity, and then he observed that several personages in uniform, apparently officers, had drawn aside from the ruck and were conferring in undertones, throwing an occasional look in his direction. He waited in patience; the commoner onlookers did the same,

alternately regarding him and the group. He was just beginning to think that the conduct of the officials of San Estevan was somewhat wanting both in business-like despatch and in courtesy to foreigners, when at length the conference broke up, an officer detached himself from his comrades and left the hut; and at the command of another—a middle-aged man, with an air of authority—the shed was cleared of all except those in uniform, perhaps a dozen in number. To these Jack took off his hat, and suggested in Spanish—he spoke it better than most natives—that it might be convenient to examine his luggage and allow him to discover a night's lodging.

The middle-aged officer returned the salutation. 'I am quite at your service, señor,' he said, civilly enough.

Jack bowed; and the spectators, forgetting even their cigarettes, craned forward to watch the inspection of his solitary valise. In a gentle way, he felt interested in their obvious interest. It was so incomprehensible. Truth to tell, the ceremony could scarcely have been more thorough if the Custom-house had been on the Pyrenees, and he a suspected *contrabandista*. In the end he was even a little sorry for the searchers' disappointment, though he could not guess what it was that they had expected to find. But his ordeal was not yet over. The fruitless examination was followed by another spell of whispering, and that in turn by a keen interrogation regarding his name, nationality, destination, and purpose in visiting San Estevan. Jack, repelling an impulse to do otherwise, answered with a reasonable amount of truth. He did not deem it necessary to mention his connection with the British Legation.

Still the officer did not appear to be satisfied. 'You have a passport, perhaps?' he suggested.

'Is it needful?' asked Jack. 'I was not aware, or I could easily have got one.'

'It is usual, especially when one visits San Estevan for pleasure.' He repeated the word doubtfully, as if he failed to grasp the idea of anybody doing such an idiotic act. 'Business, one can understand—*si*! But pleasure!—And then, señor, you speak the language very well for an Englishman.'

Jack laughed outright. 'Pardon me,' he said, 'but that does not strike me as a reason for keeping me out of the country—or out of my bed, which is more important just now. And if there is nothing else, señor,' he went on, 'perhaps you will be good enough to direct me to a lodging. I should be obliged.'

'A minute, if you please,' replied the officer. He rejoined the others, and the whispered conversation was renewed with many head-shakings and doubtful glances towards the Englishman. For him, the farce was beginning to lose its interest—it was being unduly prolonged, to his mind—when one phrase that he overheard set his wits a-puzzling again. 'If only the Commandante would come!' said somebody. Then there was method in all this confabulation: for some unaccountable reason he was being detained: he was practically a prisoner. He whistled softly to himself. He had wished for an adventure, and here was an adventure



already to his hand! And, before the whistle had died away, one of the doors swung open, and several more officers entered.

'The Commandants!'

Hat in hand, the middle-aged spokesman advanced to meet the leader—a stout, surly-faced soldier, in the uniform of a colonel of infantry.

'We were waiting for you, Señor Coronel,' he said.

The colonel waved him aside. 'Pshaw! there could be no doubt,' he answered, a little contemptuously. Then he advanced to Jack, bowing ironically. 'Don Juan Tovar, I believe?' said he. 'I am happy to welcome you back to San Estevan, señor—and grieved that it is my duty to make you my prisoner as a rebel to the Government of the republic!'

## THE RUSSIAN VOLUNTEER FLEET.

A STUDY FOR ENGLISHMEN.

By JOHN DILL ROSS.

THE clouds of national prejudice which have so long separated Englishmen and Russians are at last clearing away, and as the two great nations are beginning to know more about each other, the old-time feuds are fast disappearing, to be replaced, it is sincerely to be hoped, by feelings of friendship which must necessarily work to the best interests of both empires, and of peace throughout Europe and Asia. The popular feeling that the Prince of Wales has done much to improve our relations with the great Russian Empire is no doubt based on good grounds, and than this, His Royal Highness could hardly render a greater service to his country.

The Russian Volunteer Fleet has often been written about in the English press, and news of the movements of these ships is frequently to be found amidst the ample telegraphic despatches of the *Times*. Like many things Russian, however, the *flotte patriotique* has been written about with a marvellous ignorance of the origin and aims of the fleet. Even the *Times*, in publishing a Shanghai telegram, dated 23d September, to the effect that the ships of the fleet were being concentrated at Vladivostok, presumably in response to the course of the Japanese invasion of China, gave wings to a *canard* of the wildest breed. Inquiries made immediately on the publication of the telegram at once showed it to be pure invention, and the 'Volunteers' have quietly carried out their usual service without the slightest reference to events in China. Journalists of the more sensational order have, moreover, filled columns in British newspapers both at home and abroad with wonderful stories about the prison-ships of the fleet, wherein clanking chains, ingenious arrangements for boiling refractory prisoners in superheated steam, and other romantic details, are sketched in with a bold hand. As a matter of fact, however, the prison-ships of the fleet are the outcome of the studies of the best English and Russian prison authorities, and are admirably suited for their purpose. Indeed, to most minds the lot of the Russian convict transported to Siberia under the present system would appear infinitely pref-

erable to our own more rigid and scientific system of penal servitude.

The *Dobru Volna Flot* (the 'Fleet of the Good Will') is the *flotte patriotique* of the *Journal de St Petersburg* and of the French press, while it is known to us as the Russian Volunteer Fleet. The origin of this truly extraordinary fleet was the enthusiasm of the Russian people during the Russo-Turkish war. It was then found that the Russian Government had not sufficient transports at its command for the purposes of the war, and it was proposed to meet this deficiency by means of a fleet bought and paid for by the people. The idea was a splendid success—subscriptions poured in on every hand, and in a few days amounted to some millions of roubles. Wealthy merchants guaranteed annual contributions; and naval officers, not content with fighting their country's battles, offered the Government a share of their pay. The patriotic spirit of the people carried everything before it, and when a Committee was formed to administer the funds so lavishly subscribed, the Volunteer Fleet commenced its successful and honourable career.

The first vessels purchased were such of the Atlantic liners or other suitable ships as were immediately available for the intended transport service; and at the termination of the war, the Russian Government had several fine steamers at its disposal which were no longer required as 'troopers' in the Black Sea. It was then very wisely decided to utilise these ships in improving the communications by sea between Russia and Siberia, and at the same time to make them useful in developing Russian commerce with the Far East. Both these objects have been attained to such an extent that the Volunteer Fleet is becoming of greater importance every year. The old vessels purchased during the war have long since been sold out of the service, and have been replaced by the finest ships which the Tyne and the Clyde can build for the Committee. Such splendid ships as the *Petersburg*, *Saratoff*, and *Orell* can steam their eighteen knots, and have developed even higher speeds than that in their trial trips. They are by far the fastest ships running a regular service east of the Suez Canal.

These steamers are variously employed on their voyages to Vladivostok. Some carry troops; others take emigrants from the more crowded districts of Russia to make a new home for themselves in Siberia, a magnificent country, capable of supporting a vast population; while such vessels as the *Yaroslavl* and the *Tamboff* have been especially designed and built at very great cost for the transport of convicts. Railway material and military stores are shipped by these steamers in very large quantities. On the return journey to Russia, they often bring home time-expired troops; but this does not prevent them from loading immense quantities of tea at Hankow for Odessa. The Volunteer Fleet has had a marked influence on the tea-trade of China. The difference between the present direct communication from Hankow to Odessa at a moderate freight, and the old slow, costly, and uncertain overland route, is enormous, and it simply enables the Russian merchants of to-day to pay prices for the finer

tees which English buyers cannot approach. A trade of less but increasing importance is that in oil-seeds, pepper, and other tropical produce from the Straits Settlements and Ceylon to Odessa. This development of Russian trade with the Far East is capable of still greater expansion, and it is difficult to see how it could have been accomplished without the agency of the Volunteer Fleet.

There is of course the political aspect of the Volunteer Fleet—perhaps the point which is of the greatest general interest to us. The officers of the fleet are all officers of the Imperial navy, and although the ships carry no armament, the facilities doubtless exist for placing it on board either at Sebastopol or Vladivostok as occasion may require. Here, then, we have ships capable of carrying from fifteen hundred to two thousand troops, of a speed which no vessel east of the Suez Canal can approach, and of an almost indefinite coal-endurance, for the 'Volunteers' have a bunker capacity of several hundreds of tons, and would most likely be at their best steaming trim with something like two thousand tons of coals in their holds as dead-weight. What six or seven such cruisers might do amongst our shipping all the way from Suez to Japan it is hard to say. There would be no catching them or escaping them. Our Atlantic 'flyers,' even if they had not other work to do, could not possibly get to the Straits of Malacca or the China Sea in time; and it is as well to remember that the Peninsular and Oriental liner which finds its way to the Far East is but a twelve or thirteen knot craft, sent there most likely because she is not fast enough for their Australian service. Then, again, those who have any experience of the Eastern extension cables will know how prone they are to get out of order in times of profoundest peace. Of what service they would be to us during a war is highly problematical; and in the event of these cables being 'interrupted' at a critical period, a really fast steamer might be well nigh invaluable to us. It might not be convenient at such a juncture to detach the admiral's flagship, or even a first-class cruiser, for service either as a despatch-boat or a transport. We certainly should have no other vessels capable of developing a high speed at our disposal, as matters now stand.

Even with the sincerest desire for amicable relations with all foreign powers, and especially with Russia, it seems inconsistent, to say the least of it, to spend millions on our navy and our fortified coaling stations in the Far East, while the fastest steamers in seas where British interests are so important fly a foreign flag. Our Russian friends are surely teaching us that we should have vessels of a certain type designed for permanent service in Eastern waters.

Perhaps I may be allowed to close this brief sketch with some personal experiences of the Volunteer Fleet. Last year I had the pleasure of coming home from the Straits *via* Russia in the *Orël*. I fancy that I am not far wrong in saying that I am perhaps the only English passenger to whom this privilege has been accorded. Of the voyage itself it is only necessary to remark that I was indulged in the luxury of a cabin all to myself, and that I was

treated with the greatest kindness and courtesy by every one on board. The points which struck me most were in the first place the care and skill with which the ship was navigated; and secondly, the admirable conduct and discipline of the troops on board, who were over a thousand in number. It is well worth recording that when the *Vladivostok* of the Volunteer Fleet was wrecked off the coast of Japan in 1893, in a dense fog, which had lasted for days, and although a nasty sea was running at the time, her commander nevertheless landed over a thousand soldiers and sailors, and some two hundred women and children, without the loss of a single life, an achievement which surely reflects the highest credit on both officers and men.

The *Orël* is a splendid sea-boat. Crossing the Indian Ocean in June, we had the full force of the monsoon against us all the way from Acheen Head to the Red Sea. She steamed an easy thirteen knots with only two of her four boilers under pressure, and the great steamer was as lively in the waves as a yacht.

An historical interest attaches to the *Orël* since she took the late Emperor of Russia on his last sea-voyage to Livadia. The Prince and Princess of Wales also travelled in her on their sad journey thither. The Princess seems to have won all hearts on board the *Orël*, as Her Royal Highness always does wherever she goes; nor, indeed, is this the first time that members of our royal family have sailed on board of a ship of the Russian Volunteer Fleet.

## AN ELECTRIC SPARK.\*

By G. MANVILLE FENN.

### CHAPTER V.—THE LIGHT THAT WOULD NOT BURN.

EVERY one was too busy in the outer office to take any notice of the comings and goings of Brant Dalton; and something like bitterness assailed him as he saw how the business would go steadily on in a firm, in which he had always expected to hold a partnership, whether he were present or no. Old Hamber, who sat there looking as if he were about to torture a plan with a sharp-pointed pair of compasses, did not even raise his eyes when the young man almost pushed his elbow on his way to the door, and then down into the street.

'There's only one way out of it,' he said to himself—'money. Don't think I was ever so short in my life.'

People have very different notions upon what is termed being short of money. Brant had special ideas of his own, and raised his cane as soon as he saw a good cab. 'Covent Garden,' he cried as he stepped in; and as he stepped out at the St Paul's end of the central avenue he said 'Wait!'

The cabman glanced at his fare, and thought of the Russell Street end, and the possibility of an exit being made there, but concluded that he would be safe, and waited while Brant

\* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

sauntered amongst the flowers till he saw what he wanted, and entered a shop.

'Put that in a neat box,' he said, pointing with his cane to a large bouquet of white lilies evidently just made up from the morning's flowers, artificially dew-wet, but exhaling their sweet perfume; and while the attendant's deft fingers were busy, he looked round and made a set at a white rose, hesitated, turned a little aside, and stooped to smell at a vase of orange blossoms.

As he raised his eyes, he caught those of the pretty attendant, who smiled at him with a good deal of meaning in her glance. Brant smiled too, for they both thought of the same thing; and both from a business point of view in the shape of an early order for a special occasion.

'Here, take this out,' he said, tapping the breast of his coat, 'and put in one of those.' He pointed to some delicate buttonhole bouquets of lily of the valley; and the rose he wore was removed and the lilies took their place. 'Thanks: how much?'

'Sixteen and six, sir.'

Brant put down a sovereign, received his change, and turned to go. 'Send the box to my hansom.'

In another minute he was going west, and checked the cab in Piccadilly at a perfumer's shop, which he entered, and after selecting a large square-cut glass bottle of scent, began to take off his glove.

'Such a trifle, sir,' said the attendant; 'shall I put it to your account?'

'Yes, may as well,' said Brant; and he once more entered the cab. 'Look sharp: South Audley Street.'

There he alighted, paid, took his bouquet box, and ringing at the door of one of the lately-built mansions, was admitted by a servant in quiet livery.

'At home?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Bring up that box.' Then, quite at home, he deliberately went up the broad staircase, where there was an ample display of the owner's wealth; but everything in the furnishing and decoration was in excellent taste.

Brant went up very slowly, with his brow slightly wrinkled, for he was calculating his move before playing his queen, the move meaning so much to him just then. He kept in front of the man, opened the drawing-room door himself, and crossed to where Rénée was seated writing, and Miss Bryne lay back on a lounge, looking very sad and pensive, as she worked silken flowers upon a square of cambric.

'Morning!' cried the visitor loudly. Then to the man: 'Set it down on that chair.'

'One moment, Brant,' said Rénée, looking up with a smile.—'Stop a moment, William. I want this note taken to Miss Endoza.'

The man waited while the note was finished and directed, and then receiving his instructions to wait for an answer, left the room.

'Have you come from the office?' cried Rénée eagerly.

'Yes: just come. Old man's all right. Busy as a whole hive of bees.—I say, Ren, I want to talk to you about him.'

'About Papa?'—very eagerly; and Miss Bryne let her work fall in her lap.

'Yes.—Nothing private, auntie,' said Brant, addressing the elder lady. 'It's for you, too.'

'But is it something serious, Brant, dear?'

'Serious and not serious,' he replied.

'Pray, don't trifle with me, Brant,' cried Rénée, with her face growing troubled, and more winsome in its sadness; 'we are so anxious about Papa's health. It is about that, isn't it?'

'Yes: that's it,' said the young man, beginning to unfasten the string of the box, which he had taken upon his knees, as he sat in a very low chair. 'You people think me very careless and unfeeling; but I'm not, you know, and the old man worries me a great deal.'

'But why—what about?—what have you seen?' cried Rénée, laying her soft white hand upon the knot in the string, so as to prison her cousin's fingers at the same time.

'Gently, Ren. I can't answer three questions at once.—There—oh, I say, dear, don't cry; it hurts me, and there's nothing to cry about.'

'But you are keeping me on the rack. Do, do leave that box alone.'

'All right. Then it's this. Here's what's the matter: Uncle's just like a horse who will persist in dragging a wagon with three horses' loads up the biggest hills he can find.'

'Quite right, my dear,' said Miss Bryne; 'and a very good simile. What I always tell him: he works far too hard.'

'That's it,' said Brant, vainly trying to retain his cousin's hand, which she now hastily withdrew, and sat back in her chair. 'And now look here, Ren; I know auntie has always done her best, but she has no influence over him. You are the only one who can do it: he must have some rest.'

'Yes, he ought to rest,' said Rénée, pressing her white teeth upon her lower lip, and trying hard to keep back the tears which brimmed in her eyes.

'Then you must make him drop a lot of the work: leave it to us. Mr Wynyan and I could relieve him of more than half. We'd undertake it all, if he'd let us. Then he could go trips with you, dear, and give up all this confounded express-train way of living.'

'Yes: high pressure, high pressure,' said Miss Bryne with a sigh.

'That's it. But it's getting to be regular electricity now,' continued Brant; 'and what for? He has plenty of money, and he ought to make me do the work, while he takes it coolly.'

Rénée bowed her head and pressed her hands together: she could not trust herself to speak.

'I know you people think me idle and careless, but I'm not; 'pon my soul, I'm not, Ren. But what's a fellow to do? Here I go down to the office of a morning, wanting to pitch into the work and do all kinds of things; but do you think he'll let me? Not he. I'm pitchforked on one side; nobody can do it but himself. And it's so with Wynyan's work and the clerks; he must do it all himself. Flesh and blood can't stand the strain. He'll break down as sure as a gun.'

'Yes, yes,' said *Rénée*, with her tears now beginning to flow; 'but what can be done?'

'What can be done?' she says, cried *Brant* angrily, turning to *Miss Bryne*. 'That's why I've come this morning, when I knew I could catch you both. I want you to help me spur her on, auntie, to coax him and wheedle him.—Oh, you soon can, I know, *Ren*. And I say you know, dear; promise me you'll try.'

'Yes, *Brant*, I have tried; but I do promise you. I will indeed; I'll strain every nerve.'

'That's right,' he cried. 'Do everything you can. You're worth a dozen of old *Kilpatrick*. You're the doctor for him; and if he resists, make him. We'll keep things going at the office.—There now; my mind's at rest. Look here: I happened to come through *Covent Garden* this morning and saw these. You like lilies, don't you?'

'Oh, how sweet!' cried the girl excitedly, as the great bunch of silvery white flowers was taken out of the box. 'Lovely—lovely! Oh, *Brant*, what a good thoughtful boy you are!'

'I thought you'd like them,' said *Brant*.—'Ha, ha! Look at auntie's phiz. Envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness.'

'That I'm sure there is not,' cried *Miss Bryne* indignantly.

'Oh yes: jealous as a female *Othello*,' cried *Brant* boisterously, as he rose laughing, and thrust his hand into his pocket to tear the paper away from the bottle within. 'Did um neglect a dear old auntie, then, and not give her anything to smell nice?—There, and there, and there.—Come and have a sniff, *Ren*,' he said as he loosened the stopper and cleverly sprinkled a few drops over lace and dress.

'*Brant*, you shouldn't.—Oh, how delicious! You brought that for me, my dear?'

'Of course I did. The new scent.'

'Then you're a dear good thoughtful boy,' cried *Miss Bryne*; 'and I'm very, very much obliged to you for it.—Look, *Rénée*, what a splendid great bottle.—There, *Brant*, my dear,' she continued, kissing him.

'Thank you, auntie,' cried the young man, returning the salute; and in a quick whisper: 'Cut. Want so to talk to her!—Bah, don't wipe it off. Scent don't spoil anything.'

'But silk does spot, my dear,' said *Miss Bryne*, crossing to *Rénée*, and playfully sprinkling her in turn, before going on toward the door.

'Are you going, aunt?' said *Rénée*.

'Back directly, my dear. Do you remember where that spray diffuser was put?'

'No; I really do not,' said *Rénée*; but the door was already closing, and the girl rose to place her bouquet in a great bronze bowl.

character of the competition complained of. Since then, however, the Board of Trade has exhaustively investigated the subject, and from a Report presented by that body to Parliament we derive a mass of interesting information respecting foreign immigrants, their number, and the social and economical results of their residence here. This information has been collected from many sources, and scrutinised and commented upon by competent officials; and now for the first time we have tangible and reliable materials for a complete examination of this highly important question.

An Act of the reign of *William IV.* provided for the preparation of a record of aliens arriving from foreign ports. A return was to be compiled for each vessel, showing the name, occupation, and description of every alien on board. This, however, had fallen into disuse; and in 1890 it was revived to a certain extent, being applied to twenty-six of the principal ports in Great Britain, and to such deck passengers as were unprovided with through-tickets for, say, America, and who, presumably, intended to settle here. From these lists we learn that the European immigrants arriving in this country during the years 1891, 1892, and 1893 numbered respectively 28,000, 22,000, and 23,000, Russia and Poland contributing the largest proportion. The figures for last year show that 7700 Russians and Poles arrived; 4600 Norwegians, Swedes, and Danes; and 6500 Germans. From the Census of 1891 we learn that in that year we had in the United Kingdom 220,000 foreigners, Germany ranking first with 53,000, while Russians and Poles numbered 48,000. Nine-tenths of these were found in England and Wales, where they numbered 6.8 per thousand of the population. Edinburgh, Leith, and Glasgow absorbed half of the 8500 foreigners in Scotland, where in every 1000 of the population 2.1 were aliens. In Ireland the proportion was 2.7; but considerably more than half of the 13,000 aliens in that country were Irish Americans. From these figures, then, we may assume that there are in our midst about a quarter of a million of foreigners. These are of many nationalities and of many occupations; and, generally speaking, they are distributed pretty equally through the great towns, assimilating easily with those among whom their lot is cast, and making estimable citizens. But there is one section of immigrants whose ways are not our ways, and who steadfastly resist every tendency towards assimilation, who, while timidly herding together in a few localities, and limiting themselves to a few vocations, are bold and successful operators in trade—who are a peculiar people, and picturesque in their incongruity with their surroundings. These are arrivals from Russia and Poland, the great bulk of whom are Jews, and it is with these that we have to deal in this

#### STRANGERS WITHIN OUR GATES.

ABOUT eight years ago, in consequence of the existence of widespread distress in East London, public attention was directed to the growth in that neighbourhood of a large foreign population, and its competition in certain industries with the English working-classes. Inquiries, official and unofficial, took place; but no sufficient data were obtainable for arriving at a satisfactory conclusion as to the extent and

paper. A few figures will show how the tide of emigration from these countries has increased. In 1871 we had in Great Britain 10,000 Russians and Poles; in 1881, 15,000; and in 1891, 47,700. In 1881, the United States received 15,000; and each year the number seeking admission has increased, until, in 1891, the subjects of the Czar entering the States reached 104,500. No other European country can show such an increase in emigration. Most of those who come to Great Britain settle down in London. Leeds has some 5000, and Manchester an equal number; but the great bulk are found in the metropolis, and in a small portion of it. In Mile End, they form nearly 30 per cent. of the population; in Whitechapel, nearly 19; while in Shoreditch, Hackney, and Stepney the percentage is infinitesimal. Manchester and Leeds also have their Jewish quarters, two districts in the former city having respectively  $3\frac{1}{2}$  and 8 per cent. of Jews; while one district of Leeds has  $6\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. The way in which they congregate in a few trades is striking also. Shoe and slipper making, tailoring and other branches of the clothing trade, absorb nearly all. Others make cigars, or are workers in wood; there are some hundreds engaged as clerks; many become hawkers when their special trade is slack; but extremely few engage in outdoor labour. Out of 23,000 in London whose occupations have been ascertained, only 69 were seamen, and 12 labourers, carters, and railway employees.

We may now follow one of these Russian or Polish Jews from the steamer which brings him to the Thames. He is accosted off Gravesend by officials of the Customs and of the Sanitary Authority, and if he be trim and neat and knows exactly to what part of London he is going, there is no further interference; but should he be unprovided with an address, he is handed over to an agent of the Jews' Shelter in Leman Street, an institution supported by wealthy adherents of that creed. Here he is allowed to remain for a period not exceeding fourteen days, and his future address is on his departure communicated by the managers to the Sanitary Authority. He knows nothing of the great city, is ignorant of the world, and his tongue is confined to the dialect of his native district; but he probably has hopes from a friend or from some former neighbour now settled in London. Him he seeks, and in all likelihood finds him a tailor or shoemaker, perhaps a master on a small scale.

Now, the new-comer knows no trade, or if he does, English and Russian methods are different, and he has to commence afresh as a 'greener,' content with what would to a British workman be starvation wages. His want of skill closes to him the better class of workshops; while he is unwelcome in non-Jewish factories through his Sabbath falling on a Gentile working-day; and even if his lack of English permitted him to go far afield, the popular prejudice against him would discourage it. Almost as a matter of necessity, therefore, he attaches himself to one of the Jewish colonies, and to one of the trades in which there is the best opening for inexperienced persons.

But there are other causes for his seeking the

fellowship of his compatriots and co-religionists. The Jewish colony in East London is a comparatively old one, dating from the beginning of the sixteenth century, and in its midst have grown up institutions for the supply of its wants, physical, educational, and religious. There the immigrant is near the various bodies organised in order to give him and his like assistance, as a weekly allowance, a grant wherewith to purchase stock, or a premium for his admission to some factory. There his children may be clothed and educated, and partially boarded free of expense to him; there the wealthy members of his faith have established soup-kitchens; there the special forms of Jewish food are most readily obtainable. Finally, he has there the *chevras*, or Jews' clubs and minor synagogues; and it is his delight when work is slack to descend from his narrow and dirty attic and in the *chevra* hear the Talmud read, perchance himself expounding one of its chapters from the raised desk, and join in the eager discussion which follows, when hairs are split, and theological subtleties woven with astonishing zeal. This zeal is, by the way, supposed to not wholly spring from piety, being alleged to be partly due to a desire for intellectual exercise, which will bear fruit when trade rivals have to be met and advantageous bargains struck.

Having become, then, a tailor or shoemaker, or a furrier, or a wood-worker, he in time acquires skill; but his wishes never stray towards the great factories. His heart is in petty trade; he loves independence; and his ambition is to become a 'chamber-master,' a position whose profits are comparatively large, and which—materials being given out by the factories—requires very little capital. 'A Jew,' it has been said, 'is either a sweater or sweeney,' the fact being that appeals to the 'dignity of labour' do not touch him; though clannish to a degree in matters of race and religion, his lack of *esprit de corps* in those of trade makes him hated and despised by the Unions, and his only idea of a 'standard wage' is to get what he can. As a beginner, therefore, he works for a pittance; as an employer he is a hard taskmaster; and in either case tenacious of his rights.

The Jew whom we have seen enter the Thames will probably end his days among his brethren in East London, even should he become wealthy. The Jewish Committee and other charitable bodies of the kind have tried to diminish the congestion in that neighbourhood, but without avail as regards the first generation; but they are more fortunate with the children of the immigrants, who are taught English, and are free from the timidity and prejudices of their parents. It is said, indeed, that the younger people are becoming anglicised more rapidly than some of the elders like, and do not always betray that reverence for the customs and traditions of Judaism that is thought desirable. However, in spite of this, and of warnings sent broadcast over the Continent as the crowded state of the British labour mark the Jewish population of East London continuing to increase, though not at the same rate three or four years ago, a circumstance aff

much satisfaction to its charitable associations, whose resources were becoming strained.

Here it may be well to consider the pecuniary position of these immigrants from Russia and Poland. Arriving, as a rule, haggard and travel-stained, they are hastily written down as paupers. This is not so, however. Almost invariably they possess a little money, and many have exhibited on arriving as much as thirty pounds; and on a given day of this year there were in East London workhouses only twenty-four Jewish inmates, while thirty-four were in receipt of medical aid. True, their philanthropic agencies are active; but even these only distribute an average annual sum of four-and-sixpence per head of the Russo-Polish population, which may be estimated at 80,000; and this is less than the expenditure per head on the whole population of London in the shape of poor relief. Add to this that these immigrants are not at all delicate about seeking assistance, and the conclusion is forced upon us that the term 'paupers' is not applicable to them. In this connection it may be observed that while what we understand as an independent spirit is conspicuous by its absence, inasmuch as charity is habitually sought when it is not needed, yet the receipt of doles in no degree diminishes their industry or tends to produce that demoralisation which so generally accompanies it. Gambling is a vice to which these Jews are sometimes prone, but from drunkenness and idleness they are notably free. Of crime, too, there is less than among the general population of the country; and by those conversant with their habits they are pronounced to be on the whole a peaceful and law-abiding community.

There remains to be considered the important question of the social and economic effects of the presence in our midst of colonies of people whose views of life are so different from those of the native working-classes. It must in the first place be borne in mind that this difference is acute only in the case of immigrants, and that, as has already been said, their children easily assimilate with English people, and adopt English ideas. It is also to be noticed that, even in streets which they monopolise, their sanitary surroundings are year by year improving, and that their workshops are gradually losing the den-like character which has for so long been their reproach.

The weightiest charge levelled against the foreign Jews has been that they competed unfairly with the native workman. It will be well to briefly summarise what the Board of Trade officials have to say on the point. *Prima facie*, if the number of workers be increased, the labour of each is diminished—if the quantity of work remain stationary. It is asserted, however, that it has not remained stationary in this case, and that the cheap labour of the Jews has—to take the boot and shoe trade as an example—created new branches, or taken trade away from foreign countries.

This matter is closely argued by the chief of the Labour Department, and it will be sufficient us to state his conclusions. It is contended speaking generally, the Jew tailor, boot-maker, or slippermaker is employed on a different class of goods from the Englishman, goods

the manufacture of which in this country was prohibited by the English scale of wages, and which have since the influx of Jews into England found a prominent place among our exports. In the tailoring trade, it is said, there are virtually English and Jewish departments, and the two peoples hardly come into collision at all; but in shoemaking, these spheres sometimes overlap, and as it was in this trade that complaints were most rife, the conditions under which it was carried on were closely studied.

Apparently, the introduction of machinery into the making of boots and shoes is responsible for much of what is attributed to Jewish competition. The trade is being revolutionised by machinery and the concentration of work in factories; and the contest between the latter and home-workers is keen where Jews are unknown. In the Leicester Co-operative Society's factory a boot passes through fifty-nine distinct machines and ninety-eight distinct processes, and it is held that there is here a far more powerful rival to the English hand-worker than is the Jewish 'sweater.' The influence of the Jew is suggested to consist in this—that he has somewhat prolonged the period of transition from hand-labour in small workshops to machine-labour in factories by his low standard of comfort and his taste for petty handicraft.

It would be unfair to omit all reference to the action of the London Bootmakers' Union, which five years ago persuaded the masters to provide workshops. This was a deathblow to a large proportion of the 'sweaters,' and very many masters of the latter class are now journeymen in these new factories. Such a man under the old system took out boots to finish, himself paring the soles and heels, and employing a 'team' of from two to four less skilled assistants to perform the rest of the operation. In addition to his work, he provided room, firelight, and tools, and took half of the earnings. He might thus earn five pounds a week, while his wages in a factory would amount to about two pounds.

Broadly speaking, therefore, the tendency is towards concentration; but it is admitted that there are influences at work in the opposite direction. The factory being closed to the unskilled 'greener,' he is driven towards the small shop of a fellow-countryman, who despises trade agreements; and these shops are the parents of a new system of home-work on a petty scale. It will be seen from the foregoing that the question is an extremely complicated one, and not to be pronounced upon lightly.

Before leaving it, a few words may be said upon the position in this matter of Jewish women, a branch of the subject which has been exhaustively investigated by Miss Collet, one of the Labour Correspondents of the Board of Trade. Among the Russo-Polish immigrants, the women are only half as many as the men, and their competition is consequently so much the less formidable. Their rivals are their countrymen and English women. They appear to be better workers than the latter, and earn larger wages in the tailoring and cap-making trades, which principally occupy them. But, on the other hand, they marry young, and rarely work afterwards. On this point, Miss Collet

supplies conclusive figures. Taking some of these at random, we find that in one district and trade only one working Jewess in 41 is married, while every third working English woman is; in another case, the respective proportions are one in 83 and one in 17; and in another, that half of the English women are married, and only one Jewess in 161. In this contest with the opposite sex, the male foreigner is often beaten. In certain classes of work, he is better than a woman; but he is being rapidly displaced in factories—even those owned by Jews—by Jewish and English women, who are cheaper and more docile. We have remarked that the Jewish woman earns more per day—but perhaps not per week, which with her consists of only five days—than her English sister in the same trade, and the remark may be applied to other trades, the Jewish tailoress making more money than the girls employed in, say, the jam, rope, and match industries.

In conclusion, then, the competition of the female portion of the Russo-Polish immigrants may be set aside as slight in extent and temporary in duration. That of the male portion, if serious at all, is only so during the earlier years of their residence here; and its importance is likely to diminish with the falling-off in the number of immigrants, which has been noticeable for a year or two. On the other hand, it is fairly well established that they have increased the volume of production, and thereby extended our foreign trade. Lastly, they are consumers as well as producers, and must be to that extent a source of wealth. Without entering upon the question of the propriety of total or partial exclusion, it may be urged that in their own interests and those of their neighbours in London and the other great towns which they affect, more stringent sanitary regulations as regards both workshops and dwellings might with advantage be enforced on the Russian and Polish Jews who find an asylum in this country, and whose standard of cleanliness is admittedly not high.

### THE PRESSGANG IN ORKNEY.

THOUGH the practice of impressing seamen to man the royal navy commenced in England as early as 1355, immediately after the country had been desolated by a noisome pestilence which had scarcely left a State of Europe or Asia free from its ravages, it was only at the close of the past and the beginning of the present century that the pressgang became particularly oppressive. The cause of this was the outbreak of the French Revolutionary War in 1792.

Amongst the evils which arose from that dreadful struggle, none was felt more keenly, or was more openly resisted and denounced by the people, than the pressgang. Owing to the long continuance of the war with the French, and the many bloody engagements which ensued by land and sea, it was found impossible to fill up the ever-recurring vacancies in the navy by the usual means. The Government therefore resorted to the pressgang. This iniquitous sys-

tem was loathed by the people, not so much that they were unwilling to fight for king and country, as because of the unfair way in which they were treated. Men of wealth and position were never impressed; but the working-classes, especially those accustomed to a seafaring life, were remorselessly torn from hearth and home wherever they could be found.

The mode adopted in Orkney for choosing the victims who were to be despatched to the seat of war seems to have been very simple. The landlords and principal tenants in each parish met in private and made a selection. A list of those names was handed to the pressgang or constables; but the general inhabitants being kept in ignorance of those chosen, were naturally in dread of being captured, and went into hiding. On the other hand, if the constables met a person likely to be suitable for the service, they were not very particular whether he had been specially named to them or not. They placed the king's baton on the unfortunate man's shoulder, and that settled the question.

People had therefore to defend themselves, and adopted many devices to retain their freedom. Holes were made in the floors of houses, and recesses were cunningly formed in presses, peat-stacks, and elsewhere, to be handy hiding-places in the event of a surprise. Those who were afraid to risk such methods of concealment went off to the crags, or roamed day and night amongst the hills. In harvest-time, when all hands were required for cutting corn, horses were usually kept within easy distance, to provide a ready means of escape, and mothers and daughters were stationed on rising ground, so that they might watch for and signal the approach of the dreaded pressgang. Occasionally, the fair sex assumed the aggressive attitude, and in one case in Sandwick a woman, in protecting her lover, struck a constable with a shearing-hook. It is said that the weapon entered the man's side, and that the wound proved fatal.

The memory of a great wrong done to a community dies hard. Thus it is that on the long winter evenings, as Orcadians gather nightly around their blazing peat-fires, they still recount stories setting forth the evil deeds of the pressgang, though the heroes and victims of that trying time have long since been gathered to their rest. The object of this paper is to reproduce a number of the more interesting of these anecdotes.

A very good story is told of how a man escaped serving his king and country. He was being hotly pursued by the pressgang through Kirkwall, when he took refuge in a garden in Victoria Street. At that time most of the houses on the west side of the town had jetties running into the 'Peerie' Sea, which were used for taking in peats, and occasionally for landing smuggled goods. The man referred to—his name seems to be forgotten now—got a hint that his pursuers had found out his hiding-place, so that he plunged into the Peerie Sea and made his way up Wideford Hill, past the lands of Grainbank. In the distance he could see the pressgang hurrying along the route he had so recently trod himself, so that it looked as if



his capture would only be the matter of a few minutes. In this dilemma he determined to secure his freedom by strategy. He therefore divested himself of his clothes, rolled in a bed of nettles, and again dressed before the pressgang came upon the scene. The constables indulged in some banter at the expense of their prisoner, because he had allowed himself to be so easily captured; but the laugh was soon turned the other way. In the natural course of events the man was taken before a doctor, and when examined, his body was found to be one mass of blisters. As it was believed that the captive was suffering from some sort of skin disease, he was declared unfit for His Majesty's service; but it turned out that the man was on the eve of being married, and, rather than be parted from his lady-love, he took that awful plunge amongst the nettles.

One morning the occupants of the little croft of Fingerow, Scapa, near Kirkwall, thought they might risk commencing their harvest. The pressgang had not been seen for some days, and it was hoped they had given up the search in that district as fruitless. Thomas Sinclair, the tenant of Fingerow, therefore went down with his hook to a field of barley below the house; but he had only got a small patch of the crop cut, when he received a signal that the pressgang was approaching. He had no time to escape down the face of the cliffs, which had been his usual hiding-place, so he crawled away into the middle of the field of barley. The two officers who were in search of him—Peter Wick and Joseph Tait—poked into every corner and cranny of the house, and were closely followed by Sinclair's sister. As Wick and Tait visited one place after another at the staiding without finding their man, Kirsty Sinclair, who was armed with a shearing-hook, gave a derisive cheer, at the same time waving over her head the rusty weapon she carried. The conduct of Kirsty, however, instead of driving the officers off the place, as was intended, only made them the more determined in their search, as they were sure Sinclair was somewhere on the croft. When they reached the field of barley, and saw one small patch cut, they concluded that their man was probably hidden amongst the long straw. That the search might be thorough, Wick went down one rig, whilst Tait went up the other. The officers were thus slowly but surely closing in upon their man. At length Tait got his eye upon Sinclair and made a rush at him. Sinclair determined to fight for his liberty, and struck out at Tait with a heavy batten of wood. The attack was so sudden and unexpected that the officer with one blow was laid senseless. Peter Wick, the other constable, then rushed upon Sinclair, and the two had a severe encounter. Wick, however, was an old 'Nor-waster' with a powerful arm, and he used his fists so effectually that his opponent was speedily put *hors de combat*. Kirsty Sinclair meantime was not idle. Thinking her brother had been killed, she rushed up behind Wick with the hook which she had in her hand, and dealt a blow at the back of his head. Fortunately for the officer, the weapon stuck in the collar of his coat, and before the enraged

woman could get it out to use it again, she was thrown on the ground beside her brother. It turned out that Tait had merely been stunned by the blow he had received, and in a short time was able, with the assistance of his companion, to return to Kirkwall.

As for the Sinclairs—brother and sister—they were left lying in the field bleeding and helpless. Some war-vessels happened to be anchored in Kirkwall Bay at the time, and the constables having reported their experiences at Fingerow, a few sailors were sent ashore to assist in bringing Sinclair into town. That same night, Wick returned to the croft accompanied by these sailors, dragged Sinclair out of bed, and told him he was their prisoner. The poor man was ill-fitted for such a journey, after the mauling he had received earlier in the day, and he frequently lay down on the road. Some of the sailors, however, had a 'rattan,' which they vigorously applied to Sinclair's back on such occasions, so that before he reached the town his skin was broken and lacerated. When taken before a doctor the next day, the poor fellow's body was such a mass of sores that he was considered unfit for service in the navy, and therefore sent home again. As he had resisted the constables in the discharge of their duties, however, and had attacked them with a bludgeon, his only cow was taken from him, and presented to Tait as consolation for the injuries he had sustained.

It was not an easy matter to get married in pressgang times. Robert Miller, a Kirkwall man, found this to be the case. He returned from the whale-fishing one autumn, fully resolved that he should take unto himself a wife. But the pressgang got on his track, and he soon saw that if he was to get his heart's desire, he would require to exert both pluck and perseverance. At length the fateful night arrived. The company had gathered, and the minister was in the house of the bride prepared to proceed with the ceremony, when the dreaded pressgang made its appearance. Ladies are not usually of a belligerent disposition, but when they saw, as in this instance, the likelihood of a marriage being spoiled by interlopers, they rose up in wrath against them. They assailed the members of the pressgang both with tongue and missiles, so that these gentlemen were glad to beat a hasty retreat. After this little episode, a back window of the house was lifted, and the bridegroom, dressed in woman's clothes, bounded into the room. The doors having been barricaded, to prevent a surprise, the clergyman proceeded to perform the ceremony, and surely no bridegroom was ever married in such a strange gurb! Miller was never captured. He lived to a ripe old age, and was the first beadle of the Kirkwall Free Church.

Many anecdotes are told of the tricks adopted by those who were captured by the pressgang, to escape service, and some of these have a humour of their own. Walter Rossie, who belonged to Stroma, happened to be in Flotta one day, and was captured by the pressgang. He was a strong, healthy-looking man, and was considered by his acquaintances to be very clever. When he was put on board ship, he at once began to play the fool. Every means that

could be thought of was used for the purpose of getting Rossie to commit himself, but without avail. At last the captain of the vessel took him in hand. He pitched a silver coin to Rossie, and asked him what he would do with it. The malingering took the coin, turned it carefully over, and then declared it would make a fine 'henching'-stone. Throwing it overboard, he clapped his hands, and gleefully chuckled as he saw it bounding out of the water once or twice before it finally disappeared. That was enough for the captain. He declared that the Orcadian who thought so lightly of money as to pitch it in the sea must be a hopeless fool indeed, and he at once ordered Rossie to be put ashore.

One day the people of Burray saw the pressgang leave Holm, and, suspecting that they would have to receive these unwelcome visitors, they sent out Harry Wyllie and Solomon Guthrie as a pair of decoy birds. Wyllie and Guthrie acted as if they had been taken by surprise, made for Glimpse Holm, and pulled up their boat there, at the same time crawling beneath it. The members of the pressgang pulled with might and main in the same direction, assured that they were about to make a capture. Arriving at the little island, they turned up the Burray boat, and ordered the two men to get up and accompany them. When Harry Wyllie had struggled off the ground, it was discovered that he had a club-foot, whilst Solomon Guthrie sported a wooden leg! It is needless to add that the pressgang would not take a gift of either; and when they subsequently found, on going to Burray, that there was not a man on the island, they could not help seeing that they had been cleverly tricked.

A man named Tom Brock, belonging to Stronsay, had several narrow escapes in pressgang times. One night when he had just retired to bed, the constables forced the door, entered the house, and ordered him to get up, as he was now their prisoner. Brock occupied one of those old-fashioned box-beds which were so common in bygone days, and he asked that he might be allowed to dress there. His request was granted, and he closed the doors, that he might have a little more privacy. His wife then began to abuse the pressgang for their hard-heartedness in taking her husband away from his poor children. At last the constables thought Brock had had ample time to dress, and told him so. Mrs Brock then began to plead with Thomas not to leave her, and the constables, thinking to put an end to the painful scene, threw open the doors of the bed. Presto! their man was gone. Brock had previously loosened two boards at the back of the bed, which gave him communication with a window, and at the time he was supposed to be dressing and comforting his weeping wife, he was fleeing across country on horseback, putting as great a distance as possible between him and the pressgang. He ultimately found a safe hiding-place amongst the crags, and was never captured.

In pressgang times courtship was carried on under great difficulties. A number of young people were enjoying their Yule feast at a

farmhouse in the vicinity of the old palace in the barony of Birsay. Fun and frolic were running high, when all at once the warning cry ran through the building that the pressgang was approaching. Amongst those present were John Johnston, locally known as 'Johnnie o' Smerchants,' and Sandy Cumloquoy. There was a strong suspicion that these were the men wanted, and they naturally made a rush for their freedom. The result of the hunt was the capture of the former. As Johnnie o' Smerchants was brought back past the old palace, he was met by his sweetheart, Kitty Cumloquoy. Kitty went almost distracted when she saw her lover being led away a prisoner by the pressgang. She 'murmelted sorely,' to use an old Orcadian phrase, the hard fate which so rudely parted her from her Johnnie, especially at such a festive season; but she determined that he should not leave his native place without a farewell gift. Accordingly, she parcelled up some Christmas cheer in the shape of bread and cheese, and just as the pressgang was tearing her from her lover's arms, she placed her love-offering in his hands. It so happened that Johnnie o' Smerchants, in the course of his service in the navy, was drafted into the same vessel with one of his captors, a sergeant, who had been foremost in laying hands upon him that night of the Yule feast. This man had committed some offence, and, as a punishment, was sentenced to receive a number of lashes. Johnnie, curiously enough, was one of the sailors ordered to administer the 'cat,' and he applied it with such pith to the back of his old enemy, that the commander of the squad at the close of the punishment exclaimed: 'That man did his duty.'

When Johnnie o' Smerchants got his discharge and returned to his island home, Kitty Cumloquoy was still single. He called on her, and showed her portions of the bread and cheese she had given him on that doleful night when they were wrenched from each other's arms. Through all the battles in which he had been engaged, he had carried it as a token and for a sign. A marriage speedily followed.

Early in the present century there was a public-house in Bridge Street, Kirkwall, which was a favourite resort of the pressgang, especially on market days, and not a few young men got into trouble there. The method adopted for trapping unsuspecting youth was somewhat as follows. One of the pressgang would take up a position at a window up-stairs, whilst two of his companions were secreted near the front of the building on the ground-floor. If a likely-looking young man was seen passing along the street, a shilling was dropped over the upper window. The youth would stop, pick it up, and whilst he was so engaged, the pressgang pounced upon him. The baton was then laid on his shoulder, and he was blandly told that, having accepted the shilling, he would now have to go and serve His Majesty. Many a young man was captured in this way, and there is no doubt that such tactics as these helped considerably to rouse the feelings of the people against the pressgang.

One of the most touching incidents that

occurred in Orkney in pressgang times was in connection with the capture of David Cromarty, North-house, Deerness. He was sitting smoking one day when his wife gave the alarm that the pressgang was approaching. David was prepared for such an eventuality, and had so constructed the shelves of a press that they came out on hinges and gave sufficient room behind as a hiding-place. When the pressgang entered the house, Mrs Cromarty was busily engaged at her spinning-wheel, and she put on such a bold front that the constables began to suspect that their man had made good his escape. Her three-year-old child David was playing at her feet on the floor, whilst the pressgang was searching the 'hallan' and the 'peat-neuk' for his father; and the little fellow clapped his hands in glee as he saw them going everywhere but the right place. At last, when they were on the point of leaving, the child, evidently thinking he was witnessing a game at hide-and-seek, innocently shouted: 'Da's in the press!' The mother tried to drown his voice, but this only made him the more determined to let himself be heard, and he finished up by pointing to his father's place of concealment. Who can describe the anguish of the poor woman as she saw the constables, by accepting the information so innocently given, capture her husband?

The man who was looked upon as the greatest hero in Deerness in those days was Andrew Papley. The constables, after a long search, at last found him in the west end of the parish, and chased him into the adjoining parish of Holm. Papley launched a boat and put off to sea, where he was promptly followed by the pressgang. For a while, he seemed to be holding his own, but at last one of his oars broke, and he was forced to take refuge in one of the many caves which stud the coast at that place. Being discovered in this retreat he resolved to make a dash for liberty. Arming himself with the broken oar, he rushed at his captors, dealing Magnus Budge a terrific blow on the nose. As Papley was courting the sister of the other constable, he thought he had little to fear from that individual, and was passing him with a friendly nod; but the officer tripped him up, and he was marched off a prisoner to Kirkwall. As things turned out, however, Papley had never to engage in active service. By the time he reached Leith, news had been received of the great victory at Waterloo, and he was therefore allowed to return home. As for Magnus Budge, he carried to the grave the mark of the blow which he received from Papley. A growth, said to be as large as a tomato, developed on the point of his nose, which was always alluded to as the pressgang mark, and some people are still alive who knew the man, and testify to the truth of the story as to the way in which he received the injury.

As showing how heroic the fair daughters of Orcadia can be when occasion demands it, one more anecdote may be given. In pressgang times a large vessel hove-to off the Moul Head of Deerness, signalling for a pilot. In response, a crew of four men at once put off to offer their services. As they neared the ship, how-

ever, they began to suspect that she was a cruiser in disguise, and they therefore resolved to return to the shore as speedily as possible. The moment the Deerness men put about, a boat manned by blue-jackets shot round the offside of the disguised vessel. A most exciting race then ensued. Though the natives had fewer oars, they knew the tidal currents better than their pursuers, and therefore managed for a time to retain their lead. Two young women—Barbara Wick and Barbara Dinnie—having noticed the contest, at once concluded what it meant. They therefore threw aside their cards and spinning-wheels, and rushed to the cliffs, gathering a lapful of stones apiece as they ran. Barbara Wick then took up her stand at the top of the Gate, as it was called, and eagerly watched the close of the exciting chase, whilst her companion continued to gather stones. In the Deerness boat was her avowed lover, and she was resolved that he would not be captured if she could prevent it. The man-of-war boat, after getting through the tideway, was gradually gaining ground, and it looked as if it were impossible for the men to land and get up the cliffs in time to escape. Barbara, who was watching the race with breathless anxiety, seeing her friends hesitate, as if not sure where to find a landing-place, by voice and signal directed them into a safe *voe*. As they jumped ashore, they were assisted by the intrepid woman, and, as they scrambled up the crags, she boldly covered their retreat. As soon as the Deerness men had got safely over the rocks, Barbara turned and faced the foe alone. When the sailors landed, they tried to mount the crags, but were assailed with a shower of stones. The moment a tar tried to move upwards, a stone was sent towards him with unerring aim, with the result that the woman was enabled for a long time to hold the passage. By-and-by, however, her supply of stones ran out, and one of the sailors made a dash for her. Taking her in his arms, he attempted to implant a kiss on her lips. But Barbara was strong as she was bold, and she succeeded in hurling her assailant down the pass upon his companions, so that they were all precipitated to the shore in a struggling mass. After that, the sailors beat an inglorious retreat.

#### RAIN-GAMBLING IN CALCUTTA.

TEN o'clock in the morning found us in a *gharry ticca*; jolt, squeak, shake, over tramway lines that bend axle-trees and set teeth on edge, and we are in the busy Strand. Past banks we go and warehouses, shipping offices and places of business, past trucks and trams and carts of every sort. This is the port of Calcutta; and by the quays lie many ships, P. and O. steamers, to take the elect to England; the Burma boats, to take unlucky soldiers to Burma; the opium ships, which trade with China; and many a tall sailing-ship from Bristol, Dundee, and other British ports. We meet a string of bullock-carts, and thread through them, our *gharry wallah* and the other dirty ruffian who acts as *syce* discoursing shrilly. The nearly naked

bullock-drivers answer by convulsive twisting of the much-enduring bullock's tail, and we shave past, turning right-handed into Harrison Road. Harrison Road is a Calcutta glory. It has electric light. Native houses are here exalted; they have several storeys, some one, some two, some three, and stand at many and interesting angles to the street. Here is one with the end of it sharpened like the bow of a boat, for no apparent reason. It is three storeys high, and for blank idiocy of design stands alone in my memory. On, past a dirty, muddy recess by the side of the road, where are fakirs, cows, a few booths, and general filth. One wild man of them, a few weeks back, stabbed a policeman in the road in broad daylight, by way of protest against 'moving on.' The fakirs are mostly naked, but some are covered with ashes. Strange objects to European eyes in a big street of a big city; but the Anglo-Indian loses all faculty of surprise—a naked fakir, and 'Colonel' Lucy Booth, with her loose hair, her peculiar dress, and eloquent enthusiasm, create about the same amount of languid interest. It is only those who have the art or means of idling, that retain the faculty of looking for the sake of looking.

Here we are! a narrow muddy lane, native shops on each side, where they sell grain and *ghee* and sweetmeats. Overhead, the houses almost touch. A crowd is always passing through—every sort of man treads the 'Afim-a-chow-rusta' (the Opium Road). Does it not lead from the Opium Exchange past the house of Chooni Lall, the *marwari*? Come in, then, and smell the *genius loci*. Up a high step, down a short and narrow passage, and babel! bedlam! a shouting, roaring, jostling, laughing crowd—white men, black men, brown men, Chinamen—specimens of every sort of indweller in heterogeneous Calcutta, save only of the Sahib, the lord of the earth. There is a square court all round it—the stalls of the *marwaris* on one side; stairs lead up to the watch-tower. A fat *marwari*, with nothing on but a loin-cloth and a heavy gold chain, leans over a rail half-way up. He holds up three fingers, shouting the odds down to the din below. How the folds of flesh thicken and settle round his middle as he bends sideways! On one roof is the tank, some six feet square, perhaps two or three inches deep, with a spout that leads into the court below. In the tank is a nail bent flat upon its side. When that nail is covered with water, the spout runs, and bets are decided.

Come down again to where old Chooni Lall himself sits cross-legged—cheery, genial, and wrinkled. He is always glad to see you. He never mentions a bet. You ask the price, unable in the clamour of tongues to hear and understand. He murmurs six and a half. Come, let us bet, and see how it is done. Here

goes for ten rupees. The broker holds it up—more shouting, more laughing, more fingers held up. He tells you he has sold it at seven; the price is rising. Supposing that it rains between now and nine o'clock at night, we shall win six rupees for every rupee of our stake, our own rupee making up seven, the quoted price. Chooni Lall will take an anna in every rupee for brokerage. He is already worth many lakhs, for fortunes are won and lost here every day in the monsoon. The very sugar-cane seller at the door, who doles out sticks of sugar-cane for two *pie*, is worth thousands of rupees. You can bet either way for or against the rain, for to-day or to-morrow or against any fixed day, if you can find a taker. You can take your choice of the two periods of hours from six A.M. till noon, or from six A.M. till nine P.M. Of course, to a man who bets that rain will fall in the first period, far longer odds are offered. It rarely rains, even in the monsoon, between those hours; and I have seen four hundred to one offered.

Rich men deposit large sums with Chooni Lall—he is also a banker—and lay odds on the rain falling within a certain month. For the month in which the monsoon usually breaks, they lay five and six to one on the rain; and it would undoubtedly be a very good bet. Brokers themselves bet but rarely—their brokerage pays them; but of course there comes often a certainty of winning by easy hedging. The odds are not hard to foretell. Every bet is sold in the open market, and the price recorded. The place is really a sort of rain exchange, and as in the monsoon weather it is constantly full, there is never any difficulty in betting either way, supposing you be willing to take the current price.

Here is the place of payment. A piece of fat, good-natured copper-coloured *babudom* sits on the *charpoy* ladling out rupees. Your name, your bet; he refers back, deducts brokerage, and hands over. There is no such thing known as non-payment, no *welshers* in this court, and no racecourse thieves.

The natives of India, grasping, penurious Shylocks as so many of them are, yet gamble *de race* all of them. How they shout! One cannot understand what is going on, a curious mixture of Bengali and Hindustani wrapping up terms of art that are utterly bewildering. Some red-turbaned ruffian comes out of the crowd on a sudden, and laughs foolishly as he hands over two rupees. It is put up to auction, and is sold at eight. This is evidently a sensitive market. He watches with eager eyes his name written in the big book in Nagri characters, and departs nervously, to pass a day of fears and hopes, of vows and prayers to many gods—a day of movement of life new to him, and surely cheap at two rupees.

Here is a talkative Eurasian, explaining how to win a fortune. 'First you bet, then you eat' (that is, hedge); 'the odds are always shorter

towards the evening; then you bet again and eat again; and so on.' How excitedly he reckons up his rows of figures, his thin mean face working, his brown eyes gleaming. A fatherly policeman reminds him gently that the odds will not always shorten, and he starts as if some one had struck him, jabbars wildly in Hindustani, to stop, suddenly clutching at some delusive calculation. The policeman winks solemnly at us, and Chooni Lal's wrinkled smile is a little more marked. But the arithmetical Goanese cares for none of these things; he ciphers absorbed, hearing nothing, seeing nothing, not even that burly Rajput jostling past him.

What a picture it would make! the quaint court with its narrow veranda under the tank; the steep wooden stairs; the four-storeyed watch tower; the *marwari* stalls; the crowd, the wonderful moving crowd; men stirred out of their habitual sluggishness, their apathetic animalism, and by what? *Auri sacra fames*—the weird lust of gold. It is a study in *sepiæ*, the many shades of brown touched by the white of a babu's shirt, the flash of white teeth, or the white of eyes turned upwards to the Tower of Destiny. And over all, the unwinking sun of Bengal staring down even into this stuffy courtyard, as if there were no such thing as rain in the world. 'Ten,' they shout, and in five minutes it is twenty. Business is slackening; there is not much taking of the long odds.

Let us go up the tower. Its only other occupants are the paid watchers looking for clouds to rise from the bay to southward. We watch too, gradually falling into a lazy dream in the sunshine, staring over flat Bengal. And the clamour from below comes up to us a confused murmur of voices—the heavy refrain of the terrible gambling melody, a melody made of the tearing sound of falling money—of straining eyes, and grinning lips drawn back—of corded veins and rigid muscles—of trickling drops of sweat on tense brown faces—of men absorbed and drunk—a song of the mad joy of winning, the wild exhilaration over money, well-loved money, won without toil, its bitter wages—won by no strain of lazy limb and sleepy head. Yes, there is that swirl in the lilt of it. And the curses, the despair, the growing, growing blackness of loss, that can ill be borne by minds unbalanced; the sense of wrong, the mastering angry envy that another man should win while we lose; the grinding, crushing emptiness, the blank and dread to-morrow. This, too, the sharp dull voice of loss. Strophe and antistrophe they call against each other in that devil's chorus.

But the watcher says something and waves a signal. The noise below redoubles, and we forget to dream any more. Up comes a cloud rapidly, menacingly. Threes, twos, level money. The crowd surges, and half the sky is covered; the wind sighs a little. Two to one the tank runs. Ten to one. How the odds alter! The first drops come down like blood, as it were. The biggest, ugliest, richest *marwari* offers one thousand to one the tank runs. Once a poor coolie won his ease for ever by taking odds like this for his month's pay; but now none answers.

The place is getting curiously silent. Splash! Splash! One thousand to one! Another minute will do it!

The wind veers; the cloud rolls aside to break elsewhere. Immortal gods! one thousand to one. It makes even hardened gamblers take a little breath.

The tank is quickly dried. It was within the merest ace of overflowing. Away out of this, all sensible people; for this kind is a very potent devil, that takes little men by the neck and shakes them ratwise till their little individualities drop out like false teeth.

So we drove home—and my globe-trotter said it was an interesting place.

#### A MOORLAND REVERIE.

By hedgerows where the wild-rose clings,  
And honeysuckles droop and trail,  
And dragon-flies in burnished mail  
Flit by and flash their jewelled rings;

By many a winding woodland way,  
By sunny glades, and valleys cool  
With moss, and fern, and reedy pool  
Where wayward watercourses stray;

I gain the moor: a soft air blows  
Sweet-scented from the burning gorse;  
And fresh from waters at their source  
In runnels that the red deer knows.

Soft grassy billows fall and swell  
O'er leagues of countless flowers ablaze  
In thymy hollows; a golden haze  
To purple melts on the distant fell.

I watch the heron floating by,  
The hawk on level pinions hung,  
Or plover anxious for her young  
With wavering flight and wailing cry.

No city's tumult sounds to fret  
The silence of this place of peace.  
It gives from toil a sweet release,  
And joys that leave no late regret.

And all my soul in peace I steep;  
And Fame that ever walks with Fear,  
And Love whose harvest is a tear,  
Seem mocking dreams that mar a sleep.

Through field and woodland here I rove,  
Aloof from Glory's headlong race,  
Heedless of Beauty's fleeting grace  
And casting loose the chains they wove.

For other pleasures now I prove;  
My heart of passion dispossessed,  
I find on Nature's sheltering breast  
Delights that these could never move.

But Twilight now with shadows stole,  
One silver star set on her brow,  
Steals down the western hills—and now  
Her feet are on the fading wold.

G. C. P.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,  
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 597.—VOL. XII.

SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1895.

PRICE 1½d.

## NEWSPAPER OBITUARIES.

By a JOURNALIST.

A LARGE portion of my yearly income is earned by the writing of newspaper obituaries. As a journalist I have made that sort of work a specialty, and I find it pays excellently well. You may imagine it is a rather gruesome occupation; that it reminds one too forcibly of 'graves and worms and epitaphs;' and that, like the undertaker's mute, I must be a person of sad and solemn visage. But if you think so, you are much mistaken. My occupation has no depressing effect whatever on my countenance; and at the social gatherings of the London Press Club, up Wine Office Court, Fleet Street, my laugh rings the loudest and the merriest. And I cannot see why it should be otherwise. As an obituary writer, I live and move and have my being in the companionship of great men and women of all classes—poets, artists, statesmen, politicians, soldiers, scientists, and *littérateurs*. I trace their careers; I record their achievements; I note their influence on their time. What other effect could such employment have on the character of a man but to strengthen, enlarge, and ennoble it?

You must not suppose that the obituary is written in the newspaper office when the news of the death of some public personage arrives. All the big daily papers have obituaries of every man and woman of distinction who are advanced in years pigeon-holed, or 'in pickle,' as the phrase goes in journalistic circles. Some of these obituaries are brief; others extend to three or four or five columns, according to the relative importance of the subject; but they are all at the editor's hand, ready for publication at any moment, and he is thus enabled to give a sketch, columns long, of the career of a public man, a few hours, in some instances, after that career has closed for ever.

Of course, it happens now and then that

the newspapers are caught napping. A young public man, who would seem in the natural course of things to have a long lease of life, is suddenly and unexpectedly cut down by death, and there is no obituary ready for publication. In such a case, which fortunately is very rare, the best that is possible in the circumstances is done with the aid of a biographical dictionary, like *Men of the Time* and other books of reference. But an obituary turned out under such difficulties is, as a rule, little more than a string of dates.

The sudden death of Mr Parnell, for instance, was an event for which the newspapers were entirely unprepared. This was all the more vexatious, from the editor's point of view, as the leader of the Irish Nationalists was at the time one of the most prominent and interesting personages on the public stage of this kingdom, and columns of excellent 'copy' could have been made out of the events of his varied and exciting career, if only time had been given to prepare it. As it was, the obituaries of Mr Parnell were, with a few exceptions, dull and meagre, and entirely unworthy both of the subject and of the Press.

The average newspaper reader will read with greater interest and more at length the obituary of a public man who is suddenly cut off, than the obituary of one who has had a long illness, and for whose death the public are prepared. But of course it is of the latter that the best obituary is published. When a public man becomes seriously ill, his obituary is taken from the pigeon-hole, carefully gone over, freshened and brightened and brought up to date by the addition of the more recent events of his career. Of that phase of journalism we have had some illustrations within the past few years in the excellent obituaries which were published of Lord Tennyson, Professor Tyndall, Dr Oliver Wendell Holmes, and Mr J. A. Froude, all of whom had a long struggle with death before they finally succumbed.

There are many obituaries pigeon-holed in

newspaper offices the writers of which will never see them in print, for they themselves have died before the subjects of their biographical essays. A curious instance of this is afforded by the case of the *Times* obituary of Earl Russell (better known as 'Lord John Russell'), who died in 1878 at the ripe old age of eighty-six years, sixty-five of which were spent in public life. The obituary was written twenty years before the Earl's death. It was added to as time went on; but—strange fatality!—every one of its contributors died before the subject himself. In the end, notwithstanding the general freedom from superstition of journalists, no one could be got to touch the biography until the time came for its publication.

To take another instance. There is not a daily newspaper in the kingdom that has not had in readiness for years an obituary of Mr Gladstone. Twenty years ago, in 1875, the aged statesman wrote to Lord Granville resigning the leadership of the Liberal party, as, he said, he was too old for public affairs, and it was time for him to turn his thoughts to the other world. But, as every one knows, he came back to public life after a few years of retirement, and since then has made more history than in the previous forty years of his public career. When he goes, what excitement and confusion the event will create in the newspaper offices of the kingdom! Mr J. M. Barrie, in his entertaining story of newspaper life, *When a Man's Single*, tells us that the foreman printer and the sub-editor of the *Silchester Daily Mirror* often talked with bated breath of the amount of copy that would come in should anything happen to Mr Gladstone. 'The sub-editor, if he was in a despondent mood, predicted,' writes Mr Barrie facetiously, 'that it would occur at midnight. Thinking of this had made him a Conservative.'

Such an event occurring late at night would completely upset the internal economy of every newspaper office in the country. At midnight, the next morning's paper is practically all in type; and should the prophecy which the sub-editor of the *Mirror* indulged in when in a despondent mood come true, from five to ten columns of the matter in type would have to be discarded from the account of Mr Gladstone's long and eminent career.

The dangerous illness of the Prince of Wales, in December 1871, was the cause of events—curious and amusing—which will ever find a place in the history of British journalism. The death of the Prince seemed inevitable; for the doctors had begun to despair. One day the announcement went forth that His Royal Highness could not survive many hours, and accordingly every daily newspaper in the kingdom had its obituary of the Prince 'set,' or put into type. But the expected telegram announcing the death never came, and so at midnight, when the hour for going to press was close at hand, many a newspaper editor who had relied on his biographical sketch of the Prince filling six or eight columns of his paper, was compelled to fill up the blank columns with 'standing' matter of all kinds, such as old advertisements and older news. The principal newspaper editors subsequently sent the Prince, at his own request,

'proofs' of the obituaries; and pasted in a bulky scrap-book, they now form one of the strangest and most curious objects to be seen at Marlborough House.

The eccentric Lord Brougham also had the unique experience of being able to read his own obituaries in the newspapers. He was said to have circulated the report of his death in order to see how he would be referred to in the Press; and as many unpleasant things were written of his erratic political career, he could, in that case, hardly have enjoyed the outcome of the experiment. 'I wonder what the *Times* will say of me?' Lord Elgin—who brought the celebrated sculptures known as 'the Elgin Marbles' from Athens early in the century—was heard to murmur to himself on his death-bed in 1841; but his curiosity was not satisfied.

Robert Louis Stevenson had, like the Prince of Wales, the pleasure—the melancholy pleasure, perhaps—of reading before his death the good things the Press would write of him when he was no more. 'It has been a source of interest and amusement to me in this island home,' he once said to a visitor to Samoa, 'to read from time to time my obituary notices. The news travels so far before it can be contradicted, that it often becomes exciting. However, the climate is so admirable, that instead of furnishing the journals with interesting matter for paragraphs, I am likely to supply my editors with copy for a considerable time to come.' When the news reached this country in December of 1894 that the great novelist was dead, it was believed and hoped by many to be an unfounded rumour, and that once again Mr Stevenson would be able to read his obituary notices. But, alas! the announcement was only too true.

A still rarer experience is for one to write one's own obituary for a newspaper. Miss Harriet Martineau, the celebrated author, who was for many years a leader-writer on the staff of the *Daily News*, actually wrote the obituary which appeared in the issue of that journal for June 29, 1876, two days after her death. A more excellent or impartial review of her career could hardly have been produced. She says she had 'small imaginative and suggestive powers, and therefore no approach to genius;' and that 'she could popularise, though she could neither discover nor invent.' This remarkable obituary, which fills three and a half columns of the *Daily News*, was published precisely as it was written in 1855, when the author and the subject of it felt that her end was at hand. But she lived for twenty-one years after, during which the obituary notice lay in a pigeon-hole in the *Daily News* office.

But probably the most extraordinary circumstances in connection with this subject were two recent libel actions against London evening papers for statements contained in obituaries. In one case a man fell from a train in motion on a Welsh railway and was killed. There was nothing on his person to lead to his identification; but as some sketch-books belonging to an artist connected with a London weekly illustrated paper were found in an empty carriage of the train, it was presumed the dead man was the artist, and a telegram



to that effect was sent, in the ordinary course, to the London newspapers.

One of the evening journals published a sketch of the artist's life, in which it was said that if the deceased had only had more application and steadiness he would have attained a far higher position in illustrated journalism. But the artist was not dead at all; he had simply forgotten his paraphernalia in the railway carriage, and on returning to London, brought an action against the evening paper for libel, which he alleged was contained in its comments in the obituary notice. The action was settled out of Court by the payment of substantial damages.

In the other and more recent case, the person who complained of being slandered in an obituary was a music-hall artist. The notice of his death was complimentary to him as a singer, but it insinuated that he was an agent of the Irish-American dynamitards, and as such, frequently travelled between London, New York, and Paris. The newspaper in question got the news from an outside contributor—it was sent, probably, as a stupid or malicious practical joke; but the music-hall artist was handsomely compensated for its publication.

The obituary writer must be a diligent and omnivorous reader of newspapers and magazines and of current literature; and when he reads, he must always have beside him pencil and note-book, scissors, paste, and scrap-book. Thanks to my own extensive scrap-books and note-books, which I have indexed on a most elaborate scale, I can turn out at a few hours' notice a biographical sketch, from three to six columns long, of any of the thirty or forty leading men and women of the day in politics, literature, art, or science. It is only by such a system that full and accurate obituaries can be written. The public careers of these distinguished personages are recorded from day to day, from week to week, in the newspapers, and from month to month in the magazines, while occasionally, glimpses behind the scenes in their private lives are afforded by the autobiographies and reminiscences of contemporaries, which form a not insignificant part of current literature; and one needs to be very alert, and very laborious in the use of pencil and scissors and paste-brush, to keep note-books and scrap-books fully up to date.

Occasionally, men and women spring suddenly into fame. I may mention as recent instances Mr Crockett and Mr John Davidson in literature; Mrs Patrick Campbell on the stage; and Mr Asquith in politics. In some of these cases it is not easy to trace the career of a man up to the point at which he achieved renown, and his movements and doings became of interest to the general public. I have, therefore, often written to a man for necessary information which I could obtain from no other source, telling him, of course, I needed it for a biographical sketch, but refraining from mentioning the melancholy occasion on which that sketch would be published; and, as a rule, I have always attained the desired object.

In one instance, however—the case of a man who is still alive, and holds a very warm

corner in the hearts of millions of the people of these islands—I inadvertently mentioned the object for which I wanted the information I asked for, and as my letter reached him on his birthday, of all days of the year, I am afraid it was a most unseasonable and perhaps a most unwelcome communication. Nevertheless, it evoked the following genial reply:

'DEAR SIR—You acted the part of the skelton at the feast in my household this morning, and acted it, I must say, in a becomingly gruesome fashion. At the breakfast table, while I was happily receiving the congratulations of my family on my seventy-sixth birthday—for I was born three-quarters of a century ago to-day—I opened your letter; and when I read of the purpose for which you require the information you asked for, truly the subsequent proceedings interested me no more. A moment after I was told I looked as if I might live for ever, comes your reminder that the newspapers are making preparations for my death! Well, now, wasn't that provoking! However, I'll forgive your untimely intrusion if you promise not to be too hard on me in your sketch of my career. I only hope that the newspapers circulate in Paradise, in order that I may read there what you have got to say of me.'

He gave me the information I desired; and in a letter of apology and thanks I sent him, I told him of the profound conviction which prevails in journalistic circles that the best guarantee of a long life is to have one's obituary pigeon-holed in a newspaper office, of which there are two remarkable illustrations in the cases of Earl Russell and Harriet Martineau.

## AN ELECTRIC SPARK.\*

### CHAPTER V. (continued).

'I'm glad I spoke out about that, Ren,' said Brant, placing his foot upon a chair, resting his arm upon his knee, and speaking in a low, thoughtful manner. 'I must make more of a push of it now over the business, and insist upon taking my place there. I'm afraid I've been a bit careless.'

Rénée looked at him wistfully.

'Yes,' he said; 'that has been it, Ren. The old man made it too easy for me, and a young fellow likes a bit of pleasure: races and all that sort of thing.'

'It has troubled Papa a great deal, Brant,' said Renée.

'S'pose so. But half of it was his fault; and it wasn't pleasant for us to have rows about it. Dear old boy; he's a good fellow, and we can't have him knocking up from too much work.'

'No, Brant, and it troubles me greatly.'

'Of course it does. I haven't noticed it so much till lately. Then the change came upon me all at once, and I felt startled.'

'Brant!'

'There, there; don't take it like that. Noth-

\* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

ing the matter but that he is fagged out, poor old boy.' But there; I'll—we, I mean—we'll soon put that right: you work at home, I at the office.'

'Thank you, Brant, dear; we will indeed.'

'He won't like it at first; but he'll soon get used to it.' So hard, you know, to alter a man's habits.'

'But, Brant, speak frankly to me. Dr Kilpatrick never will.'

'Of course he won't—doctors are such humbugs. They pretend things are worse than they are, and play mystery and hocus-pocus to make you think they are wonderfully clever when the patient gets well. No; there's nothing radically wrong with him, only fagged out. Worries too much. More he makes, the more he wants to make; and money doesn't mean happiness, Ren.'

'No, Brant.'

'It's very well, of course; but you want something else, or it's of no use.—Well, there; I must be off directly. I shall go straight back to the office, and there's going to be a bit of rebellion. I don't care what he says; I shall stick to the work and relieve him all I can.'

'Thank you, Brant. I know you will.'

'Yes. There's no nonsense about it now, Ren—I mean work, and to hold my own at the office: he must make me a junior partner.'

Rénée shook her head. 'I'm afraid he would not yet.'

'He must, dear. It is necessary for my position. Hang the money! I don't want that. I can get on with what I have now; but if a fellow is to command, he must have his commission. I'm only a sort of clerk, and there must be some change made.'

Rénée shook her head: she was too much in her father's confidence not to know a good deal about her cousin's career in Great George Street.

'Don't do that, my dear,' he said quietly. 'You must work with me for his sake. Ren, I'm four-and-twenty next year; I know all the flam of a fashionable man's life. It won't do. A fellow wants something more solid. Thank goodness, my life's mapped out, and Robert Dalton & Co. shan't stand still, I promise you. I mean to make you all proud of me and of what I do. He's a fine old fellow, and he has done a deal for me; and I'll let him see that I've got some of the right stuff in me after all.'

'Thank you, Brant,' cried Renée, placing her hands in his. 'You don't know how happy you have made me,' she cried, the husky tone of his voice impressing her. 'I always told Papa that you would see through your folly soon, and be to us the good loving boy again that you were when you first came.'

'Thank you, too, dear,' he cried warmly, as he held her hands, but turned away his head a little. 'I say, don't think me a soft.'

'I am only too glad to see you moved, Brant, dear.'

'Are you, Ren? And you will help me in my plans?'

'Of course, dear; and if they result in weaning Papa from so much weary toil and restore him to his health, I shall be happy indeed.'

'Then you shall be happy, Ren,' he said earnestly.—'Now, listen: I must be a partner for the sake of the position. You'll help me in that, too, for all our sakes?'

'Of course I will, dear.'

'Mind, it is for his sake. But once done, the rest will follow.'

'Yes, I see,' said Renée.

'And you do believe in me now?'

'Yes, indeed I do,' she said, looking him full in his eyes.

'Thank you, dear,' he cried, folding her in his arms and kissing her warmly as he took her quite by surprise. 'We must make him consent to an early marriage, and'—

'Brant!' she exclaimed wildly as she wrested herself free, and gazed at him wide-eyed, cheek flaming, and astonished.

'Why, what's the matter, dear?' he said, trying to catch her to his breast again.

'Don't!'

Only that one word, but accompanied by a look full of indignation.

'Why, you silly little thing!' he said, laughing. 'Woman's nature. You love me, and promise me everything I could wish for, and then look flashes of lightning at me for trying to steal a kiss. What a naughty little cousin!'

'Brant!' she cried excitedly, 'you misunderstand me.'

'Oh, no; I don't, pussy. If there is any one I understand, it is you.—But there, so long as we understand each other, that will do. You know I love you, and have for these two years past, as a man loves the first woman who ever made his heart beat fast. I can wait. We have others to think of now more than of ourselves. We must study him, Ren, dear.'

'Brant,' she cried in horror at his quiet assumption of a right to speak as he did, 'are you mad?'

'Very nearly, dear—with joy. My darling cousin has shown me the secret of her dear little heart, and I know she loves me.'

'Oh yes,' she cried wildly. 'Cousin Brant, if I made you think I loved you, it was as my cousin—as my brother.'

'What!' he cried, laughing. 'Nonsense, Ren, dear. You don't know yourself yet. There; I love you all the better for your sweet girlish innocency.'

'No, no, Brant; don't—don't talk like that,' she cried wildly.

'Why, what has come to you, darling?' he said tenderly, as she turned hysterical.

'Don't—don't touch me,' she cried, almost fiercely. 'It is all a dreadful misunderstanding.'

'Is it?' he cried, with a hard look in his eyes, and his whole manner changing. 'I'll show you that it is not. You can't draw back now, Ren, for a girlish whim. Recollect, it is for poor uncle's sake, as well as our happiness.—Why, what do you mean? One minute you are all loving and kind; the next, ready to make me think—— But there, nonsense! I know I startled you. I'll wait for a bit, and you'll soon think differently. Misunderstanding? Oh no, Ren, dear, there is no misunderstanding now. I take it that you have promised to be my little wife.'

'Brant,' she said, growing perfectly calm now, and speaking with quiet womanly dignity, 'listen to me.'

'Listen to you? Yes, I like to,' he said playfully.

'Oh, don't speak to me like that, Brant,' she said, losing her firmness for a moment.

'I can't guide my tongue when I speak to you, Ren—dear,' he said.

'Listen to me: you are purposely trifling.'

'No: serious as a judge,' he replied.

'Brant, stop this mocking way. You shall listen to me seriously. We were children together, and to me you have always seemed like a brother.'

'Nonsense!' he said sharply, and with the blood now beginning to tingle in his cheeks. 'I have always thought of you as my little wife. I told uncle I meant to marry you over a year ago, and again this morning.'

'Oh, no, no, no,' she cried excitedly.

'Don't be so silly, Ren. We are man and woman now, bound together to help him, perhaps to save his life.'

'Bound to help my dear father,' she cried, 'but not like that.'

There was such a look of horror in her eyes that he began to lose patience, but he mastered his rising temper, and said firmly: 'Yes: bound like that—for his sake.'

'But it is impossible,' she cried; 'never speak to me again like this.'

'What?' he cried, with his temper getting the upper hand for the moment; but he was master of himself again directly, and laughed unpleasantly. 'What an absurd girl you are! There; all right: hold me off a bit. I know.'

'Oh Brant,' she cried in so piteous a tone that he was startled, and gazed at her fiercely. 'You do not know.'

'What?' he cried. 'You mean— No: it isn't that,' he said in a low menacing tone. 'It couldn't be. Ren, I'm a man now—a man of strong feeling. I love you, and you are going to be my wife. Soon, too, for many reasons; so be sensible and wise, dear. Why, if it had been that which I thought, instead of a bit of coquetry on your part, I'd— Yes, I'd kill him.'

'Brant!'

'As I would some dog that had bitten me.'

She looked at him with the pupils of her eyes dilating, and the rage with which he had battled hard had its way.

'Then it is,' he cried, catching her wrist. 'I suspected it; but I wouldn't believe it of you. What has he dared to say?'

She wrested her hand away, and looked at him defiantly.

'Yes,' he continued, 'I'd shoot him like a dog. And as for you— There; pish! you make me angry, dear. I couldn't help it. That's impossible. I won't say what I was going to— Yes; I will. Look here, then. You are only a girl, so let me tell you that it is dangerous to trifle with a strong man's love. If such a thing were possible—that you had listened to another, sooner than he should rob me of you—of one whom I have always looked upon as my wife—I'd—kill you.'

Brant seemed another man. His words came

in a savage whisper, which, in spite of her indignation, made Renée shrink from him in horror, and for the moment, trembling. But in a short time she had recovered herself and spoke up bravely.

'You have no right to talk to me like that, Brant,' she cried. 'It is cruel and insulting.'

'Then there is something,' he said.

She made no reply, but looked in his eyes defiantly—the girl no longer, a strong woman now.

'Then that insolent pauper—that miserable time-serving sneak, Wynyan, has spoken to you. I suspected him. The hound! Mr Paul Wynyan, eh?'

She looked at him scornfully, but she was very white.

'Right! You don't deny it,' he continued. 'Not the first clerk who has made love to his master's daughter.'

'Brant, you have said enough.' She spoke quietly now. 'Pray, go, before you say words which must cause a cruel estrangement between us.'

'How sentimentally romantic we are! Cause an estrangement between us? Oh, do not think it, fairest cousin. So I'm to be honoured by having the proud young porter—I mean engineer, for a relative. Is it really he?—You are silent. Better tell me, so that I shall not make any mistake. It would be so sad if I did him a mischief, and he proved to be the wrong man. —Not a word? Then I suppose I am correct. Now, listen to me. I mean to be uncle's partner, and your husband; so I shall just go straight back to the office and thrash Wynyan till he cannot stand, and then bring the dog into uncle's room, and make him confess that he has taken advantage of his position of trust to address his master's daughter, and— Here, what are you going to do?' he cried as she darted to and rang the bell.

'Send for some one to protect me from your violence and insult, sir.'

'Then you set me at defiance?'

'Yes.'

'You throw over your poor suffering father.'

'Did you ring, ma'am?'

'Ask Miss Bryne to come here.'

The man withdrew.

'War, is it, then?' cried Brant, striding to the table and snatching the flowers he had brought from where they stood, and raising them to dash them down upon the carpet, only checking the impulse.

'No, no; I won't do that,' he said with a mocking laugh. 'It would be a pity. Get some wire, dear, and make them into a wreath to send to our dear Paul when I have had my interview with him. Don't make a mistake, Ren; I mean what I say, and'— He paused as he reached the door. 'Recollect, you are going to be my wife.'

He strode out of the house, and had hard work to check himself in a mad desire to give a slashing stroke at the neck of a marble statue on the landing, and then from banging the door.

He grew calmer, though, as he reached the street with a grim kind of calmness, and he

said to himself: 'That settles it. Fate had nothing else. It would have given me time, and I could have borrowed then of anybody. Well, all right. I wanted to be an honest man. Never mind; there's little Bella Endoza after all.'

#### CHAPTER VI.—A POOR CONSOLER.

That spray producer took so long in finding.

'Poor fellow!' said Miss Bryne, smiling in a late twilight fashion. 'I could see it in his eye. He has been very naughty, I'm afraid; but if he loves her, and is a good boy now, why should it not be so? I don't think dear *Rénée* loves him; but she has grieved a great deal about him when Robert has been put out; and though they are cousins, he might make her very happy; and it would be so sad for either of them to suffer a disappointment in early youth, as some one did whom I once knew.'

Miss Bryne sighed, and looked in the glass at her pleasant, amiable, but decidedly *passé* aspect, and mused upon the past.

'It is a terrible thing this love, and I fear me that it produces more pain than pleasure in the world. But dearest *Rénée* would make any man happy and good if he could win her. —Lilies! How suitable a present for her. Sent only—memories of the dead flowers—for poor me. Heigh-ho! never mind; I will not murmur. It might have been, had he lived; and now—who knows what may be.'

Miss Bryne stood with her brow wrinkled, looking very dreamy for a time. Then the smile came faintly upon her lip again.

'I think I'll leave them together a little longer. No: perhaps I ought not to. I'll go down now.' At that moment a sound which came in through the open window made her start. 'Why, he has gone!' she said in surprise; and then in a hurried manner she descended to the drawing-room, where *Rénée* stood trembling and agitated, face to face with a something which had crept into her breast, and of whose presence she had not been fully aware till her cousin rudely dragged the veil aside.

Miss Bryne entered softly and quickly. 'I really cannot find the spray producer anywhere, my dear.' Then archly: 'I hope you did not think me long?'

At these words *Rénée* slowly turned her face, and Miss Bryne's manner changed. That face was easy to read; and hurrying to her niece's side, she caught the agitated girl in her arms.

'*Rénée*, my darling, what is the matter?'

It was like the touch of the discharging rod upon a Leyden jar. One moment *Rénée* had stood there overcharged with human electricity, a passionate, indignant woman, vibrating with the intense storm evoked by that which she had gone through; the next, the cloud had burst with its rain, and she was sobbing with an hysterical rush of tears in Miss Bryne's arms.

'Yes? No?' mused the elder lady as she caressingly tried to soothe and comfort her charge. 'Oh, this love, this love!' she said to herself. 'It must be so. The reaction that is sure to come after the self-surrender—this owing to the passion so deeply hidden in the

breast. Ah, what we poor trembling women suffer for their sake.'

'It is, yes,' mused Miss Bryne as she gently led *Rénée* to a couch, and drew the agitated face down till it was hidden in her breast. 'He has told her, and she loves him; but the poor heart rebels still against its master. Ah, so like—so like. But it is nature, I suppose; and throughout nature is so cruel, even the gentle birds can peck. Oh, how well I know.'

'*Rénée*, dearest,' she whispered, 'what is it?'

There was no reply.

'Can you not confide in me, my own?'

Still no reply, but *Rénée*'s arms tightened about her aunt's neck.

'That is right, dear. I know your brave little heart feels crushed, and you cannot trust yourself to speak. But let me help you, dearest. It will do you good, I know: I could not help seeing what he meant by bringing those flowers and asking me to go.'

*Rénée* raised her head with her face now flushed and her eyes flashing.

'Did Brant ask you to go, aunt?'

'Yes, dearest.—But don't, pray, don't look at me like that.'

'How could you, aunt! How could you!' cried *Rénée*, shrinking away in her indignation.

'My darling, I did it for the best; and I thought perhaps that—though you might think like this, you would thank me afterwards.'

'Oh aunt! shame!' cried *Rénée* angrily.

'Don't speak to me like that, dearest,' pleaded Miss Bryne. 'But tell me: Brant did come to propose to you?'

'Yes: my cousin!'

'Well, yes, dear, the relationship is near; but then we have precedent amongst people in the highest ranks of society. And besides, love, dear Brant is like myself, related in the second degree. Really, dearest, I do not think you need raise that as an obstacle. Of course it was quite right to name it at first.'

*Rénée*'s weakness had passed away, and she looked at her aunt with an air of perplexity mingled with contempt and indignation, which increased when Miss Bryne drew her closer once more and kissed her tenderly.

'You are agitated now, dearest,' whispered Miss Bryne, 'and it is only natural, my love. Ah *Rénée*, my child, I have suffered too. But you might confide in me, dear. It would make me so happy to feel that I was everything to you, and I know, darling, it would comfort this brave little throbbing heart.'

'Aunt, I have nothing to confide more than you know,' said *Rénée* coldly.

'My darling!' said Miss Bryne reproachfully.

'Well, what do you wish me to say? I have always thought of Brant as my brother. He took me by surprise, and I felt that it was dreadful.'

'Yes, dear, at first. It is how a woman should feel. But afterwards?'

'Afterwards, I made him passionately angry, and he left me after saying the cruellest things.'

'But you had relented first, dear?'  
'Relented? Oh aunt, this is too dreadful. How can you be so weak?'

'Because I am a suffering woman, my child, and we are all alike. I could confide in you, dearest, and I should like you to confide in me. But there; I know what it is. One feels the pain, the agony of it all; but, *Rénée*, dearest, we should not quite believe in our hearts: they are liable to deceive us, and to prompt us to say things which may cause us to repent for years.—No, no; don't try to leave me, dear. I want to sympathise with you as I can. You know once, dear—ah, so many years ago! there was some one who never would have proposed to me; but if he had, I know then that I should have indignantly refused him, and then relented ever after. Come, try and believe in me, and make me the receptacle of all your thoughts, love; and think, I beg of you, for the sake of your father's happiness, don't be too ready to treat all that has passed as final. You may see later on that it was to be, only you checked the current of two loving hearts. If Brant loves you, as I think he does, ought you to blast his hopes?'

'Aunt, dear, I cannot bear this. Please, say no more. There; I must—I must go.'

'Yes, dear, you shall. I know solitude is so great a comfort at such times. But so is sympathy, dearest—a woman's sympathy, especially of one who is perhaps as weak as yourself. You want it now, if ever.'

'Yes,' thought *Rénée* in the solitude of her own room, 'I want it now, if ever. Poor aunt! And yet she loves me very dearly, in her way.'

### GINSENG.

THE most prized drug in the entire Chinese pharmacopœia—that medley of fearful and wonderful things—is the famous Ginseng, the root of a plant belonging to the Ivy tribe, which has for centuries been regarded as a very elixir of life, and supposed to be endowed with almost miraculous properties. While of prime importance in China and Japan, its use is by no means confined to these countries. It is the principal tonic used in Central Asia, and in Oriental countries generally, and indeed was at one time introduced into Europe, where it met with some favour, until sarsaparilla supplanted it in popularity.

So great is the demand for ginseng in China, that the finest kinds command enormous prices; the drug, according to quality, selling at from six dollars to four hundred dollars an ounce. Doubtless, its dearness contributes largely, with such a people as the Chinese, to raise its celebrity so high. The rich and the mandarins probably use it mainly out of pure ostentation, as its cost puts it beyond the reach of the common people. To meet the wants of the poorer classes, many other roots are substituted, the most important of which is American ginseng, the product of an allied species, which is largely im-

ported from the United States. This American ginseng is said to be much used in the domestic medicine of the States to the west of the Alleghanies; but it is regarded by regular medical practitioners as quite worthless.

Notwithstanding the firm belief which the Chinese have in the extraordinary powers of the genuine native root, Europeans have hitherto failed to find any remarkable properties in it, and it has no active principle and no medicinal action. Like the mandrake, which was accounted so potent in former days, it no doubt derives its virtues largely from the faith of the patient. Dr Porter Smith, however, mentions having seen some cases in which life appeared to have been prolonged for a time by its use. M. Manck states that a Cossack of his party, having accidentally chopped off a finger with an axe, applied an ointment made of ginseng to the wound, which healed rapidly. The Chinese believe it to be a sovereign remedy for almost all diseases, and more particularly for exhaustion of body or mind. M. Huc says that 'they report marvels of its curative powers, and no doubt it is for Chinese organisations a tonic of very great effect for old and weak persons; but its nature is too heating, the Chinese physicians admit, for the European temperament, already, in their opinion, too hot.'

At one time the ginseng grown in Manchuria was considered to be the finest, and it became so scarce in consequence, that an Imperial edict was issued prohibiting its collection. All the supplies of the drug collected in the Chinese Empire are Imperial property, and are sold to those allowed to deal in it at its weight in gold. The ginseng obtained in Corea is now accounted most valuable. The root of the wild plant is preferred to that of the cultivated, and the quality of the drug is supposed to improve with the age of the plant. The export from Corea is a strict monopoly, the punishment for smuggling it out being death. The total export is only about twenty-seven thousand pounds annually; but owing to its great value, even this small quantity yields a considerable revenue, which is said to be the king's personal perquisite. Ginseng is also grown in Japan, where it was introduced from Corea, but as there the plant grows much more luxuriantly than in its native country, the root is considered less active, and is not so much esteemed.

Though the product of the wild ginseng is most valued, the plant is carefully cultivated in some parts of Corea. It is raised from seed which is sown in March. The seedlings are transplanted frequently during the first two or three years, and great care is taken to shade them from the sun and rain. Healthy plants mature in about four years, but the roots are not usually taken up until the sixth season. Ordinary ginseng is prepared by simply drying the root in the sun or over a charcoal fire. To make red or clarified ginseng, the root is placed in wicker baskets, which are put in a large earthenware vessel with a closely fitting cover, and pierced in the bottom with holes. The whole is then set over boiling water and steamed for about four hours. The ginseng is

afterwards dried until it assumes a hard resinous, translucent appearance, which is a proof of its good quality. That of the best quality is generally sold in hard, rather brittle, translucent pieces, about the size of the little finger, and from two to four inches in length. Its taste is mucilaginous, sweetish, and slightly bitter and aromatic.

The greatest care is taken of the pieces of the finest quality. M. Huc says that throughout China no chemist's shop is unprovided with more or less of it. According to the account given by Lockhart (*Medical Missionary in China*) of a visit to a ginseng merchant, it is stored in small boxes lined with sheet-lead, which are kept in larger boxes containing quicklime for absorbing moisture. The pieces of the precious drug are further enclosed in silk wrappers and kept in little silk-lined boxes. The merchant, when showing a piece bared of its wrappings to Mr Lockhart for his inspection, requested him not to breathe on or handle it, while he dilated on its merits, and related the marvellous cures he had known it to effect. The root is covered, according to quality, with the finest embroidered silk, plain cotton cloth, or paper.

In China, ginseng is often sent to friends as a valuable present, and in such cases there is usually presented along with the drug a small finely finished double kettle for its preparation. The inner kettle is made of silver, and between it and the outside copper vessel is a small space for holding water. The silver kettle fits in a ring near the top of the outer covering, and is furnished with a cup-like cover, in which rice is put, with a little water. The ginseng is placed in the inner vessel, the cover put on, and the whole apparatus set on the fire. When the rice in the cover is cooked, the medicine is ready, and is eaten by the patient, who drinks the ginseng tea at the same time.

The dose of the root is from sixty to ninety grains. During the use of the drug, tea-drinking is prohibited for at least a month, without any other change of diet. It is taken in the morning before breakfast, and sometimes in the evening before going to bed.

In India, Persia, and Afghanistan, ginseng is known as *chob-chini*, the 'Chinese wood.' In these countries it is prepared either as a powder, which is compounded of ginseng, with gum-mastic and sugar-candy, equal parts of each, about a drachm being taken once a day, early in the morning; or as a decoction, in the preparation of which an ounce of fine parings is boiled for a quarter of an hour in a pint of water. There are two ways in which the tonic is taken. The first is a truly Oriental luxurious method, affected by wealthy people, and especially by Afghan princes. The patient retires to a garden, where his senses are soothed by listening to music, the song of birds, and the bubbling of a flowing stream, and enjoying the balmy breeze. He avoids everything likely to trouble and annoy him, and will not even open a letter lest it should contain bad news; and the doctor forbids any one to contradict him. Some grandees of Central Asia go through a course of forty days of this pleasant regimen every second year. The other and

more commonplace method of taking ginseng requires no other precautions than the avoiding of acids, salt, and pepper, and choosing summertime, as cold is supposed to cause rheumatism.

## AN UNAUTHORISED INTERVENTION.\*

### CHAPTER II.

INSTINCTIVELY, in his utter amazement, Jack advanced a step. At a sign from the colonel, who had evidently mistaken his meaning, half-a-dozen revolvers were pointed at his head.

'Resistance is useless, señor,' said the officer. 'The house is surrounded—and the soldiers have their orders. Surely Don Juan, after his long absence, isn't already tired of his native country? It would be a pity if he were to share the fate of his distinguished father—just yet.'

His tone was not very pleasant; but of course Jack had not the same reason to resent it as the real Juan Tovar might have had, any more than he had the inclination to resent the laugh with which the words were received. He confronted the colonel quite calmly: the instant's thought had shown him the position—and its possibilities.

'I am sorry to disappoint you, Señor Coronel,' he said, very slowly; 'but might it not be as well to make sure, first of all, that you have the right man?'

The colonel threw out his palms in a significant gesture.

'Because, in the other case,' Jack went on, unheeding, 'it may prove very uncomfortable for the Señor Coronel and his Government if they detain a British subject without reasonable cause, and without reasonable inquiry. That, of course,' he added, 'is a matter for the Señor Coronel. I am powerless.'

'Ca! I am glad Don Juan recognises the facts—for his own sake.' He resumed his tone of irony. 'And so you are a British subject now, señor? I was aware of your residence in England for a year or two, but not that it absolved you from the risks of meddling with the affairs of San Estevan.'

'I have nothing more to say,' replied Jack, 'except this: I have already given your subordinates all particulars of myself; the *Idaho* is still at anchor, and you may easily satisfy yourself of their truth; and if not, I shall hold myself free to take such steps as I may think proper to get reparation for this outrage. You have heard my protest, Señor Coronel. The rest is for yourself.'

Then he lit a cigar carelessly, by way of hinting that he had no further interest in the proceedings. The onlookers exchanged glances: they seemed struck by his attitude of indifference. But the colonel, who was an obstinate man by nature, and incapable of more than one idea at a time, smiled blandly in the consciousness of his superior prescience.

'Oh! it is good acting,' he remarked. 'But

\* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

Don Juan does not flatter our intelligence. We expected him; we did not expect (even we) that he would land at Sampacho labelled with his name and object, or without a story. When he left Valparaiso on the 14th— He paused for a contradiction.

Jack calmly blew out his match. 'We seem to be losing time,' he said.

'Then you surrender to the charge, señor?'

'Pardon me: I submit to force. You have my warning of the probable consequences.' And seeing no alternative, he handed over his revolver as he spoke.

'Don Juan is wise,' replied the colonel, accepting the weapon. 'You have no other arms on your person? Very good!—For myself, I am quite ready to take the responsibility for my action, either now or when the British Government chooses to interfere.'

'Now that we understand each other, I am at your service. May I ask what you intend to do with me?'

'Pray, assure yourself, señor. On my part, nothing very terrible,' said the officer, unbending under the obvious delusion that his prisoner had thrown up his hand. 'I shall only have the honour to conduct you to-morrow to the city of San Estevan. My own duty ends when I deliver you to the military Governor: it is for him, under the instructions of His Excellency the President, to deal with serious cases of rebellion—such as this.'

'And in the meantime?'

'I am afraid you must spend the night in close custody. Believe me, however, that we shall do our utmost to make your visit to the republic—which,' said he, with grim humour, 'may not be a long one—as comfortable as we can.'

With that he turned to give some instructions to his subordinates, and for a minute Jack was left to his own thoughts. These, one must admit, were scarcely so desponding as they should have been. Indeed, he smiled to himself as he pictured the look on Sir Ralph Petre's face if that worthy diplomatist were to see him in his present plight, held prisoner as a dangerous rebel within ten minutes of his landing, and now watched over in every movement by a dozen pairs of keen and suspicious eyes!

His pleasant musings were broken by the colonel's voice. 'Now, Don Juan,' he said.

'I am ready, Señor Coronel,' he answered. 'But, first, there is one favour that I must beg of you.'

The colonel bowed. 'If it is within my power—'

'I have simply to ask you to address me, while we are together, by the name I have given. It isn't a matter of much importance, perhaps; but I have no wish to pose, even for a day or two, as a man whom I have never seen.'

'Oh! as you please,' said the other, laughing carelessly.

He signed to his officers, and preceded Jack to the door. Outside, the street was occupied by an imposing array of soldiers under arms, and beyond them the presence of the curious villagers was dimly to be discerned in the

shadow of the houses. Jack took his place by the colonel's side; the troops closed round; and, at the word of command, the party moved off in dead silence through the line of tumble-down huts. It was a novel experience to the Englishman, and in his state of mind not altogether an unpleasant one, to feel himself the central figure of all this hubbub. For once in his life, at least, he was a personage of some importance. The sensation was still fresh when they drew up presently before a low, white-washed building, and the information was vouchsafed to him that he had reached his lodging for the night. The larger portion of his guard was told off for various duties around and about the house; and, surrounded by the rest, he was conducted through a vile *patio*—which seemed to be used chiefly for stabling purposes—to an equally vile chamber, furnished only with a pallet and a couple of chairs, and far from clean. Here he had a last tussle with the Commandante. Learning that he was expected, for precaution's sake, to share the little room with two soldiers, he objected in the strongest terms. They could post half-a-dozen outside his door, and another half-dozen at the window, and as many around the place as they chose; but he insisted so energetically upon privacy within it, that at last the officer gave in. Then he wished his prisoner '*Buenas noches*,' and withdrew with his men.

Left to his meditations, Jack threw himself upon the pallet and indulged in a hearty bout of laughter. At the moment, it was the ludicrous side of the position that struck him most of all. He did not blame his captors overmuch. Evidently they had some ground to expect the arrival of the redoubtable Juan Tovar; he was not surprised, after what he had heard on board the *Idaho*, to find how much they feared him; and, for all that he knew to the contrary, they might be as much alike as twin-brothers. He amused himself with the fancy of the Señor Coronel's disappointment when the mistake was discovered, and hugged the anticipation of his own part in the scene. And in the meantime? Well, he felt no inclination to hurry on the crisis; the adventure pleased him; and as he meant to be as comfortable as circumstances would permit, he set himself for slumber with an easy conscience. Almost the last sound that came to his ears before he fell off was the steam-whistle of the *Idaho* as she resumed her voyage northward. It mingled in his dreams all that night with the tramp-tramp of the sentinels outside his door.

Even the annoyances of the next morning did not serve to depress his spirits. His toilet was made, his breakfast eaten, under the eyes of his guards; he loitered for two hours in the *patio*, stared at by a succession of unwashed warriors. They did not grow in one's favour under the light of day: their uniforms seemed more ragged, their demeanour more villainous, their whole appearance as far removed from soldierly smartness as could well be imagined. He was relieved at half-past nine by the coming of the colonel, with the welcome news that everything was in readiness for his departure—if the señor pleased.

'The señor is only too glad,' he returned.



The scene in the village was a repetition of that of the previous evening. The most elaborate precautions had evidently been taken to ensure his safe custody and prevent the possibility of a rescue. He had the usual escort; from the inn to the railway depôt, not more than a thousand yards in distance, the road was lined by troops; the brown-faced villagers had been crushed back into the spaces between the huts, whence they watched the procession with curious eyes; and the little station itself was occupied by the military, to the total exclusion of the populace. By this time Jack had become rather indifferent to their presence, and glanced with more interest at the train. It consisted, first, of a fairly-powerful engine, badly in need of some paint; a carriage of four compartments, which had probably been condemned as antiquated by the most backward railway company in England ten years before; five or six open wagons, in one of which a crowd of natives with market baskets was huddled, having apparently been evicted from their legitimate places; and, lastly, the conductor's van. Everywhere there were soldiers—in three of the four compartments, in the van, even on the engine. If this were on his account alone, then indeed were the authorities in a nervous state.

The second compartment was empty: the colonel motioned him to take his seat in it.

'After you, señor,' said he, stepping aside.

'My thanks—no! My place is on the engine.'

Jack stared at him. 'On the engine! But that will be a little uncomfortable, won't it?' he suggested.

'Doubtless,' said the other, with a shrug of his shoulders. 'It is only a matter of precaution.'

'But surely you don't fear a rescue, Señor Coronel?'

'Oh! it is always as well to be prepared for one,' was the reply. 'And now, if I may trouble you'—

Jack stepped in without another word, and was followed by four under-officers. Just then his thoughts were too busy with this new development to notice that they showed their revolvers very ostentatiously. What if the colonel's fears were realised? He recollected the English-speaking Indian, and for the first time saw the full significance of the incident. If he, too, had mistaken him for Tovar, he could not gainsay the possibility of a rescue being attempted. And in that event? It sounded very well and very romantic in theory: it was not unlikely to be somewhat unpleasant for him in solid reality. And a slight shiver ran through him as his eyes fell on his companions' revolvers.

He was still in his reverie when the train started on its way across the broad stretch of jungle which intervenes between the seaboard and the foot-hills. It was the beginning of a long and tedious journey. From Sampacho to the capital it is little more than forty miles; but of that nearly the half is a steady climb across the great mountain-range of San Estevan, beyond which the city lies; and this upward trip, according to one of the officers, was never done in less than seven hours. Then the day

was uncomfortably hot; his guards were not inclined to be sociable; and to a man wedged in the middle of a railway carriage, while the train crawls along at seven or eight miles an hour, the best scenery loses its attraction—although Jack, to be honest, did not trouble himself much with scenery under the best of circumstances. For one thing, however, he had the opportunity of deciding his plan of campaign without interruption. Barring the undesirable chance of a rescue, he felt little dread of the upshot. If the worst came to the worst, he had always the British Consul at San Estevan, Mr Chalmers, upon whom to fall back. He knew Chalmers well, having met him frequently at Salvatierra; but for divers reasons, not unconnected with Sir Ralph Petre, he did not wish to trouble him unless in the last resort, and of that he had no fear. Sooner or later, the discovery of his identity must be made; there was sure to be somebody in the capital who knew young Tovar. Meanwhile, he concluded, it was no business of his to help a tottering Government. All his sympathies were with the other side; and if by doing nothing he could confirm his captors in their mistake without compromising himself, and thus perhaps render the rebels some assistance—why, it was no more than the authorities deserved. He mapped out his course of action accordingly. It was one that might entail some discomfort, but of that he thought nothing: it was an experience in the present, and for the future it would at least be something worth telling in the smoking-room of his club.

The day passed slowly and without incident. Before long the train was toiling painfully through the mountain-passes, now ascending successive plateaux by gentle gradients, now skirting the edge of a picturesque ravine; the vegetation began to lose its distinctive tropical character, to approach more nearly to that of Europe; and, after the sultry heat of the coast-region, the freshness of the hill-air was delightful. Even here the colonel did not relax his precautions. At every little station at which they stopped—although scarcely a native was ever to be seen, save one or two who left or joined the party in the wagon behind—a number of soldiers descended and patrolled the line on both sides until they were ready to start again.

It was not until late in the afternoon that the monotony was broken. They had climbed the three thousand feet to the great plain of San Estevan; the mountains were behind them at last; and, as they drew up at a wayside station, Jack learned with relief that they had now a level run of barely ten miles to the capital. Then he chanced to glance out of the window. The station stood in the middle of an orange grove, the trees coming right up to the barriers; and through these, at this moment, several of his Indian fellow-travellers—they of the wagon—were passing between a file of the military. Jack started as he noticed the last one, who had halted for an instant to address a soldier. He saw only the man's profile, but it was enough: he could have sworn to it anywhere as that of his English-speaking acquaintance of the previous evening. Suddenly there

was a commotion. The soldier seemed to hustle the Indian; quick as a flash, the latter turned upon him, struck him heavily in the face, and sent him reeling amongst his comrades; then, in a couple of bounds, he sought refuge in the orange grove; and, wheeling for a second before he disappeared behind the trees, he shook his fist and shouted: 'Viva Tovar! Viva la Libertad!'

Immediately all was confusion. The soldiers rushed to the barriers; a few shots were fired; the hotter spirits, without waiting for the order, started in chase; the colonel ran up hot-foot, commanding and gesticulating. This Jack saw, and no more. He had risen in his excitement; and now he was roughly pressed back into his seat by his guards, and, with four revolvers staring him in the face, persuaded to remain there. But the issue of the episode was soon apparent. The colonel had evidently chosen the wiser part; for in another minute the train was again in motion, and did not stop until it reached the terminus at San Estevan. Here there were more soldiers, information of the capture having doubtless been sent on by telegraph; and as Jack descended at the invitation of the colonel, who looked none the better for his ride on the engine, an officer came forward to meet them.

'Is this the man, Señor Coronel?' he asked, saluting.

'Yes.'

'Then everything is ready for his reception. The Governor would like to examine him at once.'

So the critical moment was at hand! They passed outside, where a two-horse carriage was in waiting, surrounded—Jack was pleased to see—by a half-troop of cavalry. Beyond, a small crowd of loafers had gathered. There was no demonstration; he was hustled into the conveyance, followed by the colonel and another; the soldiers closed round; and off they went at full speed through one badly-paved street after another, each lined in sombre uniformity with one-storeyed, flat-roofed houses. The shaking and jolting were terrible, for the carriage seemed innocent of springs; but the journey was short, and in five minutes they dashed into the Plaza, and drew up before a large building on the farther side. Five o'clock was just striking on a neighbouring clock; and through the window of the coach the prisoner observed that more troops were manœuvring in the square, and that cannon were placed to command the approaches. He had a vague wonder if all the inhabitants of San Estevan were soldiers. Since his landing, he had seen few who were not.

Now, with half-a-dozen around him, he was conducted into the courtyard of the building; and there the colonel left him to kick his heels, and be stared at by those going out and in. For twenty minutes he awaited the Governor's pleasure, and then he was summoned into his presence—he and his escort. Presently he found himself in a large room, a soldier on either side, the others at the door. Behind a table, on which lay his gun-case and the contents of his bag, three men were seated—one of them the colonel; another, a youngish, sharp-faced

man in uniform; and the third, an older man in civilian's dress. He learned afterwards that the officer was General Ferreira, military Governor of the city; and his companion, Señor Elias, the President's chief secretary.

The two looked him over, somewhat insolently. Then Ferreira nodded.

'There is no doubt, Elias,' said he.

'No—I suppose not,' replied Elias, after another scrutiny. 'Still, he does not resemble his father so much as he promised ten years ago. He was only a boy then, of course.'

'Oh! they always change.' He turned to the soldiers. 'Search him!' he cried sharply.

Jack was taken by surprise, and before he recovered, the men had laid down their arms and gripped him. But he resisted instinctively, with all his strength, protesting with every muscle against the outrage. He was no weakling, and the guards soon discovered that they had their work cut out for them. For a minute Ferreira watched the struggle, smiling. Then, at a signal from him, the other soldiers advanced to their comrades' aid: Jack was thrown to the floor; and in a minute more, notwithstanding his efforts, the Governor's purpose had been accomplished. After all, it was fruitless. The only document found in his possession was a letter of credit upon a San Francisco banker, payable to John Thorold.

Jack rose to his feet. Hot with righteous indignation as he was, he saw his opportunity, and waited patiently until Ferreira and his colleagues had studied the paper.

'Well, Señor Tovar?' asked the general, looking up.

'I am waiting for your apology,' he said. 'You will find my name, and the proof of your mistake, in that paper.'

'Indeed?' said Ferreira, sneering. 'An apology?'

'Let me assure you, señor, that you will have to give it sooner or later,' he returned. 'That is quite certain; meanwhile, you will excuse me if I refuse to hold any communication with you until you have done so.'

'So you still deny your identity? I am afraid I must convince Señor Tovar'—this, nevertheless, with a side-glance at Elias. 'The document? Oh! we shall come to that presently. The apology, too—it also must wait a little.'

Jack folded his hands behind him. 'Very well,' he said: 'you understand, señor, that I have nothing whatever to say to you—and, for the rest, I am in your hands.'

'Let us begin at the beginning, then,' the general went on, unheeding his interruption. 'It is now about three months since you took up your residence in Valparaiso, where we happen to have a trusty agent. This is his report'—picking out a paper from the mass before him. '"About five feet ten inches in height, black hair, dark eyes, heavy dark moustache, is twenty-six years old, but looks thirty, speaks English well—will probably attempt to pass for an Englishman or American." He was right, you see. And the description—is it not good?'

Jack could not deny it, even to them: it fitted him well enough, although it was suffi-

ciently general to fit thousands of young men. But, true to his plan, he said nothing.

'Well, your preparations did not escape our agent,' continued Ferreira. 'The three months passed. Then, four days ago, we received a telegram warning us that you had left on the 14th on board the *Idaho* steamer, presumably bound for Sampacho. The *Idaho* arrived last evening: you were the only passenger to land.' He paused, as if this put the matter beyond doubt, but resumed as the prisoner still kept silence: 'On the wharf, you are met by an accomplice, with whom you have a whispered consultation. You are about to follow him, but the soldiers prevent the movement just in time.' He broke off, and turned to the colonel: 'By the way, what became of the accomplice?'

'He escaped in the confusion of the moment, general—we were more anxious to secure Señor Tovar.'

'He has not been seen since?'

'No.'

Jack smiled to himself, both because he could have told them differently—and for another reason.

'Is that enough?' asked Ferreira. 'If not—well, here are your clothes, your gun, all marked with the initials of your name. The English name also? Pah! It is to be supposed that even a fool, far less a clever man like Don Juan Tovar, would provide himself with an English name which corresponded with his initials, and even with a banker's letter in that name!—But enough of this!' said he, rising impatiently.—'Señor Elias, I presume that you are satisfied?'

Elias bowed.

'And you, Señor Coronel?'

'Quite!' replied the colonel.

Ferreira turned again to Jack. 'Then, Juan Tovar, I have to inform you that you will be held in strict confinement for the present, until I can report to His Excellency the President at the seat of war—and then, to-morrow or next day,' he added, in his former tone, 'I hope to make my apology to you in the Plaza, with a company of soldiers to witness it!'

Jack's answer was a broad smile, which meant very plainly that the general could do as he pleased. For, now that the conversation had given him the clue to the whole mystery, the threat had no terrors for him.

'Meanwhile, if you have nothing to say'—

'Nothing—except that I am very hungry, and should be glad of some dinner,' he said quietly.

Ferreira looked at him with more approval than he had yet shown, and also with some perplexity: he could appreciate his coolness, even if he could not quite understand it. But, before he had time to reply, a new sound came to his ears, startling him and the others into immediate attention: the sound of distant firing. For a minute or two they listened, speaking not a word, and then an officer flung himself unceremoniously into the room: 'General, the town has risen'—

Ferreira silenced the man with a quick gesture, and drew him aside. And Jack, straining his ears, overheard these snatches from the whispered communication: 'News has spread—

Tovar—armed mob—fired on soldiers!'—and overheard, too, the peremptory command of the general: 'You have the order: clear the streets at once, and at whatever cost!'

### AN OLD ENGLISH TOPOGRAPHER.

WHEN Thomas Baskerville, in 1678, rode at his own sweet will from one English town to another, he never dreamed the record of his journeyings would, two centuries later, rank among historical documents, and, as such, be given to the world at the public expense.

Holding inns to be the chief things about which the well-provided traveller has to concern himself, Baskerville is careful to set down those at which he stayed, the sort of entertainment they provided, with a word or two about the landlord or landlady. An inn exactly to his liking was the 'Black Swan' at Hereford, kept by an honest, ingenious gentleman, whose spouse was a distiller of incomparable strong waters; for at this hostelry was to be had a morning draught of two, three, four, or five year old beer, or brave red-streak cider, a beverage brought to such perfection by our traveller's own uncle, Lord Scudamore, that the Prince of Tuscany, imbibing it at Oxford, dubbed it 'Vin de Scudamore.' In the course of his wanderings, Baskerville came across several 'gentle' and 'genteel' hosts and hostesses, but missed seeing the landlord of the best inn in 'Chetnam,' by reason of that gentleman having just been hanged for making money by coining it. Belated one December night in Gloucestershire, Baskerville and half-a-dozen companions stumbled upon an inn at Withington, at which they found a conscionable landlord and landlady, 'for, being seven men and horses, we had good fires, excellent ale, of which we drank very freely, a good dish of steaks or fried beef, a dish of birds we had killed, well roasted, strong water, and for breakfast, bread and cheese and cold meats' tongues well boiled, hay, and each horse his peck of oats; and all this for seventeen shillings.'

The liquors in vogue in Charles II.'s days were canary at two shillings, sherry at twenty pence, claret 'as good as in London' at a shilling a bottle, sack at half-a-crown a quart, strong waters, ale, beer, cider, and mum. At York, Baskerville found his host's strong, sluggish ale so little to his liking, that he betook himself to a barber's house and regaled himself with 'China ale' at sixpence a quart. He was puzzled by the barber asking if he would bite—an inquiry explained by that worthy saying anybody who had a mind to drink at his house was welcome to roast beef and such-like victuals for nothing. At an inn between Skipton and Leeds the same hospitality was displayed, showing that the free lunch is by no means an American invention.

The inns of Northampton might be 'such gallant and stately structures the like is scarcely elsewhere to be seen;' but for a sumptuous signpost, the 'Scole Inn,' near St Edmundsbury, bore away the bell. It is thus described: 'The signpost, having most of the effigies cut in full proportion, is contrived with these poetical

fancies for supporters to the post. On the further side of the way there is Cerberus or a large dog with three heads on one side; and Charon with a boat rowing an old woman with a letter in her hand, on the other side. The other figures are Saturn, with a child in his arms, eating it up; Diana, with a crescent moon on her head; Actæon, with his hounds eating him, and the effigies of his huntsmen. Here also are cut in wood the effigies of Justice, Prudence, Temperance, and Fortitude; Neptune, the sea-god, with his sceptre or trident; and for a weathercock, a man taking the altitude with a quadrant. Moreover, this signpost is adorned with two figures of lions, two of harts, the one painted on a board, the other cut in wood in full proportion of it; ten escutcheons; two figures of angels; Bacchus, the god of wine; and a whale's head spewing up Jonas; with other figures and flourishes. Truly, thirsty wayfarers could scarcely miss finding the 'Scole Inn.'

Considerations of space forbid the attempting to summarise what Baskerville has to say of the many towns he halted at; but it may be noted that Leicester is stigmatised as a stinking old town on a dull river, Newmarket dismissed as a poor thoroughfare town, environed with a rare downy, open country, having nothing remarkable save the king's house, lately built for his use when coming there for hunting or racing; York is pronounced to need a purgation of fire if it desire to emulate the beauty of London and Northampton; while Nottingham is extolled as a paradise restored, 'for here you find large streets, fair-built houses, fine women, and many coaches rattling about, and their shops full of merchantable riches. The town is situated upon a pleasant rock of freestone, in which every one may have cellars, and that without the trouble of springs or moisture, so that, excepting Bridgnorth in Shropshire, you cannot find such another town in England. It is divided into the upper and lower towns; for when you have a mind to leave the more spacious parts on the plain of the hill, and will go down to the lower streets by the river, you must descend down right many stairs ere you get to the bottom; and here you find another town full of shops and people, who have a convenience to cut in the rock warehouses, stables, or what rooms else they please for their peculiar uses.'

Oxonian as he was, Baskerville could not but admire Cambridge with its fourteen churches, and its colleges of St John's, Trinity, Clare, King's, and Trinity Hall, having fair bridges over the river, leading to delicate bowling-greens and fine gardens; but the black dirty streets eclipsed the splendour of the buildings, and for situation, air, and magnificent architecture Cambridge could not compare with his own Alma Mater; although the Cantabs had a better fashion for undergraduates' caps to keep off the sun, and the tufts of the masters' caps were four or five inches long. In the fields a mile beyond Cambridge, the greatest fair in England was held every September. Here, at fair time, were to be seen large streets and shops full of all the varieties of wares to be found in London itself, besides quantities of

wool and iron, heaps of salt-fish, carts laden with oysters, while the river was thick-set with provision-laden boats. 'The concourse of this fair,' says our tourist, 'must doubtless contribute very great riches to Cambridge; and the farmers of Stourbridge fields are also enriched by it, for, besides the great rates that are given where shops and victualling houses do stand, the soil is greatly enriched with oyster-shells and other muck.'

In the river by Chatham, Baskerville beheld thirty stout war-ships riding; and at Gillingham went aboard the pride of the royal navy, the *Royal Sovereign*, requiring a crew of seven hundred men when on service. 'She carries,' says he, 'between eighty and a hundred guns. The gunrooms—for she hath three decks and two gunrooms, one under another—are about sixty paces long. Her stern and quarters are curiously carved and painted with imagery work in poetical fancies, and richly overlaid with gold. In the lanthorn that is erected in the midst of the stern, I stood upright. The king's cabin is richly painted and gilded; and so is the great cabin.'

Two hundred years ago, Beccles in Suffolk—thanks to being blessed or otherwise with an abundance of common land—was ruled by the 'Grass Stewards,' and had more than its fair share of poor folk; 'for customs permitting them if able to rent a house of so much per annum, to enjoy the profits of the common, so, when their stock fails them, they come to the parish's charge.'

Doncaster then prided itself upon its coloured stockings for horsemen's wear, in the vending of which the women went from inn to inn, following travellers even into their chambers, and taking no denial. The women of Harrogate (Harrogate) were equally bent upon business, bringing water from the wells to travellers at their lodgings.

When Charles II. ruled the land, all strangers entering Southampton had to satisfy the authorities as to whom they were, whence they came, and what they wanted there. Stone was so scarce Gravesend way, that the names of the occupiers of churchyard ground were inscribed on logs of wood, fastened to posts at each end of the grave; and for want of better fuel, the people of Wilts used cow-dung, which they dried in summer by daubing it against their houses and walls. Norwich butchers were compelled to sell all meat killed in the fore-part of the week by Thursday night, in order to encourage the sale of fish on the following days. A pleasanter peculiarity of the place was the annual feast of the mayor, aldermen, and liverymen, kept in the town-hall, wherunto ladies were invited and presented with march-panes to take home with them. With like gallantry the trade-companies of Newbury allowed the sex to participate in the merry meetings they delighted in holding, on which occasions the men, arrayed in their best clothes, marched through the town with the town music playing before them, the women following after, finely dressed and all in steeple-crowned hats, 'a pleasant sight to behold.'

Another pleasant sight to Baskerville's eyes was a strange bird that fell a victim to the

gun of one of his companions at Hosbury Bridge, near Gloucester. This ornithological curiosity was nearly as big as a wind-thrush; the head, resembling that of a bullfinch, bore a fine tuft of feathers of a cinnamon colour; the feathers of the neck, breast, and part of the wings, being something darker. The upper part of the tail was ash-coloured, with a ring of black; the extreme part of the tail feathers bearing another ring of flame or gold colour. Upon the 'prime flying feathers of the wings,' mostly black, were white spots 'answerable to each other;' while nine of the largest feathers were tipped with white and lemon, the seven lesser ones being tipped white, and having ends of a brilliant vermilion hue—a *rara avis* indeed.

At the end of the notes of a journey in 1681, we find enumerated all the highest reputed commodities of the period, the English items running as follows: Herefordshire cider, Derby ale, Cheddar cheese, Pumfret (Pontefract) liquorice, Tewkesbury mustard balls (to be dissolved in vinegar or verjuice), Banbury cakes, Witney blankets, Norwich stuffs, Colchester baize, Shropshire coal, Beamdown samphire, Saffron-Walden saffron, Burford saddles, St Albans straw tankards and pots, Dunstable straw hats and Dunstable larks, Studley carrots, Beaselsleigh (near Abingdon) turnips, Stroud water-reeds, Windsor Forest turf, Glastonbury peat, Hol barley broth, Lancashire lasses, Warfleet oysters; Yarmouth, Lowestoft, and Norfolk herrings; Thames sprats, Severn salmon, Dorset 'base,' Avon Salisbury graylings, Minin-hend mussels, Ock eels, Gloucester lampreys, Newbury crawfish, Cornish and Devonshire pilchards, Pembroke new-found-out anchovies, made of young shad, and

Arundel mullets, as they say here,  
Are the best in England for good cheer,  
But at sixpence the pound are pretty dear.

And we are furthermore told of

Dorsetshire ewes for early lambs,  
And Warwickshire breeds most excellent rams,

and assured that 'Hampshire honey is current goods for every one's money.'

## MY FIRST SHIPWRECK.

By R. C. DOWIE.

THE island of Newfoundland, which has lately achieved an unenviable prominence in the public press owing to the failure of its banks, and consequent serious financial difficulties, is chiefly famous for its abundant fisheries, which seem, in spite of a great many unfair attempted methods of capture, to be practically inexhaustible. The island, however, is famous, or rather notorious, for possessing a feature of a very different nature, yet one well known to and understood by seafaring men whose lot it is to trade to and from St John's either to Great Britain eastward, or south-westward to Halifax, Nova Scotia. And that feature is the ever-present danger of shipwreck, with the odds more in favour of total loss than against it, together

with a substantial risk of death in trying to reach a shore so precipitously rocky as to fitly merit, even when ice is absent, the title of 'ironbound.'

Fishing-boats, schooners, and sailing-ships are not the only wrecks; steamers of large tonnage, sometimes carrying passengers and mails in addition to much valuable freight, as well as 'tramps,' come to irretrievable disaster, and often form rich spoil for the fishing population in these regions. In fact, a large portion of the coast of Newfoundland might be dotted with crosses every few miles at irregular intervals, but clustering thickly in the vicinity of Cape Race, showing the localities where steamers have been totally or occasionally only partially wrecked, and where many lives have been sacrificed. The reasons for this are not at all far to seek. Towards the end of spring and during summer, when the ice breaks up far to the northward, the Arctic current sweeps it south in large fields, floes, or detached bergs along the coast of Newfoundland, and with the ice comes the fog.

Another factor which has often been lost sight of, but which combines with the ice and fog and rockbound coast to render disaster likely to ships in these latitudes, is a current or series of currents which set shorewards in the neighbourhood of Cape Race. In spite of Admiralty charts and books on navigation, it is very difficult to ascertain exactly the speed and direction of these currents; and inshore the problem is further complicated by the tides having to be taken into consideration. The only really safe rule is to keep the open sea, and give the coast as wide a berth as possible.

No event of any importance had occurred on the outward trip from England in the good ship —, nor on the beginning of the homeward run until after we left Halifax, Nova Scotia, for St John's, Newfoundland, a run of about five hundred and fifty nautical miles.

The second day out was inclined to be foggy, and the ship was not making her usual speed, while during the night the fog came down at intervals and lifted again. On the morning of the last day it was my duty to go on watch at eight o'clock. The engineer relieved said, 'She's been doing a good deal of half-speed; but I think you're all right now'—the telegraph then showing full speed ahead, although, as a matter of fact, shortly afterwards, owing to 'cleaning fires,' the speed was not more than three-quarters. Still, continued the second engineer, 'I would not go far from the throttle-valve.'

Things were not very comfortable below that morning. The telegraph soon rang half-speed again, then full speed for a few minutes, and then half-speed again. Shortly after nine o'clock, just when the steam showed signs of a steady rise, the telegraph again rang full speed ahead. Leaving the throttle-valve in charge of the stoker, I looked round the stoke-hold, saw the water was at the right level in the boilers, the cleaning of the fires was finished, and that things seemed generally to be shaping better. In a few minutes, however, the order came

suddenly, 'Stop;' and as I shut the throttle-valve, the thought flashed through my mind that the next order would be, 'Full speed astern.' Before the engines stopped, the telegraph rang this order sharply twice. The engines were at once reversed, and the throttle-valve opened again.

Owing to the way on the ship, and the momentum of the shaft, it was perhaps two minutes before the engines could be made to go full speed astern, during which time the second-officer had twice called down through the skylight the last order. The steamer, however, had now struck, and though rhythmically lifted with the swell of the waves, the engines were powerless to drag her off.

Five minutes after the steamer struck or ran aground, the fog lifted, and disclosed the land, with a group of fishermen in the foreground, some two hundred yards away. Fortunately, there was no sea on, only a heaving swell. This caused the ship to bump from side to side on the boulders below, gradually tearing holes in her plates from end to end along the keel. When we first struck, the four firemen and trimmers bolted up the ladder, and were never again seen below. The donkeyman and three stokers, however, who were all old hands from previous voyages, remained staunch, and were ready for any job when required. That was a difficult twenty minutes for the engine-room staff to bear, before they knew where the ship was, and were quite uncertain what would happen next. I remember logging the engine 'movements' on the slate, with a view to future eventualities; sounded, by order of the chief-engineer, the ballast tank underneath the engine-room, and on the second trial found it was rapidly filling with water.

Orders from the captain to drive her nearer inshore had little or no effect in moving the doomed vessel. In about an hour we were slowly driven from the engine-room by the incoming water, which gradually became high enough to put out the boiler fires; and the last order I recollect executing below was to 'ease' the safety-valves, though the steam had been escaping with a roar some time before. A few tools were brought up, which it was considered might be useful on deck; and it seemed a pity to leave the engine oil-kettle always so brightly burnished; so I took it away; and it came in handy to make coffee in during the night, after several boilings to rid it of its oily flavour. On reaching the deck, it appeared that many of the passengers, of whom there were about one hundred and fifty-five, and certainly all the women and children, had been safely got ashore at a landing-place about half a mile away, in the ship's own boats, manned by some of the officers, stewards, and crew.

Before this took place, our captain had offered three pounds to eight fishermen to convey a message to the nearest telegraph station, and they asked five, which he agreed to give. When the message was written, the fishermen had changed their minds, and raised their terms, asking a pound an oar. They reckoned without their host, as, on hearing this, the captain changed his mind, and said he did not require their services; the message being afterwards

sent at a much cheaper rate by a trusty member of the crew, accompanied by a fisherman as guide. The immediate business on hand was hoisting out as much of the passengers' luggage as possible before the water reached it, and some was got out in this way, until the water rose to the same level inside the ship as outside, which was about twenty-eight feet, so that she only sank some four or five feet altogether.

About this time some of the fishermen became very annoying, and even threatening, boarding the ship to see what they could pick up, and refusing to go off. After getting ashore, and later in the day, some of them said coolly this would not be a good wreck—by which they meant they would not make much out of it.

The time arrived for us to follow the passengers ashore, and here we were most fortunate in saving all our luggage and effects, including beds, which latter served very well for one night. Rowing ashore was nothing; indeed, we came back to the ship a second time. The cabins had then been pretty successfully looted, and there was little more that was worth saving.

On shore, the saloon passengers, who could well afford to pay for it, succeeded in obtaining very fair accommodation in some of the cottages of the more well-to-do fishermen.

One or two interesting facts transpired in conversation with the officers. It appears that some time before we went ashore, on heaving the lead only a depth of seven fathoms was found; and the ship's course was altered until deep water was reached. Unfortunately, the ship was not kept long enough on this course to clear Cape Race, and the strength of the current was miscalculated, tending to bring us still closer inshore.

Although once more on *terra firma*, and heartily glad to be out of an awkward predicament, our troubles were not altogether over. For some hours, stores had been steadily brought ashore in the ship's boats, a process that interested the fishermen extremely. This interest was shown by their anxiety to assist in landing and carrying the stuff ashore, though they were not so particular in taking it to its proper destination; and it was an amusing sight to see a stalwart fisherman carrying off a side of beef on his shoulder, pursued by our chief steward, to whom the freebooter explained that he had misunderstood the directions given him. Our crew, distributed among the boats, had had no proper meal since breakfast; and in order to encourage them to work well, grog had been served out in liberal fashion.

All the officers, including the purser, doctor, and engineers, had been allotted various duties; the former two, assisted by the second-engineer, doing their best in arranging accommodation—no easy task—for the shipwrecked passengers, chiefly steerage, in the fishermen's cottages.

The women and children suffered a good deal of discomfort. In the first place, there was no bread, except in the form of hard biscuits. Another great difficulty was the want of fire and cooking utensils, chiefly kettles, to boil water and make tea or coffee in. I had been placed in charge of a boat-shed roughly extemporised

as a store, and was occupied in serving out tinned meat, of which there was plenty, and tea and coffee to all who came and asked for it.

And so the afternoon wore away. Fortunately, the temperature was not cold; the season was mild September even in that inhospitable climate; and there was still a touch of August in the air, while we felt none of those winged pests, the mosquitoes.

Most of the passengers and crew had now either obtained lodgings for the night, or been assigned out-houses or boat-sheds which would have to serve on a communistic system.

The distinctive feature of this little fishing hamlet with its scattered cottages, whose name I forget, was the odour of dried fish. It was everywhere: lines of fish were ranged along the beach; and in some other places they were stacked in tiers.

We obtained for a lodging a wooden shed fairly well constructed, with a second storey, that simply reeked with the smell of dried fish. The fish almost covered the floor to a depth of two feet, and a tarpaulin was spread over it. One had to get used to the smell. Still, our night's rest was comfortable and undisturbed—at least mine was; and one heard no complaint on this score.

After breakfast, which was not a thing to be specially treasured in one's memory, left to our own devices, we three engineers went on an exploring expedition. At the outset, however, we were somewhat delayed by the news that one of Her Majesty's gunboats had arrived; and very soon a boat came off from her, and a lieutenant at the head of his men marched ashore. There was a business-like air about the blue-jackets that produced a salutary effect for the time being amongst the fishermen. By this time we were heartily tired of the harpy-like instincts of the younger members of the community, though it is but just to say that some of the elder men did not at all approve of their actions. The country was wild and desolate in appearance—a mixture of rock and heath, intersected here and there by streams; and there seemed an extraordinary absence of animal life. We heard that it was a bad year for 'partridges' (a kind of grouse), and only saw about half-a-dozen, and found a few small trout in the pools.

After our walk, the next important matter was dinner. This we got at one of the fishermen's cottages, after the inmates had been served, which was rather cool, considering it was all the ship's provisions that were consumed; however, we managed to get enough to eat. It had now been decided that the gunboat should take the saloon passengers off, and steam to St John's; while the others and crew should walk to Trepassy—said to be five or six miles away: it proved quite ten—and await another steamer, which was to call next day.

There was no choice; so, leaving our luggage, the whole company started off along a fairly good road. I have never quite understood how the women and children managed this walk, but they did, and the conclusion is that necessity is a great stimulant. After reaching Trepassy, which is rather an important

fishing village, it took about an hour to get all the people billeted successfully. We were hospitably received by the fisher folk, who seemed mostly fairly well-to-do. Trepassy is at one side of a spade-shaped bay, possessing deep water, mostly engirt with precipitous cliffs, and forms a fairly safe harbour, being landlocked on three sides.

It will always be memorable to seafarers, as it was close to here that the terrible wreck of the *Anglo-Saxon* occurred, when some two hundred and eighty people lost their lives. Some miles away from where we were could plainly be discerned the cemetery where they lie, the stones gleaming white in the sunlight amid the green turf—a sight that aroused the deepest emotions, as we thought how easily their fate might have been ours. That evening was a comfortable one for us, owing to the kindness of our hosts, and no doubt in one way our coming must have been a welcome event in the monotony of their lives.

A small steamer successfully brought us to St John's next day. Shortly afterwards, we were paid off by the Board of Trade, our pay being reckoned up to the day our ship was wrecked (as the law—a bad one for the sailor—prescribes); and after only three days' detention in St John's, we embarked on a mail steamer that had called for us; and in due course, with a fair north-westerly gale behind us, reached England. And so ended my first and, I hope, my last shipwreck. It only remains to add that the captain and those of his officers mentioned staid on the ——— a week, and by her for a month, when a westerly gale came on and completely broke her up.

#### WILD-FLOWERS.

Oh, beautiful blossoms, pure and sweet,  
Agleam with dew from the country ways,  
To me, at work in a city street,  
You bring fair visions of bygone days—  
Glad days, when I hid in a mist of green  
To watch Spring's delicate buds unfold;  
And all the riches I cared to glean  
Were daisy silver and buttercup gold.

'Tis true you come of a lowly race,  
Nursed by the sunshine, fed by the showers;  
And yet you are heirs to a nameless grace  
Which I fail to find in my hothouse flowers;  
And you breathe on me with your honeyed lips,  
Till in thought I stand on the wind-swept fells,  
Where the brown bees hum o'er the ferny dips,  
Or ring faint peals on the heather bells.

I close my eyes on the crowded street,  
I shut my ears to the city's roar,  
And am out in the open with flying feet—  
Off, off to your emerald haunts once more!  
But the harsh wheels grate on the stones below,  
And a sparrow chirps at the murky pane,  
And my bright dreams fade in an overflow  
Of passionate longing and tender pain.

E. MATHESON.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,  
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.



# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 598.—VOL. XII.

SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1895.

PRICE 1½d.

## THE BI-CENTENARY OF THE BANK OF SCOTLAND.

ON the 17th of July the Bank of Scotland reaches the venerable age of two hundred years. This is a unique event in the history of Scottish banking, which is known all the world over for its solidity and practical utility. In fact, if any general characterisation of the system be asked, the answer is that here theory and practice go hand in hand, and that the public weal is one of the great ends which the system subserves. But whatever Scottish banking may be to-day, its lot was cast in very different times when the Bank of Scotland was founded. Scotland was then a poor country, of undeveloped resources, backward agriculture, and had suffered much through injuries inflicted on her by civil war. Her population was only about one million, and the national revenue scarcely £100,000 sterling. The richer inhabitants of the metropolis were located in those 'closes' which so much puzzle foreigners, and bear so great a resemblance to the labyrinthine lanes of Genoa and other Continental cities, all converging on the main place of public and business resort.

Just one year before the foundation of the Bank of Scotland, William Paterson, a famous Scotsman, had established the Bank of England. This in turn led to the idea of a similar bank in Scotland. John Holland, the Englishman who has been so much and so closely associated with the origin of the Bank of Scotland, tells of a Scotsman coming to him with the germ of his idea. 'In the autumn of the year 1695,' Holland says, 'an earnest and ingenious friend of mine, a Scottish gentleman, importuned me one day to think of a bank for Scotland. I told him I had done with framing of schemes for banks, and all other public societies, and resolved, as in some measure I had done a few years before, to lead a country life. He replied that I should have an Act of Parliament upon my own conditions. Upon this I immediately

drew up so much of the constitution as was necessary to be in the Act; and in three or four days he brought me a formal Bill drawn up in the Scottish style; and he told me that he had spoken to most of his nation that were in town, and that he had good reason to believe the Bill would pass that session.'

Holland drafted the Bill for the establishment of the Scottish bank on the model of that for the Bank of England, and it received the assent of the Scottish Parliament on the 17th of July 1695. So great was the foresight displayed, that the leading principles of the Act remain to this day. One of these is the joint-stock principle, by which a certain amount of capital is put as it were into a joint purse, to be used for the benefit of all, while each retains the right to his own proportion of the total amount. This joint-stock in the case of the Bank of Scotland has been increased from time to time to suit the bank's business requirements, and to enable it to be of more use to the community. All the ten Scottish banks carrying on business to-day are founded on the joint-stock principle, and all the private bankers in Scotland have long ago disappeared.

Scotland owes to John Holland a debt of gratitude, for he came to that country and resided there until the bank which he founded had fairly taken root. After he returned to England and was ensconced in that rural retreat for which he so long yearned, the adventurers—that is, shareholders of the bank—made a graceful acknowledgment of his services. They sent him what was termed 'a compliment of silver plate to his Lady' of the value of about £150. He appears to have been very grateful for this token of regard, as English friends had not spoken too well to him of Scotsmen and the Scottish bank. Holland made a visit to Scotland in 1709, the bank paying his expenses for the journey. In addition, he received a percentage of each year's profits after the adventurers had drawn their share. He was appointed first Governor of the bank, and held office for

one year. Holland was a merchant of the Staple, and had, in association with James Foulis (one of the directors of the new bank), made an effort to introduce into Scotland the manufacture of Colchester baizes. He died in 1722.

The bank had for capital only £100,000 sterling, or £1,200,000 Scots. To raise this capital, two Committees were appointed, one in London, and one in Edinburgh; and these received subscriptions, which were paid into the bank's coffers in Edinburgh on the 25th of March 1696, and formed the first cash entry in the bank's books. The nature of its business at this time was the circulating of notes. Although its constitution contained ample provision for receiving money from the beginning, it was purely and simply a lending bank at the outset. To get its notes floated, it opened branches at various provincial towns, where its notes were taken readily enough, because they could be used for making payments in Edinburgh; but the question was, how could the bank get at the money which had been paid for the notes at its branches? As there was not sufficient trade to admit of the bank selling bills on these places so as to obtain this note money, the Directors had no alternative but to close these branches, and to have the money brought to Edinburgh by horse-carriage—an expensive proceeding in those days of a silver currency.

But the bank lent money on bonds with personal security, and in this way put its notes into the hands of the public. These notes acted as advertisements of the bank, and as pioneers of banking credit, which later on took the form of deposits. Loans were also given on pledges of plate accompanied by a personal bond bearing interest, as well as on heritable bonds. Although the bank was in no way under obligation to the State, it bore a share at its own expense in the calling in of the old and substitution of the new coinage. It had to debit its profit and loss account in one case with a sum of £82, 'for so much loss on £906, 15s. sterling of miln'd Scots money received in befor the Proclamation crying downe the same was published.' In connection with this crying down of the specie, a run was made on the bank in December 1704, through the action of the Government; and the bank in consequence stopped payment temporarily, because its specie was exhausted. It petitioned the Privy Council to inspect the bank's books, with the result that it was found the bank had sufficient to pay all its bills and debts, 'and that with a considerable overplus.' So ended the first run on the bank.

Another scare which the bank had was a few years later—namely, in March 1708—when the French fleet appeared at the mouth of the Firth of Forth. At that time the bank had a large sum lying in the Scottish Mint in ingots, and a considerable sum in the bank, brought in to be recoined, besides a large sum in specie, which could not well have been carried off and concealed. Happily, the French fleet bore off, and all fears were at an end. In 1715, when the rebellion broke out, the whole specie in the bank was drawn out, the directors privately

encouraging the demand, lest the money should fall into the hands of the insurgents. But they took care to retain the whole of the cash belonging to the Government; and after all the rest of the bank's money had been issued, they delivered the public money, amounting to about £30,000, to the authorities, who lodged it for safety in the Castle vaults. This stoppage of payments by the bank lasted for a few months only, and the bank paid interest on its notes after it had resumed ordinary payments.

In 1745 the Bank of Scotland could do practically no business, because of the presence in Edinburgh of the Highland army under Prince Charlie. As soon as news came of the Prince's approach to the metropolis, all the effects of the bank were removed to the Castle and deposited for safety in one of the dungeons, as was done in 1715. Prince Charlie was very troublesome to the Royal Bank of Scotland, and his Secretary, Mr Murray of Broughton, seems to have collected as many Royal Bank notes as he could lay hands on and to have protested them for non-payment. The Prince was, however, very friendly with the Bank of Scotland, whose former Treasurer, Mr David Drummond, was believed to be of Jacobite tendencies, though, with the prudence common to all bankers, he took good care not to reveal them. Mr Drummond had acted as Treasurer to a fund raised after the suppression of the rebellion in 1715 for the defence of prisoners put on their trial for high-treason. When the Royal Bank was pressed for payment of its notes, its Cashier had to arrange with the Highlanders and General Guest, the Castle commander, before he could get his bank's money out of the Castle to satisfy the Prince's demands. During this time, exchanges of notes proceeded between the two banks, and these took place within the Castle. The Highland guard extended to the Weigh House, and the Castle guns kept firing on them. It needed, therefore, a flag of truce to be displayed pending these banking exchange operations. Such was the state of things that a diarist of the period, Mr John Campbell, Cashier of the Royal Bank of Scotland, says that at that time there was 'no sermon in the churches;' and on several Sundays he remarks, 'I was not abroad all this day.' On Charles withdrawing on the 18th of November 1745, Mr Campbell writes: 'Wrote to Lord Justice-clerk about bank affairs, and advised him the Old Bank [Bank of Scotland] had opened shop.' Thus passed away this scare.

The first office of the bank was in the second storey of Paterson's Land, in the Parliament Close, which was bought from Sir Alexander Seton of Pitmedden for a little over a thousand pounds sterling, his lady receiving a gratuity of fifteen guineas for consenting to the purchase. The bank's annual meetings were held there for two years; but owing to a fire which raged in the Parliament Close on the 3d of February 1700, the bank betook itself to 'the first storey of the new stone land over against the head of Forrester's Wynd.' A contemporary account says, 'The directors and others concerned did with great care and diligence carry off all the cash, bank-notes, books, and

papers in the office; being assisted by a party of soldiers brought from the castle by the Earl of Leven, then Governor thereof, and Governor of the bank.' In 1702, two years later, the bank's office was on the south side of the Land Mercat (Lawnmarket). The Old Bank Close, High Street—of which the site then occupied by the bank is now to be found at the corner of Melbourne Place and Victoria Street—became for long the abode of the bank, the actual building where business was carried on being known as Gourlay's House. In 1713 the bank expended money in making 'repairs' in the house and office. When, in the first quarter of the century, the 'Old Bank House' was taken down, it was found that all the shutters communicated by wire with a row of bells within the building; and this shows the old plan adopted for sounding an alarm in the event of an attempt at robbery. Below the level of the street, a stone-built recess with an arched roof is still to be seen, which is believed to have been used as the bank's safe. This bank building appears to have had no fewer than forty-four windows in 1727, judging by a glazier's account of that time. Some of the items are interesting:

To one chess lozen [pane] put in the staire window,  
9 be 6½ inches.....3½d.  
To dight [dicht—that is, clean] 44 windows.....7s. 4d.  
To a chess lozen of crown glass put in, 14½ be  
14½.....2s. 2d.

This is the famous crown glass with the well-known knot in the centre.

The bank had a small staff at first. The Treasurer was then, as now, the chief officer, and he lived at that time in the bank house. His salary was £100, and he had an allowance of £15 for coal and candle to the office. George Watson, the founder of Watson's Hospital, was the first Auditor, his salary being £80. He had also two assistants, and the Treasurer had one. The Secretary had the same salary as the two tellers—namely, £25; while the liveried officer had £12 per annum. In the tellers' cash books one is struck with the religious inscriptions on some of the leaves. One of these runs thus:

In my beginning, God me speed  
In grace and virtue to proceed—

and was duly signed. Another bore the words 'Laus Deo;' while the boards of several of the books were adorned by such drawings as that of a fish in circular form (said to be emblematic of eternity), and of Cupids blowing trumpets. Spite of all these spiritual spurs to duty, it is said to relate that in the summer of 1705—ten years after the bank's foundation—one of the tellers went off with £425, a large sum in these poverty-stricken times. He was apprehended, tried, and sentenced to be set on the cockatool (pillory) with a paper on his breast, and to be detained in prison till he satisfied the bank and relieved his cautioners. Among the bank's staff, Mr David Drummond, Treasurer, must be reckoned one of the most notable, his services in that high capacity having been rendered for fully forty years. Another official whom Kay's famous portraits have caricatured into some-

thing of a public character, was Mr George Sandy, for long Secretary of the Bank of Scotland. It is puzzling to know how so hard-working, quiet-living, well-read, and inoffensive a man as Mr Sandy was seized upon as a type of a section of Edinburgh Society, and deemed worthy of reproduction. No man led a more self-contained life or did less to gain notoriety.

In the telling-room of the bank's principal office hangs a portrait, by Sir John Watson Gordon, of Archibald Bennet, Secretary of the Bank of Scotland from 1824 to 1868. A strong fresh-coloured face it is, of the homely country type, with kindly shrewd eyes, that seem intuitively to take in the situation, and to read a would-be borrower at a glance. In the entrance hall above the fireplace is a very fine portrait, by Sir Henry Raeburn, of the Right Hon. Henry Dundas (Viscount Melville), who was for many years Governor of the bank. An outstanding public personage also was Patrick Miller of Dalswinton, who for about forty years was Deputy-governor of the bank. He is sometimes said to have been the inventor of carronade guns; he was eminent as an agriculturist; and spent much time and money on experiments in shipbuilding. In 1788 he had a boat constructed with double or twin hulls, and paddles between them, and fitted with a steam-engine by Symington; and this boat he tried on the lake at Dalswinton, in presence of Robert Burns the poet (who was then a tenant of Mr Miller's at Ellisland), Mr Alexander Nasmyth, and a few others. Mr Miller, at the annual meeting of shareholders in March 1796, alluded to the bank's Centenary, and said that the bank had proved of great utility to the trade, manufacturers, and agricultural improvements of the country.

The bank has naturally sought to encourage Scottish industries, and this is shown in the manufacture of its paper for notes. The first large notes were made in 1696, twenty-shilling notes, as they were termed, being only issued on the 7th of April 1704. In 1729 the bank's paper was manufactured at Giffordhall, near Haddington. Attendants had to be present in the bank's interest, and their account was paid by the bank. One item was 'ale and bread furnished to the workmen, 10s.;' and another for 'drink-money to servants, £4, 17s. 6d.' The items are suggestive, although it is possible they only represented drink-money in name. In 1735 the bank got its twenty-shilling bank-notes made at Collingtoun Milln (Colinton Mill), and there is an 'account for drink-money' in connection with it. A barber came twice from Edinburgh to shave the officials, and received three shillings for his professional attendance. Green tea must have cost at this time 24s. per pound, for in the bill, a quarter-pound sells for six shillings. At this Colinton Mill the bank appears to have kept all the employees in food during the time the paper was being manufactured. A man was engaged twelve days at the paper mill in dressing meat, and he cut up in that time two hundred pounds of it. Meat and mutton cost only 2½d. per pound in these good old days. A hen is charged at 8d.; a duck at 9d.; 1 'sollan gouse,' 1s. 8d.; a dozen of eggs, 3d.; 6 chickens,

only 1s. 4d.; and a wild-fowl, 10d.; cheese cost 4d. per pound, and bacon 8d. per pound. In 1769 the bank's note-paper was made at Redhaugh Mill (Redball Mill).

In the course of its existence, some out-of-the-way donations have been given by the Bank of Scotland. Its name has figured frequently in the books of the Edinburgh City Chamberlain in connection with public charities. At the Centennial meeting of 1796, the Directors unanimously voted 300 guineas towards defraying the expenses of selling meal at reduced prices to the poor of Edinburgh and Leith. When the present head-office buildings were being erected in 1802, there was a splendid illumination held by the bank on the 1st of April, in honour of the treaty of peace which had been signed at Amiens on the 27th of March. The rejoicing was general in Edinburgh and Leith, and the masons employed in the construction of the bank evidently desired to participate in it, for they sent the following petition to the banking authorities: 'Gentlemen Directors of the Bank of Scotland—We your humble petitioners, masons and laborers, of which their is imploied 38 masons and 40 laborers, and as this is a day of publik rejoisin we expect something from you to reas our spirets in the evening.' The Directors voted a sum of £5 to these petitioners on the occasion. In 1780 the bank paid over to the City Chamberlain £50 as its subscription for building a battery betwixt North Leith and Newhaven. This is evidently what is now known as Leith Fort.

On the 12th of August 1806, the bank entered its new premises in Bank Street, which were subsequently enlarged and embellished by the late Mr David Bryce, R.S.A., as instructed by the Directors of the bank, in 1868. The site on which the bank building stands is one of the most commanding in Edinburgh. It is in a line with the Castle, and faces the monument to Sir Walter Scott.

It is curious, at this date, to note the amount of friction which existed between some rival banking companies at an early period, and how certain devices were adopted to which no Scottish bank would now condescend. In *Memoirs of a Banking House*, by Sir W. Forbes, edited by Robert Chambers, we are told that the banks would hoard up a quantity of each other's notes, and endeavour, by presenting them suddenly, to create embarrassment. On the establishment of the Royal Bank in 1727 there was a good deal of angry rivalry between it and the Bank of Scotland, which considered itself ill-used by the government of George I. when that bank received its charter. This feeling finds vent in a pamphlet which appeared in 1728, entitled, 'An Historical Account of the Establishment, Progress, and State of the Bank of Scotland; and of the several attempts that have been made against it, and the several interruptions and inconveniences which the company has encountered.' The action of the Royal Bank in purchasing all the notes of the Bank of Scotland that could be secured, did once land the bank in considerable difficulties.

The paid-up capital of the bank in 1695 was £10,000 sterling; now it is £1,250,000. Its first balance sheet showed £63,199 of assets;

in 1804, 1½ millions; that of the present year shows over 18 millions. The rate of dividend was high during its early years, ranging from 12 to 30 per cent., then it fell to 7 or 8 per cent., at which it remained for the first portion of the century. The dividend is now 12 per cent. The average rate of dividend and bonus paid from 1699 to 1810 was £9, 19s.; from 1810 to 1881, £9, 4s. 11d.; and from 1699 to 1881, £9, 13s. 9d. The bank's stock averaged in price £156 from 1800 to 1810; from 1810 to 1881, £216; and from 1800 to 1881, £212. It is now selling at £325. Formerly, the stock used to be sold by public roup; but such transactions now take place in the Stock Exchange. The bank's branches in 1815 numbered only 18; there are now 117, including an office in London.

The question has frequently been asked whether the liability of the bank's shareholders is limited. The bank does not attach the word 'Limited' to its designation, as it could not register under the Limited Liability Company Act, passed after the failure of the City of Glasgow Bank, which was a bank of unlimited liability. The bank is a corporation, and in terms of the Acts of Parliament which relate to it, the proportion of stock called up is now two-thirds in the case of each proprietor. The liability of a holder is one-half of his actual holding—thus, a holder of £100 stock is liable for a further sum of £50.

There appears to exist a popular belief that the magnificent buildings of this and the other Scottish banks have been erected out of unclaimed funds. But this is quite a fallacy, as a reference to the published balance sheets of the various banks will show, for therein will be found an entry debiting the costs of such to a Heritable Property account, to which it is usual to apply a sum annually out of the bank's profits in reduction of the amount.

One historical reference before closing. While Sir Walter Scott was a partner of Messrs Ballantyne & Co., this firm was largely indebted to the bank, and for long withheld the fact of Sir Walter's partnership with them. The first occasion on which the authorship of the *Waverley Novels* was authoritatively announced was to the Directors of the Bank of Scotland, and it was made at the desire of Sir Walter by Mr John Gibson, W.S., his man of business. But the Bank has all along been bound up in a multitude of ways with the history-making personages of Scotland.

## AN ELECTRIC SPARK.\*

### CHAPTER VII.—THE BLACK SHADOW.

'COUNT VILLAR ENDOZA and Miss Endoza,' announced the servant at the house in South Audley Street; and the tall, stately, Spanish grandee-like visitor to Mr Lewis Levinson's entered the drawing-room with his daughter, who, all dark eyes, diamonds and diaphané, a study in black and white, held her cheek to Miss Bryne, and then kissed Renée effusively; while in turn her father bent gracefully over

\* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

the elder lady's hand and lowered the sole ornament he wore, a sparkling order-cross which depended from its ribbon till it touched the lady's glove.

'So chivalrous—so like the old régime,' thought Miss Bryne, whose heart fluttered as she faintly returned the pressure of the Count's hand, and then trembled as she met his eyes.

'It is always a delight to visit your charming home, Miss Bryne,' he said. Then turning to René, he went through the same ceremony with his order, but only smiled and nodded, to pass on to the old engineer, shake hands, and then draw him aside and lay his hands upon the Englishman's broad shoulders, turning his head to glance for a moment at where René and Isabel were now seated, the latter softly agitating an enormous black ostrich feather fan for the benefit of both.

'My dear Dalton,' he said softly, 'when I am at home I gaze at my child, think of her dead mother, and feel that she has left to me an angel of light—the most beautiful of her sex. When I come here, I find that she is rivalled by another—yours. How beautiful they are! England—Spanish America—earth's fairest children. Ah, we two—old—old!'

'Fogies,' suggested Dalton, smiling.

'Yes; that is the word—*fogees*—two old *fogees* ought to be very proud.'

'And so we are, Count: Heaven bless them both!'

'Yes, Heaven bless them both,' said the Count.—'But how is it with you? Very busy? Are you lighting up more dark cities? My dear Dalton, I hope to have some fresh project for you ere long. The President, the Governor, and the people are enchanted with the electric light. You were quite satisfied, I hope?'

'Perfectly, sir. Nothing could have been more prompt and business-like.'

'That is well,' said the Count with dignity. 'I am proud to represent a Government so correct in every way to the manufacturers of this great business nation. It is a privilege, Señor Dalton, which reconciles me to my exile from my beautiful land.—Ah, did not see you at first, my dear Señor Brant,' he continued impressively, shaking hands and inquiring with the greatest solicitude after the young man's health.—'And the good doctor, too. So pleased to meet you out of that terrible room where you make your patients wait as a Cabinet Minister does his people who seek an audience.'

The doctor crossed to talk to Miss Bryne, trying hard to be chatty; but his every advance was received with a gentle tolerance; and at the end of a minute he walked sulkily away. He went into the next drawing-room, where his eye rested on the pleasant, slightly flushed face of Miss Bryne, who was seated glancing from time to time at Villar Endoza as he talked quietly to Brant.

'You see, my dear Señor Brant, after six years' residence in London in the service of my country'—

'Where you haven't lost much time, sir, for you speak our language like a native.'

'Thank you: I try hard,' said the Count, gravely accepting the compliment, and then

smiling sadly at Miss Bryne, whose eye he caught. 'But I was going to say that your country seems to me more the home of elderly, thoughtful, money-making business men than of the young.'

'Oh, it isn't a bad place when you have the cash,' said Brant, watching Isabel as he spoke.

'The cash? The large income? no: that may make a difference; but if I were a young man of your age and talent in what you call it—*mechanicism*'—

'Mechanism.'

'Thank you, my dear Señor Brant. If I were such as you, I should kiss my fingers to London, and then ship for such a country as mine. Ah, my dear Señor Brant, you should see Decongagua with its sunny plains, rich valleys, and its great volcano, now all fire, now calmly serene in its mantle of virgin snow. It is like our women—an emblem of their nature: now beautiful in repose, now grand in fiery passion. Ah, you should see our women of the sun.'

'Needn't go to Central America for that, sir,' said Brant bluntly. 'I don't believe there is a more beautiful face there than there is at this moment in here—in this room.'

'Ah, you mean my dear child's sweet friend, Miss Dalton.'

'No; I don't, sir,' said Brant. 'I mean Miss Isabel.'

The Count softly took the young man's hand, pressed it, and let it go. 'I thank you, Señor,' he said softly. 'I am a father; yes, you are right, and I am proud.—But we are speaking of her land—of mine. At your age, with introductions, you would achieve greatness; you would win orders'—he suggested his own as he spoke. 'Titles we do not give. Mine is the old Spanish ennoblement.—But think it over, my dear señor. We are a rising nation; and, should you care to go, for the sake of my friendship with your uncle, I am at your service. Charming climate, beauty, wine, women, a paradise to live in. Think, my dear señor, of my words.'

Brant's cheeks flushed, then turned pale, for the servant just then announced Mr Wynyan; and Paul entered, quiet, firm, and gentlemanly, to receive Miss Bryne's greetings, and then stand talking for a few moments to René.

'You're late, Wynyan,' said Dalton, joining them from where he had been chatting to the doctor. 'Glad you've come, though.'

The time glided on with wonderful rapidity, as it seemed to Paul, who felt as if he were in some blissful state of unreality, where everything was tinged by delight, though all appeared to progress in the most realistic way. For a short time he was seated beside Isabel Endoza talking about Decongagua and its beauties, and listening to her rapturous praise of London.

Then came a quiet chat with the doctor, full of requests to him to spare his principal all he could. Then he was back with René, saying little, but drinking in her words, which took the form of a prayer—a repetition of the doctor's—that he would spare her father in every way.

His promise was given quietly and calmly,

for whatever moved beneath, Paul Wynyan's surface was unruffled.

To play propriety well, Miss Bryne joined them; and at the same moment, Brant, whose manner was one moment repellent, the next suggestive of malice, as he looked from one to the other.

Soon after, Wynyan was led by Dalton to the Count, who took him by the coat and talked of the engineering works done by Robert Dalton & Company for the Republic of Decongagua.

'Evening, Count,' said the doctor, interrupting their conversation. 'Patient to see. You follow my advice.'

'Going so soon, Doctor Kilpatrick?' said Miss Bryne, after the doctor had bidden *Rénée* and her friend good-night.

'Yes, ma'am. As our foreign friend said, I have affairs. Good-night.' He shook hands with her calmly enough; and Miss Bryne uttered a sigh of relief as she saw him go to the door with her half-brother, and then her eyes were directed sadly at the Spanish-American envoy, who was earnestly talking to Wynyan.

'Bear it in mind, my dear sir,' he said. 'The Decongagua Government would not be ungrateful to a gentleman of your ability, should you ever seek a change. A lovely country, fair women, honours, wealth, orders of merit, await the enterprising man of talent.' 'Oh, thank you, Count. I do not think I shall leave England,' said Wynyan thoughtfully.

'Who knows, my dear sir? there are changes. But remember, in gratitude for what you have done for my country, I am your friend. My house at the Embassy is open to you at any time.—Now, a few words with my charming hostess, and then we depart.'

The Decongaguan envoy went smiling across the room to where Brant was hard at work trying to pique his cousin by being very attentive to Isabel, who accepted his advances after the fashion attributed to finished coquettes.

'Ah, my sweet one,' said the Count, 'I have been telling Mr Brant Dalton of the beauty of our land. You must add your praise. Now, I am going to chat for five minutes with our hostess, and then the carriage must be ordered up.'

'Oh Papa! So soon?'

'You forget that we must look in at our other friends, my child, and it is growing late.'

'And is Decongagua so lovely a place, then?' said Brant, as the Count went over to where Miss Bryne was palpitating with pleasure at his approach.

'Indescribably beautiful,' she said.

'Ah, I should go and see for myself if you were over there.'

'Perhaps I shall be—soon,' said the girl archly, as she made play with her eyes.

'Then I shall come over and perhaps stay,' he whispered.

'What nonsense!' she replied. 'Why, what would dearest *Rénée* say?'

'What she liked,' he whispered earnestly.

'I know better,' was the reply. 'How wicked men can be! one never can believe them.'

'In Decongagua?' said Brant.

'No: I mean here.—There; I thought so. I can read your face easily enough: you are looking daggers because that nice, handsome Mr Wynyan has gone over to talk to dearest *Rénée*.'

It required no great penetration to read the young man's face just then, and his blundering efforts to carry on the flirtation were transparent in the extreme: setting the mischievous, abnormally sharp girl laughing at him maliciously, so that Brant's temper was getting pretty well ruffled when the Count rejoined them, after making Miss Bryne almost happy over the few scraps of warm flattering politeness he had bestowed upon her.

'Now, my dearest one,' he said, 'come and say good-night to Mr Dalton.'

'So glad that you came in, Count,' said the latter. 'I'm afraid that I am a poor society man; but you must excuse it, and you too, little one.'

'You know I am so glad to come,' cried Isabel, reaching up to kiss him. 'I am never so happy anywhere as with you and dearest *Rénée*.'

'That's right, then,' cried Dalton, patting the little hand he held; 'come and be happy often; *Rénée* is always glad.'

'She makes our life a pleasure,' said the Count—'*Rénée* and our dear Miss Bryne.'

'"Don't be flowery, Jacob,"' muttered Dalton to himself. Then he was about to offer his arm to Isabel, who had just taken an affectionate leave of *Rénée* and her aunt; but Brant was eager to perform that office, and the Count nodded and smiled as the young people went down to the carriage, following directly after with Dalton, who passed out talking with him.

'I think I will now take my leave,' said Wynyan, joining the two ladies, when involuntarily *Rénée* glanced at the great clock upon the mantel-piece.

'It is very early yet,' she said naively. 'Perhaps my father would like to talk to you when he comes back, he has seen so little of you to-night.'

'I am almost afraid to stay,' said Wynyan, more eagerly than was his wont, for the half-invitation sent a thrill of pleasure through him, though all the while he felt that it was given solely from a desire to gratify the father. 'Mr Dalton looked tired, and he might want to talk business.'

'Then don't let him, Mr Wynyan,' said Miss Bryne with a look that endorsed her niece's invitation to him to stay.

'I'll try my best,' said Wynyan; and then he stopped short, for Robert Dalton's voice was heard speaking loudly, and he saw *Rénée* change colour. But the voices were hushed directly, and the two gentlemen returned, Brant looking angry, and then furious, as he saw Wynyan talking to his cousin.

*Rénée* noticed his manner and his savage glance, but her attention was taken off directly by the change which came over her father, who caught at a chair-back; and she flew to his side, Wynyan as quickly supporting him on the other.

'Papa—father!' cried Rénée, 'you are ill!'  
'No: nothing much,' he said huskily. 'Better directly. I'll go to my own room.'

'Can I do anything?' said Wynyan hastily.  
'Let me fetch Doctor Kilpatrick back.'

'No, no: it is not necessary,' said Dalton faintly. 'I shall be better in a few minutes.—Walk with me, Rénée.—Yes, thank you, Sarah,' he sighed, as Miss Bryne caught his hand, then left it, and hurried back to where Wynyan was standing, Brant having run to open the door.

'Don't go, Mr Wynyan; I'll be back directly, and tell you how he is. I may ask you to go for the doctor.'

At that moment Dalton turned, looking very white, and nodded to the young engineer. 'Only a slight attack of faintness,' he said. 'I am very sorry.'

The next moment the door closed, and Brant came across to Wynyan with his face flushed and a heavy scowl upon his brow. 'Well, Mr Wynyan,' he said, 'surely you can see that you are not wanted here now.'

'I beg your pardon?' was the quiet reply.

'Oh, hang your pardon, sir!' cried Brant; 'have you no knowledge whatever of society manners, sir? This is not Great George Street. My uncle has been taken ill.'

'Yes, I am aware of that,' said Wynyan gravely.

'Then why the dence don't you clear out, sir? Because my uncle is good enough to let you drop in here, it does not mean that you are to set up your confounded tent. And look here, Mr Wynyan, you may as well take a bit of advice. I have seen a good deal, sir, and I noticed several little bits of confounded presumption on your part to-night. My uncle is too easy to mind it, and my aunt cannot speak; but I can, and, hang it, I will. If ever you come here again, just please to recollect that you are the paid servant of Dalton & Company, and behave accordingly. Some men in my position would have kicked you out of the house for less than I've noticed; but I don't want to quarrel with every impertinent beggar I come across.'

Wynyan made no reply, only looked firmly at the speaker, while the pulses in his temples throbbed with a heavy beat.

'Well, do you understand me?' continued Brant.

'Perfectly, sir,' replied Wynyan.

'Then why don't you go? Are you so thick-skinned that I am to ring for one of the servants to show you the door?'

A red spot was rising fast in each of the young engineer's cheeks, for Brant had gone pretty well to the limit that he could bear; but at that moment a scene was arrested by the return of Miss Bryne.

'He is better,' she said hurriedly; 'and I don't think we need have the doctor to-night.'

'Then we need not ask Mr Wynyan to wait,' said Brant mockingly. 'You see, he has to be at the office in good time in the morning.'

The sting had been bitter enough before, and biting his lip, Wynyan turned to the speaker, but he said nothing, for Miss Bryne took it all in the most innocent manner, and held out her hand warmly to the visitor.

'No; we will not keep you, Mr Wynyan. Thank you, though, so very much. Brant here shall stay for a bit, and fetch the doctor if we want him. Oh this dreadful work! Good-night. We have been so glad to see you. I will apologise to Rénée for you—I mean I apologise for her not coming down.'

Rénée! Her name seemed to sweep away every feeling of anger in the young man's breast, and he went out of the house calm and restful.

Rénée! She filled his inner nature as he walked slowly back to his chambers, seeing her bright and happy as the hostess, full of solicitude, the tender woman, as she flew to her father's side.

Rénée, Rénée: there was no room in his mind for Brant. There was something so gentle, too, in her words to him that night, enough, surely, to give him hope; and her manner and Brant's toward Isabel Endoza were enough to set him at rest. The cousin? Why should he trouble about him and his ill-conditioned manner. Brant was jealous of him—of the confidential position with his uncle, and of his intimacy at the house.

'Perhaps I should feel the same under the circumstances, even if I did not show it in the same way.'

Then he thought over his last conversation with Dalton, and his promise, modestly enough, hardly giving himself credit for all he had done in the great invention.

'Partner,' he said softly; 'there is no hurry: Jacob served long for his Rachel. It will be time enough to think then. Partner! Oh, I have no room for thoughts of poor Brant.'

## RHUBARB.

It is now many centuries since the Arabians first introduced into Europe, from China, Tibet, and elsewhere, the dried medicinal roots known in commerce under the generic name of Turkey Rhubarb, with the pharmaceutic preparations of which we are all more or less familiar. About 1573 the living plant came to be cultivated—for medicine only—in our own south-eastern counties, but the home-grown roots were never equal in quality to those obtained from the East. Our occasional enforced acquaintance with 'Rheum Officinale' is very unlike our voluntary, common knowledge of the sub-acid, succulent leaf-stalks of *R. Rhaponticum* (Linnaeus), which a cook who knows her business can make so tempting in the form of domestic pies, puddings, compôtes, and preserves, not forgetting the excellent effervescing wine yielded by its juices, after a certain amount of fermentation. The rhubarb of our kitchen garden differs considerably in appearance from that from which medicine—so safe for children, and so valuable for adults—is obtained, and its recognition as a wholesome culinary article of food is of comparatively recent date. Its culture, for uses other than for decocting doctors' stuff, was still experimental in 1820, when Mr Wyatt of Deptford sent five bundles of the leaf stalks of rhubarb for sale to the borough market, and



had three returned to him because no one would buy the novel esculent. Now the quantity of rhubarb which arrives every week in Covent Garden alone from January to August may be counted by tons, and its money value by thousands of pounds, and so cheaply is it sold, that all classes from the richest to the poorest can buy it.

Theoretically a vegetable, but practically a fruit, this perennial is closely allied to the *Rumex* family—our Docks and Sorrels—which it resembles in more ways than one, but especially in the form of its flowers and the acidity of its flavour. Rhubarb is the only known herbaceous plant bearing a gum similar to that obtained from trees; and if we trouble to examine the thick ribs of the broad, palm-like leaves and the green supporting stems in the months of June and July, we find exuding from them a clear mucilaginous substance that hardens into tiny drops of gum. This is the time for blooming; and the handsome clusters of loose, cream-coloured panicles, if allowed to do so, produce an abundance of seed. But if the plant exhausts itself by expanding flowers and ripening seed in the autumn, only a poor crop of leaves can be expected in the spring; so the gardener's knife quickly puts an end to a thing of beauty, equal if not superior to many blossoms we spend time and money over to bring to perfection. The quicker propagation by offsets is now very generally preferred by the market gardener to the slower process of raising seedling rhubarb. The strongest of the eyes, or buds, shooting out at the base, immediately above the pendulous finger-like tap roots, are carefully detached, with the delicate fibres uninjured, and a portion of the root itself. Crowns grown from buds are stronger, and come quicker to perfection than seedlings, and suffer less from the attacks of snails, slugs, and other destructive garden pests.

An accommodating crop, requiring little attention, rhubarb, with moderate care and liberal treatment, can be raised with profit on almost any part of cultivated land. London market gardeners often grow it between the rows of orchard trees, where it remains permanently, the older crowns lifted in rotation for early forcing, and younger ones planted in their place. A constant succession must be kept up to fill the gaps left by the old plants, which after a spring in the hotbeds are of little worth, and are generally thrown out on the rubbish heap. Forcing can be carried on at any season; but in this as in most other things there is an unwritten law, and those whose trade it is to cater for the public have to study its unaccountable freaks, one of which is, that where rhubarb is concerned, it will have none of it before the New Year. Directly Christmas is over, our markets and fruit shops have an extra note of colour in the bunches of vivid crimson stalks and delicate amber leaves of rhubarb, almost as tempting to look at as the pure white narcissus and deep purple violets among which they lie. The costly flowers, however, come from the sunny South, whilst our favourite table delicacy is a specialty of home growth, not yet encroached upon—like so many other products—by rival supplies from abroad.

Except as an occasional ornamental plant in their flower-borders, foreigners almost ignore rhubarb, and the question may be asked, why we do not send any surplus fruit, after our own needs are satisfied, over to them. Our merchants would gladly welcome this extra source of profit; but 'Protection' stands in the way. Thousands of tons of garden produce from every port of the world are landed on our shores—a gain to the consumer, but a ruinous loss to the horticulturist—but we in return are excluded by prohibitive tariffs from the Continental markets, which on the one hand cheapen our productions, and on the other seriously diminish our exports.

Several methods are practised for forcing rhubarb. The essential factors are a steady heat and the exclusion of light. A considerable quantity of the earliest comes from Yorkshire, grown in disused coal-mines, where the requisite conditions for a quick and successful crop are at hand, without the usual initial cost of artificial means. Houses where early peaches, mushrooms, or cucumbers are raised, vineries and conservatories, are all utilised, and in these the crowns are placed under pots or in pits, or else simply covered with matting. But for market supplies, the forcing is done in pits; and trenches, dug in the open, and prepared with six or eight inches of well-rotted manure, covered with a few inches of rich loam. On this, about the middle of October or beginning of November, are put the crowns intended to be ready for January, the variety 'Red Champagne' being a favourite kind for its rich colour and vigorous growth. To vegetate naturally, the roots are planted about three and a half feet apart; but for forcing, they are crowded together as thickly as the fingers are upon the hand. The trenches, hooped across, are further covered well in with straw, litter, or mats, with a tall drain-tile here and there, to carry off any injurious steamy heat. After six or eight weeks, the stalks will be ready to gather; and after sorting, fifteen to twenty of them are made into flat 'market bundles,' arranged alternately in yellow heads and crimson tails, firmly bound at each end with rods, or withes from the osier beds. A bunch this size once brought eightpence to the grower; but in these times of depression they now fetch less than half that price. Rhubarb suffers from any prolonged frost, like that experienced in the early part of 1895, and the small profits now possible to make out of a market garden are still further curtailed. The experience of a well-known supplier of Covent Garden, whose extensive grounds are near Kew, is that of one, out of many, who had to face disastrous financial losses in this memorable season, when the ground was iron-bound for two whole months. Not only were his rhubarb crops several weeks behind, but four acres of celery, calculated to bring in eighty pounds an acre, and twenty acres of cabbage worth thirty pounds an acre, were so completely destroyed, that the whole had to be ploughed up, instead of giving the looked-for return for the expensive labour and anxious care expended on their cultivation.

The cherry, pear, and plum trees are in their full beauty of snowy blossom when the forced

crop of rhubarb is about exhausted, and that grown naturally is just ready, having had the protection of a loose covering of straw, to avert damage from treacherous white frosts, so apt to come in the early mornings of spring. Inferior in delicacy, from the stronger fibre, and dull in colour where the other was brilliant, this latter kind is still an immense favourite, and continues to be largely consumed even after the vernal blooms have brought us the ripe fruits of summer. Every cottager has his clump of rhubarb, too often put in some out-of-the-way corner, where, spite of neglect, it still supplies many a pudding for the Sunday's dinner. A little more care would soon repay the extra labour bestowed upon it. Each crown should be placed on a raised mound of rich, deep soil, and trenched round, for it is a plant impatient of water, suffering less from the want than from a superabundance of it. It is better for the plants not to allow them to flower, nor yet to gather any leaf-stalks after August, so that time is given to allow of the crowns ripening for another year's crop. With fair treatment and with very little expense, a garden, however small, ought to give its owner an abundance of this delicious wholesome fruit for at least six months in the year.

## AN UNAUTHORISED INTERVENTION.\*

### CHAPTER III.

JACK THOROLD could scarcely credit the testimony of his ears. That the citizens—or some of them—had risen against the Government, and on his behalf: surely the news was enough to upset the nerves of the most impassive of diplomatists! But, with an effort, he managed to suppress all signs of the excitement that burned within him. His chief anxiety, after the first shock, was regarding the result to himself. He had not long to wait. The officer having hurriedly withdrawn, Ferreira and his companions laid their heads together. The prisoner could not doubt that he was the object of the conference, and it flattered him a little, even in the midst of his danger, to think that his disposal was deemed more urgent than a serious rebellion in the streets.

Presently the colonel raised his voice somewhat: 'Why not take him to the castle, then?' he asked.

'You are right, colonel,' replied Ferreira, after a second's deliberation. 'The castle be it! It will certainly be much safer—in case of accidents.'

Elias interposed, with an inaudible remark.

'Oh, there's no fear,' said the general. 'He can stay here for an hour. They will be dispersed in half that time.'

They exchanged views for a few minutes longer, Jack wondering the while where 'the castle' might be, and what they intended to do with him there; and then, returning to the table, Ferreira addressed him as if nothing had happened: 'As you are hungry, señor, orders

will be given at once to prepare some dinner for you; and afterwards'—

'Thanks. And afterwards?'

'That you will learn in good time,' he answered, dryly.

So he was conducted by his escort to another room, and in due course served with a meal that did credit to Ferreira's cook and cellar. As the result, having lit a cigar, he could contemplate the future with some degree of philosophy. The room overlooked the *patio*; through the open window came the echoes of an intermittent rifle-fire; and the muttered conversation of the soldiers standing by the door, whose attention seemed to be divided between himself and the doings outside, was a pleasing tribute to the sensation that he had unwittingly caused. Fully an hour passed: the sounds of firing became more distant, but did not altogether die away: the rebels must still be holding out. And it would soon be night, when their chances of a successful resistance would be enormously increased.

At last he heard the champing of horses in the courtyard beneath; then the door was thrown open, and Ferreira appeared alone. Jack tried in vain to gather from the general's countenance some hint of his feelings.

'Can you ride?' he asked abruptly.

'Of course.'

'Then be good enough to follow me.'

Motioning the soldiers to fall in behind the captive, he led the way down-stairs to the *patio*. It was almost filled by a squadron of cavalry—probably the full force of that arm in the capital—and at the door stood a couple of orderlies with spare horses. Ferreira indicated the troopers with a sweep of his hand: they had their swords drawn.

'One word, Señor Tovar,' he said, more gravely than he had yet spoken. 'There is trouble in the city; I must do my duty; and I have to warn you that if you make any attempt to escape or to open communication with the rebels, or if a rescue seems likely—well, my men will know exactly what to do. You understand me, I hope?'

Jack nodded: he understood only too well, and was not particularly charmed.

'That is well.—Mount, if you please!'

He obeyed, having no alternative; while Ferreira, who was evidently afraid to trust his important charge to a subordinate, took his place at the head of the squadron. A minute later, it had formed up in the Plaza, eight men abreast. In spite of his misgivings, or perhaps because of them, Jack had the curiosity to master his bearings. His own position was in the fifth rank from the front. The great square was empty, save for a company of infantry around the guns at each corner; the sun was going down behind the houses; and the din of the fighting, albeit distinct enough, seemed to come from the opposite direction to that in which they were facing. He was devoutly thankful that it was so.

His thankfulness was somewhat premature. The word was given, and at a hand-gallop they emerged from the Plaza into a broad, straight thoroughfare leading northward. It was also deserted; only here and there a head showed

\* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

at a balconied window, to be withdrawn at once; for in Central America, under martial law, curiosity has perils that make quiet-living people shun it like the yellow fever. Presently the squadron turned into a narrower street, running at right angles with the other; and, as they advanced, the houses became less and less pretentious in appearance, and in many cases were separated by stretches of garden-wall. Still, though they were plainly approaching the poorer districts of the town, the inhabitants remained invisible. Ferreira seemed to have his doubts, for the additional precaution was taken of throwing out an advance-party. Nor was it long in being justified. All at once they were aware of a noise that could not be mistaken—the noise of shouting, punctuated by occasional volleys and isolated shots. It grew louder and louder as they neared a little square into which several streets debouched, and before long a struggling, confused mass was to be discerned right in their path. Here, it was obvious, soldiers were in conflict with the populace. Jack's pulses began to beat faster. Then the advance-guard fell back; a quick order was issued, and the ranks closed up; and, glancing round, the Englishman noticed that a couple of officers had posted themselves at either end of his line. The fact, with Ferreira's warning in his recollection, was more significant than pleasant.

But he had little leisure for thought. They were now within fifty yards of the square; and suddenly the clamour increased in volume, a shot or two whizzed over their heads, and a portion of the crowd seemed to break away and rush pell-mell towards them.

'Halt!' cried Ferreira, to Jack's surprise.

Next moment, the cause was evident. The Governor had realised the truth—that the soldiers had been dispersed and driven back by the mob, and were now fleeing, routed, to the shelter of the cavalry. And perhaps, considering the *morale* of the San Estevan troops, it was not surprising: there were less than a hundred of them, while the citizens must have outnumbered them by five to one. Certainly they did not look particularly soldierly as they dashed past in panic, and it is questionable if they heard or heeded Ferreira's injunction to form behind. At any rate, Jack saw no more of them.

The refugees were not pursued, and for a minute crowd and cavalry confronted each other in dead silence, the former drawing instinctively together, the latter awaiting the word of their commander. In the space between the two bodies lay a number of dead and wounded, and it was somewhat pathetic to observe the efforts of the injured to crawl away from the scene of danger. Only, this was no time for pathos. The spell was broken by the citizens with a defiant shout, in which Jack recognised the name of his prototype. A scattering volley from rifles and revolvers followed. A man in the front rank was hit; several horses began to rear and plunge. Ferreira cast a quick glance behind him, and then the command rang out: 'Charge!'

The rebels were wise in their generation; for, as the horsemen swept down upon them, they

parted on this side and that and left a clear lane for their passage, but greeted them, nevertheless, with a Parthian volley of shots, stones, and frenzied shouts of 'Viva Tovar! Down with Melgarejo!' It was not without effect. One of the officers escorting Jack went down; a curse from his left-hand neighbour told him that the man had been struck; and, for his own part, the balls were whistling past too near his head for comfort. For him, indeed, it was a moment of peculiar peril. It was not only the chance of a stray bullet, but he had the fear that the slightest misadventure might give his captors the excuse to get rid of him without further trouble. In less than a minute, however, it was all over: the square was crossed, the last of the crowd left behind, the shouting was dying away in the rear, and they were riding at full speed along another narrow street, oblivious, apparently, of those who had fallen in the scrimmage.

Then, and not until then, did Jack Thorold draw a full breath of relief.

'They did not recognise you, señor,' said the trooper at his left hand. 'And lucky for you, too,' he added.

'Wounded?' asked Jack.

'*Gracias*: only a ball in my bridle-arm. But we'll pay 'em out for it going back, never fear.'

Jack had no doubt of it: if they got the opportunity. Meanwhile, the sun had set; darkness had come down with tropical suddenness; the passing landmarks—houses, churches, trees—had become blurred into uniformity; but on they dashed at the same breakneck speed for perhaps five minutes longer, through one street after another, then up a long and steep ascent, and finally drew rein before a huge, black mass of building which seemed to bar their further progress.

'Where are we?' inquired Jack of the friendly trooper.

'We have arrived, señor—the saints be thanked!'

'At the castle?'

'Si.'

Apparently they were expected, for, after a moment's delay, the heavy gate was swung back, and they rode across a bridge into a large courtyard. A weary pause ensued. Then Jack was ordered to dismount, and, attended by a couple of troopers, was conducted into a hall of goodly proportions, where he was transferred at once to the custody of a file of the garrison. Ferreira was deep in talk with a white-haired old officer of benevolent aspect, doubtless the Governor of the fortress, upon whom he appeared to be impressing his views with much vigour. The officer listened attentively, nodding his head now and then, but said little. And at length Ferreira turned to the prisoner.

'*Buenas noches*, Señor Tovar!' said he. 'I can trust my gallant friend to make you very comfortable. For the rest, believe that I look forward to our next meeting with pleasure! Until then—*adiós*!'

He gave place to the white-haired officer, who bowed with the courtesy of his race. 'The señor will oblige me by stepping this way,' he said, after a minute's scrutiny.

So, accompanied by his guard, Jack followed at his heels through divers long, deserted corridors, in which the tread of their footsteps sounded hollow and unreal, and up a winding staircase to a passage dimly lit by a flickering oil-lamp. There they came to a halt before an iron-bound door, which one of the soldiers threw open.

'Enter, señor!' said the Governor.

Entering accordingly, Jack found himself in a good-sized chamber, and saw by the light from the passage that it was plainly but sufficiently furnished, and seemed not uncomfortable. It was better than a prisoner in his circumstances had any right to expect; better, indeed, than he *had* expected. He was proportionately thankful, and told the Governor so.

'I am at the señor's service,' was the reply. 'If he will permit me, I will send up a lamp and some books in a little. And if there is anything else'—

Jack thanked him again. Just at present, there was nothing else.

The Governor bowed himself out; the door was locked, and the measured tramp of a sentry in the corridor assured the captive that civility was not inconsistent with a proper precaution. Instinctively, in the dark, he betook himself to the window, to discover that it opened inward, but was heavily barred on the outside. He pulled it open. Nothing was visible save a few twinkling lights in the city; but he heard—or it was imagination—the distant and now familiar rattle of rifle-fire; and, just beneath, the tread of sentinels could not be mistaken. And, as he stood inhaling the cool evening breeze, another sound rose to his ears—that of Ferreira's squadron as it clattered away. For twenty minutes or so he kept his post, whistling rather dolefully. The excitement of the day was wearing off; and, as a natural result of the reaction, the realities of his position began to come home to his mind with the darker side uppermost. More than ever, he was inclined to wish himself well out of the affair.

His meditations were broken by the entrance of two soldiers with the promised lamp, several volumes of Spanish romances, a respectable supper of cold viands and wine, and the humble compliments of the Governor. Jack's spirits went up again: the old fellow had nobly redeemed his word.

'Come! this isn't so bad, after all,' he told himself, surveying the table with due satisfaction when the men had gone. 'They don't mean to starve me at least, and any other form of death I think I can risk!'

Fortified by these consoling thoughts, and leaving the question of supper for future discussion, he was quite ready to pass the evening in the company of the Spanish romancers. But the books were deadly dull, and ere long he fell fast asleep over the love-adventures of one Don Guzman in the city of Seville. He was awakened by the rattling of his door as the guard prepared to open it; and, glancing at his watch, he saw that it was now past nine o'clock. Half involuntarily, he placed himself beyond the circle of light cast by the lamp.

He started as the door was thrown open: he

could have sworn that he heard the rustle of skirts. In an instant the fact was put beyond question by the sentinel: '*Si, señorita,*' said he: 'you have half-an-hour.'

The answer was merely a word of thanks, spoken in a low tone, but unmistakably the voice was that of a lady. Then the door closed; and the stranger, still in the shadow, addressed him: 'Juan!'

She advanced into the light as she spoke, both hands outstretched. For the moment Jack, not usually the most backward of men, was too much astounded either to speak or move. He could only stare at the visitor, and wonder if it were all a dream—if the girl standing there in an attitude of expectancy, her eyes trying to pierce the shadow in which he was hidden—if she were not a creature of his imagination. And this idea was not altogether dispelled when she threw back the *mantilla* which had partly concealed her face and form, and revealed to him—or was it a vision from one of Velasquez's portraits?—the tall, lithe figure, the perfect features of the Spanish type, the mass of black hair, and the glorious eyes of dark-gray, over which a shadow of hesitation, doubt, was now fleeting. He was not recalled to reality, and to a sense of his own remissness, until she spoke again.

'Well, Juan?' she repeated, in surely the most musical of voices: and, perhaps for the first time, Jack was truly sorry that he was not Juan Tovar.

And at length he came forward. '*Señorita,*'—

She retreated a step, a sudden terror in her eyes. 'There is a mistake, I fear—I thought—I was told— Oh! *you* are not Juan Tovar!' she cried, incoherently.

'I am deeply grieved, *señorita,*' he said, 'but it is not my blame—for twenty-four hours your countrymen have been insisting against my appeals and protestations that I am. And that is why I am a prisoner—and the *señorita's* good servant,' he added, with his best bow.

She seemed scarcely to heed him. 'And Juan? Then he is not here at all?'

'I am happy to say not.'

'But why— Oh! there is a mistake,' she said again. 'I am perplexed—I must go'—

Jack placed a chair for her. 'Will you not honour me by hearing my story first?' he pleaded. 'Your—your friend is safe, as I hope to convince you. But I, *señorita*?—And you have still twenty-five minutes.'

She looked straight at him for a moment; then, blushing a little, she sat down. 'It is due to you, señor,' she said.

He thanked her gravely, and, taking a seat at the other side of the table, plunged at once into a narrative of his experiences since leaving Salvatierra. Be sure he missed none of the details: he was too glad of the excuse to have her company, and to watch the interest grow in her countenance and expressive eyes. But she did not interrupt him until he had related the exciting incident of the wayside station.

'So he is safe!' she cried, clapping her hands in delight. 'Oh! I am sure of it, señor; he will reach the army to-night, to-morrow at the latest, and then'— Recollecting herself,

she pulled up. 'I am so sorry—I had forgotten that you were a prisoner in his place. You will pardon me, señor?' she entreated, holding out her hand.

Jack raised it to his lips.

'I was thinking only of Juan'—

'You will permit me to congratulate him, señorita?'

'He is dearer to me than anybody in the world,' she said, quietly. 'It is my excuse, señor.'

'One could not wish a better,' replied Jack. 'Don Juan is a very fortunate man.' And I am afraid he gave utterance to an audible sigh.

She glanced at him quickly, as if to gather his meaning, and then asked him to be kind enough to continue his story. This, however, with a peculiar glint in her eyes, which did not escape Jack's keen attention. Both smiled; and although no words passed, the history was resumed with the knowledge that quite a friendly feeling had been established between them.

When at length it had been told to the end: 'How am I to thank you, señor?' she asked. 'To go through all those dangers for a stranger—to run the risk of being shot—it is like the brave English nation! Thank you,' she repeated, but in English. 'Will you shake hands with me?'

'You speak English!' cried Jack. It was like a revelation to him.

'Only a little'—and certainly her accent was very marked. 'I was for some years in California, at school there. And now—you will tell me your name?'

He did so.

'Jack Thorold! It is very difficult to say it—as you do.'

'Call me Jack, then,' he suggested, with some audacity. 'Everybody does, you know.'

She reverted immediately to her Spanish. 'For me, I am known as Dolores Alvarado—and,' she said, smiling, 'I also expect to be shot some day as a dangerous rebel. But the time passes, Señor Thorold'—

'And you have not told me yet how you managed to get here, and about the rising of the people, and a hundred other things I am dying to hear.'

'That is easily done. We have informants everywhere—you know already how quickly the news of your capture spread, and how quickly our friends took arms. The city is with us—like the rest of the country, except the army and the officials, it has had enough of General Melgarejo's rule. It is shown by their readiness, by their bravery in holding the troops in check all evening! You were brought here: it was known all over the town within an hour. For me, señor, I need not tell you with what grief I heard it. What could I do? If I waited until the morning, I was afraid that I should be too late to see Juan; my only course was to come to the castle at once, in spite of everything.'

'And you did so? It was very brave of you,' said Jack; and meant it. 'But not alone, surely?'

'I have a servant with me; but there was no danger—for me. The rest was easy. The

Governor of this place is an old friend of my father's, although I had not seen him for many years. Besides, he is favourable to the cause, but too timid to declare himself. Juan had changed much, he told me—he knew him well as a boy—and if he could do anything to help him, he was glad to do it for his father's son.'

'Then he did not suspect the truth? He was kind enough certainly, but didn't strike me as particularly friendly.'

'He is afraid of Ferreira, who has no mercy—doubtless, that was the reason.'

'And this place—what is it?'

'It is the old castle of San Estevan, built three centuries ago by the founders of the city. I should know it well, Señor Thorold. Juan and I, as boy and girl, explored every inch of it, and so every passage and room is familiar to me, and very dear.—But about you, señor?' she cried, jumping up. 'We have only a minute or two, and we must have some plan: we must not permit you to be shot in mistake.'

'I can always appeal to my Consul,' suggested Jack.

'Oh! you do not understand Ferreira. He will shoot you first, and make inquiries afterwards. But let me think!' After a moment: 'He has written to Melgarejo, you say? In that case, you are safe for to-morrow at least. The camp is on the other side of the plain, fifty miles to the north-east; there can hardly be an answer until night, even if nothing happens in the meanwhile.'

There was a sound of fumbling at the lock: the time was up. Dolores hurriedly continued: 'Quick! we must allow them to suspect nothing—you must leave it to me.—I will consult my friends—they will think of some plan, even if we have to take the castle to release you! You will trust me in this, Señor Thorold?'

'If you promise to return,' said he, as the door opened.

'Can you doubt it?' she asked, lowering her voice. 'Till to-morrow—then it will be all right.' She gave him her hand. 'Buenas noches, Juan,' she said; and, with a bright nod, followed the sentry and passed from his view.

#### SOME POETS AND THEIR PASTIMES.

'ONE hates an author that's all author,' wrote Byron; and despite the sneer, it is true, more particularly with regard to those who have attained great literary distinction, that there is a general desire to know something of the man himself apart from his works. And in these days especially, when no detail of a great writer's life is deemed too minute or insignificant to contribute something towards the elucidation of his works, a glance at the leisure hours of some of our poets, and the very different ways in which they employed them, will not be devoid of interest.

With most persons, indeed, poetry is itself a pastime; but those favoured beings to whom poesy was the chief business of life have fre-

quently had secondary pursuits, in which they attained considerable excellence, and few have been without a certain liking for pastimes properly so styled. Recreation of a kind which does not call for too much exertion or fatigue has generally recommended itself to the contemplative mind of the poet, whether in town or country. Gray had little liking for active exercise, and to this his tinge of melancholy may perhaps be in part attributed. Low spirits, he tells us, were his true and faithful followers, and 'most commonly we sit together, and are the prettiest insipid company in the world.' When staying near Henley in 1760, he found the round of gaieties too much for him. His hosts were always 'what they called doing something—that is, racketing about from morning to night—occupations I find that wear out my spirits, especially in a situation where we might sit still and be alone with pleasure.' At another time we find him desiring 'to lie all day long on a sofa and read eternal new novels of Marivaux and Crebillon.' It is only fair, however, on the other hand, to mention the grand tour which he made in the company of Horace Walpole, than whom no more delightful ciccone could be found.

Cowper while at Olney confined his walks within the narrow compass of thirty yards of gravel, while dumb-bells gave him a little exercise in winter. His love of home-life—the bright fire, the closely-drawn curtains, the bubbling and loud-hissing urn—is apparent in what has been called his 'divine chit-chat.' Carpentering was one of his few recreations; and the care of his garden and three tame hares filled up the measure of his peaceful existence.

On reading the *Seasons*, a lady, we are told, discovered three things of its author—that he was a great lover, a great swimmer, and rigidly abstinent; on hearing which, Savage, with all the candour of a privileged friend, laughed heartily, saying he believed Thomson was never in cold water in his life, and that the other particulars were just as true! Quin tells us Thomson never saw the sun rise in his life; and on one occasion the poet gave as an excuse for not rising before noon, that 'he had no motive.' Allowing for exaggeration, Thomson doubtless lived in a Castle of Indolence all his own; but we must remember that he was wont to walk daily from town to his house at Richmond.

Southey was accustomed to read as he walked; but when quickening his pace to four miles or so an hour, he was obliged—fortunately for the enjoyment of his walk—reluctantly to close the book. He shared the love of the beautiful scenery around Keswick with the other Lake Poets. 'These lakes and mountains,' he writes, 'give me a deep joy, for which I suspect nothing else can compensate; and this is a feeling which time strengthens instead of weakening.'

Pope, as he tells us, was the unfortunate possessor of a 'crazy carcass'; and though, when leaving London, he bids farewell to 'luxurious lobster nights,' it is probable that

'sober studious days' were more to the taste of one who had to make a constant study of his health. When in town, however, he was 'as sure to be in a bustle as a porpoise in a storm.' In early life he was fond of riding, and in 1715 journeyed with his friends Arbuthnot and Disney from London to Bath on horseback, their luggage being on a very small scale, for Arbuthnot, the commander-in-chief of the party, allowed but a shirt and cravat to each traveller. The following year, he describes his pursuits in a letter to the sisters Blount: 'I write an hour or two every morning, then ride out a-hunting [at Cirencester], eat heartily, talk tender sentiments with Lord B., or draw plans for houses and gardens, open avenues, cut glades, plant firs, contrive water-works—all very fine and beautiful in our own imaginations. . . . At night we play at commerce, and play pretty high.'

In Pope's day, landscape-gardening was a rising art, and one much cultivated by the poet. Writing to Swift in 1736, he says: 'My house is enlarged, and the gardens extend and flourish. . . . I have more fruit-trees and kitchen gardens than you have any thought of; nay, I have melons and pine-apples of my own growth. I am as much a better gardener as I am a worse poet than when you saw me.' His rustic grotto was furnished with mirrors, and would reflect as in a camera-obscura the beautiful river scenery around Twickenham. Here it was that his friend St John was wont to mingle with the friendly bowl 'the feast of reason and the flow of soul.' Swift and Gray were among those who helped him to plant his quincunx, and to decorate the walls of the grotto with choice marbles or shining bits of spar.

Many poets have found an enduring source of pleasure in their gardens. Shenstone, the author of the *Schoolmistress*, was devoted to landscape-gardening, and loved to entangle his walks and wind his waters until his little domain became the envy of the great and the admiration of the skilful. But this passion for his garden, like any other form of extravagance, led him into debt, and, as Dr Johnson observes, his groves were soon haunted by beings very different from fauns and fairies. Far, too, from the busy haunts of men lived Abraham Cowley among his books and gardens.

The planting of trees was one of Sir Walter Scott's favourite diversions. Planting and pruning trees, he tells us, he could work at from morning to night. 'Your very acorn may send its ribs of oak to future victories like Trafalgar.' On the other hand, he had no taste for agriculture: 'to wrangle with farmers about prices, and to be constantly at the mercy of the seasons.'

Tree-planting was also a favourite pursuit of Walter Savage Landor while living at Llanthony, in Wales. At one time he bought two thousand pine-cones, that the side of the valley might one day be covered with cedars of Lebanon. He disliked to see flowers plucked. 'I love these beautiful and graceful tribes,' he says; 'they always meet one in the same place at the same season; and years have no more effect on their placid countenances than on so many of the most favoured gods.'

Science has not always proved so incompatible with poetry as is generally believed. Shelley while at Eton was interested in chemistry and electricity. Crabbe took great delight in botany and entomology. While in London, his favourite haunt was Hornsey Wood, where he sought for plants and insects; and at Belvoir his leisure moments were occupied with the same pursuits.

Among foreign poets, Goethe was conspicuous for his love of science in nearly all its branches. He studied anatomy, and was initiated into the mysteries of physiognomy by Lavater. He published his *Metamorphoses of Plants* in 1790, and his *Theory of Colours* in the early years of the present century.

We should, however, expect the arts of music and painting to appeal more strongly to the poetic temperament; and with the majority of poets this has been the case. Milton had a strong taste for music, and wrote his *Masque of Comus* for his friend Henry Lawes, the most distinguished composer of the day in England. Music and conversation, indeed, were his chief recreations. He sometimes sung, and could play the bass viol, but his favourite instrument was the organ. Gray had a liking for music, and would sing on occasion, though with some diffidence. While in Italy, he learned to play on the harpsichord from the younger Scarlatti, and was the means of introducing Pergolesi into England. Though Rogers kept nightingales to sing to him, his taste in music would hardly be admired at the present day, for he is said when dining alone to have had an Italian organ-grinder playing in the hall! Goldsmith was skilful with the flute, and could sing a song or dance a minuet with the best. Other and noisier amusements, however, did not come amiss to him, and games of blindman's-buff, or forfeits, were often a sore trial to the occupant of the room below the poet's in Brick Court, Temple—the learned Blackstone then engaged in writing his *Commentaries*.

The arts of poetry and painting have often been found united in the same person. Michael-Angelo turned to poetry in the later part of his life. Goethe's room at Frankfort was covered with his own drawings. William Blake found relief in poetry from the monotony of engraving to order. In our own day, we can point to Rossetti and Mr Ruskin among many others. Cowper spent much of his leisure in drawing; and Pope, as we have seen, had a taste for architectural plans and designs.

Byron had a wide range of amusements—some rather brisk and boisterous, as became the fire and energy of his character. He was renowned as a swimmer, and in diving would pick up eggs, coins, and what not from a depth of fourteen feet. In Italy he was known as the English fish or sea-devil; and at Venice was considered a first-rate gondolier, spoilt by being a peer and a poet. He learned dancing from D'Egville, and was instructed in pugilism by Jackson, one of the 'pets' of the day. He was fond of animals from his Cambridge days, when he considered his tame bear 'the finest friend in the world,' and assured the scandalised college authorities that Bruin was going to 'sit for a fellowship.' On his arrival at Pisa in

1821, his numerous retinue, besides horses and dogs, included fowls and monkeys. His favourite dogs Lion and Boatswain are among the domestic pets of literature.

This love of animals was shared by Walter Scott, whose greyhounds Maida (immortalised as the 'Bevis' of *Woodstock*), Nimrod, and the rest, were for so many years his faithful friends. Besides the planting and pruning of trees, a favourite exercise with him was riding; and Sybil Grey or Douce Davie was the frequent companion of his leisure hours. We can picture him to ourselves mounted on Sybil Grey with a huge hunting-whip, prepared for coursing on Newark Hill; Mackenzie, the author of the *Man of Feeling*, being of the party; and Sir Humphry Davy, bent on fishing, with his hat surrounded by line upon line and innumerable fly-hooks, with jack-boots worthy of a Dutch smuggler, and a fustian surtout dabbled with the blood of salmon.

Shelley's pastimes were many of them of a rather dangerous character, even from childhood, when his sister and he dressed themselves in strange costumes to personate spirits or fiends; 'and Bysshe would take a fire stove and fill it with some inflammable liquid, and carry it flaming into the kitchen and to the back door.' At Eton he is said on one occasion to have given his tutor a severe shock with a Leyden jar. He often carried pistols, and was a better shot than Byron, with whom he practised in Italy. While sailing, he was in the habit of steering and reading at the same time. His love of books was equal to that of Charles Lamb, and no volume which took his fancy was too large or too expensive for him. Unfortunately, however, in the course of his frequent removals, the more ponderous tomes had to be left behind!

Unlike Shelley—who drank only water, and would dine contentedly off a bun—many poets have found their chief relaxation in a certain amount of conviviality and pleasant social intercourse. Dryden, we are told, employed his mornings in writing, dined *en famille*, and then went to Wills's Coffee-house, which he caused to become the great resort of the wits of the day. Addison passed each day alike, and much in the manner Dryden did; but it is satisfactory to know that 'he came home earlier o' nights.' Goldsmith enjoyed what he styled a shoemaker's holiday—that is to say, when in company of his friends, to start at eleven for a walk by the City Road; and through the fields to Highbury Barn to dine; to drink tea afterwards at the White Conduit House; and to conclude the evening by supping at the Grecian or the Temple Exchange Coffee-house.

Charles Lamb was fond of 'cards and a cheerful glass.' Writing to Coleridge in 1796 on the production of the *Sigh*, he says: 'I think I hear you again. I imagine to myself the little smoky room at the *Salutation and Cat*, where we have sat together through the winter nights, beguiling the cares of life with Poesy.' His rooms in Inner Temple Lane saw many a brilliant gathering of wits and authors, when those who had a mind might play whist.

Another poet who loved to surround himself with all the celebrities of the day was Samuel



Rogers. When breakfast was still an institution, he was wont to welcome his acquaintances at that meal, 'by way of probation for dinner,' as it was said; and there were few persons of note in Europe who on a visit to London did not sooner or later appear as guests at his house in St James's Street.

### CASSIE QUIN'S ATONEMENT.

By GUY BOOTHBY.

A stone upon her heart and head,  
But no name written on that stone;  
Sweet neighbours whisper low instead,  
This sinner was a loving one.

Mrs BROWNING.

'I SAY she's a liar—she kin say what she bloomin' well please. My man a' course kin take the sack ready and willin'; I ain't a denyin' that; but what I do say is that we ain't a-goin' to be put upon by the likes of 'er—no, not if she was Missis Victoria upon her golden throne; we wouldn't! An' so I'll tell 'er to 'er face.'

Her name was Cassie Quin. And in case this assertion may not convey very much, I may also say that she was a strapping young woman of about twenty-two years of age, strong as a mountain heifer, brown as a berry, and boasting a fluency and picturesqueness of expression that almost took one's breath away. She was the wife of a boundary rider on the Queensland Station I was managing at that time, and there had been serious trouble out back.

The adjoining station, it must be understood, had a hut on the other side of the boundary fence, and between the two women there was constant feud. The opposition wife had taken the trouble to make certain serious charges against our boundary rider, and now his wife Cassie had come in herself to disprove them. She was about as rough a diamond as could be found between Capes York and Howe, and when she stood before me she completely filled the doorway.

Having had ten minutes of vigorous protestation and defiance, and with a view of arriving at a conclusion, I said quietly: 'Come, come, now; that's all very well, you know, but you must have given her some provocation!'

'I dunno what yer mean by "provercation,"' she answered; 'but if she says my 'usband don't do no work, well, she's a liar, a darned liar; and so I'll tell 'er to 'er face when I go 'ome—there now! Why, I'll tell yer what, if yer want to know, 'er man don't'—

'There, there; that'll do,' I said hastily; 'I don't want to know anything further. Go home, there's a good woman, and, for goodness' sake, don't let me hear any more about it. If you want any extra rations for Christmas Day, you can tell the storekeeper I sent you.'

She was evidently not satisfied, for she went away down the path mumbling something about falsehoods and vengeance that I did not catch.

It was terribly hot, and even in the shadow of the veranda the thermometer stood at one hundred and sixteen degrees.

When Cassie had interrupted me, I was busy writing to the old folk at home; and after she left, I narrated what had passed as an amusing incident characteristic of Bush Life. Then the storekeeper came in, sat on my table, and lit his pipe. When he acted in that fashion, it was always a sign that he had come to stay; so we sat talking of bygone days, mopping our faces, and wondering what was happening sixteen thousand miles away. I remember he had just said: 'Hold on, though; we're feeding them with goose and plum-duff when they're only just out of bed—we've forgotten the nine hours' difference in time.'

To which I replied: 'God bless them; and precious cold some of 'em are too, I'll be bound'—when from the yard rang the cry of 'Fire!'

We dashed out; and there, sure enough, was the smoke of a huge Bush fire, licking along the top of the thickly timbered Ranges that separated us from our back country. It appeared to be entering the gully in which stood the rival huts I have previously mentioned. And as soon as Cassie saw this, she left the store and rushed to the bough shade, where her horse was standing. I followed her, crying: 'Who are at the huts, girl?'

'Only that woman and 'er kid,' she answered, seizing her saddle.

'Then where are the men?' I asked. For I knew, as it was Christmas Day, there would be no work doing.

'Down at the Dingoe Creek grog shanty, and most like dead-drunk by this; and that woman's lame, and 'er kid ain't weaned. I must go!'

'Nonsense. Put that saddle down, and let one of the men go. You can do no possible good!'

'I can, I can. Don't stop me; there ain't no time to waste, I tell yer! What's the use of sendin' one of them? I can get there quicker nor any of 'em.'

She was in the saddle by this time; and I, seeing it was impossible to stop her, had let down the panels, and now shouted after her: 'Take care of yourself, for God's sake, girl!'

She had fourteen miles to go, and the fire scarcely six more. But she could only travel as fast as her horse could gallop: while the fire was moving like an express train.

Ten minutes later I was on the way with men and beaters. Even at the distance we were from it we could feel the hot glow upon our faces. And every moment it was closing in faster and faster on the devoted huts. Presently volumes of smoke began to roll over our heads; and we could distinctly hear the roar of the flames and the falling of trees far ahead of us. Within half an hour we had arrived at the point I was aiming for, and had commenced clearing a track, in order to direct

the course of the fire towards a dry creek bed. It was dreadful labour; but any one with half an eye could see that it was the only chance of saving the wool-sheds and the Home Station. Every moment the heat was growing more intense, and by the time our work was completed had become almost unbearable.

Cassie had been gone nearly three-quarters of an hour now. That she would gallop her horse to death to get there in time, we knew; but was the feat she had undertaken possible? It was the uncertainty that made the suspense so awful.

With the roaring fierceness of a million furnaces, the fire came closer, and already sparks were floating towards us. Then we heard a noise of horses galloping through the thick scrub timber; and presently, mad with terror, a mob came into view, tearing and racing for their lives. With them, in hopeless confusion, were sheep, kangaroos, wallabies, wild-dogs, and emus; while overhead, hawks, crows, cockatoos, magpies, eagles, and all manner of birds, flew screeching before the hot blast.

Our track by this time was broad and clear, and, if only the wind would drop or change, we might consider ourselves safe.

Seeing that nothing else could be done, we mounted our terrified animals and rode down into the creek bed. Then there went up a shout; and at the same instant, through the high grass, a maddened and terrified horse, with a woman and child swaying to and fro upon its back, thundered towards us. That it wasn't Cassie, we could tell, for this rider and child were tied on. Seeing the other horses in the creek, the poor beast leaped over the edge, and fell upon the soft sand at our feet. We rushed forward, secured it, and, as fast as we could, unbound the precious freight. Needless to say it was The Opposition and her child.

Cassie must have travelled as fast as her horse could gallop to the Blackfellow's Well in the Ten-mile Paddock; and then turned due east along the foot of the Ranges towards the gully where she lived. From the well to the huts she must have had the heat of the fire full in her face, for at the highest calculation the flames could not have been five miles in front of her. Then turning the hill-side, she saw the huts below her.

In three minutes she was beside them, calling and shrieking to her enemy to come forth and be saved. The terrified woman, according to her own account, had shut herself into the bark 'humpy,' for she knew it was worse than useless to trust to her lameness in the dried-up scrub. As the flames appeared on the hill-top, she saw through the window Cassie descending the track on the hill-side; then she lost sight of her until she heard her name called and rushed out.

'Save me, save me, Cassie Quin!' she cried—'save me and my little Em'ly. Take 'er, and I'll pray for ye and bless your name for ever!'

Cassie had by this time dismounted. 'Come on, then—git on 'ere,' she shouted. 'But wait: where's some green hide? I'll have to tie yer on, or yer'll let the kid drop—I know yer

will.—That's right now. Stick to 'er tight, and make for our 'ead station. Go on! Git!'

'But you, you,' screamed the frightened woman as the horse plunged and snorted at the on-rushing flames—'there's no room for you. You'll be killed!'

'D'ye think I'm a babby, and don't know how to take care of myself? I'm all right. You git!'

As she spoke, she struck the horse savagely, and he bounded away, and next moment had disappeared down the track, the mother and child rolling wildly in the saddle as they went. Then Cassie turned to the gully and saw the approaching flames. Her sacrifice was complete. Death was inevitable. She gave one glance round, found that her escape was cut off, and then rushed into her own hut and shut the door.

That night, as soon as it was possible, we organised a search party and went out to hunt for her. We had not far to look. We found her in her own hut, which, by some strange chance, was untouched, lying on the floor quite dead—suffocated. On the back of the door, evidently scratched with a nail, were these words: 'I sed she wer a liar; I'm sorie.'

#### LONG AGO.

WHEN opal tints and gray invade

The crimson of the west—

When daylight's lingering traces fade,

And song-birds seek the nest—

When shadows fall o'er hill and plain,

And stars in heaven glow,

We live in memory once again

The days of long ago.

And friends of days for ever o'er

Around us closely stand,

We feel the kindly grasp once more

Of many a 'vanished hand;'

And though fond, loyal, brave, and true

May be the friends we know,

No friends can match the friends we knew

And loved long, long ago.

Though smiling fortune on us shower

Her gifts with right good-will—

Though every passing day and hour

Be filled with sunshine still—

Though joys and pleasures deep abound

Upon the way we go,

We sigh and dream o'er joys we found

In days of long ago.

And though we form new friends, new ties,

New joys, new pleasures try,

And though new hopes like phantoms rise

As in the days gone by,

When comes the holy calm of eve,

Our tears unbidden flow;

We love, we hope, we plan and grieve

Again in Long Ago.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,  
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 599.—VOL. XII.

SATURDAY, JUNE 22, 1895.

PRICE 1½d.

## THE YOUNGEST OF THE NATIONS.

It is a bright and interesting picture which Mr Edward Dicey, in *The Peasant State*, has drawn of a new nationality, which under our eyes has sprung into vigorous existence, and gives promise of filling an important place among European communities. The present generation has seen many phases of national progress and change in both hemispheres. On the farther side of the Atlantic the great American people has been welded into a closer unity in the fierce heat of the Secession struggle; in Asia, the vast space between Eastern and Western civilisation has been crossed by Japan in a few giant strides; while in Europe itself the changes wrought by strife and upheaval have equalled these in importance if not in dramatic effect. France has to all appearance finally chosen a Republican government; Germany is an Empire, instead of a heterogeneous multitude of States; Italy, lately a 'geographical expression,' is a compact kingdom; and Turkey, shedding province after province, has continued to shrivel, or, as Lord Beaconsfield put it, to 'consolidate' into complete decrepitude. In admirable contrast to the recent history of the decaying Ottoman Empire is the study presented to us in Bulgaria, a nation born but the other day, and already showing unmistakable signs of adolescence.

It has been manifest for generations past to all observant eyes that the process of decay was advancing rapidly in Turkey, a process which statesmen have striven rather to retard than hasten. There appeared to most of them only one probable solution—namely, that Russia should fall heir to Constantinople, a consummation so devoutly abhorred, that the 'Sick Man' has been most carefully propped up. Recent developments have made the entry of the great Muscovite power into possession not so certain a matter. 'If Turkey in Europe can only hold together for another generation,' says Mr Dicey, 'Bulgaria may possibly become so potent a factor

in the Oriental problem as to alter the conditions under which the Eastern Question will have ultimately to be solved. I do not say that Bulgaria is as yet an effective bulwark against Russian aggression; but I do say that she is in a fair way of becoming such a bulwark.'

The south-east of Europe, framed by the Danube, the Black Sea, the Adriatic, and the Mediterranean, has been a place of battles since the dawn of history. Waves of invasion have swept over it, one race of marauders succeeding and driving out another—Slavs, Bulgars, Turks. For some centuries past the territory which owes its name to the Bulgars has had the Turks for its masters, but nevertheless the Slav race has been the persistent element, wearing out or absorbing the other races, as the subject Anglo-Saxon absorbed the Norman. So that to-day we find there a perfectly homogeneous people, ready to think and act together; the oppression and cruelty of Turkish rule have left no permanent sores, and have affected only superficially the general well-being. It certainly bespeaks a robustness of constitution, a toughness of fibre in the race, that after centuries of a government which elsewhere has uniformly blighted all progress, this nation of peasant proprietors is found prospering—none wealthy, none sunk in poverty. This indeed is the most striking feature of Bulgarian life—the absence both of wealth and poverty, the maintenance of a level of moderate comfort above which few rise, and below which few sink. Out of a population of three and a half millions, about two and a half millions are engaged in agriculture, cultivating their own small holdings, of which the average is about six acres. Practically, they have fixity of tenure, paying a land-tax or tithe of one-tenth of the gross produce, the Government being theoretically the owner, and able to resume possession on the failure of the holder to pay his tithe. The system of payment in produce is undoubtedly burdensome and uneconomical. It renders the farmers reluctant to expend what

is needful on the improvement of their land, the result of any effort in this direction being to increase the amount paid to the State. But notwithstanding its cumbrousness, old custom has rooted the system firmly in the habits of the people. In many agricultural countries the people are victims of the money-lender; but he finds no room in Bulgaria, where small land-banks, called *Caisses Agricoles*, have been established for the purpose of making needful advances to farmers. The capital of these institutions is provided by a compulsory contribution from the landowners in each district, and they have the great advantages of confining their operations to their several localities, and of being partly managed by elected representatives. They have been widely extended in recent years, and have met with the greatest success.

The extraordinary predominance of agriculture in Bulgaria may be accounted for in various ways, but one sufficient reason for it lies on the surface: commerce and manufactures have never flourished under the rule of the Turk. Wealthy industries offer plunder too tempting and too accessible to a rapacious Government: it is not so easy to rob a community of peasants who by thrift and incessant labour wring a scanty living from their few acres. Again, the climate and soil are very favourable both for tillage and for grazing. But whatever the causes, the fact determines the whole character of the social organisation. It appears that in this country of 3,500,000 inhabitants there are only 1647 factories, mills, or 'works' of any kind, and of these, 1206 are small rope-walks. In reality, for the carrying on of commerce or manufactures on any considerable scale, capital is required, which the resources of the people cannot provide. There are not in all Bulgaria five persons who possess over £40,000; there are not fifty whose fortunes exceed £20,000; there are not two hundred who have upwards of £5000.

A further hindrance to the extension of trade in Bulgaria arises from the comparatively low standard of comfort or refinement prevailing among the peasantry. In food, in clothing, and in housing, even the more well-to-do are content with a simplicity of provision which would hardly satisfy corresponding classes in any other country in Europe. In a Bulgarian peasant's cottage 'the floors are of mud; the kitchen fronting the street is also the living-room. Behind, there is a sleeping-room, with a bedstead in it for the head of the house, while the sons and daughters sleep upon mats stretched on the floor. The furniture consists of wooden tables, benches, and chests. The crockery and household utensils of every sort seem of the commonest and coarsest kind. I should doubt if there is a single house in the whole village in which any English labourer or artisan earning good wages would not deem it a hardship to be obliged to live in. At the same time there was no single dwelling which, given the habits and customs of the country, could be fairly described as unfit for human habitation.'

Evidently the lot of the Bulgarian peasant, though fairly comfortable according to his own notions of comfort, is not a particularly bright one. He has the kind of life he desires in

tilling his own fields, for his land-hunger is as keen as that of an Irish cottier. His pleasure he finds in his economies and petty savings, although it is only by a thrift amounting to penuriousness that he has anything over when the ordinary necessities of life, even on a sordid scale, have been provided for. The innocent amusements and enjoyments which give variety and zest to existence seem to be almost entirely absent from his colourless days. A peculiar quietness and stolidity characterise the whole people; even the children play 'quietly and silently.'

Throughout the wide territory of Bulgaria and Eastern Roumelia, now practically a province of Bulgaria, there is a singular dearth of important towns; and Mr Dicey appears to have found even Philippopolis, the brightest and most cheerful of them all, 'as quiet as the grave or Peebles.' There are, he says, 'no places of entertainment; and by nine o'clock at night the city is quiet, the streets are well-nigh deserted, and the cafés are left empty. An English country town after nightfall is a scene of wild dissipation compared with the Roumeliot capital.' It is probable that the self-contained and stolid demeanour of the people is an effect of their long-continued subjection to an alien tyranny, and will gradually, under the new conditions, give place to manners more natural to freemen. One thing may be with confidence affirmed—the Bulgarian nation has taken very seriously the responsibilities of self-government, and has addressed itself to its new tasks in a manner reflecting the highest credit on its first rulers and counsellors.

This nation of untaught peasants had no sooner attained independence than they resolved to put education, free and compulsory, in the fore-front of their home policy. The grant for this purpose is £350,000 a year, a sum exceeding one-seventh of the entire expenditure of the State. In Great Britain, a proportionate amount would be something between thirteen and fourteen millions. What makes their zeal more remarkable is the fact that the Bulgarian peasantry in scarcely any instance employ hired labourers on their small farms, but till them by their own hands with the help of their families. To give up the children to the schools is therefore a most serious sacrifice, qualified by the arrangement that the holidays shall extend over the harvest-time.

Mr Dicey speaks in glowing terms both of teachers and pupils. He appears to have been particularly struck with the attention and intelligence of the scholars; and as to results, he declares that year after year 'lads are leaving these high-schools with a far better education than nineteen middle-class young Englishmen out of twenty.' The primary schools, which all children between the years of eight and twelve must attend, are supplemented by high-schools, which carry on until the age of eighteen the education of those who can afford to pay sixteen shillings per annum for the privilege. A Bulgarian university is contemplated. Such a state of things is in the highest degree creditable to the nation, although it is not all due to a disinterested love of learning. Mr Dicey thinks we must reckon along with

motives of this kind, first, the conviction that their country will by means of education attain her proper place in the world; and secondly, the desire they naturally entertain to widen the doors of success for their children, especially through admission to the public service.

The children of all ranks and conditions receive one common training in the public schools. Ranks and orders are as yet happily unknown in Bulgaria. It may be dangerous, as has been suggested, in a country where commerce affords so few openings, that so many well-educated youths should be thrown upon society, over-refined for the sordid life of their fathers, and ambitious of public employment. A large class of professional politicians and office-seekers is too probable a result.

Liberal, however, as has been the provision made for education, it is one of the most satisfactory features in the administration of the young State that the characteristic frugality of the inhabitants has been imported into its national finance. The temptation which most forcibly assails a new community in these days is the ease with which it can borrow money, and it needs but a trifling acquaintance with the circumstances of Spanish-American republics and of Australasian colonies to show how seldom the temptation is resisted. Bulgaria has hitherto acted as if she had kept in view these warning beacons, and has displayed even excessive caution. In a country which undoubtedly requires for its due development the expenditure of capital on some kinds of public improvements, it is possible to be too parsimonious. If the Sobranje, however, has erred in this direction, the failing is one that certainly leans to virtue's side. What country placed in analogous circumstances can show, as Bulgaria can, as a net result of her financial administration during the first eleven years of her independent existence, a balance of receipts over expenditure amounting to more than a million and a quarter sterling? The budget of 1894 shows, it is true, an excess of estimated expenditure over receipts of £48,000 in a total of four millions. But this is simply in accordance with the practice hitherto followed by the Ministry of over-estimating expenses and under-estimating income: there will be no deficit at the end of the year. It is, perhaps, desirable to point out that a less roseate view of the financial position in Bulgaria is taken by some of her critics. The Odessa correspondent of a London daily paper has recently stated his opinion that the yearly deficit in the Bulgarian budget is now fifteen million francs, and that a policy of retrenchment must at once be adopted and continued for some years if the young Balkan State is to be saved from disaster; but these conclusions appear to be inconsistent with the facts as stated by Mr Dicey, who sums up the financial position as follows:

(1) In almost all the ordinary budgets of the State, the estimated expenses have been greater, and the estimated receipts less than they proved to be in reality. (2) From the period when Eastern Roumelia became incorporated with the Principality, there has been a large balance to the good. (3) The £4,000,000 which have been spent on exceptional expendi-

ture, such as the war with Servia, the construction of railways, the supply of rolling-stock, the establishment of the National Bank, and the equipment of the army, have been provided to the extent of about £3,000,000 out of the surplus revenue. Lastly, while the normal revenue is about £3,500,000, the total liabilities of the State as yet accrued do not exceed £5,500,000, or little more than a year and a half's revenue.\*

If this be so in fact as well as on paper, Bulgaria is financially in a position which many of the older States of Europe may well envy. Yet she has great necessities, which must be supplied if she is ever to attain that condition of prosperity which the natural resources of the country warrant her in expecting. Every facility, instead of a jealous opposition, should be offered by her statesmen to the establishment of new industries even by foreign capitalists. It will not long be possible to employ the rapidly increasing population in the cultivation of the soil. Perhaps the most clamant of her wants is a better system of railways. The two great railways in Bulgaria both cross the country from west to east, and all communication from north to south is most roundabout, troublesome, and expensive. Whether or not it is true, as is asserted, that there exists great mineral wealth which has never yet been touched, it is of vital moment even to the agriculturists to make the transit of their produce possible to more distant markets. The history of independent Bulgaria up to the present is a guarantee that whatever is done in these matters will be done cautiously. The prudence of her course hitherto, and the wonderful success which has attended the first steps of her career, must cause those which succeed to be watched with hopeful interest by all friends of freedom.

## AN ELECTRIC SPARK.\*

### CHAPTER VIII.—THE SHADOW DARKENS.

'GOOD-MORNING, my dear. I came on at once.—Miss Bryne.'

The doctor shook hands warmly with *Rénée*, who looked pale and anxious, and then held out his hand to the elder lady, who gave hers nervously, and coloured slightly as she encountered the wistful, searching eyes directed at her, while their owner was about to press her hand, but, as if recollecting himself, slid his fingers up to the wrist and felt the pulse.

'Oh, Doctor Kilpatrick, I am not ill,' she exclaimed quickly.

'No; but you are nervous and excited. Our little friend here too—Tut—tut—I beg your pardon, *Rénée*, my dear; I quite forgot that you have grown into a woman.—Now, then, before I go up to see him. Your note said a touch of faintness after I had gone.'

'Yes; and he frightened us terribly,' said *Rénée*, in an agitated voice. 'Is he going to be very ill?'

\* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

'Not if I can help it, my dear. Look here: I am going to prescribe a magnificent medicine for him.'

'Instead of those drops?'

'No: to take with them. You must help me.'

'Yes, of course,' said *Rénée*. 'I begged him to stay in bed this morning.'

'I couldn't have treated him better, my dear. I shall order him off to Brighton or Weymouth at once. He must have rest, and you must keep him there.'

*Rénée* clapped her hands with childlike glee, and then accompanied the doctor to her father's chamber, leaving him at the door, and waiting until he called her in at the end of a few minutes.

'Come in, my dear: the visit's over.'

*Rénée* ran to the old man's side and caught his hand, looking from one to the other anxiously.

'You've done it now, *Rén*, my dear,' said her father with a grim smile. 'This fellow says I am to go down to the seaside at once, just when I am at my busiest time.'

'I tell him he's a bungler over business, *Rénée*, not to have people who can relieve him. He must leave the affairs to your cousin and that Mr Wynyan for a bit.'

'Yes, Papa; why not?' cried *Rénée* eagerly. 'I am sure that you can trust Mr Wynyan to do everything as if you were there.'

'Indeed!' said Dalton, looking at her so fixedly that she coloured faintly, and wished her words unsaid.

'Of course he will; and Brant too,' said the doctor; then slowly taking off his glasses and replacing them in their case—'Bless me, my dear child, how wonderfully like you do grow to your poor mother. But there; I must be off.—Now, Dalton, no nonsense. You know what is the matter as well as I can tell you, and it is your duty to follow out my advice. Come, it is sensible, is it not?'

'Oh yes; it's sensible enough,' said Dalton sadly.

'Then get up and go.'

'Yes; in a few days.'

'A few years!' cried the doctor angrily. 'You'll go to-day.—*Rénée*, my child, it is absolutely necessary that he should give up all business for some time. Take him down to Brighton for a few days, and make him idle in the fresh sea-breeze; have some drives, and at the end of a week go on to Dover and cross the Channel.'

'But my business affairs?' pleaded Dalton.

'Leave them to those whom you can trust, man, and rest yourself.—Got plenty of your drops?'

'Yes, plenty.'

'Then good-morning.—Mind, *Rénée*; I place you in command. He does not want a doctor, only a brave little captain to make him do what is right and take his rest.—You hear!'

'Yes; I'll make him,' said *Rénée*, and she bent down quickly to kiss her charge, while he retained her hand, as if it were the bond which held him to life.

'Write to me, and tell me where you are,' continued the doctor.—'Now, morning. Robert

Dalton, I've attended you and your family for twenty years, and you are the most unsatisfactory patient I ever had.'

The doctor left the room, and *Rénée* received her orders: to send to the offices at once for Brant and Wynyan. But the order was needless, for at that moment they were waiting in the drawing-room, where Brant's tongue was only kept silent by the presence of his aunt.

'I'm nobody, of course,' said Brant, a few minutes later, when, as soon as the sick man knew of his presence, Wynyan was summoned to the bedroom.

'Pray, don't be so pettish, Brant, my dear,' said Miss Bryne. 'I know what has upset you so, of course. It is your poor uncle's illness.'

'Then why didn't he send for me?'

'He will, of course, when Mr Wynyan has had his orders.'

'He won't,' cried Brant. 'I'm treated as if I were a schoolboy.'

Ten minutes later, though, his turn came, and he went up into the room, where Dalton received him pleasantly enough with Wynyan seated near the bed.

'Kilpatrick has ordered me away for a few weeks, Brant,' he said; 'and I shall have to depend upon you and Mr Wynyan here to see that things go right. Take my room, my boy, and make it your duty to receive any one who comes. Wynyan, here, will be within call, if it is any important matter beyond you.'

'I dare say I can manage, uncle,' said Brant coldly.

'Yes, my boy, of course. You'll write me a summary of how matters are progressing—daily.'

'Yes, uncle.'

'And when I come back, I will explain fully to you the drawings of our new invention. Of course I need not add that it is quite a private matter, and to be kept so. That is important.'

'Of course,' said Brant, who felt a peculiar tingling about the nerves in front of his ears, as if premonitory of a bad attack of neuralgia, while the palms of his hands grew moist, and, try how he would, he could not help stealing a glance at Wynyan, who happened to be looking at him.

'A guilty conscience needs no accuser,' says the old proverb; and Brant's face changed colour as he quickly averted his eyes, and felt as if he had never hated the young engineer so bitterly before.

'I don't think I need say any more,' continued Dalton. 'I am to rest, I suppose, and play at being idle, while you young fellows carry on the work.—Of course, Wynyan, nothing more will be done over the motor until I return.'

'Do you think there will be any communications from Government, sir?'

'No: they move slowly over these matters. If they do send, you will act as my representative.'

'Yes, sir.'

'I can't ask you, Brant,' said the invalid in an apologetic tone, 'for you know nothing about the matter. No one but Mr Wynyan or myself could deal with it.'

'Of course not!' said Brant to himself.

'I think that is all that I need trouble about.—Stop: Villar Endoza means something, I don't know what, but he dropped hints; and if there is anything important on the way, we may as well have it. They pay promptly. I'm afraid it is out of the British loans the Deconaguan Government has raised. I hope they will redeem their bonds.—That is all, I think. There; do the best you can, both of you, and remember I trust you.'

Taking this as a hint, the young men wished their principal a quick return to health, and left the room, Brant drawing back, for his companion to go down first, and putting on a haughty, supercilious air.

'It is to be war, then,' thought Wynyan. 'Pish! War with an overgrown, disappointed, spiteful boy. I will not see it.'

'Your uncle looks brighter this morning,' he said aloud.

'Perhaps so,' said Brant, indifferently.

'I shall be very glad to see him back.'

There was no reply; and upon reaching the drawing-room landing, Brant made an angry gesture.

'You were going to speak?' said Wynyan quietly, as he laid his hand upon the door.

'No, sir, I was not going to speak,' said Brant in a low, angry voice. 'If I did, it would be something about assumption and impertinence. This is not the office, where Mr Wynyan dreams of reigning supreme.'

'No,' replied the young engineer with a grave smile; 'but your uncle's house, where a little courtesy surely is correct.'

He turned the handle of the door and entered, Brant following with his teeth compressed, as he saw that Rénée had joined her aunt, and both rose eagerly as the young men entered, Rénée to at once hold out her hand to Wynyan.

'How do you think Papa looks, Mr Wynyan?' she cried anxiously as her questioning eyes met his.

'I think certainly better. More restful,' he replied.

'And you will save him all the trouble you can, so that he shall have no anxiety?'

'Your cousin and I will spare him in every way possible,' said Wynyan, reluctantly letting go the soft white hand which had responded with such innocent frankness to the warm pressure he could not refrain from giving.

'Thank you. I know you will. Aunt and I will keep him down by the sea as long as we possibly can.'

'Well, don't worry Mr Wynyan about it,' cried Brant, who could contain himself no longer. 'He wants to get back to the office. This isn't an afternoon tea.'

Rénée flushed and gave him an angry look, which made him set his teeth harder; but Miss Bryne did not restrain her tongue. In her eyes, Brant was still very young; and telling herself that it was her duty still to form her nephew's character, she shook her head at him reprovingly.

'My dear Brant,' she said, 'I'm sure you must see that you are not behaving politely to Mr Wynyan;' and she shook her head at him again.

Fortunately for Miss Bryne's peace of mind, she could not read what passed in her nephew's mind. Like Shimei of old, he began to curse and call names, his mental shots being aimed at both Wynyan and his aunt.

'Mr Dalton is quite right,' said the former quietly; 'I do want to get on to the office.—Good-morning, Miss Bryne—good-morning, Miss Dalton; I hope you will have a pleasant stay at Brighton.'

'We shall have, I'm sure, if my father can feel at rest,' said Rénée, once more giving Wynyan her hand and making her cousin writhe.

'I shall see you in the course of the morning, Mr Dalton?' said Wynyan quietly.

'Possibly!' replied Brant haughtily; and Wynyan went out, leaving Rénée looking flushed and angry with her cousin.

But once more Miss Bryne took up the cudgels on Wynyan's behalf.

'Really, Brant, my dear, you are dreadfully rude to a gentleman who'—

'Gentleman!' burst out Brant, with a harsh laugh, as he fixed his eyes on Rénée and talked at her. 'I call him an insolent, overbearing prig, who is presuming on the good-nature of Uncle Robert. Gentleman! A mean, sneaking, contemptible cad. That's what he is, and I'll let him see that he is not going to do as he pleases at the offices. A miserable, scheming hound!'

Rénée turned to the window and stood looking out, so as to hide her mortification and disgust.

'He went the other way, Rén,' cried Brant with a sneer; and flushed and angry now, Rénée faced sharply round and darted an indignant glance at him; but it had no effect, save to make him more angry, and he was about to attack her, when her defender came again to the front.

'Really, Brant, my dear, you are indeed unkind; I must say, this is insufferable,' cried Miss Bryne. 'To accuse your cousin indirectly of turning to the window to stare after a gentleman! It is shocking. It is really; you really are discourteous. We cannot quarrel with all this trouble in the way, and I'm sure I detest scolding, even when the servants are tiresome; but you deserve a good scolding now; and really, Brant, if you were a few years younger, I believe I should do again what I did that time you were away from Marlborough: I should box your ears.'

'Bah!' ejaculated Brant. Then to himself: 'Weak-minded, silly old woman.—All right, aunt; but instead of correcting me, try if you can't correct that foolish girl. It's quite time she was brought to her senses. But I won't worry you both with my presence. I'll go down to the office and see that things don't go wrong.'

He gave Rénée a malicious look, and swaggered out of the drawing-room, leaving Miss Bryne fuming, and his cousin trying hard to master an emotion commingled of indignation and fear.

'I like,' she thought to herself—'I like Mr Wynyan, but— Oh no; it is not that. He is always kind and gentlemanly, and Papa



trusts him.—There!' she concluded; 'I will not be influenced by his spiteful words.'

Her musings were interrupted by her aunt. 'His temper is quite shocking, my dear, and I really am glad now that you did not take his pretensions seriously. I see now that you were quite right, and that you grasped Brant's nature better than I did.'

'Say no more, please, aunt, dear.'

'Only a few words, my dear. Of course there is some excuse for him, poor fellow. He is disappointed. Men are just like children: if they cannot have everything they want, they become cross. I've often said they are very selfish by nature. Then, too, they say spiteful and vindictive things. Surely he did not mean to suggest that you are a little impressed by Mr Wynyan?'

'Aunt, dear,' said Rénée caressingly, as she laid her cheek upon that lady's shoulder, 'do you want to make me unhappy, just when we are in such trouble about dear Papa?'

'Bless me! no, my darling,' cried Miss Bryne, kissing her niece affectionately.

'Then come along aunt, dear, and let's see to the packing. We must go by the earliest train we can.'

There was a peculiarity and excitement in Rénée's manner which did not escape Miss Bryne, who said to herself, with perfect truth: 'Really, I don't know though, after all.'

#### DEATH FROM SNAKE-BITE IN INDIA.

THE serpent is a creature which, for some reason or another, has never succeeded in achieving for himself an abiding popularity. Ever since his first effort in the Garden of old, his appearance among men has usually been the signal for their abrupt departure. His last bid for popularity was perhaps when, in association with *Æsculapius*, he posed as the healer of the ills that flesh is heir to. But he failed. For men could not so easily forget that among those ills was one that he had caused and that he could never heal. And so the bad name once given has adhered to him. He has pointed many a moral and adorned many a tale. He has supplied proverbs in the languages of all countries where he is known. He has been credited with powers such as the lord of creation himself is only just learning to use (was Eve hypnotised? we wonder); and very few have been found to say any good of him, though there is no more beautiful passage in Matthew Arnold's poems than that in which he describes how

In a warm bay  
Among the green Illyrian hills,

in days of old,

Two bright and aged snakes,  
Who once were Cadmus and Harmonia,  
Bask in the glens or on the warm sea-shore,

spending the evening of their troubled life  
'placid and dumb.'

In our cold northern climate, venomous snakes trouble us little; but as we move eastward and

approach the region where our race was cradled, the serpent (perhaps from unpleasant local recollections) begins to assert himself; and in India the curse is one the extent of which it is difficult to realise. There is literally no security from them: they will coil up in your cooking pans or under your pillow; they will stretch out on the top of your door, and drop on your head. In fact Indian snakes are guilty of all the evil deeds which a Rudyard Kipling or a Conan Doyle may ascribe to them, and the best that can be said in mitigation is that they rarely seem to bite Europeans. Of the poisonous kinds there are some twenty genera, admirable pictures of which may be found in Sir Joseph Fayrer's *Thanatophidia of India*. Of these the most infamous is of course the cobra (*Naja tripudians*), of which there are many varieties. 'Few objects,' says the authority just referred to, 'are more calculated to inspire awe than a large cobra, when with his hood erect, hissing loudly, and his eyes glaring, he prepares to strike. Nevertheless, they are not, I believe, aggressive, and unless interfered with or irritated, they crawl along the ground with the neck undilated, looking not unlike innocent snakes.' The reputation of being the most aggressive of all the Indian snakes is enjoyed by the *Ophiophagus elaps*; but more dangerous, perhaps, are the *Daboia Russellii*, or Russell's Viper, and the *Echis carinata* (the native *phursa*), whose bite causes death as certainly, if not quite as quickly, as that of the cobra. For the horror of the thing is that death—at all events to the native—is almost certain. It is a sad and remarkable fact that in dealing with a bite from one of these snakes civilisation appears to be nearly as powerless as barbarism. The district officers frequently complain that the natives, when bitten, content themselves with singing *mantras* or charms, instead of applying to the doctor. But what can the doctor do for them? He can excise the part bitten, he can amputate the limb; but if the poison has once got into the venous system, unless the bite was not deep or surgical aid was immediately at hand, no human power can save the victim.

The subject of the prevention of death from snake-bite is one which has for many years past engaged the attention of the Government of India. The annual Reports are interesting, but far from pleasant reading. In 1891 the mortality under this head was no fewer than 21,389; in 1892 it had fallen to 19,025; in 1893 it rose again to 21,213. In other words, in 1892, out of every 11,630 people in India, one died of snake-bite; in 1893, one out of 10,424. The fluctuations are probably accidental; but the state of affairs is real and deplorable enough. Of the total number of deaths, almost exactly one-half occurred in Bengal (10,797); next come the North-western Provinces and Oudh (4847), Madras (1498), and Bombay (1192)—all showing an increase on the preceding year's figures—while the one province absolutely free is the little province of Coorg, the smallest in India, but still with a population of 173,000.

Can nothing be done to prevent this fearful mortality? is the question which leaps into

one's mouth on reading such statistics. And the answer, unwilling as one naturally is to give it, appears to be in the negative. At least so much may be said, that years of effort have been attended with no success. One of the first attempted remedies was the offering of rewards for the destruction of snakes, coloured plates of the venomous kinds being circulated (at Sir J. Fayer's suggestion), in order to enable the natives to identify them; and rewards were actually paid in 1892 for 84,789, and in 1893 for 117,120; but this increase has, as we have seen, been accompanied by no decrease in the death-rate. And the system undoubtedly opened the door to many abuses. It is suspected, but not perhaps proved, that snakes were bred for the express purpose of being destroyed. And it is certain that many a dishonest penny was turned by killing them in June, July, and August, that is, soon after breeding-time, when they were immature, and therefore less dangerous. Moreover, there grew up a class of idle persons who made a living out of it, for the large reward offered made it a more paying business for them than ordinary labourers' work. Consequently, Government found it expedient to reduce the reward, and the destruction of snakes has not fallen off; for, as has been pertinently remarked, people still kill snakes when they come across them, only men do not now expressly go out into the jungle (and risk their lives) to find reptiles; and when they do kill a snake, they do not apply for a reward, because the amount is too small for it to be worth while to go and claim it.

Another remedy which is still being tried is the removal of all jungle and undergrowth (and especially prickly-pear) from the immediate neighbourhood of villages. If this has had no visible effect in diminishing mortality from snake-bite, it has at least not been without good sanitary results. But of course snakes do not live in jungle and prickly-pear alone. In Bombay it is generally believed that most cases of snake-bite occur in the fields; so, too, in Burma, where ploughmen and reapers in many districts now take the precaution of wearing leather boots. In Hyderabad, again, experience shows that it is during the irrigation of the fields at night most bites are received. On the other hand, in one district in the Central Provinces it was found that out of thirty-nine people who died of snake-bite twenty-eight were bitten in the house. Indeed, it has been asserted that the destruction of undergrowth tends to drive the snakes into the houses. This may very well be, and the house of the ordinary Indian peasant forms an admirable ambush for them. Of a district in Bengal it has been said that 'every house is tunnelled with underground passages leading to rat-holes, the vermin being attracted in the dry weather by the stores of grain left lying everywhere about in heaps or otherwise, and in the rains by the frogs which seek shelter indoors. The snakes enter the houses in search of the rats and frogs, and are able to elude observation by the untidiness and confusion in which all articles of furniture and cooking pots and pans are kept lying about. The people, again, do not sleep on platforms or bedsteads raised a foot or two

from the ground, but on the ground itself. Rats run over them while asleep; the snake pursues; the slightest movement on the part of the sleeper causes the reptile to strike. Rats and snakes are nocturnal in their habits, human beings are not; and therefore it is that there is scarcely an instance of snake-bite reported unless it is one that has been inflicted on a sleeping person at night.' Not a pleasant picture, but, unfortunately, only too true to life.

A kindred subject, treated by the Government of India in the same returns, is the destruction of life by wild animals. Here, too, the death-rate is formidable, and the efforts to reduce it have been nearly as fruitless. In 1891 the number of persons killed was 2861; in 1892, 2963; in 1893, 2804. Bengal again heads the list with a mortality in the last-mentioned year of 1660; Madras and the Central Provinces follow with only 274 and 256 respectively. The chief offender is of course the tiger, who was responsible for 422 of the deaths in Bengal, and for 124 out of the 178 that occurred in Burma. In the Punjab, thirteen out of thirty-seven deaths were caused by the bite of mad dogs. Among cattle, the destruction from wild beasts is enormous, amounting in 1891 to 70,822; 1892, 81,668; and in 1893, 85,131, of which 35,526 are returned as killed by tigers, and 34,404 by leopards. The increase is ascribed to the extermination by native *shikaris* of the deer which are the natural prey of these beasts. But the figures are hardly to be trusted: one Collector in the North-west observes the curious fact that more deaths of cattle by tigers were reported in his province in Christmas week than in all the rest of the year.

In dealing with wild beasts, the system of rewards is almost the only possible means of getting rid of them. But though the rewards are often as high as 300 rupees for a single transaction, and though a sum of 104,840 rupees was spent in this way in 1893, it is hardly a sufficient inducement to the natives, for the number of wild beasts returned as killed had fallen to 15,309 against 15,988 in 1892. Nor does the issue of free licenses under the Indian Arms Act appear to have had much effect, though the number issued had risen from 69,310 in 1892 to 69,931 next year. The fact is that the natives who take out these licenses are not sportsmen, and have no sporting instincts. Either they do not attempt to kill animals, but keep a gun merely to scare them away from the fields by firing it; or they want to make a living out of the sale of skins, horns, &c., in which case they kill everything they come across without regard to age or sex, but are careful not to molest dangerous animals if they can avoid it.

The whole matter is certainly one which deserves attention; but it is difficult to see what can be done at all events to reduce the most fertile cause of death. It is impossible to hope for the entire extermination of venomous snakes, and little short of that would be effective. But it is to be hoped that a more organised system, under officials specially appointed for the sole purpose, may be contrived in the future. For India is a country from whose

inhabitants self-help is not to be looked for; they depend entirely on the Government; and when the 'Protectors of the Poor' fail them, their plight is bad indeed.

### AN UNAUTHORISED INTERVENTION.\*

#### CHAPTER IV.

FOR his part, Jack Thorold paced the room in deep thought for a full half-hour after the lady had gone. But, strangely enough, his mind was not absorbed in himself and his present situation. If it had been, it might have struck him that his best chance of liberty would be to send a message through Dolores to his Consul; but it may be doubted if liberty, at least until the morrow, was his first wish. In the end, laughing at himself as a sentimental fool, he ate his supper and went to bed. Even there, the fantasies of his brain gave him no peace. All that night in his dreams, all next day in his waking thoughts, Dolores was before his eyes; the name ran in his head like music, the face haunted him, over whom no face had ever had more than a fleeting influence. And between them, all the while, there was always the shadow of Don Juan Tovar. So the day sped, and his only other recreation was an attempt to sound the soldier who brought him his meals. It was not highly successful. Asked how the rebellion in the streets had gone, the man gruffly replied that it had been suppressed—which might or might not be true—and (with an unholy glee) that thirty of the 'factious' had been shot that morning in the Plaza. 'It may be the señor's turn to-morrow, *quien sabe?*' he added, by way of consolation.

'Perhaps,' said Jack, indifferently.

As the afternoon crept on, he began to count the hours that would elapse ere he could hope for Dolores's visit. At last darkness fell; and when the humorous attendant came with the lamp and his supper, he was not too much preoccupied to remark that the fellow seemed reluctant to leave him.

'Well?' he asked.

'It is nothing,' said he; 'but I thought perhaps the señor would like to see a priest.'

'A priest! Why should I, in all the world?'

The man grinned significantly. 'It is usual—unless the señor has turned heretic in his travels.'

Then Jack understood.

'So it is settled?' he said, pulling himself together.

'Si. The order has just arrived from General Ferreira. To-morrow morning at eight, in the Plaza. And if the señor does not wish a priest'—

'Thanks, but I should prefer paper and ink. Will you give the Governor my regards, and ask if I may have them?'—and he slipped a coin into the man's hand.

'It is a matter of taste,' he answered, shrugging his shoulders. 'Still, your Excellency may depend upon me.'

And Jack, left to digest the unwelcome news,

was confronted with this new fear: what if Dolores should be unable to return?

Jack, it is needless to say, had no burning desire to sacrifice himself on the Plaza for the ultimate benefit of a beggarly republic. His course, then, was plain: to act as if no help were to be expected from the outside. So, when the materials for writing were sent up presently by the accommodating Governor, he busied himself in composing an urgent letter to Mr Chalmers and a full statement of his case, trusting to the power of bribery to get them conveyed to the Consul in good time. It was while he was still engaged in this laudable task that a familiar sound at the door brought him hastily to his feet. To him, in his state of excitement, it seemed an hour before it was opened, and finding his hopes realised, he advanced eagerly to greet Dolores Alvarado.

'You cannot imagine how welcome you are, señorita,' he said, when they were alone. 'The gloom of the prison-house has been over me all day, and now'—

'Hush! We must have no compliments,' she replied. 'We have no time for them, Señor Thorold. Your sentence has come from General Melgarejo, and if you do not wish to be shot to-morrow morning, you must attend to me.'

'I promise beforehand to obey.'

Laughing a little, she produced a piece of rope from beneath her cloak. 'Oh! you will find it very useful,' she said. 'Now, listen! All the arrangements for your escape are made. This is what you must do, señor;' and she went on to sketch her plan for securing the guard and getting beyond the door.—'You are sure you understand me, Señor Thorold?' she asked, anxiously.

'Perfectly. I was only thinking that it was quite romantic—like a page from an old romance.'

'Pray, be serious. You will do it?'

'You have my promise. And afterwards?'

'That you must leave entirely to me. If you obey me loyally'—

'Can you doubt it?'

'In that case, I will undertake to conduct you safely beyond the castle and beyond the walls. Just outside the city we have horses in waiting, and friends of mine will guide you to our army.—No, señor'—this as Jack showed some signs of demurring—'it will not be safe to remain in the town. If Ferreira catches you again, whether he is convinced he has made a mistake or not, he will shoot you like a mad dog on the spot—nothing, believe me, will save you!'

'I am not so sure of that,' thought Jack, remembering that he was trysted (and eager) for another meeting with the General. Only, it must be of his own choosing. For the present, he was altogether at the señorita's disposal; and after all, as he told himself, it might not be uninteresting to see some fighting.

'There is only one thing against us,' Dolores resumed, quite cheerfully: 'it is bright moonlight, and we may be noticed too soon. That, however, cannot be helped.—Oh! I had almost forgotten this,' she said, handing him a revolver and packet of cartridges. 'It was not my idea,

\* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

but it may be necessary to use it. There may be some trouble in the streets.

'Is there any fighting there to-night?'

'Everything is quiet—as yet,' she answered.

For the remainder of the half-hour the talk ran on as between friends of old standing—and, in truth, they felt more like old friends than the casual acquaintances of a day—and every detail was discussed and settled to the satisfaction of both. Jack was quite content not to trouble his head concerning the result. As long as his companion was confident of success, he was prepared to do his part; and he would have done it none the less willingly had the plan been a thousand times more foolhardy and impossible than it was. Over and above, the girl's spirits and high courage—wonderful at such a moment—were catching. Exerted on his behalf, they were also very fascinating. Thus he was almost sorry when a look at his watch showed him that the minute for action was at hand.

They rose together.

'Ready?' she asked.

Picking up the linen cover from the bed, he took his stand by the door just as the key was inserted in the lock on the outside. He nodded assent. The door opened, the sentry holding it in his left hand. Dolores slowly passed out, and then paused, as if she had forgotten something.

'An instant, if you please'—

It was the signal. Quick as lightning, while the man's attention was diverted, Jack flung the sheet over his head, gripped him by the arms and dragged him into the room. He was a little fellow, and easily managed; his gun dropped from his hand, and was deftly caught by Dolores; and, taken thoroughly by surprise, he made not the slightest resistance. In a second, the girl having softly closed the door again, Jack had tied him up in a workmanlike manner, and deposited him comfortably on his back on the bed. So far, all was well.

'And now?' asked Jack.

'Wait!' Going to the door, she listened for a little. 'The way is clear for us,' she said. 'Come!'

'And our friend here?'

'It will only be for an hour or two. He will be discovered when the guard is changed. Come!'

Jack delayed merely to gather up his papers, which he had no fancy to leave behind for the delectation of General Ferreira. Then, with his hand on the revolver in his pocket, he followed Dolores into the corridor, locked the door, and appropriated the keys. Everything was still as silent as the tomb: the beginning of their enterprise could not have been more propitious; and so it was with eager hope that, at the girl's heels, he traversed the lobby towards the staircase by which he had been brought to his prison on the previous evening. Here, instead of descending, she turned into an unlit passage on the same level.

'Give me your hand,' she whispered.

He did so; and for the next five minutes they groped their way through a labyrinth of narrow and tortuous corridors, twisting in this direction and that, now stumbling unexpectedly

down a flight of steps, now knocking their heads against an inconvenient corner, and all the time without a gleam of light to guide them. Jack went on in sheer bewilderment: he could scarcely conceive how anybody could keep his bearings in such a place, but nevertheless found confidence in his companion's evident capacity. For Dolores appeared to have not the smallest atom of hesitation, but pushed onwards as if it were light as day—more slowly and carefully, perhaps, but not less surely—and drew up at last with a little sigh of contentment.

'No more darkness, thank the saints!' she said. 'But the worst is to come, señor! Now, there are more stairs hereabouts, and then—No noise; the utmost care, on your life!'

'I understand,' said Jack.

They moved forward inch by inch until they reached the stairs, crept cautiously down, and then, as they rounded a corner, their eyes were dazzled by a sudden blaze of light—or what, for a moment, seemed so to them. It came really from a single oil-lamp, of perhaps two-candle power: proof that they were again in an inhabited part of the building. Nobody was about, however; and, holding their breath, they pressed boldly on—through one passage after another, stopping once or twice in trepidation as the echo of distant footfalls came to them, and in constant dread lest the noise of their own should bring the garrison about their ears. But their luck did not desert them, although they had a bad second in crossing an intersecting lobby, at one end of which they caught a glimpse through an open doorway of a number of soldiers. And presently, their corridor terminating apparently in a dead wall, Dolores went unhesitatingly to a door and tried it. It was unlocked; and, passing through, they were once more in darkness.

'Only for a minute, Señor Thorold,' she whispered.

He was about to blurt out that he preferred it so, but checked himself in time. 'I have been wondering how much your friend the Governor knows of this escapade,' he remarked, to hide his slip.

'It might be injudicious to inquire,' said she, laughing softly.

When they had covered some fifty yards in a straight line, she halted again. 'Have you the revolver ready?' she asked.

'Yea.'

'It may not be necessary; but—For this is the critical spot, señor. Do you stay here while I reconnoitre.'

She was off before he could object; and in a little he felt a welcome draught of fresh air on his face, and saw her head framed in a narrow opening against a patch of moonlit sky. He heard, too, the indubitable tramp of a military footstep. A weary minute elapsed—another, and the steps seemed to recede—then the opening widened, and she beckoned to him to advance. In a second he was beside her in the open air. He perceived at a glance that they stood in a kind of bastion at an angle of the battlements, and for the time being were out of sight of the patrolling sentinel—perceived also that the man's beat lay in the full moonlight, while they were in shadow. Then

Dolores pulled him into the farthest corner of the bastion, and crouched down by the low rampart that here rounded it off. They heard the sentry approach with slow precision, and doubtless their hearts went faster as he stepped into view, looked carelessly round, turned—and disappeared, unsuspecting. What next? Jack wondered. He was at a loss to guess.

'Over!' ordered Dolores, jumping to her feet.

Jack hesitated: he was not sure if he had heard right.

'Over!' she repeated peremptorily, and dispelled all doubt by setting the example. Jack, still wondering, had perforce to climb the wall in her wake; and assuredly the wonder was not lessened when he found himself beside her on a narrow ledge, and saw below them a hundred feet or so of steep descent, that appeared all the blacker and more precarious by contrast with the moonlit expanse at the bottom. But Dolores gave him no leisure to weigh the risks. Whispering to him to follow her closely, she set off at once—not straight down-hill, but zig-zagging in a manner that bespoke some knowledge of the ground. To this day, Jack has a lively recollection of the experience. It was coarse grass under foot, with here and there a clump of shubbery; and progress was necessarily slow, for a false step meant a speedier journey than was quite desirable. To him, at least, it savoured of the miraculous that they reached the bottom without accident. Somehow or other, however, it was done. The descent became less and less precipitous, until at last it merged gradually into the level, and they paused to breathe themselves on the brink of the deep shade. As by a common impulse, they glanced behind at the great mass of the castle. On that side it was all dark, save where the moonlight struck on the corner bastion—and, as they looked, was reflected by something bright. Was it the bayonet of the sentry? The same idea was in their minds: that their perils were not yet over; for to gain the nearest cover, which was a line of wood two hundred yards in front of them, they must cross the patch of moonlit surface in full view of the battlements.

'If he sees us?' asked Jack.

'Doubtless he will fire—give the alarm. It is the last risk, and a small one.' She took his hand again, laughingly. 'Shall we run for it, Señor Thorold?'

It was the wiser course—short of waiting for an indefinite time, the only one—and they acted upon it on the instant. They could hardly hope for complete immunity; but they were more than half-way across, and were beginning to congratulate themselves on their good fortune, before the expected happened. Then a challenge broke the silence: 'Quien vive?'

They raced on, hastening their pace somewhat. Not more than seventy yards lay between them and the wood.

'Halt—or I fire!'

A minute: the trees began to take shape before their eyes: then, the threat having had no effect, the report of a shot rang out. Jack started as the ball whistled past his ear; Dolores, woman-like, uttered a little scream. Yet they rushed on, unheeding, and next moment reached

the border of the wood—only to run into the arms of a man who stood there, leaning motionless on a rifle. Jack, almost instinctively, threw up his revolver.

Dolores caught his arm. 'No, no!' she cried, breathlessly. 'It is Diego—my servant.'

'All is well, señorita?' asked the man. He was an under-sized, wiry Ladino, and doffed his hat in civil greeting to the stranger.

'Our Lady be thanked!' replied she. 'You are ready, Diego? Listen!'—this as they heard the din of a sudden commotion in the castle behind. 'It is the alarm—quick! we must get Señor Thorold out of town at once!'

Diego shrugged his shoulders with proper contempt. 'Let the *falsos* catch us if they can!' he returned, but nevertheless led the way immediately into the heart of the grove by a narrow footpath, followed by his mistress and Jack.

A couple of minutes served to convince the latter that they were safe from pursuit. At first, their road lay through one plantation of fruit-trees after another, intersected by a bewildering multitude of little paths; and here, on Diego's lead, they hurried forward as fast as the nature of the ground would permit. Jack, one is sorry to say, paid no attention to the beauties of the scene—to the fine effects of light and shade, and the delicate fretwork patterns cast by the branches. For Dolores was before him; and it was of her that he was thinking with (for him) an unusual admiration, and of the resource and unfailing courage she had manifested all through the adventure. And if another and less admirable feeling struggled in his mind—a feeling of resentment against Fate, for other reasons than those concerned with that night—perhaps, on consideration, we should not blame him unduly for it.

Soon they had left the fruit-groves behind them; and when they emerged therefrom into a lane of low, poverty-stricken huts, and had perforce to slacken their speed, Jack was quick to notice that the girl—bravely as she strove to conceal the fact—kept pace with an obvious effort. She saw the concern in his face.

'It is the running, I think,' she said, smiling brightly. 'Please, don't trouble yourself, Señor Thorold: it will pass in a minute.'

'You must take my arm.—There! that is better,' he said, as she obeyed with a word of thanks. 'Now, don't be afraid to lean upon me as heavily as you can.'

Apparently they were now in the lowest quarter of the town, and for half a mile they had to traverse, under Diego's pilotage, a succession of dirty, malodorous alleys, careful always to walk in the shade, and so avoid the observation of the curious as much as possible. Not that they were pestered with attentions. The lanes were almost deserted; and except for an occasional knot of Indians of the gossiping sex, who scarcely glanced at them, they might have been in a city of the dead.

'The men are all in the streets,' explained Diego. 'There is life there, señor—and they have many scores to settle with the soldiers.'

'Then the fighting has broken out again?'

He nodded. 'Have we not tasted blood?' said he. 'And perhaps we are still thirsty, señor.'

Confirmation was not long wanting. A few

minutes later, quite suddenly, the guide stopped dead; and simultaneously, as they listened, the ominous sound of firing reached them once more—evidently, too, from no great distance. Muttering into his beard, Diego hurried them on through a side-lane, out behind a church, and finally brought them to a standstill at the corner of a broad and handsome street. There, in earshot of the din of a hotly contested fight, he signed to them to remain concealed in the shadow of the sacred building.

'What is it, Diego?' whispered Dolores.

There was no need to answer the question; for, even as she spoke, a body of soldiers dashed past at the double. A quick exclamation of dismay escaped from her.

'Let us discover the worst, señorita,' said the Ladino, presently.

They had merely to peep round the corner to see the whole scene of wild disorder. Some seven hundred yards down the street, which lay half in moonlight and half in shadow, it was completely blocked by a vast crowd of soldiers and people, all struggling and swaying together (as it seemed to them) in the deadliest grips. Dolores, on her part, had but a glance for it. She realised two facts: that the soldiers were the nearer, and that the mob, which must have numbered hundreds, were plainly holding their own.

She turned to Diego. 'It is impossible?' she asked, as if hoping against hope.

'Quite!'

'After all our trouble, too—oh! it is hard,' she cried.

Jack looked from one to the other, ignorant of their meaning. 'Can we not go on?' he inquired, rather helplessly.

'Through a battalion of soldiers and *that*, señor?' demanded the guide. 'For that is our direction'—

'But surely there is some other way?'

'There, for instance?' asked Diego, pointing up the street. 'It is the Calle Mayor, and ends in the Plaza and a brace of cannon! We might go back, and round about; but it is a long and tiresome road, and perhaps dangerous—and there is the señorita to consider. If there were only the house of a friend near'—

'Is there none?'

Dolores shook her head, somewhat wearily. 'I know of none hereabouts,' she replied.

A sudden ejaculation came from Diego: 'Santissima! The soldiers seem to be falling back, señor!' he cried. 'We must hide—on the instant—this is no place for the señorita!'

strongly opposed to this rambling spirit, finally gave way, and added to their revenues by granting revocable leases of the lands chosen by the pioneers. Year after year, these stout and patient settlers pushed steadily northward, allured by the abundance of game, and by the ever-growing desire to secure new pastures and shake off all evidences of civilisation. In course of time the nomadic life and its pleasures—and they are undoubtedly very keen—grew upon the Boers to such an extent as to become a passion; the *trek-geest*, or roaming spirit, is now deep in their blood, and has long been a recognised part of the South African character.

This thirst for travel still possesses large numbers of the frontier farmers, especially in the Transvaal, and impels them periodically to move before the advancing tide of civilisation, to quit their quiet homes, to seek new lands, and again to dare the manifold difficulties and dangers of the wilderness. To this day you will find the Boers, even of the long-settled districts of Cape Colony, crossing the Orange River, settling up the lower portions of great Namaqualand and the Kalahari Desert, and even casting their eyes on countries far beyond.

The 'Great Trek' of 1836, although little known to the outer world, furnishes one of the most stirring of all epics. The farmers of that great migration from Cape Colony, after suffering grievous losses and experiencing much treachery, finally broke the power of the Zulus under Dingaan, drove Moselikatse (father of Lobengula) and his Matabele beyond the Limpopo, and settled themselves in their present territories of the Transvaal and Orange Free State.

It was of course natural that the generations growing up within these Boer republics should remember and cherish the deeds of their fathers, the fore-trekkers. To this day, indeed, the names of Hendrik Potgieter, Andries Pretorius, Gert Maritz, Pieter Retief, Pieter Uys, and Louis Trichard are sacred among the Dutch farmers. They survive in many parts of South Africa. Pietermaritzburg, Potchefstroom, Pretoria, and Piet Retief are places that are well known even to Europeans. Boer mothers, living their quiet lives in lone farm-houses in the far-off veldt, or roaming still in wagons through the wilderness, yet recount to their children the great deeds of their forefathers. There are still very old people alive who were grown men and women when the emigrant farmers left the Cape Colony and entered the unknown interior. And there are still many more who as young children took part in the Great Trek and its dangers. Among these latter, President Krüger, of the South African Republic (Transvaal), is well known.

About the year 1875, although the Dutch farmers had colonised and settled practically the whole of the Transvaal and Orange Free State, things were not going altogether well with them. In the Transvaal, especially, there were signs of deep dissatisfaction in many districts. There had been numerous small native wars, in which the settlers had been 'commandeered' and led against remote tribes while their farms lay neglected. The republic was well-nigh bankrupt. These frontier Boers

## THE LONGEST TREK ON RECORD.

By H. A. BRYDEN.

THE Boers of South Africa began trekking at an early period of Cape history. In the first instance, it would seem, the Dutch settlers were driven to push inland, to pierce unknown mountain chains, to cross torrid and difficult deserts, and to brave the thousand-and-one dangers of a country teeming with wild beasts and savage men, by the unendurable harshness of the Batavian rule. As they moved inland, ever opening up fresh hunting-grounds and pastures, the Cape Governors, although at first

have always had the strongest objection to taxation in any form, and taxes were only wrung from them with the greatest difficulty. Those in far-off places often declined to pay at all. Then, too, the British, from whose rule they had once trekked, were steadily coming into the country. Gold-fields had been discovered in the Eastern Transvaal, and diggers and prospectors were over-running the soil. The Afrikaner Dutchman hates a crowd; he loves to surround himself with a vast solitude, where the smoke of his neighbour's chimney is not to be seen, and where, amid his flocks and herds and the members of his own family, he can live his ideal life. Again, as their families grew up and multiplied, many farmers found their old acres too small for them. The African pastoralist requires a vast expanse of country, and the bulk of the Boers are almost purely pastoralists. A six-thousand-acre farm is considered a very small run in South Africa. Again, numbers of a certain severe sect of Boers, known as 'Doppers,' had become much disaffected towards their Government. There was talk of railways and other mad innovations; and the Doppers, and indeed most of the Transvaal Dutch, hated the very hint of such things. The views and beliefs of these primitive people the Doppers ('dippers,' Anabaptists) were grimmer than those of the most extreme 17th-century Puritan sectaries. They looked (and still look) upon themselves as a chosen people, having the heathen, literally, for an inheritance. They govern their conduct mainly by the severest teachings of the Old Testament, and they regard all native races as fit only to be slaves, mere hewers of wood and drawers of water for the white man.

In 1875, then, for all these reasons, a large number of discontented farmers had gathered themselves, with their wagons, wives, and families, and their flocks and herds, upon the north-west border of the Transvaal, determined to trek for a new 'Promised Land.' The ideas of the more ignorant of them were wild in the extreme. The geographers of two hundred and fifty years ago seem to have held a fixed idea that the sources of the Nile lay somewhere far down towards Southern Africa. Many of these trekkers, whose forefathers had been cut off from civilisation for more than two centuries, still clung to this belief. They expected to find the 'Nyl,' as they spelt it, somewhere to the north or north-west, and they fully expected, too, to find great snow mountains beneath which lay fertile plains and valleys, rich in pasturage, and abounding in game.

While the trek Boers were thus collecting on the Limpopo River—the Crocodile, as it is universally called in South Africa—a pioneer party under one Alberts went up to Bamangwato to obtain leave from the chief there, Khama, to cross his country on their way towards Lake Ngami, their first objective point. This party left the main body in May. Obtaining leave from Khama, they crossed the almost waterless desert of the North Kalahari—the 'Doortland' (thirstland) as it is always called by the Boers—and reached Lake Ngami on the 20th June. From the lake they trekked up the Okavango River to the town of Moremi,

chief of the Batawana (a Bechuana tribe inhabiting the Lake country), where for a time they rested. From Moremi's they struck south-west to Ghansi and Riet Fontein, two waters in the Kalahari, where they remained till 1878, by which time the main body of the trekkers was past the lake.

In August 1875 there were gathered at Liclutsi, on the Crocodile River, 128 wagons, the travelling homes of 480 souls, 1958 trek oxen, and a quantity of sheep and goats. Kreling was made commandant of the expedition; Louw du Plessis, field-cornet. Owing to various causes, chiefly the uncertainty of the reports as to the country they had to traverse, this great assemblage stood for two years idle upon the river, losing a considerable portion of their cattle from disease and the attacks of lions, and losing also, unfortunately, some of their own lives from fever.

Meanwhile, a second deputation had interviewed Khama. That excellent chief strongly dissuaded them from attempting the passage of the desert; if, however, they insisted on crossing, he advised them to go in small batches at a time, else the scant desert waters would give out, and their lives would be in danger. But the suspicious Boers, who could believe no good of a native chief, imagined that Khama gave this advice solely for the reason that he might attack them in detail, and thus destroy them. In a spirit of the maddest obstinacy, they determined to cross the desert together, with results, as will be seen, of the most terrible disaster. There had been some dissensions among the leaders of the expedition during these two years; and in 1877, just before the trek began, Du Plessis was elected commandant, with Erasmus as field-cornet.

From Liclutsi the Boers sent forward 7536 oxen and cows, 483 horses, 1034 sheep, 32 donkeys, together with 486 fowls, ducks, and geese. Then the main body started upon its trek, a trek rivalled only in years and sufferings by that forty years' wandering of the Israelites in the Sinaitic wilderness. Having sent on the bulk of their flocks and herds, the Boers themselves followed in three parties, each containing a large number of wagons. The time was June, midwinter, and the driest season of the year in South Africa, when no drop of rain might be expected to fall for months. The trekkers made their first great objective point Inkouani, a water situated in the very middle of the thirstland, midway between Khama's old town of Shoshong and the Lake (or Botletli) River. Inkouani lies respectively some sixty and forty miles from the nearest waterpits, neither of which affords any but the scantiest supplies. At Inkouani itself there are two deepish wells in limestone formation, sufficient, perhaps, to water five or six spans of oxen at a pinch. Each Boer wagon, it is to be remembered, is drawn by a span of sixteen or eighteen oxen.

What Khama had predicted speedily came to pass. The first party of the trekkers arrived at Inkouani only to find that the loose cattle sent in advance had drunk up all the water, and yet not been a tenth part of them satisfied. These loose flocks and herds went wandering in search of water over an absolutely waterless



veldt; thousands of them perished, and only 926 oxen out of over 7000 head were ever recovered again.

But now, quickly following upon the heels of the first parties, impelled by some dreadful mistake, or panic fear of Khama's people, came the whole of the trek. There, stranded in the heart of the desert, were scores of wagons containing hundreds of farmers and their families. Already the first party in their brief halt had suffered inconceivably; the scenes that followed beggar description. The very Bushmen of the desert to this day speak of them with awe. The pits were already choked up with dead oxen, which had fallen in, in their struggles to obtain water. These were cut out piecemeal, and the remnants of blood, filth, and water scooped out. For three days and nights the trekkers drank the blood of slaughtered animals, and the little water in their bellies. Mothers moistened the lips of their tender infants with blood, with a mixture of brandy and vinegar, and other dreadful substitutes for water. The blood was served round in tablespoons. Here you might see a group which had caught a sheep and were struggling for its warm blood, while others fought madly for the paunch and its moisture. Men—the feeble of them—cast themselves despairingly upon the sand, and with their big Dutch Bibles in front of them, prepared for death. The bellowing of cattle, frantic and dying, the bleating of agonised sheep and goats, the cries of suffering children, all combined to add to the horrors of that dreadful time.

But there were indomitable men and women still at work. Some few trekkers and their wagons had with incredible toil managed to reach Tklakani, forty miles farther on. These sent back supplies of water. Others struggled forward on foot through the sandy waste. Mr Hepburn, the missionary stationed with Khama, happened to be on the road, and brought in two wagons filled with water-barrels for the relief of the sufferers.

Somehow or other the trek managed to battle on. Some died, some few turned back; but the majority kept their faces doggedly westward, and set their teeth, and suffered. Numbers of wagons were abandoned; quantities of farming implements, furniture, and cherished household goods were cast away. For years these impedimenta littered the desert. Nay, as the writer came by Inkouani, some four years since, there still lay, in the sand, ploughshares, the tires of wagon wheels, and other pathetic mementoes of that disastrous time.

The journey across this terrible bit of thirst-land can as a rule be accomplished with stout oxen and constant trekking in about a week. But in the case of these poor people, sadly reduced and enfeebled as they were, the struggle lasted two and a half months. At last they struck the Botletli River, where, to their incredible joy, they found an abundant supply of water.

At Sebituane's Drift, some way up the river, a halt was called, and the expedition counted its losses. It was found that thirty-seven members of the trek, men, women, and children—principally the last—had perished from thirst and

hardships. Nearly all the flocks, herds, and trek-cattle had vanished. From Sebituane's Drift the party sent forward for aid from the trekkers who had pioneered the way two years before. These sent them back 183 head of cattle; other cattle and sheep were procured from the Transvaal and Bechuanaland; and, with the 950 stray cattle recaptured, the expedition, somewhat rested and recruited, pushed slowly on.

Moremi, the Lake chief, meanwhile had changed his mind. He was afraid of this strong body of Boers (ancient enemies of his race) coming through his country. He warned the expedition not to proceed. But the gaunt way-worn Dutchmen showed their teeth, dared Moremi to attack them, and so passed by Lake Ngami and Moremi's town without a battle.

Steadily pushing up the Okavango River, where they suffered much from fever, part of the Boers presently turned south, and were met, in February 1878, by the pioneer party who had gone through in 1875 at Debra, a feverish, unhealthy spot, in an almost unknown wilderness between the Okavango and Ovampoland. Here, again, were terrible scenes enacted. Numbers were stricken with fever and dysentery, and the miserable sufferers wandered in their delirium into the bush and forest and perished. The oxen had eaten of some poisonous herbage, and lay dead about the encampment in scores; yet the people were so reduced that they were found by the rescuing party eating the flesh of these festering carcasses. At Oliphant's Pan, where three hunters, Van Zyl, Botha, and Laurens, found 103 elephants embogged in a marsh, and shot them all within the day, forty-three of the trekkers died from fever; and at Witwater and other places their numbers were still further reduced. In this desolate and unhealthy region the main body of the trekkers seem to have remained for nearly two years, matters steadily getting worse with them. Messages were sent to the Transvaal and the Cape begging for relief; and in 1880, thanks to the exertions of the Cape Government, a quantity of supplies was with great difficulty forwarded to them *via* Walvisch Bay, on the south-west coast. Eighteen families, meanwhile, despairing of ever reaching the 'Promised Land,' to which they had so long and eagerly looked forward, turned their wagons, and made their way painfully back to the Transvaal.

In September 1880, the main body of the trek was again united at Debra, prepared once more to push north-westward. There were then surviving 57 families (in all, 270 souls), with 50 native servants, 61 wagons, 840 trek oxen, 2160 cattle, 120 horses, and 3000 sheep. Trekking slowly north, hunting as they went, they once more struck the Okavango River, thence, passing through the country of the Ovampo, they reached the west coast, near Cape Frio, a little below Mossamedes. From Mossamedes help reached them through the Portuguese.

Finally, the remnant of this disastrous expedition, after years of wandering and unheard-of sufferings bravely and stubbornly endured, settled themselves at Humpata, a place a little north-east of Mossamedes. Since 1882 they have been quietly thriving at this settlement, hunting, farming, and occasionally assisting the Portuguese as mercenaries in native wars. The Trek Boers

of Humpata are described as splendid specimens of manhood (as well they may be after surviving the terrors of such an exodus), and have already established for themselves a great reputation in Portuguese West Africa. This unparalleled wandering of the Boers may, without exaggeration, be designated the longest trek on record, enduring as it did from 1875 to 1882.

#### AN ANGLING IDYL.

THE Angler, like the Poet, rejoices in the return of spring, and 'the tender greening of April meadows' finds him by the river-side again. For the past few days 'the Old Un' has been undergoing a process of rejuvenation, preparing for his first angling holiday for the season among the hills. On such occasions he is always in great form, and though bordering on sixty-seven, is as active as any youth of two-and-twenty, and with far more 'go.' The fine morning air and the hill scenery of the Borderland, of which we are both so fond, puts him in the best of spirits. My old friend would, in fact, have cheered the heart of Izaak Walton himself: he is 'a good man and an angler,' fond of a walk, a talk, and a pretty face. Now we have a snatch of song, then some old Waltonian philosophy, and anon a bit of angling experience, an initiation into the mysteries and respective merits of march browns, hare-lugs, corncrakes, blae and woodcock wings, and Greenwell's glories. To watch the veteran making up his casts on the day before a fishing excursion is a sight in itself, only to be matched by the business-like fashion in which, to save time, and if the railway compartment is empty, he dons his fishing boots and stockings just as we are approaching our destination.

Such walks are never dull. My friend is an enthusiastic lover of Robert Burns, and as we tramp along he delights in quoting appropriate 'bits' from his favourite poet. 'I never hear,' he will say—'I never hear the loud, solitary whistle of the curlew in a summer noon, or the wild mixing cadence of a troop of plovers in an autumnal morning, without feeling an elevation of soul like the enthusiasm of devotion or poetry.'

'A man,' adds he by way of comment, with an emphatic tap on his snuff-box, 'that can thus put himself in tone and tune with such surroundings—that can thus let Nature breathe through as well as around him, tastes one of the purest joys that earth can give.' And then adapting himself to the rhythmic step of our walk, he will start off into *Ca' the Yowes to the Knowes*, or it may be that the moorland which is beginning to unroll itself before us suggests *O'er the Muir among the Heather*. Thus it is that he beguiles the way during our three miles of a tramp up the glen before we reach our fishing-ground. A country lassie tripping to market will look provokingly solemn as we pass, and then my friend, with a roguish smile, will exclaim: 'Who can pay a more graceful compliment to womankind than Robbie Burns!

Auld Nature swears, the lovely dears  
Her noblest work she classes, O;  
Her 'prentice han' she tried on man,  
And then she made the lasses, O.

Ay,' he continues, 'almost as fine that as Robbie's "trouta bedropp'd wi' crimson hail."'

Such a comparison might have left the listener in delightful uncertainty as to whether a lovely woman or a lovely trout held the higher place in the order of things, or at least in our friend's estimation; but that characteristic had long ago manifested itself, and was often jokingly remembered against him by his more intimate friends. It seems that in the quiet pastoral vale where he first met his future partner for life, there flows a famous salmon river, and so it happened that, one bright June morning more than thirty years ago, when bride, friends, and minister were waiting to celebrate and to witness the joining together in holy matrimony of the well-matched couple, the bridegroom could not be found. At that precise moment he was joined by a delicate trout—ing line to a salmon, and was careering down the river in consequence. The salmon had been 'on' for some considerable time, and as a result the bridegroom was 'a little late,' as he put it, for his own wedding. Looking back down that long vista of years, who can dare to guess the weight of that famous hymeneal salmon? I think it is Mr Andrew Lang who relates a somewhat similar experience, and possibly my friend *may* have read the article; but here I must say once and for all that I believe implicitly all that is told me regarding his angling experiences, and the number and weight of the fish he has killed in days of yore. I am not one of those who would cavil at a fairy tale or insinuate that all anglers are liars. When an angler reaches the age of sixty-seven, he is to be excused if his incidents swell into legends and his legends into myths, until like a halo they envelop the whole man.

But to return to our walk up the glen. The road had hitherto led us through a wooded estate, and oh, how fresh, how delightfully green, everything seemed in these late spring days! Sometimes above the 'cushat's croon' we could hear far down in the bottom of the glen the river roaring over a linn. Sometimes, too, we could catch a glimpse of its cool umbrageous recesses, with its deep dark pools, concerning which my sage adviser could tell fabulous accounts of the water boiling with salmon, sea-trout, grayling, and herling.

At last we are on the open moorland, with the green hills rolling onwards like great rounded billows. The sight of the open country always rouses the old angler's enthusiasm. 'Now for the burn, my boy,' he exclaims, leaping the fence, 'and let's see what flies are on the water to-day. Man, look how they're loupin'! "like tumblers frae a spring-brod, head-ower-heels," as the Ettrick Shepherd used to say. These were the days; and oh the nights that succeeded the days, at "Tibbie Shiels's" and "The Crook!" But come, come; no reminiscences just now.'

I had so often been struck with the resemblance between my old friend and the genial Izaak, that it was something like a shock to see or hear the modern angler occasionally assert himself, instead of the 'piscator' of 'good king Charles's golden days.' I pointed out, for example, that in the *Compleat Angler*, among

Walton's first instructions on coming to the river-side were the following: 'Go you to yonder sycamore tree, and hide your bottle of drink under the hollow root of it; for about that time [nine o'clock], and in that place, we will make a brave Breakfast with a piece of powdered Bief, and a Radish or two that I have in my Fish-bag.'

Now there, curiously enough, was a sycamore just at the edge of the wood. Why not follow Izaak's instructions? My friend pulled himself together to make sure that he was listening aright, and then remarked, solemnly and with Johnsonian deliberation, that times were greatly changed since Walton lived; that if you hid whisky in such a manner, you might be suspected of keeping an illicit still; that water-bailiffs and poachers had the scent of slenth-hounds for anything in the spirit line, and would sooner ferret your bottle than net the biggest trout in the stream; and that, consequently, it was a hundred to one if you ever saw your flask again. Having thus delivered himself, he handed me a thimbleful of his favourite blend, poured out another for himself, carefully stowed away the flask in his inside breast-pocket, and with all due solemnity began 'a angling.'

The solemn hour of noon found me on a warm sunny slope facing southwards—warm, I should say, for April, for though Robert Browning, writing in Italy, exclaimed, 'Oh, to be in England now that April's there!' we in Scotland find that *our* April is oftener more akin to that of the Fatherland of Heinrich Heine. 'My dear woman,' said Heine, speaking to one of the sun-browned dames of Italy, 'in our land it is very frosty and foggy; our summer is only a green-washed winter; even the sun there is obliged to wear a flannel jacket to keep from catching cold.' Basking, therefore, in this 'flannel sunshine,' whilst the veteran was having the first of the water in a deep gully a little way up stream, I seemed all alone with the dear old hills of the Borderland, alone but for a white-walled herd's cottage in the middle distance. Here, surely, is solitude! Here, surely, is the place to shake off all city cares, and stretching one's self on the grass, find perfect peace, if but for one short day, one short hour!

Yes, perfect peace, perhaps, but not perfect solitude, for the door of yonder herd's cottage opens, and a trim maid comes down to the river-side bearing a basket in her arms. Ah! where is our friend, with his quiet smile and his quotation from Burns? 'Her 'prentice han';' but no—no one can quote that passage like 'the Old Un.' Rather let us call to mind Allan Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd*, for it is evident that this is 'washing-day' at the cot, and that the herd's young wife or bonny daughter is coming to illustrate from the life one of Allan's best pictures in that delightful Pentland pastoral—

A flowrie howm, between twa verdant braes,  
Where lasses use to wash and spread their claes.

It may seem at first rather far-fetched, but such a scene as Ramsay describes, or as the maid is enacting yonder, always reminds me of some of Homer's old-world ladies, of the Princess, for

instance, whom the messengers of Ulysses met coming to the well for spring water; or, better still, of Nausicaa, 'ivory-arn'd Nausicaa,' whose name still lingers among the traditions of Corfu. Are not Nausicaa and her maidens the very counterparts of Allan's 'twa barefoot beauties'? Those Greeks washed their clothes in true Scotch fashion, steeping them in the crystal brook, and 'treading them clean with cleanly feet,' then spreading them on the wave-washed pebbles to dry in the sun. Ah! these high-born dames were happy as the day was long by their warm sunlit Mediterranean shores, 'the shores of old romance.' Contrast Homer's tale with our northern legends—with that, for instance, of the Princess Gudrun and Hildburg, compelled to wash in winter-time the clothes of the 'she-wolf' Queen Gerlind by the shores of the Northern Sea, whilst the bitter east winds were blowing through their beautiful hair and the scanty folds of their garments. The one picture is all warmth and sunshine, the other all snow-storm and east wind. This is local colour and climate influencing romance with a vengeance!

All this is not angling, however, and reminds one of Washington Irving's essay of 'The Angler,' in which he tells how he started enthusiastically with some friends to fish 'a mountain brook among the highlands of the Hudson,' and wound up with lying on the grass and building castles in a bright pile of clouds until he fell asleep.

My 'castles in Spain' were suddenly dispelled by a cheery voice ringing down the glen: 'Holloa, my boy! what sport? Gone to sleep again, like the fat boy in *Pickwick*?' I don't know how long he had been away, but here he was with at least six good-sized trout, the smallest weighing a quarter of a pound. I knew that the inevitable story was coming of how 'a big two-pounder fellow,' &c.; and so I proposed having lunch.

'Man, this is a grand spot! What did you get in that pool?' asked the ancient as he sat down and regaled himself with a preliminary pinch of his best taddy. 'We only need your Izaak's milkmaid now to sing us that song of Kit Marlowe's.'

'One of Tom Stoddart's would suit us better. But had you been here half-an-hour ago, you might have seen as pretty a shepherdess as evel stepped out of Watteau fan.'

I then gave a circumstantial account of the visit to the stream of this daughter of the glen; and I observed that afterwards, as we passed the cottage on our way up stream, some thing like a sigh escaped our friend because the coy maid gave no sign of her dainty presence. After so much day-dreaming, it was now my turn to be up and doing; and as we both trudged home 'late in the gloamin,' neither had cause to regret our day by the mountain burn.

Those homeward walks are equally characteristic of my friend. Even as he absorbs the joyfulness of morning, so in the evening he reflects Nature's calm; and thus there is strange impressiveness in his manner at such times. He notes the stars as they peep or

one by one, and his talk is often of that mysterious borderland which at his age seems drawing very near. Even his silence is eloquent as, with the pallor of the rising moon upon his clean-cut face, and his eyes fixed on a certain star low on the horizon—Sirius is his favourite—the old man seems to pierce in thought the veil beyond.

Strange, is it not? that of the myriads who  
Before us passed the door of Darkness through,  
No one returns to tell us of the Road,  
Which to discover we must travel too.

### THE CARSTAIRS ELECTRIC LIGHT-RAILWAY.

AT the present moment, when public attention is being largely directed towards the whole topic of light lines, it may not be inopportune to lay before our readers some succinct account of an interesting little Light-railway already in existence, which enjoys the additional distinction of being also the only example of an electric railway in Scotland. The Carstairs Electric Light-railway is worked by electricity derived from the Falls at Cleghorn, on the river Mouse, and extends from a large mansion-house in the neighbourhood to the main-line railway station at Carstairs. The line is a single one throughout its entire length of one mile and a hundred and thirty yards, and was constructed in the years 1888 and 1889. The available 'head of water' at the Falls is a little over thirty feet; and the turbine, which is of the Leffel type, is capable of developing, with a 'full gate' of water, thirty-two horse-power. As the site selected for the new turbine or water-engine had previously been occupied by a small mill actuated by a wheel of primitive construction, but little difficulty arose in adapting it for the more modern appliances requisite for the new undertaking.

Into the minutæ and technicalities of the electrical apparatus it is foreign to our present purpose to enter; suffice it to point out that the turbine already mentioned actuates a Goolden dynamo, capable of giving thirty amperes on continuous load at four hundred volts, nine hundred revolutions. The wires conveying the electrical current to the cars are of copper, and weigh about five hundred and eighteen pounds to the mile. They are secured on white china insulators on larch poles, and have all the appearance of an ordinary system of telegraphic communication.

The line traverses the 'policies' or grounds attached to the mansion throughout its entire length, and though it passes through several woods, no difficulty has been experienced in keeping the conductors free from the branches. The line is entirely unfenced; and the current is such that no danger can arise to passers-by from contact with the wires. A feature of interest in connection with the electric installation is the provision for current sufficient for the two hundred lights which have been provided for the mansion-house.

Turning now to the miniature railway itself: the maximum gradient is one in seventy; and the gauge is thirty inches, the sleepers being of

larch and fir, and placed twenty-four inches apart. The rolling stock consists of a passenger car and two luggage ones. The former has an inside measurement of six feet one inch by three feet seven inches, and is provided with a platform at each end. Seating accommodation is provided for six persons; but, as in lines of larger dimensions, overcrowding sometimes occurs, and no fewer than seventeen people have travelled in the car. The car is well lit by electricity; and its total weight with gear when empty is two tons.

The passenger car acting as a locomotive can draw the two luggage cars, each carrying one ton of goods, at a speed of fifteen miles per hour. Whilst running alone, the passenger car has travelled at a speed exceeding thirty miles per hour, the owner having made the journey between Carstairs Station and his home in two minutes, such time including starting and stopping.

Without descending to the details of cost, or cataloguing the various heads of expenditure, it may be stated that the entire outlay on the undertaking, including the equipment, was a little in excess of eighteen hundred pounds, a price which works out at about fifteen hundred pounds per mile, or a figure which should certainly warrant the extension of light lines.

The experience gained, moreover, points to considerable economies that may be carried out in future undertakings, and there is every reason to believe that the little line we have described in brief outline is but the precursor of many similar routes throughout the length and breadth of Scotland. The engineers of the Carstairs Railway were Messrs Anderson & Munro, the undertaking being the special care of Mr John M. M. Munro, C.E.

### S M O K E D R I F T.

BRING me nor frankincense nor myrrh;  
Nor cassia breathing of the East;  
Nor roses such as filled the air  
At some superb Pompeian feast;

Nor lead me to yon minster old,  
What time the holy Mass is said,  
And clouds of incense rare are rolled  
In fragrant wreaths above my head.

But let me stand on this green hill,  
Beneath the chancel of the skies,  
And hear the thrushes' anthem-trill,  
And see the pale-blue peat-smoke rise,

And fill my nostrils with the breath  
Of fragrance that the west wind brings,  
As, sweeping softly o'er the heath,  
It fans my cheek with noiseless wings,

And summons from the forepast years  
Of youth, fair visions manifold,  
And summer scenes of smiles and tears  
In that old homestead on the wold.

T. BRUCE DILKS.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,  
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 600.—VOL. XII.

SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1895.

PRICE 1½d.

## A 'MYSTERY PLAY' IN THE BLACK COUNTRY.

AMONG the thousands who saw and millions who read of the world-renowned 'Passion Play' of Ober Ammergau, there were probably but few who thought of the religious drama as a living institution in the very centre of England. It is nevertheless a fact that in the 'Black Country' of South Staffordshire the Mystery or Miracle Play is to be seen flourishing in rejuvenated vigour, conducted in a distinctly religious spirit, and enjoying no little popularity.

We had long been deeply interested in some of the byways of popular sacred literature, finding food for profitable reflection in the rude religious ballads of the peasantry, and revelling in the Coventry and Townley Mysteries; when we chanced upon an advertisement of 'The Sacred Drama of *Absalom*,' to be performed by teachers and scholars of a Sunday school about six miles from Birmingham. It was Gunpowder Day; and we journeyed to the scene of action through a region alarmingly suggestive of Dante's *Inferno*, amidst a drizzling rain that might have ensured the harmlessness of Guy Fawkes and all his magazine. Ascending an outside stairway, we found ourselves in an irregularly shaped room, lighted by half-a-dozen gas burners, and crowded to its utmost capacity with about two hundred and thirty persons, who had paid threepence or sixpence each for admission. There was a sprinkling of boys and girls, a large proportion of women, and a good number of men—colliers, iron-workers, and the like: a *bond-fide* working-class audience. At one end of the room was a permanent platform, about a foot high. This served for a stage. It was screened off with coarse ticking, the stripes running horizontally, of which the middle portion being drawn up revealed a set of side-wings of red glazed calico. There being no footlights, the stage was lighted by two gas burners from above. At the back were two

windows, shaded with lace curtains; between them hung a mirror, which was removed when the action was supposed to be out of doors. With one exception, there was no attempt at scenery.

On the rising of the curtain we see the entire company grouped upon the stage; they are young people, ranging in age from sixteen to twenty-five, fair samples of the rude, plain-spoken, but warm-hearted lads and lasses of the village. The superintendent is a respectable elderly man, well known as an effective though uncultured preacher. He announces a familiar hymn, which is heartily sung to an excruciating tune, well accompanied, however, by a working man on a fairly good harmonium. He next calls on one of the company to offer prayer, after which an extempore prologue invites attention to the moral teaching of what is to follow. The preliminaries conclude with a song of the conventional Sunday-school type, on the duty of obedience to parents: the curtain descends, and a musical interlude fills up the time while the stage is arranged for the first scene.

In a few minutes the play begins. *Absalom's* servant, in his shirt-sleeves and a white apron, admits a messenger in black coat and vest, who brings a private message for the Prince. Enter *Absalom*, in a robe of pink glazed calico: to him the messenger hints, in a manner sufficiently intelligible to those familiar with the Bible narrative, but scarcely to others, the wrong that Amnon has done to his sister Tamar. *Absalom*, sword in hand, swears the death of Amnon.

Scene 2—*Absalom* asleep on a couch; stage dark. Enter three angels in white, who sing, to the 'Spanish Chant,' a song about the danger of harbouring revengeful passions. They retire: *Absalom*, awaking, soliloquises; he has had a strange dream, but what of that? For two years Tamar has endured her wrongs in silence; dream or no dream, she shall be avenged. Lights up. Enter the messenger,

now regularly installed as Absalom's servant. With much unnecessary display of swords, he is instructed when and how to kill Amnon.

Scene 3—The two servants, in their shirt sleeves, but each with a sword at his side, are spreading a table with eatables, knives and forks, plates, glasses, and jugs. One remarks that Amnon's time is drawing near; the other proposes to warn him; the first, with an ominous grip of his sword, bids his fellow 'keep a still tongue in his head.' Enter Absalom as before, and warns the servant that if he fail in his task it will be at his peril. Sundry guests enter, in ordinary dress, with the addition of belts and swords; Amnon is conspicuous from wearing his hat, a hard felt. Absalom salutes them all, and Amnon in particular. They sit at table, eat and drink, and talk of sheep and crops—the talk being extemporised. Several toasts are drunk, and the scene is protracted to a wearisome length. Ultimately, Amnon, being well plied with wine, becomes unmistakably drunk; and at a signal from Absalom, the servants kill him. General scramble and much flashing of swords, and the guests retire in confusion. Absalom, standing sword in hand over the body of Amnon, exclaims, 'Now, my sister, thou art avenged.'

Scene 4—The wise woman of Tekoa, in a black straw hat with a wide brim, *tête-à-tête* with Joab, in a dark frock-coat buttoned up to the chin, a cap with a red band, and two medals on his breast. He instructs her as to the disguise in which she is to speak a parable to David.

Scene 5—David, in a red tunic with white facings, shawl-pattern dressing-gown, and gilt-paper crown, is sitting moodily at a table. Unseen voices sing, to the tune of *Happy Land*; the burden of their song is, 'David, forgive'; but David soliloquises, 'Absalom, beware.' Enter the woman of Tekoa, in widow's weeds. She, by a parable, pleads for the pardon of Absalom. Joab is summoned, to whom David gives permission to bring Absalom back to Jerusalem, but will not see his face. The whole dialogue in this scene was taken verbatim from the Bible, and was so well recited that at the close of the widow's speech we were conscious of an unusual moisture about the eyes; but what followed was exceedingly ludicrous.

Scene 6—To Absalom enters a servant, who narrates the burning of Joab's corn; he has come in all haste, after obeying his master in this business, and 'expects Joab and his servants are after him.' Presently, another servant announces the coming of Joab, who complains of wanton damage. Absalom appeases him, and gains his promise to endeavour to bring about a complete reconciliation with the king.

Scene 7 exhibits the reconciliation; it is little more than a tableau, the attitudes apparently studied from a picture of 'The Prodigal's Return.'

Scene 8 presents a grotesque specimen, the only one, of the scene-painter's art. Absalom, in his pink calico robe and a black felt hat, is seated, reading, on a cane-bottomed chair 'beside the way of the gate.' The gate, which is closed, is of practicable height, apparently about

eighteen inches wide, and located near the inner angle of two bright red brick walls; while in one of these, just over Absalom's chair, is a window of six small panes, resembling that of a larder or dairy. Enter a stranger in ordinary dress, who proves to be a suitor, weary of the law's delay. The conversation between him and Absalom is so slavishly copied from the elliptical narrative in the Bible, that nobody learns who the stranger is, whence he comes, or what is his business. Nevertheless, Absalom, who knows no more about him than the audience, assures him that 'his matters are good and right.' On the retirement of the stranger, enter several conspirators in buttoned coats, belts, and caps. They salute Absalom, and are instructed to extol him everywhere as a radical reformer. No sooner have the conspirators departed than a messenger enters, announcing that everywhere 'the hearts of the men of Israel are after Absalom.' Re-enter the conspirators; and after two or three sentences from them to the same effect, Absalom says: 'Let them sound the drums and proclaim me king.' There is a prodigious drumming behind the wings; the conspirators salute, and cry: 'God save King Absalom!' Almost before the rattle of the drums has ceased, another messenger appears, announcing the flight of David; to which Absalom replies: 'Tis better thus; now are we king indeed.'

Scene 9 suggests the encampment of David; at least there is a Lilliputian tent in the middle of the stage, formed of a white sheet thrown over a painter's easel. Joab and a number of David's followers come marching on, and Joab asks if there is any news from Jerusalem. Zadok the priest is announced; there is nothing distinctive in his costume. Then enters David, dressing-gown, gilt-paper crown, &c., as before. He dismisses Zadok, with instructions to employ his son Ahimaaz as messenger. Hushai the Archite is also directed to offer his services to the usurper.

Scene 10—Absalom, in pink robe and felt hat, is surrounded by his friends, conspicuous among whom is Ahithophel (pronounced Ay-it-tôe-piel). Hushai the Archite (*ch* as in church) tenders his submission. A council of war is held, and the contradictory opinions of Ahithophel and Hushai are given, the latter having the preference. The entire dialogue is verbatim from the Bible. As the council breaks up, Hushai lags behind; and to Zadok, who enters at the same moment, he briefly reports what has passed, urging that a message should be sent to David, bidding him hasten over Jordan.

Scene 11 shows the tent, as before; Joab and soldiers marching around. Enter David, to him Ahimaaz, who reports the result of the council. 'Ahithophel (he says) was a wise man; he went home, set his house in order, and hanged himself.' David produces his sword, declaring that he is now ready to lead his friends to battle. Joab remonstrates; David's life is worth ten thousand of theirs; he must not incur needless danger. David acquiesces, but begs Joab to 'deal gently with the young man,' and all march off. Re-enter Joab, without a moment's interval; to him a soldier,

announcing, 'I saw Absalom hanged in an oak.' The short Biblical dialogue in this place is somewhat abridged; and Joab rushes out, saying: 'I may not tarry thus with thee.'

'Last scene of all, which ends this strange eventful history.' David and an attendant are beside the tent. Enter, successively, Ahimaaz and Hushai, who narrate the battle and the death of Absalom. David cries out: 'My God! why hast Thou forsaken me?' The harmonium in the corner strikes up a few bars of the Dead March; and the body of Absalom is brought in, covered with a sheet, upon a bier that had evidently been designed for the obsequies of the swinish multitude. David delivers an oration in the approved style of the theatrical 'heavy father,' concluding with the well-remembered words—so touching in their proper place, so absurdly incongruous at the close of a long speech: 'Oh! my son Absalom, would God I had died for thee!' The whole company, not forgetting the angels, gather around the bier; and sing, to the tune *Pilgrims of the Night*, a dirge, of which the burden is, 'Too late, too late for grace.'

So ended 'the Sacred Drama of Absalom.' It was unmistakably regarded, both by actors and audience, as a great success; and the hearty singing of the Doxology seemed in nowise out of place, in view of the spirit in which the entire proceedings were conducted. There was no suspicion of anything ludicrous in the performance; the conduct of the actors was reverent throughout; and even in the tedious yet laughable dinner scene, the extemporised dialogue was designed to inculcate gratitude to God for the good things of this life. We will not venture an opinion as to the utility of such a performance, from either a moral or religious point of view; but at least the intention was unimpeachable. We trudged homeward through the rain, feeling that the evening had been well spent. We had been brought within a measurable distance of the religious life of the fifteenth century; and it seemed to us that between the simple piety that inspired the 'Cherry Tree Carol' and the 'Coventry Mysteries,' and that of the Primitive Methodists in the Black Country, the interval was much less than is generally supposed.

## AN ELECTRIC SPARK.\*

### CHAPTER IX.—OPPOSITE POLES.

MATTERS were none too pleasant at the offices. Brant obeyed his uncle, and took possession of the private room, and the day following rang for Wynyan to be sent in to him.

'As if I were one of the junior clerks,' thought the young engineer, but he only smiled. 'It does not matter,' he said to himself; and he went in to find Brant reading the paper and indulging in a cigarette. He did not take his eyes off the paper, but made-believe to go on reading and sending a couple of jets of smoke from his nostrils at intervals.

'You wished to see me, Mr Dalton?' said Wynyan at last, after seeing plainly enough

that this was meant as a slight; but there was no reply.

Wynyan waited a few minutes, and then addressed Brant again. 'You wished to see me, Mr Dalton?'

'What?—Oh, it's you. Wait a minute.'

Wynyan coloured slightly and bit his lip, but the annoyance passed off. The matter was too petty to notice, and he waited, standing, but feeling all the while as if he would like to kick the insolent young dandy.

'Hum! Ha! Don't agree with you,' muttered Brant, affecting to finish the speech he had tried to read, but of whose import he knew nothing, his thoughts having been all the time upon Wynyan in his desire to humble him. 'Now, then: what is it?'

'You sent for me,' said Wynyan, with too much contempt now for the speaker to feel annoyed.

'I sent for you?' said Brant, staring.—'Oh yes; I remember now. I want you to go over those estimates, or whatever they are.'

'Will you allow me,' said Wynyan, reaching over, and Brant scowled as his colleague took the keys from one of the drawers in the table, went to the small inner room and brought out some freshly copied estimates. Then, for about an hour, Brant sat with a supercilious look, smoking cigarettes and asking questions about certain prices.

'That will do,' he said at last, as he sat back emitting short puffs of smoke; while Wynyan bore the papers into the further room, and brought back and replaced the keys in the drawer.

By this time Brant had taken up the paper again, and used it as a screen.

'Do you want me any more?' asked Wynyan.

There was no reply, and he left the room to go to his chair at the table opposite old Hamber, who, gold spectacles on nose, was working away with compasses and scale.

After a few minutes, he pushed up his glasses, and leaned across the table towards Wynyan.

'Feel satisfied with this morning's news, sir?' he whispered.

'No, Hamber; I am very uneasy.'

'So am I, sir—so am I. Pressure, Mr Wynyan, pressure. Over this new invention, I am afraid.'

'I fear so, Hamber,' said Wynyan, leaning his head upon his hand, and gazing thoughtfully at the clockwork-like old assistant.

'Going to be a very great thing, though, for the firm, I hope.—I'm not pumping, sir.'

'How did you know anything about it, Hamber?'

'I could not help seeing that you and Mr Dalton had something important on the way, sir; but Mr Dalton senior gave me a hint or two, sir. He explained nothing, only said that there was something new to come out from our firm.'

'Then you will excuse my being reticent, Hamber.'

'Excuse it, sir? Of course. Oh yes: I'm always trusted at the proper time, and no doubt shall be with this; but there are things that would be worth nothing if every one

\* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.



heard what they were. Yes; I hope it will be a grand thing for the firm, sir; and then that Mr Dalton will leave off worrying. What is money, sir, without health and peace of mind!

'True, what indeed?' said Wynyan, with a sigh.

That afternoon, upon leaving the office, he walked slowly and thoughtfully away for a while, till, finally deciding upon something about which he was hesitating, he started off sharply north, and made his way to Harley Street, where he stopped at a door bearing a brass plate with the lettering, 'Andrew Kilpatrick, M.D.'

#### CHAPTER X.—TWO PULSES.

The man-servant who answered the door replied that the doctor was in, but it was past his hour for seeing patients.

'Take him my card. I have not come as a patient.'

A minute later he was joined by the doctor, who shook hands warmly.

'Nothing the matter, I hope, at the office?'

'No: I came on because I was uneasy about Mr Dalton.'

'Eh? No bad news. *Rénée* wrote last night that they were all at the *Majestic*, and her father seemed better.'

'I am glad to hear it. But I want you to tell me, doctor, the simple truth about Mr Dalton's health.'

'I have no business to do so to you, Wynyan. These matters are private and confidential.'

'I am deeply interested in Mr Dalton's health.'

'So we all are.—There! he's far from well.'

'I know that, sir,' said Wynyan, with a faint smile.

'Then be satisfied. I won't say that he is not in danger, because we all are, and no one knows that better than a doctor.—There; that's all I'm going to tell you now.'

'Then I must be satisfied,' said Wynyan, rising.

'Stop a bit, Wynyan. Dalton and I have been friends five-and-twenty years, and more than once he has told me that he liked you, so I like you too.'

'Thank you, doctor,' said Wynyan, smiling.

'He has told me, too, that he trusted you, and so I trust you, sir. He has said more than that to me; but in confidence: so I shan't tell you that.'

'I do not ask for such confidences, doctor: I came in sheer anxiety about my employer.'

'And I'm very glad to see you, Wynyan.—But look here, my lad: I've had a terribly hard day with a set of idiotic patients who will look upon a doctor as if they expected him to perform miracles. And we can't, you know—not a bit of it, my boy. But I was going to say, I'm utterly fagged and faint with hunger. I wouldn't have seen a crown prince when you came, but I saw you.'

'I am very grateful.'

'Not much to be grateful for, boy.—Now, look here; I can't talk till I've been fed. Come and have a chop and a glass of Burgundy with me: after that, we'll smoke a good cigar, and I'll answer your questions.'

'No: I'll come in this evening about nine.'

'And perhaps find that I have been called out to attend some silly old woman who is digging her grave with her teeth, or some man who is doing it with a brandy glass.—Now, no nonsense, Wynyan: we've known each other five years now, and it's time we were friends.'

'Thank you, doctor. You are very good; but'—

'But you're going to stay, boy. I do want to say something to you—something very particular to you; so, no nonsense: do you hear; I'll answer all the questions I can.'

'Then I'll stay, sir.'

'That's right, boy.—Not much to offer you, but it shall be good. Not too early for you, I hope, sir?'

'I eat at any time, sir.'

'Bad habit. Eat regularly and moderately. There, that's advice gratis; but it's worth a guinea—a good many to some people,' said the doctor, ringing the bell.—'By the way, got anything the matter with you?'

'Oh no.'

'Yes, you have. But look here: if you have at any time, come to me, and I'll set you up again if it's to be done.'

'You ring, sir?'

'Yes: dinner ready?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Then come along, Wynyan.'

They descended to the doctor's gloomy dining-room, but the table was bright: there was an excellent dinner; and afterwards the wine was carried into the library. Cigars were brought out, and the doctor sat back in his easy-chair smoking placidly, and after a short silence said suddenly:

'Poor Dalton's not very long for this world, Wynyan.'

The younger man started up in his chair, and dropped his cigar.

'So bad as that, sir?' he said hoarsely.

'Pick up your cigar: it's burning the carpet.—Yes; so bad as that, and he knows it, poor fellow. He may live a year or two, or three if he avoids all excitement; but a man can't go on having those fainting-fits and live. He has to depend now upon the strong medicine I give him as a sedative.'

'This is terrible!' said Wynyan.

'Yes: terrible. Hardened doctor as I am, I say so too. Dalton has always been a good friend to me, and I care for him more than for any man I ever knew.'

Wynyan dropped his head upon his hand.

'Can you do nothing more for him, sir?' he said at last huskily.

'No, boy; but you can.'

'I?'

'Yes: a good deal to make him at rest.'

'You say he knows how bad he is?'

'Yes; and yet, business-like fellow as he is over most matters, he will not look that in the face, and make proper arrangements about his property. It is a man's duty, sir; but he will go driving on about some great scheme he has on hand: you know what.'

'Yes, sir, I do; but that is substantially at an end now.'

'And a good thing, too. Then, now you must

help him to settle matters so that he can be quite at rest.'

'What am I to do?'

'That's simple enough, Wynyan,' said the doctor, watching him narrowly; 'you have done wonders for him: he has told me so. Tell him to make you his partner at once, and relieve him of his work.'

'Confidence for confidence, doctor: he told me he would take me into the firm.'

'Then bring him up to the scratch, my lad, for both your sakes. Don't haggle about money.'

'Doctor!'

'Well, what's the matter? I'm speaking as a business man. Leave that to his sense of honour.'

'Of course, sir.'

'Then that isn't all.'

'What do you mean?'

'To tell you that I'm a very clever and observant man in some things; my training has made me. But in others I'm a perfect idiot. Man can't be all strength, I suppose.—Well, sir, you told me a lie just now.'

'I?' cried Wynyan indignantly.

'Yes; you said there was nothing the matter with you, and all the time you've got it badly.'

'I don't understand you, sir,' said Wynyan warmly.

'Fib the second.—Bah! boy, own it like an honest man. There's nothing to be ashamed of. Think I'm blind? Why, if I hadn't seen it before, the other evening would have convinced me.'

Wynyan's cigar went out.

'There was that confounded young scamp Brant raging with jealousy, and thinking, the idiot, that he could make the wind blow in his direction by carrying on with that black-eyed little hussy, Isabel Endoza; and there were you looking like a fellow in a play.'

'Look here, doctor,' cried Wynyan, starting up indignantly; 'I cannot stand this.'

'Not from your medical man?—There! throw that cigar away, and light another while I talk to you for your good. I tell you, man, that there's nothing to be ashamed of. Why, I like you for it. Bless her! she's the best and dearest girl that ever existed: a jewel, sir. Look at her, a perfect beauty, with a skin like alabaster; eyes that beam comfort to every one she cares for; and hall-marked with my vaccination scar on both her pretty arms.'

(To be continued.)

## CITRIC ACID.

EVERY one knows that unripe fruit has an acid taste, and that this taste is not entirely gone even in fruit that is perfectly mature. Added to the sweetness, due to sugar, this acidity gives to the ripe fruit a pleasant, refreshing quality, which is much appreciated during the heat of summer.

By a long series of laborious researches, which date back to the last century, it has been discovered that all fruits owe this peculiar taste to the presence, in the pulp of the fruits, of several acids, such as acetic acid (vinegar), citric acid, tartaric acid, malic acid, and some others

of less importance. Generally speaking, one of these acids predominates in any given kind of fruit: thus, the chief acid of the grape is tartaric acid; that of the orange and lemon is citric acid; whilst in the apple we find malic acid as well as citric acid. Acetic acid also exists in many fruits. Most of these fruit acids are solid substances which dissolve easily in water; they are white and crystalline, like sugar, only, instead of having a sweet taste like the latter, they are extremely acid when placed upon the tongue. The ingenuity of the experimental chemist has detected some hundreds of these acids in various plants, and they form an interesting branch of study; but of all these, citric acid and tartaric acid are not only the commonest, but by far the most important to mankind.

No chemical product represents a much larger capital than that which is at present invested in the manufacture of citric and tartaric acids, the produce of the lemon and the grape. The process by which they are obtained is so similar, that both these acids are generally manufactured by the same makers. They are both white, crystalline acids, and very similar in their uses and properties, though in many respects decidedly different. Citric acid is much the dearest, being at the present time about one shilling and sixpence a pound, whilst tartaric acid is one shilling and twopence. Of late, the price of the latter has risen, and that of both acids fluctuates, of course, according to the supply upon the market. As they are put to different uses in the arts, manufactures, and in medicine, it was necessary to discover some delicate tests by which they may be readily distinguished, and the adulteration of the dearer by the cheaper acid was formerly much more common than it is since these tests were brought to light.

Though the acidity of lemon juice was known to the ancients, it is only in comparatively modern times that some glimpses were obtained for the first time of the very remarkable substance to which this acidity is due. In 1774 a Swedish chemist named Georgi or Georgius (as it was the fashion in those days to Latinise the names of distinguished men) endeavoured to obtain the acid in a pure state. For this purpose he filled a bottle entirely with lemon juice, corked it, and placed it in a cellar for four years. At the end of that time the mucilage and other impurities contained in the juice were found deposited at the bottom of the bottle. The liquid poured off from this deposit was put in a cool place, the temperature at the time being twenty-eight degrees Fahrenheit, or four degrees of frost, which caused the water to freeze, but not the acid, and the liquid poured away from the ice was a strong solution of citric acid. It had never before been obtained so strong. But Georgi does not appear to have boiled down or evaporated this liquid to obtain the solid acid, just as solid sugar is got by

evaporating the juice of the sugar-cane; and had he done so, he would only have produced a very impure product, and have been puzzled and disappointed.

It was reserved for another Swedish chemist, the immortal Scheele—to whom the science of chemistry owes a greater number of discoveries than to any other man—to obtain citric acid in the solid form, and to show that it was quite different from tartaric acid, which he had formerly discovered. It was in 1784, or just ten years after Georgi's experiment, that Scheele made known his process for obtaining pure citric acid from the juice of the lemon, and it is that which is carried out at the present time.

This is not the place to discuss the technical details of this manufacture, which is fully described in all works on practical chemistry; we will simply state that twenty gallons of good lemon juice will afford fully ten pounds of white crystals of citric acid. It is interesting to note, however, that citric acid is contained in a very large number of plants besides oranges and lemons. Almost all our unripe fruits contain it in notable quantities, and so does the ripe fruit of the tomato. In currants and gooseberries it is present to so large an extent that it might probably be manufactured in England at a profit from the juice of these fruits gathered before they are quite ripe. The experiment has been made in France. The juice of the unripe gooseberries is first caused to ferment in a warm place, and the spirit thus produced is distilled; the remaining liquid yields nearly one pound of pure citric acid for every hundred pounds of gooseberries; and ten pints of spirit are obtained by the distillation of the fermented juice.

The Italian Government is at present very desirous of encouraging the manufacture of citric and tartaric acids in Sicily, especially the former; and prizes of five hundred, three hundred and fifty, and one hundred and seventy-five pounds, are offered, in addition to some bonus for the managers, to any persons, natives or foreigners, who shall open works in that island for this purpose not later than February 1896. An Englishman tried something of the kind in Sicily during the years 1809 and 1810, when he manufactured about three hundred tons of citrate of lime; but the affair was a failure. The workmen of the country, unused to this kind of labour, were very troublesome to manage, and there was a great difficulty in procuring the chalk and barrels necessary for the work. As there are now two works of this kind in Sicily, things may have improved since the beginning of the century. Still, progress is slow there, and the encouragement offered in the way of prizes by the Italian Minister of Agriculture is very small compared with the outlay required to erect works, to purchase or rent land, and to undergo the risk of the whole enterprise.

Enormous quantities of citric acid are used in calico-printing, in pharmacy, and in the preparation of artificial lemonade. About an ounce and a quarter (five hundred and seventy grains) of pure citric acid dissolved in a pint of water gives a solution which has the average acidity of good lemon juice. When diluted

with several times its bulk of water, sweetened with sugar, and scented with a single drop of essence of lemon, an artificial lemonade is cheaply produced, which is much used as a cooling drink in fever hospitals. It has also been used in the navy as a substitute for fresh lemon juice in the treatment or prevention of scurvy, but has been found much less efficient. In fact, this artificial lemonade is by no means equal to that made from pure lemon juice, whether used at table or for invalids. In rheumatism or rheumatic gout, the fresh juice of the lemon is preferred on account of the bicitrate of potash which it contains. Pure lemon juice is also a valuable remedy in sore throat and diphtheria; cases have been recorded in which children have apparently been cured of this terrible disease by constantly sucking oranges or lemons.

Pure citric acid possesses, like some other acids, the power of destroying the bad effects of polluted water used for drinking; but it is perhaps best to boil the water before adding a little citric acid to it.

Besides the production of artificial lemonade, immense quantities of citric acid are annually consumed in the manufacture or preparation of pharmaceutical products, such as the effervescing citrate of magnesia, citrate of quinine, and iron, and many other preparations which employ thousands of hands in all parts of the civilised world.

In the laboratory of the experimental chemist, citric acid, by being treated in various ways, has been decomposed, and made to yield a number of interesting products, including some peculiar acids found in plants very different from the lemon or the orange, the gooseberry, currant, strawberry, bilberry, &c., in which it abounds. Thus, the aconitic acid found in the root of the deadly aconite and in the curious *aquilegium*, or horsetail, has among other products been obtained artificially in this manner. But all these products are yet without any practical importance; and, indeed, citric acid itself, although hundreds of tons of it are annually employed for the few purposes mentioned in this article, has really been very little studied from a practical point of view, and it is almost certain that a considerable number of new applications will be found for it before many years have elapsed.

## AN UNAUTHORISED INTERVENTION.\*

### CHAPTER V.—CONCLUSION.

It was then that a brilliant inspiration struck Jack. The name of the street had sounded familiar to him, and all at once he remembered why. 'The British Consulate!' he exclaimed. 'It is in the Calle Mayor, is it not?—Do you know it, Diego?'

Diego did: it was (he said) on the other side of the street, not far from the Plaza.

'Can we reach it in safety?'

He thought so.

'Let us go, then!' urged Jack. 'They will

\* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

give us shelter there. The Consul is a good friend of mine, even if it weren't his duty.' He appealed eagerly to Dolores. 'You will come, señorita? You must be tired: and I am sure Mrs Chalmers will be only too glad to take care of you for the night.'

'It must be as you please, Señor Thorold,' said Dolores. 'It is very foolish of me, but I do feel a little faint.'

'Well, that settles it!—On you go, Diego!'

So they turned their backs on the combatants, and moved boldly along the Calle Mayor in the direction of the Plaza. Albeit they met not a soul, Jack did not breathe freely until he beheld the familiar escutcheon, with the royal arms of his country upon it, and was hammering with right good-will upon the iron gate of the Consulate. Like all Spanish-American houses of the better class, it was built round an interior courtyard; and it seemed an age before his clamour made an impression on the inmates, and he heard somebody moving behind the gate. Then a little grating was pulled back, and a voice demanded who was there.

Jack recognised it joyfully. 'Is that you, Chalmers?' he cried. 'Open the door—it is I, Jack Thorold!'

'Jack Thorold! What in the'—

'Never mind that! Quick, man—unless you want us to be shot in cold blood on your doorstep!'

'A second!' There was a clatter of bolts, and at last the gate was opened wide enough to admit them. Jack, with Dolores on his arm, was about to pass in, when he noticed that the other member of the party had disappeared.

'Hullo! where is Diego?' he asked.

'Gone to take his share in the fighting, I think,' said Dolores, in the most matter-of-fact tone.

Mr Chalmers was a middle-aged Scotsman, with the national gift of caution. He barred the gate behind them, and without a word led the way across the *patio* and along the veranda to his dining-room, where he glanced from one to the other with such a comical look that Jack could scarcely forbear to laugh. Instead, he made haste to introduce his companion.

'And if it had not been for this lady,' he said, 'I should have been shot to-morrow morning by General Ferreira, and you would have had an international complication to unravel. If Mrs Chalmers is anywhere about'—

'I will go for her,' said the Consul, after he had bidden them welcome with Scotch heartiness.

She returned with him in a few minutes; and when she saw how tired-out and weak the girl was—the men, of course, had hardly noticed it—insisted upon carrying her off at once. Then Jack, having had some supper, had his story to tell; and told it, now that all had ended well, with much humorous comment.

Mrs Chalmers came back just as he had finished.

'How is she?' he asked.

'Only exhausted with the fatigue and the excitement. And no wonder: she has been on her feet all day, in the service of a certain young gentleman. She is fast asleep already.'

'She is a girl of remarkably good sense,' remarked Jack, suppressing a yawn. 'And, with your permission, I shall go to bed also.'

He did so, and was not prevented by the continual rattle of rifle-fire from sleeping soundly. And when he came down to breakfast next morning, somewhat late, he looked round in vain for Dolores.

'Your friend went off very early,' explained Mrs Chalmers, observing his disappointment. 'Yes: she had quite recovered. We found her servant sleeping in the gateway this morning, and sent her off under his protection. Don't blame me, Mr Thorold; she *would* go. She is staying just beyond the city, and was anxious for news about young Tovar.'

Jack pulled a wry face. 'That beggar seems to have all the luck,' he lamented.

'Is it so bad?' laughed Mrs Chalmers. 'Well, here's consolation for you: she hoped you wouldn't leave San Estevan without seeing her again.'

'I don't mean to,' said Jack.

Breakfast over, the Consul asked him what he intended to do with himself. The streets were not exactly safe for a foreigner; during the night, the insurgents had driven the garrison back to the Plaza; and although they had melted away with daylight, things were naturally in a somewhat chaotic condition.

'I was thinking of paying Ferreira a morning call,' said Jack. 'I have that apology to get, you know.'

Chalmers stared at him. 'Honestly?' he said.

'Why not?'

'But is it wise?'

'That's your business, old man,' grinned Jack. 'What's the use of a Consul, if he can't protect his countrymen from arrest and all sorts of insult? Tell me that!'

'Maybe you're right about going, though,' said Chalmers, on due consideration. 'If you're determined to stay in the city'—

'I've got to see this affair through.'

'In that case, better settle with Ferreira at once. But we'll do it in order. I'll write asking him for an official interview on important business, and in the meanwhile I have a telegram or two to send off—in case of trouble.'

Ferreira's reply, which gave Jack some wicked amusement, was that he would be delighted to receive Mr Chalmers in the afternoon. After lunch, accordingly, they walked along to the Plaza to make the visit. The usual number of soldiers was loitering about, and Jack imagined that some of them regarded him rather closely; but they were ushered without interference and without delay into the presence of the Governor. He was in the old room; and, as before, Señor Elias was with him.

'Good-day, gentlemen,' said Jack softly.

'You?' Ferreira leaped to his feet, red in

the face with many conflicting emotions, his hand seeking his sword; Elias simply stared at him in utter surprise.

'At your service. I have come for your apology.'

It was amusing to watch the changes on the General's countenance—doubt, perplexity, rage, showed themselves in rapid succession, until finally the last predominated, and his hand moved towards a bell which stood on the table.

'Pardon me,' interposed Chalmers, coming forward. 'I should advise you to do nothing rash, General. This gentleman, who has a complaint against you for unjustifiable arrest, is a guest and friend of mine, and a British subject—Mr John Thorold, Secretary to Her Majesty's Legation to these republics.'

Ferreira did not seem to understand. 'But Tovar? I do not doubt you, señor; but'—

'I have nothing whatever to do with Tovar,' said Jack. 'Probably, owing to your stupid mistake, he is already in command of the revolutionary army.'

'And you?' the Governor burst out, glaring at him. 'If you are not Tovar, you are an accomplice: you have friends amongst the rebels, who helped you to break out of prison: that you cannot deny, and as long as I have power in the city'—

Again Chalmers interposed. 'Permit me to remind you of my statement,' he said, with an assumption of dignity. 'For the rest, I telegraphed my facts this morning to Sir Ralph Petre, our Minister at Salvatierra, and asked him to take steps for the protection of British interests. I have just received the reply that Her Majesty's gunboat *Wasp*, at present lying at New Salvatierra, will arrive off Sompacho to-morrow evening. And in these circumstances,' he added, 'I hope that the unfortunate matter will end in this room.'

Elias plainly agreed with him; but Ferreira tramped to and fro for a little before realising that, whether he liked it or not, he must apologise to his late prisoner. Doubtless, it was a bitter pill to swallow, for he was a man of a quick and imperious temper. It is bare justice to say that he did it handsomely, and as if he meant every word; and that, besides promising to send Jack's belongings to the Consulate, he 'went one better' by volunteering to give him a self-conduct—to prevent, as he put it, any inconvenience from keen-eyed soldiers during his stay.

And so the incident closed, on Jack's part with satisfaction, and on the other with a capital pretence of courtesy and good-will.

As they were leaving, a dusty and travel-stained orderly brushed rudely past them on the stairs, making for the Governor's room. Outside, in the Plaza and the Calle Mayor, groups of soldiers had drawn together in significant confabulation; and from one of them Chalmers learned that an important despatch had arrived from the front, but of what nature the man would (or could) not say. There were, as we know, other channels of information in San Estevan than the official one. And, later in the afternoon, the rumour ran round the town—and was generally accepted—that in

a skirmish on the previous evening between the opposing forces the famous Gatling guns had been captured by the Tovarites.

'If it's true,' said the Consul, 'we may expect to see them in the capital within the week.'

Events moved fast during the next three days. First, the rebel citizens, having taught Ferreira a lesson, essayed a midnight attack upon the castle, and met with so little opposition from the complaisant Governor that they captured it. Then, waxing bolder with success, they practically confined the authorities to the centre of the town. Hour by hour the prospects of the revolution brightened. Good news came from the seat of war. Juan Tovar had taken command; all jealousies were allayed; the army was confident of victory. At length, on the third day, authentic intelligence was received of a decisive battle—so decisive that Melgarejo's force had practically ceased to exist, while he himself had fallen on the field. And, as the result, General Ferreira and a choice body of kindred spirits—all those who for divers reasons dared not await the sequel—betook themselves in some haste to Sompacho by rail, and there sought refuge on board H.M. gunboat *Wasp*! For by such strokes of irony does Destiny amuse herself.

Jack Thorold's sole regret in the meanwhile was that he had seen no more of his fair pre-server. On the fourth morning, hearing that Juan Tovar had arrived during the night amid the acclamations of the multitude, and taken up his residence in the National Palace, he determined to make some inquiries. He was saved the necessity, however, by the receipt of a note from Tovar, inviting him, with many polite expressions, to lunch. He went, of course; and the first person he recognised when he entered the room, conspicuous in the midst of a dozen others, was Dolores in person. The faces of two men were also familiar. One, except for a lighter complexion, bore a remarkable likeness to the English-speaking Indian of Sompacho; and the other, the central figure of the group, was—as the intelligent reader has already guessed—one and the same with Señor Valdez, his fellow-passenger on the *Idaho*. Now he was resplendent in a general's uniform; and although there were points of resemblance between them in build and general feature, nobody, seeing them together, would have confused them for a moment. The mistake of Ferreira and his underlings was not unnatural, for of course they had never seen the real Tovar in manhood.

Evidently Jack's story was known, for nothing could exceed the warmth of welcome with which he was received by Juan and Dolores, and the others to whom he was introduced.

Then Tovar drew him aside. 'I really don't know how I am to thank you, Mr Thorold,' he said. 'If it hadn't been for you, I shouldn't have been here to-day—perhaps my fate would have been that of my poor father. Thinking of it, I wonder if it wasn't Providence which put it in your head to land at Sompacho.'

'Are you not placing it too high?' asked Jack. 'Besides, for myself, I was only a passive instrument.'

'But that does not absolve me from gratitude.'

First and last, you have been my good angel. You remember our talk on the *Idaho*? Well, I confided in the captain, and he landed me at a little creek about two miles below the port. I got to the rendezvous just as my friends, certain that I was a prisoner, had completed arrangements for a rescue. I had some trouble, too, in convincing them of my identity: none of them had met me for years. Of course your capture made our path smoother. To tell the truth, Mr Thorold, I didn't bother too much about you, for I thought you were sure to be liberated at San Estevan. You know already how we travelled with you as far as the plain disguised as Indians, and how the quick temper of our friend almost caused a conflict. We reached the army late that night; and the next day our spies discovered that Melgarejo's force was in a state of immense jubilation over your capture. We took advantage of the fact to surprise them—the capture of the coveted Gatlings was the result. Thanks to the spirit of my men, the rest was easy.—Now, please Heaven,' he concluded earnestly, 'we shall open a brighter page in the country's history, and you will believe me, Mr Thorold, that I at least will never forget your part in bringing it about.'

They shook hands upon it. 'Nor I,' said Jack—'and that for more reasons than the obvious.'

'Your imprisonment, for one?' suggested Juan. 'My sister Dolores has told me the whole story. Well, we must try to make it up to you while you remain here.' He slipped his arm through Jack's. 'And now for lunch!' he cried gaily.

Jack did not hear: his brain was in a whirl over the strange revelation. 'Dolores—your sister!' he managed to gasp at last. 'But I thought'—

'Why, of course she is!' said Tovar, laughing heartily at his amazement. 'And for proof.—Dolores,' he called to her, 'come here and convince Mr Thorold that I am not an impostor.'

Dolores came forward, blushing very prettily. 'Will you forgive me?' she entreated. 'Dolores Alvarado is the name I have used since I returned to San Estevan, and you are partly to blame for the deception yourself. You were so ready, you know, to imagine—something. And perhaps there was another reason,' she said, reddening again.

'May I ask it?'

She looked up smilingly. 'What if I did not wish you to spoil your chances of escape by making love to me, Mr Thorold?' she answered.

'Then I will only forgive you on one condition.'

'Yes?'

'That the restriction is removed,' said Jack as they went into luncheon.

That it was removed seems to be proved by the fact that, some two months later, on the day on which Juan Tovar was chosen President of San Estevan by the unanimous vote of the National Convention, his sister was married in the cathedral of the capital to Mr John Thorold, of Her Majesty's Diplomatic Service.

And Sir Ralph Petre, who was present, said not a word about his subordinate's unauthorised but effective intervention in the affairs of a friendly State.

## THE MONTH:

### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A MEMORIAL tablet to the late Professor Couch Adams has recently been placed in Westminster Abbey, and this event should not be allowed to pass without a few words with reference to one who has been described as the greatest mathematical astronomer England has produced since the time of Sir Isaac Newton. To John Couch Adams was due the discovery of the planet Neptune; and the history of that remarkable feat is one of those 'fairy' tales of science which it is somewhat difficult for an ordinary mind to believe. Here is the story in brief. The planet Uranus had been some years before discovered by Sir W. Herschel; its size and mass had been estimated, its orbit and period determined, its family of satellites recognised, and it had been formally admitted, so to speak, into the solar system. But there were certain irregularities in its movements which could not be accounted for, until the bold suggestion was made that these perturbations must be due to some unknown body, some orb which was travelling outside the path of Uranus, and disturbing the planet by its attraction. Both Adams and Leverrier, the French astronomer, set themselves to the seemingly impossible task of detecting the place of this hypothetical body. Adams was the first to succeed; and in September 1845 he indicated the place where the disturbing planet might be looked for, the form and position of its orbit, and its mass and mean distance. It is well that such a man should receive recognition as one of the greatest of the century.

The Structure and Functions of the Horse's Foot formed the subject of an interesting lecture at the Royal Institution by Veterinary Captain F. Smith, who pointed out the practical importance of the subject in connection with the shoeing of horses. After describing by means of models the anatomical structure of the foot, the lecturer pointed out the importance of considering the amount of moisture in the horn of the hoof, which varied from twenty per cent. in the front part to forty per cent. in the footpad or frog. Horn when moist was soft and elastic, but became quite brittle when dry. The function of the pad was to save the leg from concussion, and if a horse was so shod that the pad did not touch the ground, it would shrink up, and the hoof would become narrower, thus lessening the area of the foot. It was too much the custom among farriers to remove the pads; another evil practised being the paring away of the horn of the sole, which was designed by nature to protect the delicate parts above it.

At the spring meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute, some very interesting and valuable papers were read. Among these was one by Mr J. E. Stead, which detailed certain experiments which the author had made on the effects

of the presence of small quantities of arsenic in steel. It is generally known among engineers that arsenic in any quantity in steel is highly objectionable, and they have generally discarded such metal for structural purposes. But it has not hitherto been shown that a small proportion of arsenic may be disregarded. Mr Stead has investigated the matter with other metallurgists, and has carried out systematic trials on a large scale. It was found that steel having from 0.10 to 0.15 per cent. of arsenic associated with it gave normal results under careful mechanical tests. Oxidation was to some extent retarded by the presence of arsenic, welding was rendered more difficult, and the electrical conductivity of the metal was materially reduced. It would seem from these experiments, which were corroborated by Sir Henry Bessemer, that the presence of small quantities of arsenic in steel, precautions against which have hitherto given much trouble, may be disregarded.

There are very few articles of diet left to us to which some faddist or other will not point with a finger of horror, and tell us that it is a fruitful source of disorder or disease. Oysters have lately been found to be dire offenders in this way, and the dainty mollusc must not be eaten unless first cooked, to kill the disease germs which it gathers from the mud. Another delicacy in the shape of mushrooms has more recently come under the inquisitorial ban. Mushrooms from the fresh green pastures are all right, but those grown, or rather forced, for consumption in large cities and towns are all wrong. For they are mostly grown, we are told, on 'vile and rotting filth of every description, which is gathered together in large towns, and delivered to suburban and country mushroom growers.' The mushrooms not only assimilate some of this vile stuff, but the arrangement of its umbrella-like head is particularly adapted for catching vapours which are deadly to man and beast. If all this be true, it is certain that the old-fashioned poisons, both mineral and vegetable, have had their day. Any one wishing to emulate the feats of the Borgias could do so by regaling those whose 'removal' is desirable upon such luxuries as oysters and mushrooms, suitably raised.

The third Report of the Royal Commission on Electrical Communication with Lighthouses and Light-vessels has recently been published, and it gives some interesting particulars regarding this very important addition to our means of saving life at sea. The recommendations of former Reports have been carried out, and now an additional list of stations is named which it is suggested should be brought into circuit with the telegraphic system of the country. The system of communication which has been adopted with regard to light-ships is that known as the 'Sunk' system, a name derived from the first light-ship with which a cable was experimentally connected nine years ago. This is the best method yet devised, for the mechanical arrangements permit of the vessel swinging round with the tide without injury to the line of communication, and also allow the telephone to be employed, which last is a most valuable provision. But the Commissioners suggest that experiments should be made with the induc-

tion method, so that a cable may be dispensed with in the case of deep water and a rough bottom. The results already achieved have been most satisfactory, one light-vessel having made six communications with the shore relative to vessels in distress, and another nineteen such urgent messages. In every case the light-vessels in question also employed the ordinary methods of signalling by gun, rocket, or flag, using the electric current to transmit fuller information to the mainland.

It was at one time supposed that the rings of Saturn represented a solid structure, and this view was generally accepted until in 1857 Clerk-Maxwell demonstrated theoretically that these curious appendages to the distant planet consisted of myriads of small bodies revolving round it. Professor Keeler, Director of the Alleghany Observatory, has recently verified this conclusion experimentally by means of the spectroscope. Saturn's spectrum, as might be expected from a planet, is identical with that of the sun, and many of the dark Fraunhofer lines can be found in it. These lines are displaced by the motion of the opposite edges of Saturn's rings, and it is shown that the tiny bodies which comprise those rings travel at from ten to thirteen miles per second, the innermost moving at the higher speed. Thus it has been shown that the wonderful laws which regulate planetary revolutions generally hold good for those tiny grains of cosmic matter which revolve in dense streams round the stupendous orb of Saturn.

Some years ago, when Epping Forest was threatened with extinction owing to the greed of adjacent landowners, the Corporation of London came forward, took possession of the ground, and devoted it to the public use for ever. The forest consists of about thirty thousand acres, and is a rare playground for Londoners, very few of whom have any other means of knowing what a forest is like. Much correspondence has lately taken place with regard to the system of forestry which is being adopted by the authorities at Epping, it being alleged that good trees are being ruthlessly cut down, and the entire aspect of the natural wood being gradually transformed into that of a cultivated park. Others allege that the Conservators are managing the forest with discretion and good taste. Parks the people of London happily have in plenty, but they have only this one example near them of nature unadorned, and it would be a thousand pities if it were not gently treated.

Professor Liversidge has been experimenting upon Waterproofing Brick and Sandstone with oil, with a view to determine for what length of time those materials can be protected from moisture by such treatment. The general procedure was to allow the stone or brick to absorb as much oil as it would take up, and then to expose it to the weather for a long period. The cheapest oils were employed—namely, linseed, boiled linseed, and crude mineral oil. The last seemed to give little or no protection, for it quickly evaporated. The sandstone absorbed far less oil than the bricks, which were sound, machine-made articles. The bricks retained all the oil which they absorbed, and at



the end of four years had not lost weight, and were quite impervious to water. But the sandstone cubes experimented on, although they had returned to their original weight, and it might therefore be supposed that the oil had left them, still retained the property which the oil had conferred upon them of repelling moisture. They were practically impervious to water.

A correspondent of the *Scientific American*, writing from Denver, tells how one of his children blowing soap bubbles sent them adrift in the cold air—it was fourteen degrees below zero—when they instantly froze and fell to the snow as hollow spheres of ice. It will be remembered that frozen soap bubbles were produced at the Royal Institution not long ago by Professor Dewar by submitting the bubbles to the cold atmosphere lying upon the surface of liquid air. This curious and beautiful experiment was described in these columns at the time of its occurrence, and it is interesting to see that it has been repeated in cold air not produced by artificial means.

One has only to turn to the chemical textbooks of a few years back to see that there were three gases which were described as permanent, in that they had never been liquefied; these were nitrogen, oxygen, and hydrogen. The first two were liquefied some time ago, and hydrogen remained the one gas which could be described as obstinate. This element has now been liquefied by Professor Olszewski of Cracow. The temperature at which hydrogen passes from a liquid to a state of vapour—that is, its critical point, is  $-233$  degrees C., its boiling-point being ten degrees higher. We may mention in connection with these liquefied gases that the 'cold burns' which they give are most painful, and difficult to heal. M. Raoul Pictet, who was one of the first to liquefy oxygen and nitrogen, says that a drop of liquid air upon the skin first turns the surface red, then blue, and that the spot extends to nearly double its original size. In serious cases, the skin becomes detached, and there is a long and stubborn suppuration. In one case, the wound from a drop of liquid air remained open for more than six months.

An Exhibition is to be held in Berlin during the spring and summer of next year in honour of that city's advance as an industrial and manufacturing centre. It was at first proposed to give this Exhibition an international character; but other coming Exhibitions—notably the one to be held at Paris in 1900—were regarded as possible rivals, and the idea was relinquished. The Exhibition is to be mainly confined to the products of Berlin factories, industries, and fine arts; but exhibits from other parts of Germany will be admitted under certain restrictions.

Although it is the fashion among a certain section of artists to speak disdainfully of the work of the camera, all must admit that it has been able to teach those who hold the pencil some lessons of great value. Before the era of what is called 'instantaneous' photography, it was customary for artists to depict a flash of forked lightning as a zigzag across the sky of a very angular and pronounced form. In some of the best pictures one can see this familiar

zigzag arrangement, but it is never seen in nature. A photograph of lightning exhibits it as it really is, a sinuous line of light with branches like those of a tree. Artists had also a stereotyped method of depicting explosions, and photography has been able in this instance, also, to point out their faults. We are reminded of these things by a photograph which has been published of the recent big blast at Penrhyn slate quarries. A pillar of rock estimated to weigh one hundred and twenty thousand tons was demolished by a charge of seven tons of gunpowder. The photograph shows a cloud of smoke caused by the powder, and the mighty mass of rock subsiding through it in a disintegrated condition.

The Report of the Royal Commission on tuberculosis does not seem to do more than confirm the conclusions which had already been arrived at by those who have made a study of this form of disease. It was known, for example, that tuberculosis could be conveyed to healthy animals by food derived from those which are infected. It was also known that milk from cows with tuberculous udders was a very active disseminator of disease, and that boiling deprived it of its dangerous character by killing the germs contained in it. Infected meat can also be rendered innocuous by very thorough cooking.

A simple form of experimental Lamp for burning acetylene has been devised by Dr T. Sloane, and apparently it has been modelled on the apparatus for producing hydrogen, which has long been known in the laboratory. It consists of an outer jar of water, floating within which is a lamp chimney, corked at the upper end, and furnished with a stopcock and gas jet. Depending from the cork inside the chimney is a wire ending in a basket containing a lump of calcium carbide, which it will be remembered gives off acetylene directly it comes into contact with water. Upon gas being evolved, the lamp chimney rises in the water, and the caged carbide is thus prevented from giving off more vapour until that consumed in the burner above causes it once more to dip. In this way a supply of gas is constantly evolved as long as may be required. Such a lamp can be easily home made; but the carbide, as far as we can ascertain, is not yet procurable in small quantities.

Among the recent interesting additions to the magnificent Natural History Museum at Kensington is a complete cast of the *Iguanodon*, which has been acquired by the trustees of the British Museum by Exchange with the Brussels Institution. The British Museum has possessed for some time teeth and detached bones of this primeval monster, which were unearthed at Tilgate Forest, Sussex; at Maidstone, Kent; and in other places. But no complete skeleton of the extinct land reptile has been found in this country. The *Iguanodon* was a vegetable feeder, with teeth adapted to crush the young shoots and leaves of plants. The skeleton at South Kensington has a height of fifteen feet, and is thirty feet in length.

Every year adds to our knowledge concerning that interesting period of British history covered by the Roman occupation, for Roman remains are constantly being brought to light. But the

historian will be mostly indebted to those who have interested themselves during recent years in the excavations which have taken place at Silchester, which has been called the English Pompeii. During the past year, six and a half acres of ground have been excavated, and the results have been highly satisfactory. Beyond the usual number of coins which came to light, there was discovered a hoard in an earthenware pot, which proved to consist of two hundred and fifty-three silver denarii of various dates, having a range of about two hundred and fifty years. But the most interesting discovery was that of a number of furnaces of an industrial character, which so far as this country is concerned are unique. These furnaces, with wells adjoining, are believed—from comparison with similar erections at Pompeii—to have been used for dyeing fabrics. There are also a series of flues which are supposed to have been used for drying purposes. Such flues do not exist at Pompeii, where the warmer climate would naturally render such devices unnecessary.

A curious result of the late intense frost in London was the occasional stoppage of the pneumatic tubes which are largely used to connect the Central Telegraph Office with its branches. Carriers containing messages were often stopped in the tubes, and were only released after considerable trouble. The most effective plan was to send after the imprisoned carrier another one filled with salt. The salt was scattered in the tube, and liquefied the ice.

#### SAFELY DEPOSITED.

SOME twenty years ago, when I was enabled to retire from the Indian Civil Service to the pleasant town of Torquay, I was yet a bachelor, and active. Pedestrianism was then my hobby, and there is little of South and Mid Devon that I have not tramped over.

I had left Bovey Tracey early one fine March morning, intending to make a long day of it. The weather was surprisingly warm for the time of year; so much so, that—my route being all up-hill for the first hour—I had to moderate my pace, and began to wish for a lighter overcoat. And this was the first link in a curious chain of circumstances, for if I had walked at my usual rate, I should probably not have noticed—two miles from Bovey—an object entangled in the roadside hedge about seven feet from the ground. It proved to be a small bag, the size and shape of a common tobacco-pouch, made of stiff leather, and sewed up with clumsy stitches, which seemed newly done. There was a broken thong of the same leather attached. I felt in my pocket for a knife to cut the stitches, but found that that implement, as usually happens, was at home. So I reserved it for examination on my return.

About mid-day I sat down to lunch hard by the Vawr Maen, or 'great stone,' degenerated in course of time to Bowerman's Nose. It is a rude pillar of granite blocks, some thirty feet high, the uppermost being worn, by wind and weather, into the likeness of a human face, with a disproportionate, Lord-Brougham kind of nose, and an unpleasant grin. This grim object

rises from the side of Hayne Down, surrounded by a mass of loose granite blocks of great size, the soil between which has been washed away by rain and burrowed by rabbits. One of these I selected for a seat, and pulled out a sandwich case. But alas! the pouch, which I had quite forgotten, came out with it, and tumbling into a yawning crack, disappeared. I was greatly annoyed, for all sorts of possibilities as to its contents came across me. Not far below was a broken bit of wire-fence, which had served to keep cattle out of a boggy spot. I secured a long piece of it, hammered the end with a stone into a hook, and fished for some time, but with no success, and went away at last, leaving the wire in the hole, and Bowerman, as I fancied, sardonically grinning at my failure.

Next morning, the following advertisement in the *Western Morning News* caught my eye: 'Lost, on the 8th instant, near Bovey Tracey, a small black leather pouch, containing mineral specimens. Any one bringing it to George Durgess, The Lodge, Blackaton Manor, Bovey, will receive Two Pounds Reward.'

So I sent off a note on the spot to inform the advertiser that I believed I could give him some news of his property. It was answered with astonishing promptitude, for the same afternoon, 'A gentleman, name of Durgess, about an advertisement,' was announced and ushered in. The gentleman in question was tall and wiry, about forty years of age, decidedly horsey in appearance, and reminding me forcibly of the portraits of the celebrated Mr Sponge.

'I'm Mr George Durgess, sir,' he exclaimed, before he was fairly in the room; 'and I shall be uncommon glad, sir, if you can lay me on to this thing of mine, for the loss is very serious to me.' Here he stopped abruptly, with his eye roving round the room, as if to discover his property, and, catching sight of a black tobacco-pouch on the table, he made a hasty step towards it before he saw his mistake.

'Take a seat, Mr Durgess,' I said. 'Would you mind describing the bag as exactly as possible?'

'Why,' he said, 'it was black leather like that'—tapping his boot—'about as big as my hand, sewed up all round, and had a leather strap to carry it by. It had in it nineteen bits of red stone, wrapped up in paper. My brother sent 'em 'ome to me from India, to take care of; and I, like a fool, must carry 'em 'ung round my neck, instead o' lockin' 'em up. Last Thursday, I was out, schoolin' a young horse; and when I got home I found the thing gone, through the rotten old strap breakin' and lettin' it drop off on the road.'

Now, this was straightforward and probable enough in all particulars but one—that was, that the article was not found on the road, but high up on the hedge. But against that was his evident knowledge of the contents, which would have left me no alternative but to hand it over, if I had possessed it. As I did not, all I could do was to relate to Mr Durgess the state of the case, which occasioned him to pull a very long face.

'Confound it all!' he exclaimed; 'what a pretty piece of luck!—Bowerman's Nose; yes, I know the place well, though I've never been

up to it.—Look here, sir; if you can come over to Bovey, I'll meet you at the station and drive you out—it's not more than a few 'undred yards off the road—and you can show me exactly where it went down.'

'Very well. But mind you, Mr Durgess, unless the things are very valuable, it won't pay you to try and recover them. In the first place, you must have the leave of the Duchy before you can do anything; and in the next, it will most likely be a job for a large gang of quarrymen to shift those rocks; and it may run to hundreds of pounds.'

'Bother it all!' he exclaimed again. 'If only you'd put it in another pocket.—But I must see the place, any'ow.'

It was arranged that he was to write to me fixing a day and hour for us to drive out together to the Bowerman and inspect the crevice into which the bag had disappeared.

Next day a snow-storm had made the country from Exeter to Land's End a section of Siberia. Under these circumstances, I was not surprised at hearing no more for the present of Mr Durgess. But a thaw quickly set in, with a good deal of rain; the roads—except across Dartmoor—were all open again, and still no tidings from him, though the last vestiges of the 'blizzard' were melting away. At this time came a letter from a schoolfellow of mine, Dr Collins, a demonstrator of something at a London hospital, asking me if I would put him up for a week, as he had one of his rare holidays, and wanted to get as far from London as possible. The doctor's notion of a holiday was to exert himself as much as possible; and the morning after his arrival he proposed visiting Bovey, to collect what he called 'Miocene flora,' which, it appeared, could be obtained nowhere else. To Bovey, then, we repaired, where he spent a considerable time in the clay-pits belonging to the pottery works, and loaded his pockets and mine with the said Miocene flora, resembling to my eyes bits of decayed stick and brown paper embedded in lumps of clay. When we had as much of this as we could carry, it occurred to me that we might as well look in on Mr Durgess. As I did not know the exact situation of the Lodge, I inquired of Sam Hext, foreman of the clay-pits, with whom I was well acquainted. Sam was a stout, massively built man of sixty, who had once been a famous exponent of the art of 'wraxling,' or wrestling, now nearly extinct in Devon, and disappearing from Cornwall. He was a shrewd, intelligent man, and a perfect mine of information about the neighbourhood, in which he had spent all his life.

'The Lodge, zur,' he said; 'I'll be plazed to show it to 'ee, vor we'm jast knackin' off vor Saturday, an' I do live almost tichin' of it.'

As we tramped along the muddy lanes, overhung with thick-grown banks, from which the young fern was beginning to shoot, I inquired of Sam whether he knew anything of Mr Durgess.

'Durgess, iss fai,' he replied; 'but they goed awai, zur, yesterday marnin', vust train. I zeed 'n to station.'

Further questions elicited that two men of that name had rented the Lodge six or seven

months before, one of whom was clearly my visitor. They hunted a good deal, and were very 'knowing' men about horses, especially hunters, of which they had always five or six standing at the inn stables in Bovey. They had no servants except a sort of groom; and a woman, described by Sam as a 'cranky-tempered ould to-ad.'

The Lodge, which was now shut up, with a 'To Let' notice, referring intending tenants to some one in Exeter, was a substantial building of granite, standing behind huge, rusty, iron gates of elaborate hammered work. It was, as its name indicated, the lodge of Blackaton Manor, once the seat of the Mann family. Sir Thomas Mann, the last male representative, had been dead many years; and the two old ladies who alone survived lived in Exeter; while the Park was let out for grazing, and the mansion stood deserted and falling to ruin.

'Let's look at the house,' said Collins; and accordingly we walked up what had once been a fine beech avenue, cut down by Sir Thomas's executors. The house itself was a plain, rectangular block of building, three-storeyed, of stone, covered with stucco which had fallen off in great patches; and, except a massive granite porch, there was no ornament. In front was an extensive lawn, relapsed into pasture; and the stone basin of a fountain, with a broken image of Neptune, apparently taking a footbath in the slimy green water. The lower windows were boarded up; but the upper ones had been breached by 'the devil's army,' as the Hindu unkindly terms sportive youth.

We walked round to the back, where was an extensive range of stabling and 'offices,' surrounded by a high stone wall. The wooden doors of the yard had been blown down in the late gale, which had also blown off a number of slates from the house-roof. A cow had found her way in, to luxuriate on the rank grass which grew in great tufts against the walls; and a family of stonts, disturbed by our entrance, darted under the coach-house door, which, like all the rest, was secured with rusty chains and staples. But, to our surprise, the back door of the hall was ajar.

'Zome trampin' rogues have a doed that,' said Sam. 'They'll be vor lightin' vires an' burnin' 'ouse down zome naight, I zim [think].—Coom inzaide, zur; 'tes twenty year an' more zince I zee thicky door open.'

We entered a long, narrow, lofty hall, where the only light came through the broken fanlight over the front door; and a flavour of damp and decay, between that of new-turned earth and a bad nut, pervaded the whole place. Sam tried a large double door on the right, which opened easily enough, and showed the dining-room, a huge apartment, running the whole depth of the house.

'But what's that in the corner, Sam?'

'Tes the wai to zellar, zur,' replied Sam. 'They wanted wine near by.'

This was a very steep and narrow flight of steps, descending from a railed-off corner. We looked down it, and perceived at the bottom a small door wide open, but revealing nothing but darkness. Out of curiosity, I twisted up a sheet of newspaper into a torch, lighted it, and

stepped inside. Nothing more than a good-sized cellar, opening into another, the door of which was shut; but just as the paper went out, I caught sight of a large heap of straw, with two horse-rugs in one corner, also a jug and a broken plate.

I called to the others, and lighted a fresh paper. Sam took the articles and carried them up to the dining-room. 'Tes just so as I telled 'ee,' said he. 'Zome o' they tramps a got in.'

'Surely,' said the Doctor, 'tramps don't carry rugs about with them, much less crockery.'

'No, zur,' said Sam; 'but they maight 'a staled'n here. Zo they have; vor they rugs be vrom the White Hart to Bovey.—Looke zee, zur; ould Pearce's name on 'em. 'Twas strangers, vor sartain. No one round here wudn' sleep here, vor Zur Thomas walks by times.'

'Does he indeed!' said the Doctor. 'He can't be very well pleased with what he sees, I should think. Did you ever see him, Mr Hext, and what shape does he take?'

'No, zur; I never zeed'n; but plenty here has; though, if you was to ask'n, they'd zay No. Look'd zame as if he wur alaiive. They do zay, if zo be a man do show like himself, 'tes not zo bad; but if he do look like a black dog, zame as Lady Howard to Okehampton, it have gone hard weth'n; a black pig wust of all.'

'That is really worth knowing,' said the Doctor. 'I will make a note of it, for the benefit of my family.—But I think we ought to be getting on now, to see Mr Bowerman—eh, Jack!—and try to induce him to restore the lost property.'

Hext's cottage, though described by him as 'touchin' the Lodge, was really about a quarter of a mile farther along the road. As we approached it, we were aware of a small boy, Sam's grandson, sitting on the doorstep blubbering.

'What be it now weth'ee, Jarge?' inquired his grandfather.

'A wacked little to-ad, 'a be,' replied Mrs Hext senior, coming to the door. 'I zet'n to watch an' kape vovls off the pays, an' directly minnit I vind'n down road, with they young 'osbirds o' Gidley's hainen' gruet [throwing clods] at a ould mazed furriner. Zo I basted'n, an' axed the ould man to come an' zet down; but I can't make out no word 'a zayed. Maybe the gentlemen can?'

We entered the little back room, clean and blindingly whitewashed, which served as kitchen and dining-room, and found the 'furriner' seated there. He was an elderly man, of about sixty, apparently, with face and hands nearly as brown as an Arab's, and thick gray beard and moustache. But he was evidently no tramp, for his clothes—a gray tweed suit and black billycock hat—were good, and almost new, though the former were dirty and rumpled, and the latter had its brim broken. Bits of straw and flue were sticking in his hair and beard; and altogether he was as grimy and dishevelled a spectacle as could be imagined; but still, no one would have taken him for a vagabond or 'masterless man.' 'Escaped lunatic' was the first impression of us all.

He looked up as we entered, with a curious, puzzled expression, like a man who tries hard to remember something. Then he addressed

us with much fluency, pointing to himself and the surroundings, and evidently asking questions; but not one word could we understand, though I thought some of the words sounded like Hindustani. At last he seemed to give it up in despair, and turning away from us, got up and walked to the other end of the room. As he did so, a broom lying on the floor came directly in his way. He stopped short, and then stepped over it by a tremendous effort, lifting his leg at least two feet high.

'Hullo!' exclaimed the Doctor; 'd'ye see that? The man's drugged with something, some strong narcotic poison. There's several kinds have that effect; they make everything seem unnaturally large.'

'Bain't'n mad then, zur?' inquired Sam, who was evidently prepared for a 'wraxling' bout, if the 'furriner' should become violent.

'Mad; why, yes,' replied the Doctor. 'The best thing you can do is to send for the police to take him in charge. He won't give any trouble.'

'I will, zur, to once,' said Mrs Hext.—'Jarge! layve off thee scaichin', an' hurn [run] to Bovey, an' tell constable to come an' take awai a mad man.'

We left the unfortunate man, seated in a corner, and the worthy couple regarding him with half alarm and half sympathy. On our way we discussed him, but came to no conclusion on the subject during the two hours of steep hills and winding lanes that brought us to Manaton, and then to Bowerman's Nose. Here Collins was glad of a rest; and while he enjoyed the brisk moor air and the strange prospect westward of tumbled hills, piled with fantastic gray 'clatters,' with the long black ridge of Hamildon behind, I searched for my place of involuntary deposit. I found the wire, and drew it out with a gasp of astonishment, for, firmly jammed on the hooked end was the mysterious pouch. I seized it, and hastily retreated to a place of safety. We had it open in a trice, and found, exactly as Mr Durgess had said, nineteen balls of paper, each enclosing a piece of dark-red crystal, about the size of a Windsor bean, excepting one, which was the size, and nearly the shape, of a Martini-Henry bullet.

'What are they, d' you think?' I asked.

'Well,' said the Doctor, 'my line's not mineralogy; but I had to cram it up at one time; and they look, from what I recollect, most decidedly like corundum—that's rubies, you know. There's the six sides in the big one, and that one, and that.'

'Anyhow, the "furriner" can have no connection with these, for you found them over a month ago.'

'I suppose not,' I said. 'At the same time, there's something very fishy about the way this man Durgess has disappeared, for he clearly possessed these things, if he didn't own them. Rather hard luck for him, if there's anything wrong, for if it hadn't been for that snow-storm, he'd have got 'em to a certainty. Now, if he turns up, he'll have to prove his title.'

Next morning, we submitted the stones to a fashionable jeweller on the Victoria Parade, who at once pronounced them Oriental rubies of

uncommon size. 'But,' he said, 'it's very difficult to give you any idea of their value, gentlemen, because rubies of any size are so very apt to have flaws, which only show in the cutting. Still, I think, any of the big firms, like Streeter's, would give a couple of thousand for them, as they might cut to ten times that.'

'Hullo; been choosing the ring?' interposed a voice at my ear; and turning round, I found Colonel Kelway, an old acquaintance of mine, also settled in the town. The Colonel was a little man, with large sandy whiskers, whom it was very difficult to associate with the setting of a squadron in the field, and, in fact, I believe his duties had been mostly confined to the Pay Department.

'Let me introduce my friend, Dr Collins, Colonel,' I said.—'No; it's not come to that yet; it was something rather more out of the common took me into Parson's.—Look here; and I was about to produce the stones.'

'Afraid I can't stop now,' said the Colonel. 'I've to attend a case at the town hall as witness.—But if you'll come to dinner this evening with your friend—it's a long time since you've been, you know—you can tell me then.'

But neither the dinner nor the story came off at that time, owing to a misunderstanding. I saw nothing more of the Colonel till some days later, when the Doctor had returned to town. Meanwhile, I had made some inquiries, and learned in the first place that the mysterious stranger had been removed to the infirmary at Newton Abbot Union; and secondly, that the Messrs Durgess were shrewdly suspected of being concerned in the disappearance of several valuable horses from the north of England, horse-stealing, by the way, being a much more flourishing industry in these days than is generally known. Their real names were, it was said, Dawson and Hearne; and a warrant had been issued for their arrest on the horse-stealing charge; but these very wary rooks, having their own sources of information, had flown in time, leaving a quarter's rent of the Lodge owing. This, however, gave no clew to the real owner of the rubies, except to make it certain that it was not Mr Durgess, *alias* Dawson; and nothing was known of any such articles having been stolen.

When I again met Colonel Kelway, on the Rock Walk, one afternoon, he renewed the invitation to dinner for that evening.—'Nobody but ourselves, y' know.'

I inquired after his numerous family.

'All well,' he said, 'but my wife. She's rather upset by something that's happened, or rather, I should say, by something that's not happened. About a month ago she had a letter from an uncle of hers, Tom Morehead by name. Just two or three lines, to say that he was in England, and she might expect to see him in a day or two. He was something or other in Portsmouth Dockyard, I think; but soon after, he went abroad to Hong-kong; and it is a good fifteen years since my wife heard from him. For my part, I believe he is the sort of fellow that generally comes back, like somebody in Dickens, to give you the alternative of half a sovereign or his brains on the premises; but anyhow, he has never turned

up, and my wife has made up her mind that he has been murdered.'

'Have you made any inquiries?' I asked.

'Well, I was worried into going to Plymouth, for the letter had a Devonport postmark; but there was positively nothing to go by. No address, nothing to say when he had arrived in England, or by what ship; and all the description I could give was that he should be a rather tall man of about fifty. So the only result was to make me waste half-an-hour of the police-inspector's time.'

'I do believe, Colonel,' I said, a sudden idea flashing upon me, 'that I can give you some sort of a clew. A man of fifty, or so, and a long time abroad, you say. Why, I was going to tell you that very minute when you met me coming out of the jeweller's.—But I'd better tell you this evening, so that Mrs Kelway may hear it at the same time.'

So, after dinner, we adjourned to the 'study,' and I related the particulars to the Colonel and his wife, exhibiting the pouch with the stones.

'It's my uncle Tom—I know it is!' exclaimed Mrs Kelway. 'Good gracious! and they are worth twenty thousand pounds.—We must go over and fetch them away, Edward, the first thing to-morrow morning.'

'But, my dear,' said the Colonel, 'if it is Tom Morehead, he must at all events know English; and I don't yet see the connection very clearly between these stones and the man of the unknown tongues.'

Mr Cattermole, of the Colonel's regiment, then staying at Tor Bay Hotel, a lean, Roman-nosed individual, far more military in appearance than the Colonel, threw an unexpected light on the matter. 'Morehead,' he said. 'Yes, there was a fellow of that name knocking about our part of the world for years. He came over to us once and wanted to take service; but I couldn't learn much good of his antecedents; he'd just been turned out of Java. So I advised the Rajah not to have him. The last I heard of him was that he had joined the Rajah of Kedah, turned Mohammedan, they said.—No; he didn't drink much, as we reckon it; but he was a beggar for opium and the native drugs.—Oh, certainly! I'll be happy to do the interpreting.'

On arrival at Newton Abbot, we interviewed the infirmary doctor. 'Oh!' he said, 'the man who was brought here from Bovey.—Well, you can see him; but he hasn't got his wits yet, and I almost fear he's a hopeless case. Fact is, the man's been dosing himself with Indian hemp extract—*bhang*, you know. We found a box of the stuff on him, nearly empty.'

In the infirmary we found the patient, dressed, and seated on the side of his bed, looking, except for being washed and tidied, very much as I had seen him first, and with the same perplexed expression.

'That's the man!' said Cattermole—'old Murad, as the natives used to call him.—Wake up, old man! How's the Rajah?' and he addressed the stranger in Malay, to which he at once replied, and they conversed together for some minutes.

'It's the man you want, Colonel, undoubtedly,' he said.—The Colonel's face by no means expressed this sentiment.—'But what's happened

to him I can't make out. He says he's died, and been buried; and now he's in, well, in the stoke-hole, and he's glad, he says, to see me there.—Complimentary, isn't it?

'I wonder now,' I said, 'if this would have any effect;' and I exhibited to the late Mr Morehead the empty pouch. Without the least warning, he snatched it like an elderly monkey and thrust it into the breast of his shirt. 'Thieves! Police!' he shrieked, in most unmistakable English; and starting up, made a grab at the Colonel. Cattermole and myself could scarcely hold the indignant Morehead, who strewed on our heads the choicest flowers of speech of the Lower English tongue, till, assistance arriving, he was removed to the refractory ward, where we presently learned that he had fallen asleep, clutching his recovered treasure, as he imagined.

'Well, Colonel,' I said, 'I congratulate you on your wealthy relative.'

'By Jove!' exploded the Colonel, 'it may be a joke to you, but I don't see where my share of the fun comes in. If he gets right, I shall have this ruffian quartering himself on the family for life, on the pretext of leaving his money to Julia. And most likely, either he will muddle it all away, or the Rajah of Whatlyecallit may send over, and have him arrested for stealing the stones.'

The upshot was that 'Uncle Tom' began to recover his scattered ideas, and in about a fortnight was able to give a coherent account of himself. It seemed that on arrival at Plymouth he had put up at some second-class hotel, the name of which he could not remember. Here he forgathered with the man calling himself Durgess, who was in Plymouth at the time on some business connected with horse-dealing, or stealing. To him, Morehead confided his intentions, and displayed his wealth in gin-inspired confidence, of which Mr Durgess took instant advantage. He represented himself as a country gentleman, and the intimate friend of the Kelways; and telling the confiding Morehead, who was quite ignorant of the district, that the Colonel lived several miles from a station, offered to drive him over from Newton Junction. On arrival there, very late at night, they were met by Durgess's partner in iniquity, and driven over to Bovey by a roundabout route, through unfrequented lanes. Towards the end of the journey, some suspicion seemed to have dawned on the victim, who made a disturbance; and a scuffle ensued, which ended in his being overpowered and laid, bound and gagged, in the bottom of the vehicle. However, before this, he had torn off his neck the pouch, containing their expected loot, and flung it away; and as it had gone into the hedge, and the night was pitch-dark, they were unable to find it. To do them justice, they did not seem to have contemplated murder, but merely to have kept Morehead a prisoner in the cellar at Blackaton until they had got clear off. To this durance he was then consigned, whilst they endeavoured to recover the precious pouch. Unfortunately for him, he had a supply of the pernicious drug about him, and in the solitude of his dungeon, he reduced himself to the state in which he was

found, so that he could give no account of how it fared with him during the snow-storm, when he must have been left alone for some days.

At last Durgess & Co., despairing of getting the jewels from the custody of Bowerman, in which I had so luckily bestowed them, took the alarm, and went off leaving the unlucky Morehead to shift for himself. They had too long a start for capture, and are now doubtless exercising their talents in the United States.

The much-enduring Mr Morehead was eventually removed to Torquay, where, proving impossible as one of the Colonel's household, he was accommodated in lodgings. He never quite recovered from his latest experiences, but always remained a trifle 'mazed' in his intellect, and uncivilised in his habits, though not so much as the Colonel had apprehended. The rubies were disposed of for a handsome sum, though not anything like twenty thousand pounds; and at his death, which happened about three years after, he left the whole of the amount to his niece. As to how he had acquired them, he would never say a word during his life; but a full account was found in writing among his belongings—an autobiographical statement, which, I understand, caused the Kelways some searchings of heart as to whether they ought to accept the legacy.

S. PONDER.

#### LOVE AND FAME.

Two maids I wooed upon a day,

Both rich in favours all would share:

One, Love, a laughing, winsome fay;

The other, Fame, surpassing fair.

With fervour both I far pursued,

Nor ever thought I wooed amiss;

But, lo! they parted by a feud;

That way went Fame, while Love took this.

Alas! I could not cling to both;

But now was come the hour to choose;

To part from either I was loth,

With this to gain, and that to lose.

'Come, mortal, come with me,' said Fame,

With flattering voice that charmed my ear:

'The nation's tongue shall speak thy name,

And thou the victor's crown shalt wear.'

Love, like an angel, lingering, smiled:

'Ay, woo her, if thou wouldst,' she cried.

But Love had conquered; like a child

I followed, and was satisfied.

MORTIMER MANSSELL.

#### \* \* TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1st. All communications should be addressed to the 'Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'

2d. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3d. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.

4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 601.—VOL. XII.

SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1895.

PRICE 1½d.

## THE CAPTAIN MORATTI'S LAST AFFAIR.

BY S. LEVETT YEATS, AUTHOR OF 'THE HONOUR OF SAVELLI.'

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.—'ARCADES AMBO.'

'HALT!' The word, which seemed to come from nowhere, rang out into the crisp winter moonlight so sharply, so suddenly, so absolutely without warning, that the Cavaliere Michele di Lippo, who was ambling comfortably along, reined in his horse with a jerk; and with a start, looked into the night. He had not to fret his curiosity above a moment, for a figure gliding out from the black shadows of the pines, fencing in each side of the lonely road, stepped full into the white band of light stretching between the darkness on either hand, and stood in front of the horse. As the two faced each other, it was not the fact that there was a man in his path that made the rider keep a restraining hand on his bridle. It was the persuasive force, the voiceless command, in the round muzzle of an arquebuss pointed at his heart, and along the barrel of which Di Lippo could see the glint of the moonlight, a thin bright streak ending in the wicked blinking star of the lighted fuse. The cavaliere took in the position at a glance, and being a man of resolution, hurriedly cast up his chances of escape by spurring his horse and suddenly riding down the thief. In a flash the thought came and was dismissed. It was impossible; for the night-hawk had taken his stand at a distance of about six feet off, space enough to enable him to blow his quarry's heart out well before the end of any sudden rush to disarm him. The mind moves like lightning in matters of this kind, and Di Lippo surrendered without condition. Though his heart was burning within him, he was outwardly cool and collected. He had yielded to force he could not resist. Could he have seen ever so small a

chance, the positions might have been reversed. As it was, Messer the bandit might still have to look to himself, and his voice was icy as the night as he said: 'Well! I have halted. What more? It is chill, and I care not to be kept waiting.'

The robber was not without humour, and a line of teeth showed for an instant behind the burning match of the weapon he held steadily before him. He did not, however, waste words. 'Throw down your purse.'

The cavaliere hesitated. Ducats were scarce with him, but the bandit had a short patience. 'Diavolo! Don't you hear, signore?'

It was useless to resist. The fingers of the cavaliere fumbled under his cloak, and a fat purse fell squab into the snow, where it lay, a dark spot in the whiteness around, for all the world like a sleeping toad. The bandit chuckled as he heard the plump thud of the purse, and Di Lippo's muttered curse was lost in the sharp order: 'Get off the horse.'

'But'—

'I am in a hurry, signore.' The robber blew on the match of his arquebuss, and the match in its glow cast a momentary light on his face, showing the outlines of high aquiline features, and the black curve of a pair of long moustaches.

'Maledetto!' and the disgusted cavaliere dismounted, the scabbard of his useless sword striking with a clink against the stirrup iron, as he unwillingly swung from the saddle and stood in the snow—a tall figure, lean and gaunt.

As he did this, the bandit stepped back a pace, so as to give him the road. 'Your excel-



lency,' he said mockingly, 'is now free to pass—on foot. A walk will doubtless remove the chill your excellency finds so unpleasant.'

But Di Lippo made no advance. In fact, as his feet touched the snow, he recovered the composure he had so nearly lost, and saw his way to gain some advantage from defeat. It struck him that here was the very man he wanted for an affair of the utmost importance. Indeed, it was for just such an instrument that he had been racking his brains, as he rode on that winter night through the Gonfolina defile, which separates the middle and the lower valleys of the Arno. And now—a hard turn—and he had found his man. True, an expensive find; but cheap if all turned out well—that is, well from Di Lippo's point of view. This thing the cavaliere wanted done he could not take into his own hands. Not from fear—it was no question of that; but because it was not convenient; and Michele di Lippo never gave himself any inconvenience, although it was sometimes thrust upon him in an unpleasant manner by others. If he could but induce the man before him to undertake the task, what might not be? But the knight of the road was evidently very impatient.

'Blood of a king!' he swore, 'are you going, signore? Think you I am to stand here all night?'

'Certainly not,' answered Di Lippo in his even voice, 'nor am I. But to come to the point. I want a little business managed, and will pay for it. You appear to be a man of courage—will you undertake the matter?'

'Cospetto! But you are a cool hand! Who are you?'

'Is it necessary to know? I offer a hundred crowns, fifty to be paid to you if you agree, and fifty on the completion of the affair.'

'A matter of the dagger?'

'That is for you to decide.'

The bandit almost saw the snarl on Di Lippo's lips as he dropped out slowly: 'You are too cautious, my friend—you think to the skin. The rack will come whether you do my business or not.' The words were not exactly calculated to soothe, and called up an unpleasant vision before the robber's eyes. A sudden access of wrath shook him. 'Begone, signore!' he burst out, 'lest my patience exhausts itself, and I give you a bed in the snow. Why I have spared your life, I know not. Begone; warm yourself with a walk.'—

'I will pay a hundred crowns,' interrupted Di Lippo.

'A hundred devils—begone!'

'As you please. Remember, it is a hundred crowns, and, on the faith of a noble, I say nothing about to-night. Where can I find you, in case you change your mind? A hundred crowns is a comfortable sum of money, mind you.'

There was no excitement about Di Lippo. He spoke slowly and distinctly. His cool voice neither rose nor dropped, but he spoke in a steady, chill monotone. A hundred crowns was

a comfortable sum of money. It was a sum not to be despised. For a tithe of that—nay, for two pistoles—the Captain Guido Moratti would have risked his life twice over, things had come to such a pass with him. Highway robbery was not exactly his line, although sometimes, as on this occasion, he had been driven to it by the straits of the times. But suppose this offer was a blind? Suppose the man before him merely wanted to know where to get at him, to hand him over to the tender mercies of the thumbscrew and the rack? On the other hand, the man might be in earnest—and a hundred crowns! He hesitated. 'A—hun—dred—crowns.'

The cavaliere repeated these words, and there was a silence. Finally, the bandit spoke.

'I frankly confess, signore, that stealing purses, even as I have done to-day, is not my way; but a man must live. If you mean what you say, there must be no half-confidences. Tell me who you are, and I will tell you where to find me.'

'I am the Cavaliere Michele di Lippo of Castel Lippo on the Greve.'

'Where is Castel Lippo?'

'At the junction of the Arno and the Greve—on the left bank.'

'Very well. In a week you will hear from me again.'

'It is enough. You will allow me to ransom the horse. I will send you the sum. On my word of honour, I have nothing to pay it at once.'

'The signore's word of honour is doubtless very white. But a can in the hand is a can in the hand, and I need a horse.—Good-night!'

'Good-night! But a can in the hand is not always wine to the lips, though a hundred crowns is ever a hundred crowns;' and saying this, Di Lippo drew his cloak over the lower part of his face, and turned sharply into the darkness to the right without so much as giving a look behind him. His horse would have followed; but quick as thought, Moratti's hand was on the trailing reins, and holding them firmly, he stooped and picked up the purse, poising it at arm's-length in front of him.

'Silver,' he muttered, as his fingers felt the coins through the soft leather—'thirty crowns at the most, perhaps an odd gold piece or so—and now to be off. *Hola! steady!*' and mounting the horse, he turned his head round, still talking to himself: 'I am in luck. Cheese falls on my macaroni—thirty broad pieces and a horse, and a hundred crowns more in prospect. Captain Guido Moratti, the devil smiles on you—you will end a Count. *Animo!*' He touched the horse with his heels, and went forward at a smart gallop; and as he galloped, he threw his head back and laughed loudly and mirthlessly into the night.

In the meantime it was with a sore heart that the cavaliere made his way through the forest to the banks of the Arno, and then plodded along the river-side, through the wood, by a track scarcely discernible to any but one who had seen it many times. On his right hand the river hummed drearily; on his left,

the trees sighed in the night-wind; and before him the narrow track wound, now up, then down, now twisting amongst the pines in darkness, then stretching in front, straight as a plumb-line. It was gall to Di Lippo to think of the loss of the crowns and the good horse; it was bitterness to trudge it in the cold along the weary path that led to the ferry across the Arno, which he would have to cross before reaching his own home; and he swore deeply, under the muffling of his cloak, as he pressed on at his roundest pace. He soon covered the two miles that lay between him and the ferry; but it was past midnight ere he did this, and reaching the ferryman's hut, battered at the door with the hilt of his sword. Eventually he aroused the ferryman, who came forth grumbling. Had it been any one else, honest Giuseppe would have told him to go hang before he would have risen from his warm bed; but the Cavaliere Michele was a noble, and, although poor, had a lance or two, and Castel Lippo, which bore an ill name, was only a mangonel shot from the opposite bank. So Giuseppe punted his excellency across; and his excellency vented his spleen with a curse at everything in general, and the bandit in particular, as he stepped ashore and hurried to his dwelling. It was a steep climb that led up by a bridle-path to his half-ruined tower, and Di Lippo stood at the postern and whistled on his silver whistle, and knocked for many a time, before he heard the chains clanking and the bar put back. At last the door opened, and a figure stood before him, a lantern in one hand.

'St John! But it is your worship! We did not expect you until sunrise. And the horse, excellency?'

'Stand aside, fool. I have been robbed, that is all. Yes—let the matter drop; and light me up quick. Will you gape all night there?'

The porter, shutting the gate hastily, turned, and walking before his master, led him across the courtyard. Even by the moonlight, it could be seen that the flagstones were old and worn with age. In many places they had come apart, and with the spring, sprouts of green grass and white serpyllum would shoot up from the cracks. At present, these fissures were choked with snow. Entering the tower by an arched door at the end of the courtyard, they ascended a winding stair, which led into a large but only partially furnished room. Here the man lit two candles, and Di Lippo dropping his cloak, sank down into a chair, saying: 'Make up a fire, will you—and bring me some wine; after that, you may go.'

The man threw a log or two into the fireplace, where there were already the remains of a fire, and the pine-wood soon blazed up cheerfully. Then he placed a flask of Orvieto and a glass at his master's elbow, and wishing him good-night, left him.

Michele di Lippo poured himself out a full measure and drained it at a draught. Drawing his chair close to the blazing wood, he stretched out his feet, cased in long boots of Spanish leather, and stared into the flames. He sat thus for an hour or so without motion. The candles burned out, and the fire alone lit the

room, casting strange shadows on the moth-eaten tapestry of the hangings, alternately lighting and leaving in darkness the corners of the room, and throwing its fitful glow on the pallid features of the brooding man, who sat as if cut out of stone. At last the cavaliere moved, but it was only to fling another log on the flames. Then he resumed his former attitude, and watched the fire. As he looked, he saw a picture. He saw wide lands, lands rich with olive and vine, that climbed the green hills between which the Aulella babbles. He saw the gray towers of the castle of Pieve. Above the donjon, a broad flag flapped lazily in the air, and the blazon on it—three wasps on a green field—was his own. He was no longer the ruined noble, confined to his few acres, living like a goat amongst the rocks of the Greve; but my lord count, ruffling it again in Rome, and calling the mains with Riario, as in the good old times ten years ago. Diavolo! But those were times when the Borgia was Pope! What nights those were in the Torre Borgia! He had one of Giulia Bella's gloves still, and there were dark stains on its whiteness—stains that were red once with the blood of Monreale, who wore it over his heart the day he ran him through on the Ripetta. Basta! That was twelve years ago! Twelve years! Twelve hundred years it seemed. And he was forty now. Still young enough to run another man through, however. Cospetto! If the bravo would only undertake the job, everything might be his! He would live again—or perhaps! And another picture came before the dreamer. It had much to do with death—a bell was tolling dismally, and a chained man was walking to his end, with a priest muttering prayers into his ears. In the background was a gallows, and a sea of heads, an endless swaying crowd of heads, with faces that looked on the man with hate, and tongues that jeered and shouted curses at him. And the voices of the crowd seemed to merge into one tremendous roar of hatred as the condemned wretch ascended the steps of the platform on which he was to find a disgraceful death.

Michele di Lippo rose suddenly with a shiver and an oath: 'Maledetto! I must sleep. It touches the morning, and I have been dreaming too long.'

## OUR PRODUCTION AND CONSUMPTION OF WHEAT.

By R. HEDGER WALLACE,  
Author of *Agriculture* (W. & R. Chambers, Limited).

As every intelligent man now acknowledges, the agricultural depression in the United Kingdom is mainly due to the heavy fall in the prices of farm products, caused by the enormous importation of food products from other countries. Every year we now import into this country from abroad grain to the value of fifty millions sterling; and live cattle, sheep, and pigs to the value of thirty millions. The subject is so wide that we shall restrict ourselves to the importation, home production, and consumption of wheat, and ask non-agricultural readers to favour

us with their attention while we put some facts before them which merit consideration.

That the price of home-grown wheat has fallen, and fallen enormously, there can be little doubt. In 1860 the average *Gazette* price for home-grown wheat was 55s. 3d. per quarter; in 1870 it was 54s. 2d.; in 1880, 43s. 11d.; and in 1890, 35s. 5d. To bring this fall in price down to a later date, we find, from the weekly statements published by the Board of Agriculture under the Corn Returns Act of 1882, that the average price for home-grown wheat for the week ending 16th March 1895 was 19s. 9d. For the corresponding week in 1891 it was 34s. 5d.; in 1892, 33s.; in 1893, 24s. 9d.; and in 1894, 24s. 3d. This steady fall in price has lessened the area under wheat, as a natural sequence. The following figures will show at a glance how the area has been restricted, as also the yield per acre; the years taken being fairly representative of the periods:

Years.	Acres.	Bushels per Acre.
1856.....	4,213,651.....	27½
1866.....	3,649,548.....	25½
1876.....	3,114,555.....	25½
1886.....	2,355,451.....	29½
1894.....	1,980,228.....	30½

Owing to fall in prices, the area under wheat has fallen in forty years from four million acres to about two million; but the yield per acre has been increased, showing the ability and skill of the British farmer. 'There can, indeed, be no doubt,' write Messrs Lawes & Gilbert in 1892, 'that the eight years commencing with 1884 and ending with 1891 gave a higher average yield per acre than any equal period of the forty years.' As prices have fallen, the British farmer has reduced his area; but he has increased his return of produce per acre—thus showing both his common-sense and his capabilities.

Our next point is to look at the quantities of home-grown and imported wheat available for consumption, and their relative proportions. From an article by Messrs Lawes & Gilbert in the *Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society*, we take the following figures, showing the amount of wheat produced at home, as compared with the amount imported, in periods of eight years:

	Home Produce.	Imports.
1852-53 to 1859-60.....	13,403,310.....	4,820,246
1860-61 to 1867-68.....	12,467,499.....	8,309,783
1868-69 to 1875-76.....	11,834,879.....	10,894,622
1876-77 to 1883-84.....	8,922,986.....	16,306,191
1884-85 to 1891-92.....	8,706,974.....	18,657,281

These figures show that, forty years ago, the consumer looked to the British farmer to feed him with home-grown produce; to-day, he looks to the foreigner for the supply of his wants. Setting aside patriotic questions, can such an absolute dependence on imports be justified on economic grounds? Our population in 1852 was about twenty-seven and a half millions,

and in 1892 it was thirty-eight millions, an increase of about thirty-eight per cent.; but our imports have increased at a rate out of all proportion to the increase in population, and our home production does not even remain stationary, but steadily declines. In 1855-56 the amount raised at home was 73·7 per cent. of the total, the remaining 26·3 per cent. being imported; in 1873-74 the respective figures were 44·8 and 55·2; in 1891-92 they were 26·8 and 73·2. Thirty-five years therefore produced a complete inversion of the proportions.

Forty years ago, seventy-three per cent. of the wheat used was home-grown; now seventy-three per cent. of the consumption is imported. What will happen should imports suddenly cease? This is a question consumers may well think over. The British farmer is not a philanthropist; he only grows such produce as will yield him a decent profit. That he is a capable man is shown by his increasing the yield per acre; and that he is not a fool is clear by his reducing his area under arable, and especially wheat cultivation, as far as is consistent with practical farm economy. The question is not, 'Can he supply the wheat wanted?' Forty years ago, he supplied from seventy to seventy-five per cent. of the demand; since then, he has put two million acres out of cultivation, and increased his return on the balance. If required, he can resume his old acreage; and with his higher yield, resume his old position when he finds it to his advantage to do so.

The question is one for the consumer to consider, rather than the farmer; and the following figures may bring it home to him. During the past forty years the average consumption of wheat per head of the population has been 5·65 bushels; and in 1891-92, it was 6·57 bushels. Taking the figures for 1891-92, we find that of the total amount required per head, 1·76 bushels were home-grown, while 4·81 bushels were imported—or, as we saw before, about seventy-three per cent. of the consumption of wheat per head within the year is from imports. The consumer requires in round figures to be supplied with six bushels of wheat in a year, and he obtains four and two-fifths bushels from foreign sources, and one and three-fifths bushels from the British farmer. To meet the demand on him, the farmer sows enough wheat to cover the twenty-seven per cent. of the consumption he is expected to supply; and if prices go down further, he will be content to supply less than this percentage, and let the consumer look elsewhere. Let us look at this question in a practical manner. For the season 1895 the area sown under wheat will be capable of yielding when harvested twenty-seven per cent. of the annual wheat consumption—that is, the one and three-fifths bushels per head per annum demanded from the British grower by the consumer. Should some unforeseen disaster stop the imports of wheat from *all sources*—say from May 1895—where is the consumer to obtain the balance of four and two-fifths bushels? We consume about thirty-one million quarters of wheat, and this season we shall have an area under wheat which in August will yield

us about eight million quarters. Till this is harvested, we shall have to depend on the stock of wheat and flour we may have in hand; and let us suppose that we are fortunate enough to have a six months' stock in hand—say, fifteen million quarters. This would carry us from May to October; and the yield from the harvest would carry us on perhaps to February 1896. From September 1895 to March 1896 we should doubtless make every effort so to increase our area under cultivation as to supply the consumption of the country; and we are quite capable of doing it; but this crop could not be harvested, say, before July 1896. From February to July, where is the consumer to draw his supplies from? Of course it will be admitted that if this stoppage of imports took place at the close of our harvest season, we would be better able to cope with the difficulty, provided we had a good stock in hand. Again, it will be said that it is *impossible* our imports could be suddenly stopped. But it should be remembered, as Lord Beaconsfield said, that it is the unexpected that always happens, and history teaches us that men like Napoleon I. do not know what the term 'impossible' means.

The figures above given are based on tables in an article by Messrs Lawes & Gilbert, which we owe to the kindness of the Secretary of the Royal Agricultural Society. For the table from which are taken the following figures, further illustrating the same significant facts, and showing the same melancholy decline of home supplies, we are indebted to the Secretary of the Board of Agriculture. In 1890, 40,710,773 cwt. of wheat were grown at home, while 82,381,591 cwt. of wheat and wheat flour were imported from abroad; in 1891, the home produce was 40,040,732 cwt., the import 89,539,355 cwt.; in 1892, 32,558,220 cwt. against 95,604,589; in 1893, 27,274,739 cwt. against 93,806,666; and in 1894, 32,520,204 cwt. against 96,710,195.

We import about seventy-five per cent. of our total requirements, the home producer supplying the balance. The wonder is that he even does this. In 1895 he is getting 19s. 9d., when ten years ago he was getting 33s. 2d. for his wheat. The British consumer, besides drawing three-fourths of his supplies from foreign sources, is also now prepared apparently to pay a higher price for it than for home-grown wheat, for in 1860-68 the average *Gazette* price of home-grown wheat was, per quarter, 52s. 2d., while that of the imported wheat, according to the Trade and Navigation Returns, was 49s. 6d. In 1869-76 the home-grown brought 52s., the imported 49s. But in 1877-84 the tables were turned; the home-grown fetching 45s. 7d., while the imported fetched 46s. 2d.; and in 1885-92 this difference was still greater in favour of the foreign wheat—home-grown 32s. 5d., foreign 33s. 9d.

It is probable that the condition of imported wheat has been comparatively and relatively better than home wheat during later years, and perhaps the more general adoption of roller milling has placed the soft English wheats at a disadvantage.

These are some of the facts on this question which consumers will do well to consider. The

British farmer can supply their wants, with due warning for preparation, whenever they are prepared to pay him a remunerative price. It must be remembered that he is working on a soil which for hundreds of years has had to support the nation, and that its present fertility is an acquired one, due solely to his skill and ability. His farming must be, under our economic conditions, of an intensive nature—he has to contend with difficulties in the form of rent, rates, and tithe, by which his foreign competitor is less burdened, and he has to face uncertain seasons and constantly recurring bad weather, hindering the ripening and harvesting of crops. It must also be kept in mind that, owing to our large population, the British farmer's land will have an artificial value when compared with the same soil under different surroundings and circumstances.

The consumer is therefore drawing his supplies from land that has for centuries back been accumulating its natural fertility, where the farming is extensive, and land is obtainable below its intrinsic value. While the British farmer is called upon to supply so many heads per acre, his competitor can choose the number of acres that is to supply a head. The man who grows produce that will yield a remunerative return is a farmer; the man who does not is a fool. We must remember that growing sound healthy crops is not the 'whole art' of farming. These crops have also to be safely secured or harvested, and advantageously placed on the market. The success of a practical farmer is judged not so much on the yield per acre he obtains, as on the return per acre he receives when marketing his produce. Our farmers have the knowledge and skill, and the soil is capable of supplying the consumers' wants in wheat, whenever it is found that by doing so a profitable return will result. The real question is, whether it is safe to be dependent on seventy-five per cent. of our present wheat demand being supplied from outside sources? As we said before, this is a question for the consumer—that is, the general population outside the agricultural classes. We are not an agricultural nation, but that section directly interested in agriculture gets the compliment of being termed the 'backbone' of the country by the industrial and commercial classes. These classes regulate the demand for bread-stuffs, and if they are content with being so dependent on foreign and non-permanent sources of supply, the disparity between home produce and imports will be still further accentuated.

There is another aspect of the question which deserves notice. This large proportion of *imported* bread-stuffs ought absolutely to increase the fertility of a country, for obvious reasons; but we know that the fertility of our country is not increased by it, for, through the sewerage arrangements of our towns, this valuable fertilising matter is wasted, and the soil thereby deprived of what would be a valuable addition to its producing power. Surely if the non-agricultural classes really consider, as they say, the soil of a country to be the only permanent and reliable source of wealth, they should take steps that the agricultural community might share in the benefits

of this large importation of bread-stuffs, by having the manurial value or residue of this imported wheat conserved and applied to the land.

## AN ELECTRIC SPARK.\*

By G. MANVILLE FENN.

### CHAPTER X.—(continued).

By this time Wynyan was walking angrily up and down the library; but at the last sentence he turned upon the doctor in indignant astonishment.

'Well, what are you looking at, boy? Why, I've seen her through everything—been like a second father to her; and now, sir, I'm face to face with the fact that poor Dalton is going home, and that he must leave that girl unsettled. Will you leave off wearing out my old Turkey and sit down, sir? Am I your friend, or am I not?'

Wynyan dropped back into his chair.

'That's better.—Now, look here, Wynyan—Paul Wynyan—as soon as Dalton comes back—he won't stop down there long—go in to his room and speak out like a man. Tell him you love her, and ask him to make you his partner and consent to an early marriage.'

'And Miss Dalton, sir?' said Wynyan coldly. 'You forget her. Is she some marketable commodity that she is to be traded away like that?'

The doctor refilled his glass, passed the old bottle, tossed off his wine, smacked his lips, and then shook his finger at his guest.

'Now, look here, my lad; don't you ever speak to me again in that would-be clever, sarcastic fashion, because it won't do. I'm giving you a prescription for your moral health, and I know what I'm saying. That dear girl likes you—mind, I say *likes* you. Heaven bless her! She's as sweet and innocent as an angel, and don't know what love is. She's none of your fast, coquettish girls, ready to listen to every chattering fool; but a sweet, girlish thing, who likes you, esteems you. Get the old man's consent, and then tell her you love her, and—bless your heart!—it will be like sunshine on a bud. It will open out.'

Wynyan shook his head.

'But I tell you it will, sir. If it doesn't, you shan't have her, even if Dalton says yes. And believe me, boy, he will. He knows that scamp Brant will be worrying her—he has proposed to her—I know; and I believe she sent him about his business with a flea in his ear. Plain enough, the other night. There is nobody else. Might have been scores; but she's not the girl those fellows can talk to.—There; I've done.—Now, then, will you do as I say?'

Wynyan sat with his brow wrinkled, gazing down at the carpet, but made no reply.

'Do you hear what I say?'

'Yes, sir.'

'And you will ask Dalton like a man?'

'I will go to him and ask him like a man, for I do love'—

'There; that will do, my dear boy. Keep that for *Rénée*.—Then, that's off my mind.—Now, light your cigar; I want to talk to you about something else.'

Wynyan slowly obeyed, but it was unconsciously, for his blood seemed to be singing in his arteries, and his pulses bounding with excitement.

'I'll have a fresh one too,' said the doctor, selecting one very carefully from the box, and going through a good deal of business before he lit it and lay back, sending out heavy clouds.

'Look here, Wynyan,' he said at last; and the young man started from his musings. 'Ah, you were dreaming about your business: put that aside for the present. I want to talk to you about mine.'

'I am all attention, sir,' said Wynyan.

'That's right.—Now, then, confidence for confidence, my lad.'

'You may trust me, sir.'

'I know that, or I shouldn't say a word. You see, I know plenty of men, but they are mostly doctors, and I can't talk to them. A man can't get on without friends, and there are times when he feels as if he must confide in somebody. Hear that?'

'Yes; I am listening,' said Wynyan, wonderingly.

'I told you I was precious clever in some things, and that I was an idiot in others, didn't I?'

'Yes, doctor.'

'Well, now, then, you'll see. There are times, I say, when, if a man has something on his mind, he feels that he must tell it to some one. Murderers, if they are not found out, get like that at last, and confess.'

'But you have not committed a murder, sir,' said Wynyan, smiling.

'Thank you, my boy—thank you for your good opinion. Ill-natured people would not say that of a doctor. But let that pass. Well, Wynyan, my lad, sick people like to talk to one another about their complaints. My waiting-room could tell some strange tales about that. Now you're sick—so am I. I've got it too, badly.'

'You, sir?' cried Wynyan.

'Yes, I! Going to laugh at me, and call me an old fool?'

'I am going, if you will let me, Dr Kilpatrick, always to look upon you as one of my closest friends.'

'You shall, boy, and find me a true one too.—But there: it's a fact. It's Nature, too, my lad, and there's no beating her. I went on for a great many years, too busy to think about such a thing, and ready to laugh at elderly patients who were smitten with the disease—for it is a disease, boy, and it kills some poor wretches—indirectly, of course. Then I found how ignorant I had been, and that I had the longing to cease living my lonely old bachelor life. The lady came at last.'

Wynyan waited, for the doctor had ceased. Then he went on again.

'Hundreds of women I might have had. Patients ready to jump at me, ugly as I am; but there was only one woman for me, Wynyan

\* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

—a splendid woman, sweet, innocent, gentle-hearted, and, like myself, a bit weak. Just the right age. A woman who, if she would sit at the head of my table, would make me a happy man.'

'Then why not marry her, sir? You have told me what to do. Have you asked her?'

'No, sir.'

'Why not?'

'I can't.'

'Come, doctor; you have made me bold to speak to you, and I am as interested now in your future as you are in mine. Why can't you ask her?'

'Because she doesn't care for me.'

It was on Wynnan's lips to say, 'I even do not know that I am cared for;' but he could not bring even a reference to *Rénée* into the conversation now.

'I can't,' said the doctor after a pause—'I can't, sir. I've been there with the intention time after time; but so sure as I have screwed myself up to risk it and speak out like a man, directly or indirectly, there has always been that confounded foreigner in the way.'

'Villar Endoza?'

'That's the man, sir. The poor lady's dazzled by him, his cash, and his title, and the bit of romance about his Spanish-American place.'

'You amaze me, sir.'

'Humph! Why? Isn't she all I said?'

'Yes, of course; but I never dreamed of it.'

'I have, and I go on dreaming. There it is: he's your fine courtly, dignified nobleman; while I'm neither good-looking nor ornamental. That fellow carries all before him with the women-kind. I don't, but I'm the real stuff to wear well. I'd make her a good husband; but no: I'm out of court. It's the old story, Wynnan—a foreign Count, glamour and romance, sentiment and poetry, palace lifting to eternal summer, and that sort of thing; only this chap isn't a humbug, like *Claude Melnotte*. It's very disgusting, my dear sir, for here am I, solid oak, and I love her with a calm, true, middle-aged, rather elderly love; while that fellow's only veneer—Spanish mahogany veneer. If he'd make her happy, I wouldn't care; but he doesn't want her. It's all flattery and flam. The man's playing a part. Smooth to people, so as to make them serve him in some way. When he has got all he wants for his confounded country, they may go to *Jericho* or anywhere. Confound him and his daughter too! I never liked them, though they've been good paying patients. I was always sorry to see them so intimate with *Rénée*; but Dalton was obliged to be civil to them: he has drawn heaps of money through the Count, as you know.'

Wynnan nodded.

'I shall be glad when he has done all he has to do, and taken his girl and gone. No; I shan't, because it will break that poor lady's heart. She's ready to lie down and let him wipe his shoes upon her. Anything for a smile, while she hates to see me in the house.'

'Then she knows, sir?'

'Oh yes: she knows, poor thing; and I know she can't care for me. There; I've finished, Wynnan. It's done me no end of good. Old fool, though, ain't I?'

Wynnan held out his hand, and it was grasped with a long, firm clasp.

'Thank you, my lad. You and I always got on together. Now we'll be very great friends, eh? You'll come and see me. Drop in as you did to-night, for a chop, eh? and report progress, as they say up at the House.—Now, once more; you'll speak to Dalton?'

'I have promised you, sir.'

'That's right, boy—that's right. Then, now that both our minds are eased, we'll smoke a cigar in real earnest over a cup of coffee. You've begun two, and I three, but we let them all go out. Too bad, for they're a good kind.'

The coffee was brought in; but the smoking proved even then a failure; and soon after, the new intimates parted, one of them to lie awake for hours thinking over his promise, and asking himself what would be the result.

### THE HUMOURS OF NEWSPAPER ENTERPRISE.

THE daily newspaper is one of the most familiar of our institutions. But of the myriads who peruse it daily, how few there are who have any adequate conception of the labour, the ingenuity, the experience—the brains and the capital—expended in the collection and publication of its varied contents. Perhaps it is that familiarity with the daily newspaper breeds, not exactly a contempt for it, but a sort of indifference to its marvellous qualities. At any rate, when it is read, it is flung carelessly aside. Yet the average daily cost of its production ranges from one thousand to three thousand pounds. And though the average reader may not think it, there is much tragedy, much pathos, and, as we shall see, much humour and scheming and subterfuge also, interwoven in the making of the daily newspaper. It is said that all is fair in love and war. It might be added that all is fair, too, in newspaper competition. The truth is that each daily paper has to fight literally for its existence against a host of fierce competitors, and at times it cannot afford to be too squeamish as to its methods.

Fifty years ago the two leading London newspapers were the *Times* and the *Morning Herald*. Fierce was the fight for supremacy which they waged for years, and though at last the *Herald* succumbed, its vigilance and resource frequently pushed its great and powerful rival to the wall. The trial of *Daniel O'Connell* and other leaders of the Repeal movement for conspiracy in 1844 was the occasion of a curious and amusing incident in the competition for popular favour between these metropolitan journals. The greatest interest was centred in the trial. The *Times* and the *Herald* not only sent representatives to Dublin, but chartered special steamers to run between Kingstown and Holyhead, in order to expedite the conveyance of each day's report of the trial from Dublin to London, as there was then no telegraph system. The representative of the *Times* was Sir (then Mr) W. H. Russell, the well-known and veteran war correspondent. The trial, which lasted twenty-five

days, concluded on a Saturday night with a verdict of 'Guilty.' Mr Russell immediately sped to London with the news. A special train which had been awaiting him with steam up all the evening at Westland Row conveyed him from Dublin to Kingstown; and crossing the Channel in the chartered steamer, he travelled between Holyhead and London in another special train, leaving his rival of the *Morning Herald* behind him in Dublin. The office of the *Times* in Printing House Square was reached late on Sunday night. As Mr Russell sprang out of his cab in the Square he noticed a number of men in shirt-sleeves, evidently employees on the *Times*, lounging about the office door. One of them remarked to him: 'We're glad to hear they've found them guilty at last.' 'Oh yes, all guilty, but on different counts,' replied Mr Russell as he passed into the office. He was just in time to have his report with the exclusive news of the result of the trial put into type for Monday's issue of the *Times*.

Tired as he was after his long journey, it was naturally late in the evening of Monday when he awoke in a Fleet Street hotel. He had gone to sleep in a jubilant mood; the awakening was depressing in the extreme. He was handed a letter from Delane, the great editor of the *Times*. It ran: 'You managed very badly. The *Morning Herald* has got the verdict. This must be inquired into.'

The inquiry was accordingly held that night. It turned out that Mr Russell's interlocutor at the office door was an emissary of the enemy. 'The confounded miscreants!' exclaimed Delane, as he thumped the table. 'But it was sharp of them.' And turning to Mr Russell, he said: 'Let this be a warning to you to keep your lips closed and your eyes open. Never speak about your business. Commit it to paper for the editor, and for him alone. We would have given hundreds of pounds to have stopped your few words last night.'

Here is another story of a newspaper in the exclusive possession of an important piece of news being overreached by a trick. In October 1854 the passenger steamship *Arctic* foundered on its way between Liverpool and New York. There was only one survivor, a sailor named Burns, who was picked up from a spar by a passing steamer. He was known to have landed at New York; but though the reporters of the various newspapers hunted the city for him, he could not be found. After midnight, the news editor of the *New York Times* was going home by tram, when, to his profound astonishment and consternation, he overheard a man in the car telling the conductor that Burns was in the office of the *New York Herald*. Jumping out of the car at once, he drove back to the *Times* office. The paper was ready for the press, and the compositors were about to go home. But the news editor stopped the publication of the paper, and locking all the doors of the premises, to prevent any one leaving, he sent a trusty messenger to get the earliest possible copy of the *Herald*. It was procured about six o'clock in the morning. The story told by Burns was cut out of the *Herald* and the copy divided amongst the whole staff, numbering two hundred compositors, so that in

half-an-hour the sensational narrative was in type; and by seven o'clock the *Times* was selling in thousands in the streets of New York. The *Herald*, which had given Burns five hundred dollars for his story, and had detained him all night in its editorial room, in order that he might not fall into the hands of any of its rivals, believed it had the information all to itself, and it kept back its city edition till nine o'clock, the usual hour of publication. By that time all New York had read of the disaster in the *Times*.

Probably no journal has contributed more than the *New York Herald* to the humours of newspaper enterprise. There is scarcely anything in newspaper history more funny in its way than the manner in which Mr H. M. Stanley was commissioned by the *New York Herald* to find Dr Livingstone in the wilds of Africa. Mr Bennett was staying in Paris in the early part of 1871 when he conceived the idea of despatching at the sole cost of his journal an expedition for the discovery and relief of the great African traveller. He telegraphed for Mr Stanley, then representing the *Herald* at Madrid. The latter, not knowing what business was in hand, left instantly for Paris, and arriving at the Grand Hotel at eleven o'clock at night, went at once to Mr Bennett's room. That gentleman was in bed. 'Come in, sir. Who are you?' he said, in reply to Stanley's knock.

'My name is Stanley,' answered the correspondent.

'Oh yes,' replied Mr Bennett. 'Sit down—glad to see you. Have you any idea where Livingstone is?'

'No.'

'Well, I think he is living, and is to be found. Will you try to find him?'

'Yea.'

'Good. You can have an unlimited credit. Use your own means; carry out your own plans. Good-night!'

But with all the fertility of resource and extraordinary sharpness and unlimited means at its back, the *Herald* was now and then—as I have already shown—badly 'sold' by its New York rivals. Here is another instance. When the *Herald* fitted out the *Pandora* for her famous expedition to the Arctic regions, under the command of Captain Allen Young, it naturally enough refused to allow the *New York World* to send a representative. The *Herald* thought it should have exclusively all the information about the expedition, and accordingly the only journalist allowed to accompany the *Pandora* was its own representative, Mr M'Gahan. But the *World* was not to be balked. Letter after letter dealing with the voyage and adventures of the expedition appeared in the *World*, while the *Herald*, which had fitted out the expedition, and had allowed no journalist but its own representative to accompany it, was strangely silent. It was not till the return home of the expedition that this mystery was explained. The London agent of the *World*, acting on instructions from headquarters, had secured the services of a talented member of the crew of the *Pandora*, known as 'a sea lawyer,' while the vessel lay at Plymouth. It was this man who despatched letters, under



cover, to the *World* at every available opportunity, while Mr McGahan, unaware, of course, of the existence of a rival in the forecastle, decided to wait till his return, when he could present the whole narrative to the public. But when that time came, he found his book forestalled and largely discounted by the publication of the sailor's letters in the *World*.

Here, however, is the story of 'a big score' made by the *Herald* over its rivals. One year the *Herald* published a Presidential message in full on the morning of the day it was sent to the Senate. The coup was effected by a real stroke of genius on the part of the managing editor of the paper. The Associated Press, which is the great news agency of America, was informed by some person that the *Herald* had obtained a surreptitious copy of the message from their office, from which it was not to be sent to the newspapers, in accordance with the usual arrangement with the President, until the following morning. The agent of the Associated Press went to the managing editor of the *Herald* to protest against such conduct. As a matter of fact the story was untrue; but the managing editor of the *Herald* astutely led the agent of the Associated Press to believe that it was well founded.

'Very well,' said the visitor; 'if that be the case, the only thing we can do is to send out the message to-night, even at the expense of breaking faith with the President. Our customers must be properly served.'

This was what the managing editor had led up to. He sent orders to the foreman of the composing-room to be ready to 'set' an extra page at a late hour; so that when the President's message began to arrive about one o'clock that night it was quickly put into type. The *Herald* came out the next morning with the entire of that important State document; while the other papers, not being prepared to deal with it, coming as it did at so late an hour, could only use a few disconnected paragraphs.

The *New York Herald* is also the hero of an amusing display of enterprise in connection with the visit paid by the Prince of Wales to the United States some years ago. On the day the Prince went to see Niagara, the *Herald* engaged all the telegraphic wires there between certain hours, so that it might have a monopoly in its report of the interesting proceedings. But as the Prince did not arrive at the Falls till long after the expected hour, no 'copy' for the *Herald* was available within the time for which the wires had been secured.

'What is to be done to keep the wires in hands?' telegraphed the chief of the *Herald* staff at Niagara to Mr Gordon Bennett.

'Telegraph the Book of Genesis,' replied the autocrat of the *Herald*.

This was done at a cost of seven hundred dollars, but still no 'copy' had come to hand.

'What now?' again telegraphed the chief at Niagara to Mr Bennett.

'Continue on to the Book of Revelation if necessary,' promptly responded Mr Bennett. But, happily, it was unnecessary to do this, for before the Book of Exodus was finished, some of the 'copy' had arrived, and the *Herald's* triumph was secured.

It is not often that similar opportunities for newspaper coups arise on this side of the Atlantic; but when they do, our journalists are not found wanting in the necessary astuteness and resource to make the most of them. This is shown, I think, in the story how Mr Archibald Forbes secured for the *Daily News* the narrative of the survivors of the emigrant ship *Cospatrick*, which was burned on its way to New Zealand in 1874. The survivors were three in number—Macdonald, the second-mate, and two ordinary seamen, who had been adrift on a raft for weeks, and had sustained life only by a recourse to cannibalism. The men were sent home by the mail steamer *Nyanza*, and about thirty journalists assembled at Plymouth to interview them on their arrival. The *Daily News* had a special representative at Plymouth; but he informed his editor that he had no hope of beating his competitors, as, after all sorts of scheming, it was finally unanimously decided by the journalists present that the best course was for all to board the *Nyanza* together in the mail-tug and get Macdonald to tell his story in their midst for the common good. The editor of the *Daily News* did not like this arrangement at all. So he sent for Mr Forbes—who had earned great prestige for the paper, not only by his brilliant services during the Franco-Prussian War, but by two thrilling true stories of wrecks at sea which he had written shortly before the *Cospatrick* disaster—and told him the situation. That evening Mr Forbes went down to Plymouth and put up at an obscure inn in a suburb. Through the agency of a local shipbroker whom he knew, he chartered a tug, the *Volunteer*, and ordered the skipper to be in readiness with steam up at an unfrequented jetty on the farther side of the harbour. At three o'clock on the last day of the year 1874, news arrived that the *Nyanza* had passed the Lizard Light, about twenty-five miles out from Plymouth. Mr Forbes went to the railway station and engaged a whole first-class compartment in the train that was to leave for London at midnight. Then at dusk he went out in the *Volunteer* to board the *Nyanza* in advance of the mail-tug which would bring out the thirty journalists. This he only succeeded in doing at the imminent risk of his life. He jumped from the bridge of the tug, as it rose on the top of a big wave, and just succeeded in catching the mizzen chains of the mail-steamer, whence he was pulled by the collar on to the deck.

'Where can I find Macdonald, the mate of the *Cospatrick*? Quick!' was his first breathless exclamation as he regained his feet.

He found the man below; but not a word would he utter till he had made a bargain.

'I'll give you fifty pounds down,' cried Mr Forbes, 'if you tell me your whole story and tell it to me alone.' Macdonald agreed to this; and Mr Forbes had an hour with him before the other journalists came on the scene. He then handed Macdonald over to the other representative of the *Daily News*, who had come out in the mail-tug, with directions to get the man into the engaged compartment of the train to London, and obtain the fag end of the story, while he himself wired to the *Daily News* from

Plymouth a graphic and thrilling description of the disaster.

But how fared it with the other newspaper men? That, perhaps, is the most amusing feature of the story. The two unhappy sailors were so utterly imbecile that they could give no account of the disaster; and Macdonald, true to his bargain with Mr Forbes, would hold no converse on the subject with the clamorous and angry journalists.

'The public have a right to learn the details of your story,' exclaimed one of the group.

'A' weel,' replied Macdonald in broad Scotch, 'they'll can read it i' the mornin's *Daily News*; it'll be a' there.'

However, the attempt to retain the exclusive possession of Macdonald for the *Daily News* on board the train did not succeed. The rival journalists swarmed into the reserved compartment; and thus obtained for their respective newspapers the tail end of the extraordinary story of the mate of the unfortunate *Cospatrick*.

### STORY OF LEE PING AND 'THE STORK THAT LIVES A THOUSAND YEARS.'

By GUY BOOTHBY.

O sodeyn wo! that ever art successour  
To worldly blisse, spreyned with bitternesse;  
The ende of the joye of our worldly labour;  
We occupeth the lyn of our gladnesse.  
Harken this conseil for thy sikernes:—  
Upon thy gladd daye have in thy mynde  
The unware wo or harm that cometh behynde.  
CHAUCER—*Man of Lawes Tale*.

THIS story might very well have been called 'The Rout of Love by the Unforeseen.' It should also go a long way towards proving the true value of love as a business principle.

In the first place, you must understand that, even for a Chinaman, Lee Ping was not fair to look upon; his age was nearer seventy than forty, and for a Celestial that is very old indeed. His face was puckered like a sun-dried crab-apple into a thousand wrinkles; and his pigtail, once the pride and glory of his existence, now consisted principally of horse hair. But he was very rich for all that, so rich, indeed, that every one, or nearly every one, respected him.

The Police department was the only exception, and, as all the world knows, that service invariably casts suspicious eyes upon a Chinaman, or, for that matter, on any one else who wears the same suit of clothes year in and year out, and can show no outward and visible sign of how he derives his support. Therefore, to avoid any friction that might arise, Lee Ping allowed it to be supposed that he obtained his income from a general store on the railway works at Bunya Creek, in the northern territory of South Australia; when in reality his gains came from an illicit 'Fan-tan' shop, carried on every night for the benefit of the coolies behind the canvas curtains of his store front.

About the beginning of the summer of which I'm going to tell you, he complained of being lonely. So, for the sake of his wealth, which was undoubtedly great, a little Chinese lady cast in her lot with his; and being, like all his countrymen, fond of high-sounding pet

names, he christened her 'The Stork that lives a Thousand Years.' Her real name was Sika, and she was in every way delightful—indeed, so charming was she that Quong Shang, a youth of low and dissipated habits, loved her, and even laboured as a coolie on the construction works in order to have the wherewithal to meet her and to gamble at Lee Ping's abode.

By some means, system or no system, he won enormous sums, and for better security he hid the plunder in his pigtail, which was nearly a yard long and as thick as his wrist.

In the intervals of the game he found leisure to whisper words of affection into the pretty Sika's ears; and Lee Ping, becoming cognisant of the fact, prayed to his joss daily for the youth's destruction. But being a sound business man, as well as a jealous husband, with the desire of accomplishing his ruin he united the hope of obtaining his wealth, and to achieve both these things he took counsel with 'The Stork that lives a Thousand Years.'

Thenceforward, Sika allowed her adorer to understand that she was by no means averse to his attentions. On the contrary, she let him see that to such an extent did she favour them, that she was willing to assist in encompassing the death of Lee Ping, and, more important still, to escape with his wealth and the plunder of his house to China.

Quong went as nearly into ecstasies as it is possible for a Chinaman to go, and promised that their future should be spent in devising original pet names for each other, and in calculating their gains from some remunerative opium concern. Thus you will see that his love was based on the soundest of commercial principles.

Now, to his other occupations Lee Ping added the duties and emoluments of Government informer, and many of the incomprehensible arrests of his too confiding countrymen might have been traced from the whitewashed sanctum of the police office to his musty-smelling back-parlour.

If you would clearly understand what follows, you must remember that Chinese life in the northern territory of Australia is permeated through and through by secret societies—social, political, or religious, as the case may be. And to endeavour to bring members of these societies to justice by ordinary means is a hopeless, if not a well-nigh impossible task. But, as we have learned, the authorities had to a certain extent overcome these difficulties with the assistance of our versatile friend Lee Ping. Not that even then they always captured the right man, for you will see that it was just as easy for the real offender to buy over the traitor as for the police to do so.

I do not mean to say that the system had not its drawbacks—what system is without them? Its advantages, however, lay in this, that whenever a crime of extraordinary magnitude had been committed, the police could always satisfy public feeling by bringing some criminal, if only a Chinaman, to trial, and what is more, be certain of convicting him on circumstantial evidence—when, as likely as not, he had never been near the place at all. In the

eyes of the law, one little brown man is as another. And this is of course as it should be.

Now, as I have said before, when these events took place, the territory lay travelling in the heat of summer: not an English summer of tennis parties, river picnics, and yacht races, but months of sand and flies, with the thermometer hovering continually between one hundred and ten and one hundred and twenty degrees in the shade. A summer when, throughout the day, sun-strokes were common, and when, after nightfall, deadly miasmas crept up the banks of the watercourse, swept down the tented streets, and wrestled for the lives of every human being in the settlement.

In those days, the worn-out overseers on the construction works were as Egyptian task-masters, and the heart of the Mongolian was as lead within him.

From morning till night Quong Shang bore burdens on the works and thought of Sika. In the intervals he invented horrible tortures for Lee Ping, and longed for night to come when, between the games, he would be able to discuss them with his lady-love.

But about this time rumours were abroad. That mighty potentate, the chief-engineer, in whose eyes individual Chinese coolies were about as important as earthworms, had decreed the moving of the camp ten miles farther to the southward. Quong heard of this, and took heed; the time for action had arrived—now or never must his scheme see practice.

For another reason, Quong was additionally anxious to be gone: his pigtail was heavy with gold; and being a prudent youth, he was disinclined to run any more risk than he could help.

In their nightly consultations, they had arranged the details after this fashion: 'The Stork that lives a Thousand Years' was to find the treasure and appropriate the portable articles of plunder, while Quong Shang, 'The Brave,' carried out the deed itself.

The night set in dark and awesome. A monstrous wind, blowing from across the desert, whistled mournfully down the canvas streets, the trees bent and swayed before it, and black thunder-clouds gathered in the west. Thick banks of dust whirled and eddied round Lee Ping's abode, and at intervals, flashes of lightning glimmered along the horizon.

Quong and Sika met earlier than usual, and for the last time overhauled their plans together in the jungle behind the camp. Now, Quong, though vindictive, was not courageous, and while in theory he had often butchered Lee Ping with remorseless atrocity, in practice he was already beginning to repent him of his share in the transaction. He even hinted that 'The Stork' would be able to find better opportunities of completing the business than he could ever hope to do. This, naturally enough, did not meet with her approval, and she told him so in terms which left him no alternative but to carry out the deed, or there and then resign all thoughts of a future with herself. He thereupon changed his mind, and Sika sped away to give her lord his supper, as becomes a faithful and devoted spouse. During

the meal she told him all Quong's arrangements, and Lee Ping rattled his toothless gums together to show his appreciation of the joke.

The night rolled on, and from his lair in the jungle, Quong watched the lights fade out one by one till all grew black as the clouds above him. The deeper darkness that precedes dawn brought him out of hiding and down the little hill. Approaching the store with stealthy tread, he paused to listen. Not a sound came from within—Sika had evidently fulfilled her promise, and, according to arrangement, had soothed her lord to sleep with tender little love-songs and much endearment. Quong chuckled, and moved towards the door. Finding that no one stirred, he gave the signal. Then the door was softly opened, and Sika stood before him—her finger on her lips. Quong, whispering that she was 'the light of his eyes and the lotos leaf of his life,' or words to that effect, entered, hatchet in hand, trembling violently.

There is an old saying that 'the woman who hesitates is lost.' This time, it was the man. But the moral is just the same. For while Quong was endeavouring to muster up sufficient courage to find his victim and aim the fatal blow, he was suddenly seized from behind and thrown heavily upon the floor. His dismay was boundless, and it became even more so when he found his intended victim standing over him ferociously brandishing a tomahawk. He remembers no more, for a pair of small thin fingers, undoubtedly Sika's—he had often praised their dainty beauty—were twining themselves remorselessly round his gullet, pressing tighter and tighter till he lost all consciousness.

On recovering, he found himself across the creek, chained hand and foot to a very substantial log in the police cells. He was very confused, very sore, and the marks of eight of the tiniest fingers imaginable were just beginning to turn black around his windpipe. Then came the saddest discovery of all—his pigtail, his bank, as well as the pride and glory of his existence, was gone, cut off at the roots, and with it all his treasure. Bumping his head against the log, he wept and groaned in very bitterness of spirit.

A week later, he was conveyed to Palmerston, where he was charged with robbing the till of the *Hotel Oriental*—hitherto, an unexplained burglary; and, on the evidence of Lee Ping and Sika, was condemned to three years' penal servitude with hard labour.

On the expiration of his sentence, he learned that Lee Ping had returned to China, marvelously rich, and that with him had departed the faithless 'Stork that lives a Thousand Years.'

Quong's new pigtail grows apace, but though he anoints it daily, he takes small pride in it, for he has no Sika now to praise its length and beauty. He has, however, since his release manufactured for himself a most elaborate deity, before whom he burns the most horrible of joss sticks. If you are curious as to his reasons, he will tell you that he is doing his best to work a spell, whereby Lee Ping shall lose his health, the love of Sika, every halfpenny of his accumulated wealth, and become the possessor of all miseries conceivable.

Now, there are three morals to be deduced from this story, and they run as follows: 'Never play with edged tools;' 'Leave love alone;' and, 'If you must murder the husband, think twice before telling the wife.' There are several others, but I don't suppose you will need my assistance to discover them.

### TRY MALLORCA.

By ALAN WALTERS, Author of *A Lotus-eater in Capri*.

WITHIN fifty hours of eating a chop at Charing Cross, I was sipping pale chicken broth a thousand miles away in the Fonda de Mallorca, in the sleepy old Balearic city of Palma. A dusty night-journey from the Quai d'Austerlitz, and a midnight basin of mysterious soup at red-roofed Tours; past Poitiers, looking like a cardboard toy in the magical moonbeams; five minutes' pause beneath the rocky height of hoary Angoulême; and so on into Bordeaux just as the sun is giving a morning kiss to the tall tower of St Michel. Away, again, after a precipitate breakfast of *bric-à-brac*, to Narbonne, cradle of the Roman power in Gaul, where a more deliberate dinner fortifies the inner man for another night out of bed. With a rush and a roar, the train wakes the echoes of the Pyrenees; the Spanish border is left behind, and in the first rays of dawn I catch sight of the far-off shimmer of the Mediterranean. But a few hours more, and I am rolling over its breezy waters on board the *Manacor*, towards the little archipelago of sunny rocks known to us moderns as the Balearic Isles, a name given by the Romans of old to the two largest islands of the group, on account, as some think, of the skilful use by the natives of the Phœnician aling.

The Balearic group—consisting of three large islands and many smaller ones, most of them mere specks of rock—has a total area of some eighteen hundred and sixty square miles, and a population of three hundred thousand souls, five-sixths of whom are divided between Mallorca (Majorca) and Minorca. Although the point of Mallorca nearest to Spain is but ninety miles from the mainland, the voyage from Barcelona to Palma, the capital, is nearer a hundred and fifty. The island measures about sixty miles from east to west; whereas its neighbour, Minorca, twenty miles away, is but a third of the size; and Iviza, smallest but most beautiful, is barely four miles square. A glance at the map shows us why the islands have been the scene of so much stirring history, and why they have felt the hand of so many masters. Anciently, they were held by the Phœnicians and Carthaginians, the latter of whom were the builders of Mahon, so called from the family of Mago. A quarter of a century after the fall of Carthage came the Romans; in 423 the Vandals; and in 798 the Moors. At the beginning of the twelfth cen-

tury the ravages of the Moslems had risen to such a pitch that Pope Pascal II. persuaded the men of Pisa to go and mend matters, which for a time they did; but in 1115 the Moors again got the upper hand, and were not finally crushed till after the lapse of more than a century by Don Jaime of Aragon. In the fourteenth century the islands were added to the crown of Aragon by Pedro IV., and, with the exception of Minorca, have ever since formed one of the forty-nine provinces of the kingdom of Spain. In 1708 Port Mahon was taken by General Stanhope; five years later, Minorca was formally ceded to England by the Peace of Utrecht. In 1756 it was seized by the French, only to be restored at the Peace of Versailles in 1769; and after various other turns of fortune, was finally handed over to Spain, in 1803, by the Peace of Amiens.

The climate of Mallorca is exceedingly pleasant, and much of its scenery very picturesque. For the most part, the temperature is equable, wintry winds being checked by the *cordillera* in the north, nearly five thousand feet high; and the heat of summer being tempered by sea-breezes. As elsewhere in the Mediterranean, the spring-time is most enjoyable; while in the autumn and winter evenings, fires are decidedly comfortable. The thermometer seldom marks more than ninety degrees Fahrenheit, or less than forty; but there is a good deal of moisture in the atmosphere all the year round, and at certain seasons rapid changes are not unknown. For an excursion on a bright winter's day you must carry, as you must at Nice or Cannes, a sun-shade in one hand and a warm wrap in the other; and in Palma itself the sombre, ill-paved streets are mostly so narrow and shut in by the deep overhanging eaves, that the sun never warms them.

The Baleares, noted in days of old for their productiveness, brought forth corn that Pliny praised for its weight and quality, and grapes, held by the Romans in high esteem. At the present day the vegetation is rich and luxuriant, and immense quantities are grown of oranges, lemons, small red apples with a taste of nectarines, superb yellow grapes, dates, pomegranates, and figs. Deer at one time were plentiful, and a species of bird, called by Pliny *phalacrocorax* (perhaps a coot), furnished many a dish for the *gourmets* of Rome. Olives, originally planted by the men of Carthage, still flourish and abound. Of game there is none now but hares, rabbits, and partridges, with a few winter snipe and woodcock.

As for the people, be it understood that a Mallorquin is no more a Spaniard than a Shetlander is a Scot. Like his Moro-Aragonese forebears, he is a lazy, ill-conditioned, unenterprising sloth, with but one idea of life—that of siesta. The number of those who live by active and visible labour is astonishingly small. The first thing that strikes you on landing in Palma is that it is a place where everything long ago left off happening. Of life there, it may truly be said, '*les jours se suivent et se ressemblent.*' Palma is as quiet as Malta is noisy, and that is saying a good deal. Food is cheap and abundant. A robber is as rare as a beggar; and life and property are perfectly secure in every

corner of the island. The people, if not active in the cultivation of moral virtue, at least show a want of sympathy for that which is violent or uncharitable; though ignorant, idle, and superstitious, they are honest and inoffensive, and live in the bond of peace. If a couple of common folk have a difference, they straighten it out with their fists, and neither is the worse.

In outward appearance there is much to remind one of their semi-African origin. Often the features are refined and well cut, of a pale olive hue, with dark eyes and hair. A common dress is a pair of loose, wide, blue cotton pantaloons, tied below the knee; a gay cotton shirt; and a twisted handkerchief on the head; to which on *fiestas* are added a blue cloth cloak and a hat as big as a loo table. The priests wear their huge hats with the rim at each side rolled up, looking like a long cylinder extending a couple of feet fore and aft. The country women wear mostly the blue burnous of Africa, or a corset and abbreviated skirt, with a *rebocillo* on the head, an arrangement of thin cambric like a mantilla gathered in at the throat, and falling in pretty plaits over the bosom. In the Balears, however, as in Corsica and Capri and in every other island of the blue Iberian Sea, the fashions of Paris are swiftly spreading and swallowing up the *sayas* and *mantillas* and *rebocillos*, and other piquant portions of the old national costumes.

Before I had been many hours in Palma I discovered that sharp lines of demarcation are drawn between the upper and lower classes of the inhabitants. There still exists a tolerably unadulterated feudalism, a recognisable remnant of the ancient vassalage, with a broad impassable gap between the owner and the tiller of the soil, the señor and the occupier. The pride of family, which used to be carried to a ridiculous point, is in these days but slowly giving place to modern influences, and is still hardly inferior to that of MacDermot, Prince of Coolavin, who objected to his lowly-born wife sitting to eat at the same table with him. At the present moment there are no fewer than three dozen members of the Spanish peerage who draw their titles from the Balearics. The nine *solars* or barons who fought with Don Jaime at the siege of Palma founded families that are still flourishing like petty sovereigns as a separate class from the rest of the nobility; and only in rare and recent instances have they taken wives or husbands from beyond their own 'set.' They regard themselves with far greater veneration than that with which they are looked upon by the classes whom they despise. They are known commonly as *Buti-farras*, literally, a 'large sausage'; a term used in a sense corresponding to our slang 'bloated swell.' Beneath the ennobled class comes the commercial body, under whom in gradation are the farmers, the farm-labourers (who retain certain Arabic characteristics), shopkeepers, artisans, and—*longo intervallo*—the Chuetas (long-eared owls), a name of contempt given to the descendants of Jews who are now Christians, but still live apart from the rest of the community in a separate quarter.

I spent several days pleasantly enough in

seeing the lions of Palma, among the chief of which is the venerable Cathedral erected in the thirteenth century, close to the sea. What it lacks in grace it makes up for by its vast reposeful grandeur, arresting the eye at once by the peculiar amber hue of its walls. Unfortunately, it is so blocked up by unlovely houses on three sides, that a fair view of its noble proportions is not to be had except from the harbour. The tower is imposing; and the interior, severely Gothic in style, is of such colossal dimensions that one feels like a molecule when standing inside it. The roof of the nave, one hundred and fifty feet in height, is supported by octagonal pillars on wonderfully slender bases. In the choir are some very rich windows and finely carved stalls of walnut wood. A large and horribly-voiced organ, adorned by a wooden Moor's head, is flanked on one side by a doorway that leads into the now disused Capilla Real or royal chapel, the ancient burial-place of the Mallorcan kings, containing some rich decoration, and a wooden gallery of superb Moorish workmanship. In front of the high-altar stands a yellow marble sarcophagus, the grave of Don Jaime the second, son of the conqueror, whose embalmed body rests inside in a coffin with a glass lid, and is drawn out by the sacristan for inspection at a *peseta* (a franc) per head. A much-venerated relic preserved here is a tetradrachm of Rhodes, one of the original thirty pieces of silver—so it is believed—paid by the priests to Judas Iscariot. In the Capilla Corpus Christi is the tomb of Tarella, the first Bishop of Mallorca, who died in 1266; Bishop Galiana reposes in the chapel De la Corona; and in a third is the grave, surmounted by a bust, of the Marquis de la Romana, whose chief claim to distinction is that he was a friend of the Iron Duke's. The Cathedral treasury is well worth a visit, and contains, among many magnificent objects of gold and gems, the chair of Charles V., and an arm of San Sebastian. In nave and choir, every nook and corner is covered with coats of arms, the armorial bearings of those great ones long dead, who were willing, while the Cathedral building fund was languishing, to purchase an easy immortality for themselves at a cost of a thousand livres.

Within a few paces of the Cathedral stands the old Moorish palace, now the residence of the Captain-general, which contains the chapel of Sant' Ana, to be noted for the exquisitely worked vestments in its sacristy, and for the extensive view from the top of the tower. Other churches in Palma are well worth seeing, especially that of St Francis, with its beautiful marbles and cloisters, and its tomb of Raymond Lully, a native of the city, and 'the glory and light of the Balearic kingdom.' As I looked at his last resting-place, I could not but think what a strange career was that of the quixotic philosopher, with his fantastic system of logic and his schemes of regeneration for the Moslem world. While yet a youth, he was appointed Grand Seneschal of the island by Jaime II.; and after sowing a good crop of wild-oats, he took himself in middle life to a solitary retreat at Randa, whence, after eight years of preparation, he went forth, first to Paris and Rome,

and then to Tunis, where he narrowly escaped death at the hands of those whom he had lashed to fury by his religious zeal. Returning in 1315 as an old man to Africa, the 'Doctor Illuminatus' brought upon himself the fanatical wrath of the men of Bougiah, at whose hands he received such injuries that he died on board ship, just as he was entering the harbour of Palma.

The handsome house of the Bonaparte family stands in the Rue de Palma, decorated with the armorial bearings of Hugo Bonaparte, who in 1411 was sent by the Spanish Government as governor to Corsica. In the Calle de Zarella is an insignificant tenement inhabited by a cobbler, where, in 1541, Charles V. stayed on his way to Algiers. His effigy in stone is carved over one of the windows. Not a few of the Palma residences are really palaces, especially those in the Calle de St Jaime, many of which contain fine collections of antiquities. But quite the most remarkable building in the island is the Louja or old Exchange, built by an architect named Sagrera in 1426. It is a huge square mass, Gothic and castellated, with corner towers connected by an open gallery. Through the superb doorway, surmounted by the figure of an angel, you pass into a chamber of great beauty, with an arched ceiling of stone palm leaves springing from tall fluted columns. From the roof of the building, part of which is now used as a grain store, there is a view which should on no account be missed.

Through the midst of the city gurgles the little Riera, from which in summer a bucket can with difficulty be filled, though there are times and seasons when it rushes along in a noisy and excited torrent. Outside the walls, many charming excursions may be made, one of the prettiest being the drive through the Puerta del Muelle, along under the fortress-wall, and on over the Riera to the hamlet of Arrabal de St Catalina, round which stand many green-shuttered villas, the summer quarters of Palma tradesmen. Farther on, the road passes under two great arches, and leads through a copse up to the castle of Bellver, two miles from Palma, built by Jaime II., and now used as a military prison. It can only be inspected by an order from the *commandant de place* in Palma, which is worth obtaining if only for the sake of the magnificent view from the Torre de Homenage, at the foot of which the ill-fated Don Luis Lacy was shot in 1817, 'a victim to his ardent love of liberty.'

Other drives may be taken in among the hills to Ben Dinat, a château in the midst of fascinating scenery, belonging to the Count of Montenegro; and westwards to the fishing village of Andraix. A longer excursion may be made to Soller, by way of Valldemosa, in the monastery of which George Sand wrote *Spiridion*, when on a visit with Chopin in the bitterly cold winter of 1838. The clergy of Soller would have nothing to say to the visitors; nobody would wait upon them, and they consequently had a wretched time of it. Valldemosa is a two hours' drive from Palma across a plain studded with almond, walnut, and olive trees. The village itself—Wilayet-moosa, or 'the village of Musa'—lies in a romantic situa-

tion among hills, and is a weather-beaten old place, chiefly interesting for the palatial edifice that in 1393 was turned by Pope Martin IV. into a Carthusian monastery, and is now occupied by several families, who let out delightful summer quarters on very moderate terms. In the (modern) ballroom there is a curious painting by Ankerman, a native of Mallorca, in which the artist is represented as being called to order by a burly British beadle in Greenwich Park on a Sunday, while a troop of jeering *va-nu-pieds* or ragamuffins are looking on.

Half an hour's drive beyond Valldemosa lies Miramar, the beauty-spot, *par excellence*, of the island. The small château (which gives its name to the stately one built by Maximilian near Trieste) stands on an estate belonging to the Austrian Archduke Luis Salvator, the son of a Grand-duke of Tuscany, who has erected an *ospederia* for travellers. For three days, lodging and attendance are free to all comers, but food must be brought. The house is on rising ground, overlooking a coast-line of rare beauty, and is environed by richly cultivated terraced gardens and vineyards. Within a few minutes' walk stands a miniature church; and near at hand is the château, which once formed part of a college built by Lully for the Oriental studies of his monks, and where he set up one of the earliest printing-presses in Europe. The royal owner is an accomplished scholar and archæologist, and is the author of a sumptuous volume entitled *Die Balearen in Wort und Bild*, or 'The Balearics described with Pen and Pencil.'

From Valldemosa the road runs on down to palmy Soller (so called from *olla*, a jar), which, though sadly dilapidated, is, to my thinking, one of the most beautiful places in the Mediterranean. It lies in a valley, bathed in sunshine from dawn to sunset, and knows the breath neither of *bora* nor *mistral*. For those who do not mind roughing it a bit, Soller is delightful, though, as a mere accumulation of old bridges, crumbling walls, and crazy-looking dwellings, it has nothing but its romantic situation and its exquisite climate to make it attractive. A couple of miles away to the west lies a pretty inlet, into which the sea flows through a narrow *bocca*, with a lighthouse and ruined chapel on either hand. In spring-time the road between Soller and its little port is occupied for the most part by strings of carts laden with oranges, and drawn by tall shapely Mallorcan donkeys, a hardy and fiery race, that work week in week out for five-and-twenty years. Fifty million oranges are shipped annually from Soller, besides vast numbers of *Citron medica*.

Much remains that might be written of Iviza and Minorca, and Arta with its wonderful cyclopean monuments and fantastic limestone caves; and Belpuig with its inexplicable *talayot*, a circle of colossal stones, possibly an ancient place of sacrifice. In the Balearics the antiquary and the student of history, no less than the lotos-eater and the lover of Nature, will find abundant matter for delight; and holiday-makers in search of new sensations may rest assured that they will get their money's worth and a good deal more into the bargain, if they wend their way, either in summer or

winter, to the little rocky archipelago for which a bi-weekly steamer sails from Barcelona, and which is to many a travelled Englishman still an entirely unknown playground.

## HAWKS AS FRUIT-WATCHERS.

I have a fine hawk for the bush.

SHAKESPEARE.

WITH the return of the fruit season, gardeners and orchardists will find themselves once more face to face with the problem, how at the smallest outlay to protect their fruit from the ravages of various birds which prey upon it. Of late years, these have increased so excessively in many districts as to become little short of a plague. As soon as the fruit begins to colour, they flock to it from the neighbouring woodlands, and from early morn till late they swarm among the bushes, devouring and wasting the produce, so that as each crop—cherry, strawberry, gooseberry, currant, plum, and pear—matures they exact a heavy tithe from the patient cultivator. All means yet devised to prevent or lessen their depredations have proved only partially successful, and more or less objectionable. In fact, to carry any one of them out would require no inconsiderable expenditure in meeting the wages of watchers and in providing the necessary appliances. Where the plot is small and profit is no object, protection can be obtained by netting it in; but where the area is of any extent, it is hopeless to think of so doing. The small returns which fruit of late has yielded does not leave a margin to provide so costly an expedient—never to mention the difficulty of spreading nets over trees of various heights, and the constant attention required to keep them in anything like serviceable order. To resolve to shoot the birds is to undertake a labour that is vain, for, in place of the one which is shot, half-a-dozen seem to appear. Moreover, in a very short time they get accustomed to the report of the gun, as they do to all those hideous noises, the deafening echoes of which at intervals are heard reverberating through orchards—only to develop a deeper cunning and a more reckless daring.

Catching in iron spring traps, and leaving the victims with broken legs to die a death of slow agony, or mutilating the hapless ones which have been caught by other means before setting them free, must be condemned as barbarous savagery, which fails of any good. Again, robbing all nests and destroying the old birds is cruel folly, for blackbirds, thrushes, and ring-ousels—the chief depredators—perform a useful service in clearing gardens and orchards of certain insect pests. Further, all these birds are pleasant songsters: their sweet mellow notes lend an interest to and gladden the landscape, sweetening the too often chilly breezes of spring; and it is the duty of all well-intentioned persons to preserve in this utilitarian age every beast, bird, and plant which gives a pleasure and a charm to rural life.

It would thus appear as if fruit-growers had not yet considered this matter of protecting their orchards in its proper bearing. The idea

is too prevalent that thrushes and blackbirds are garden pests, and nothing else, and that just as the gamekeeper kills all birds of prey, so the orchardist ought to destroy all fruit-eating birds. But how brief is their term of mischief-doing, compared with that of beneficence! Only during a short time in summer are thrushes and blackbirds troublesome. All through the other months they are busy among the slugs, larvæ, and other injurious creatures. Only when the rich treasures of the orchard are ripe for gathering is their usefulness changed into destructiveness, and then the gardener, irritated at the pillage of his berries, forgets their past services, and vows a war of extermination against the songsters, which in spring-time gladdened his ear as they carolled their love-notes from the branches of some pink-robed apple-tree, and whose visits to his rows and borders he welcomed in early summer.

Clearly what is needed is some means—simple and inexpensive—whereby the birds may be kept away during the fruit harvest without necessarily in any material way lessening their numbers. Nature provides such a means ready at hand, and man best shows his wisdom by following her guidance and using her remedy.

In early ages, when men became tillers of the ground, they found that their grain when stored was eaten by mice. Observation taught them that mice in turn are eaten by other animals; and so, to keep the mice away from their granaries, they tamed the ancestors of our domestic cat. Hawks are the natural enemies of thrushes, blackbirds, and ousels, as cats are of mice. The most unobservant cannot but have noted what a commotion and panic take place among birds if a hawk be espied gliding past. The swift-winged swallows and starlings dart hither and thither, following their foe at a respectful distance; the thrushes, and finches, and sparrows seek the protecting cover of the underwood or the heart of the hedgerow, while each and all screech and scream, sounding a note of alarm, it may be a cry which is intended to mock the hawk, making it aware that its game of swoops and surprises is a failure for once, as there is no small bird napping. Why should not, then, this dread which our fruit-eating birds have of their natural enemy, be turned to serviceable account, and the hawk be installed as the guardian of the orchard, as the cat is the protectress of the granary?

If it be thought that this plan is too simple to be of any real service, or impracticable because of the difficulty likely to be experienced in making so wild a bird as the hawk tame enough to abide near a house and its neighbourhood, the writer may be permitted to give his testimony to the facility with which certain hawks are made as docile as spaniels, and to the good services which they render in warding off birds from fruit. Of the four hawks which are more or less common in our midst—the peregrine (*Falco peregrinus*), the merlin (*Falco aesalon*), the sparrow-hawk (*Accipiter nisus*), and the kestrel (*Falco tinnunculus*)—the three latter he has himself frequently reared and used to protect fruit, and the former he has



seen trained by another. To be successful, the young must be taken from the nest before they are many days old, and kept warm, and fed on the flesh of rabbit or young rook moistened with water, all bones being finely broken. It is well to accustom them from the first to some sound or whistle, so that when they begin to take wing they may come on being called. As soon as they can move about, place them on the ground in the fruit enclosure, for a choice near where you are working, and occasionally give them some titbit, thus inviting them to frequent your society. At night they should be confined, and in the morning fed before being set free, and on no account ought they to be encouraged to hunt for themselves. Once they are fledged, a few scraps of odd lean butcher-meat, with an occasional change to rabbit or mouse, will keep them in good health. If you are so fortunate as to live near a peregrine's eyrie and can procure a young one, do so. Noble bird as it was once accounted, it will guard your fruit splendidly, and be the envy of every one around who loves the romance of our ancient field-sports. A tame one which the writer remembers did excellent service in this way. A peregrine, however, has this disadvantage—being a bird of powerful flight, it is apt, unless carefully tended and confined when not required, to wander wide, and as every hawk which comes within gunshot is a dead bird, it may never return.

A hawk which cannot be recommended is the sparrow-hawk. It is difficult to tame sufficiently. A pair which the writer reared from the egg, and which in confinement were as gentle as kittens, became, the moment they were put outside, as 'wild as haggards of the rock.'

The two hawks eminently qualified to become garden watchers are the merlin and the kestrel. The merlin is the smallest of our native hawks, being a miniature peregrine, the cock being little larger than a missel-thrush. It generally nests among heather, and for spirit and daring it has no compeer. In the days of falconry they were considered 'passing good hawks and very skilful.' The young are easily reared and trained. When fledged, they are active and restless, their habits being quite ideal for the purpose of dispersing the birds which are ever on the watch for a chance of attacking the fruit, while their small size permits their working easily among bushes. When on the wing, they rival the swallow in speed. A young hen which the writer kept was once found when about ten weeks old with a swift—newly killed—in her talons.

But the hawk which will be most easily obtained is the kestrel. It may be no match for the merlin in activity or daring, but its presence is quite effective enough in the orchard. Its graceful hovering movements when on the wing, and its partly insectivorous habits, commend it. For several seasons the writer reared one of these hawks, and found they had a sufficiently deterrent effect in keeping away all birds from a large garden. No blackbird or thrush dared to intrude while its foe was near, and thus the hawk more than repaid the small trouble incurred in rearing and handling it, being in addition an interesting pet.

It may be suggested that where there are a number of small holders, the occupiers might arrange to keep a hawk among them, as a well-trained bird is capable of guarding several acres. Another service which it could perform would be preserving the bushes in early spring—if necessary—from the attacks of birds such as bullfinches or titmice, which destroy the fruit-bud, either by eating or cutting it off to get at the insect forms within its folds.

A word of advice is necessary. Unfortunately, the hawk, being an Ishmael, has enemies—no feathered creature has more. No one yields it mercy; no one loses a chance of robbing its nest, of killing its young, of shooting or trapping itself; no close-time is allowed it. If, therefore, you keep one, let the fact be known widely that your garden or orchard is guarded by a hawk; that you value its services as highly as the shepherd does his dog's; else just at the time you require it most, you may discover that some urchin has stoned it to death, or a gamekeeper, not knowing its usefulness, has shot it.

If fruit-farmers can be induced to act upon this suggestion, a brighter era will begin for some of our much-persecuted Raptores. Their purpose in the economy of nature will be better understood and appreciated, and it will be recognised that they have a place in the order of creation wisely assigned to them, and that they can be utilised to render very valuable services to the cultivator of the fruits of the earth.

#### THE UPHILL AND THE DOWNHILL.

'Scilicet omnibus est labor impendendus.'

STRODE a lordling from his palace

On the hillside's stately crest,

Pacing downward to the valleys

In enjoyment's idle quest;

But the breeze about him blowing

Seemed to murmur on his track,

'Ah, the road that's downhill going

Will be uphill coming back.'

Tripped a maiden to the fountain

From her cottage in the vale,

Stepping boldly up the mountain

With her empty water-pail;

And methought the brooklet flowing

Whispered ever on her track,

'Oh, the road that's uphill going

Will be downhill coming back.'

And a lesson I did borrow,

As of some chance-opened book,

From the breeze's murmured sorrow

And the whisper of the brook—

If the downhill has an ending,

Choose our pathway as we will,

We had best begin ascending

With our faces to the hill.

H. C. C.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,  
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 602.—VOL. XII.

SATURDAY, JULY 13, 1895.

PRICE 1½d.

## CASTLE DANGEROUS.

'FOR a lesson in the romance of landscape and of history, I do not know any place in the three kingdoms where we could learn more than on this bit of road.' So wrote an Edinburgh Professor after driving across Crawford Moor, along Telford's Glasgow and Carlisle road, from Abington on the Clyde to the town of Douglas in Lanarkshire. In that adventurous journey of 1803, William and Dora Wordsworth came down from Leadhills in their curious horse-car, and also crossed the Moor from the south, and rested at Douglas Mill Inn. Dora Wordsworth records a wonderful exaltation of feeling as they left the lonely mining village of Wanlockhead, crossed Duneaton Water, and approached Crawford-John. She seems never to have been happier than when alone, inhaling the brisk air of the Moor; while her poet-brother led his horse on in front, along the alternately steep and winding roads.

Scott was also at Douglas Mill Inn—long since removed—in the decadence of his powers, during the summer of 1831. It is extremely pathetic to read the account of Scott's journey thither from Abbotsford. Somewhat distrustful of his own powers of recollection, he wished again to see Douglasdale and St Bride's Church, to verify the scenery, and setting and surroundings, of his new story, *Castle Dangerous*, part of which was in type. On the 18th of July, Scott and Lockhart started from Abbotsford, passing Yair, Ashiesteel, Innerleithen, and Peebles. Driving on by Neidpath, and passing up the vale of Lyne, Scott seems to have been moved at the sight of the ruin of the gigantic and unfinished Drochel Castle, begun by Regent Morton. Biggar was reached at sunset, and horses were changed for the next stage to Douglas Mill Inn, where they remained overnight. On the journey, Scott seemed to be setting tasks to his memory, and was pleased when he could remember his favourite passages. A mile beyond Biggar, Scott reproved a carter for lashing

his horse, and later, gave alms to an old soldier.

Next day, under the guidance of Mr Haddow, one of the tenants of Lord Douglas, the Castle of Douglas, the village, and St Bride's Church were visited. In St Bride's, says Lockhart, 'that works of sculpture equal to any of the fourteenth century in Westminster Abbey (for such they certainly were, though much mutilated by Cromwell's soldiery), should be found in so remote an inland place, attests strikingly the boundless resources of those haughty lords, "whose coronet," as Scott says, "so often counterpoised the Crown." The effigy of the best friend of Bruce is among the number, and represents him cross-legged, as having fallen in battle with the Saracen, when on his way to Jerusalem with the heart of his king.' According to the parish minister, Lockhart is incorrect in blaming Cromwell's soldiery for the mutilations in St Bride's. There is a much simpler reason. During the absence of one of the Lords of Douglas from the Castle, the school children took their will of the place, running out and in, doing damage by stone-throwing and otherwise to the monuments.

The crypt where the Douglasses had buried for centuries was also examined by Scott and Lockhart. The leaden coffins were piled round the walls, until the lower ones were pressed as flat as sheets of pasteboard. The floor was covered with others of a more modern date. The silver case (?) which contained the heart of good Sir James Douglas was also pointed out. Scott studied the fragment of the old Castle, which closely adjoins the modern Castle, 'drawing outlines on the turf, and arranging in his fancy the sweep of the old precincts.' Before the adjoining lake and morass (now a beautiful ornamental lake with swans and wild-duck) was drained, Lockhart thinks the Castle must have been a perfect model of solitary strength. It is hardly so from its position, which is not very commanding.

Scott noted in his Journal at the end of January 1832 that both *Castle Dangerous* and

Count Robert of Paris, neither of which he had thought sea-worthy, 'have performed two voyages and sold 3400—as yet, my spell holds fast.' And still he thought the public mad for giving these volumes such a good reception. The story of *Castle Dangerous*, as Andrew Lang says, is not one to criticise; yet no one visiting Douglas can fail to read it with interest and profit, as the setting and surroundings are given with much of the old power, vividness, and accuracy. An Introduction to *Castle Dangerous* was only forwarded from Naples in February 1832, in time for a second edition. As Mr Lang says, among his gifts to men, the most glorious is Scott's example. If these lines at the head of Chapter XIV. are the last which Scott ever wrote, like this last journey to Douglas for information and verification of the setting of his romance, there is an added pathos between the lines as we read:

The way is long, my children, long and rough—  
The moors are dreary, and the woods are dark;  
But he that creeps from cradle on to grave  
Unskilled save in the velvet course of fortune,  
Hath missed the discipline of noble hearts.

Save in the matter of the preface to his novel, Scott does not appear to have further utilised his visit to Douglas.

The town of Douglas is a queer irregular place, with its High Street in its lowest part; Main Street looks anything but like its name, and as to order or regularity, the houses might have come from the skies in a hail-storm. One naturally turns first to the remains of St Bride's Church, on a knoll in the heart of the town, overlooking Douglas Water. Only a portion of the spire and aisle remains. Thither the Douglases came when they meant to swear an oath and never go back, and there these mighty lords have slept in peace for generations. When restored in 1879-81, the vault below the high-altar was renewed and enlarged, and some of the old coffins were removed. Although the bones of the good Sir James Douglas, who died in Spain in 1330, when on his way with Bruce's heart to Jerusalem, are said to be laid here, when the space under his effigy was opened, no remains were found. The lettered tablets in the chapel tell us that the remains of Archibald, fifth Earl of Angus (Bell the Cat) are here also; but one becomes strongly conscious of the modern element in two stained glass windows to the eleventh and twelfth Earls, and the huge marble sarcophagus by Boehm, of five tons or so, over the last resting-place of Lady Elizabeth Douglas, of Douglas, mother of the Earl of Home, the present representative of the House of Douglas. The effigy is of rich red marble, while the face, beautifully sculptured, is of alabaster. One has only to look at this beautiful tomb, and again at the battered effigy of the good Sir James, to feel the distance between the fourteenth and nineteenth centuries. Did one of these heart-shaped cases beside the tombs really contain the heart of good Sir James? So we are told. When the old vault below got too crowded, it was abandoned for a time, for one under the present parish church.

The present 'Sun' inn, to the south of St Bride's, was once the town prison, and in the

stone-room, in an upper storey, the head and hands of Richard Cameron were deposited by the dragoons when on their way from the skirmish at Aird's Moss to Edinburgh. In the prison chamber below, Hackstoun of Rathillet was confined with his sore-wounded head, soon to be lost on the scaffold. The execution of Hackstoun seems to have been accompanied with the most barbarous cruelty. The head and hands of Cameron were fixed on the Netherbow Port, Edinburgh, and were handed over with the explanation: 'These are the head and hands of a man who lived praying and preaching, and who died praying and fighting.' When the eldest son of the Marquis of Douglas, James, Earl of Angus, threw in his lot with the Revolution, eighty men, the flower of the West country, joined him, and formed the 26th or Cameronian Regiment, which, under Colonel Cleland at Dunkeld, held their own against the victorious Highlanders from Killiecrankie. The first review of these men was held in the haugh below St Bride's Church, beside Douglas Water; and now a fine monument by Brock crowns a height above, to James, Earl of Angus, who was killed at Steinkirk while in command of the Cameronian Regiment in 1692. This monument was erected on the two hundredth anniversary of the raising of this Cameronian Regiment.

It is a privilege on this fine morning to wander down the avenue towards Douglas Castle. The old morass which helped to make Castle Perilous secure has been transformed into an ornamental lake. A fine glimpse of Douglas Water flowing toward the Clyde, and of the spacious park, is to be had below the only remaining fragment of the ivy-clad tower of Castle Dangerous. It immediately adjoins the modern castle, on the eastward. Some splendid Highland cattle winking and chewing the cud, below the fine old trees, seem quite in harmony with their surroundings.

The ancient Castle of Douglas, burnt in 1760, was succeeded by Adam's strong and elegant building of between fifty and sixty rooms. The dining-room is forty and a half feet long, twenty-five feet broad, and eighteen feet high, with a rich ceiling. There is a fine hanging stair of freestone, veined and clouded like marble. Only one wing, or two-fifths of the original plan, has been carried out. The most interesting relic here is a sword said to have been presented by King Robert the Bruce, on his death-bed, to good Sir James Douglas. It was carried off by the Jacobite troops in 1745, but afterwards recovered. The Earl of Home seems to divide his attention in the autumn between this place and the Hirsell, at Coldstream, with its unrivalled stretch of salmon-fishing on the Tweed.

The story of how the good Sir James Douglas punished the English intruder who had taken his castle belongs to history, and is given anew in Scott's preface to *Castle Dangerous*. It was called *Castle of Danger*, because of the constant peril in which the English governors lived who held it. The manner of retaking it is very picturesquely told by Hume of Godscroft, and should be read by every visitor. The patriotism and further vicissitudes of the House of Douglas are set down in great detail

in Sir W. Fraser's *Douglas Book* (4 volumes, 1883).

Douglas seems to have fallen away as a place of business. It lies three miles from its station on a branch line of the Caledonian Railway. We trust an old writer is now wrong in the statement that 'it were difficult to find a village of equal proportions so destitute of genteel or respectable society.' This is a fine vale for the visitor: the Douglas Water, rising at the foot of Cairntable, nine miles above the town, joins the Clyde seven miles below, and everywhere affords good views. Hazelside, identified with the Dicksons, and which figures in *Castle Dangerous*, lies close to the town on the west side; while Priesthill, where Clavers shot John Brown, lies ten miles away in the same direction.

## AN ELECTRIC SPARK.\*

### CHAPTER XI.—BLACK DARKNESS.

'HANG it all! What is it now?' cried Brant, as the door of his uncle's room was opened. 'This makes four— Oh, it's you, Hamber. I'm busy.—Well, what is it?'

'Sorry to interrupt you, sir,' said the old clerk; 'but Mr Wynyan is out on business.'

'Mr Wynyan seems to be always out on business,' cried Brant, as Hamber sniffed involuntarily, and thought that his chief would not like his room to smell so strongly of tobacco in office hours.

'Yea, sir; he is a great deal out on business,' said the old man. 'Most valuable gentleman, sir: he gets through an enormous amount of work. He makes me stare sometimes.'

'Bah!' ejaculated Brant.—'Well, what is it?'

'There are some papers, sir, that require to be signed, and as Mr Wynyan may not be back for some hours, I felt that it would be best to come and consult you'—

'Why, of course,' said Brant sharply.

'Whether it would not be the safest thing to send one of the clerks down to Brighton, so that Mr Dalton could sign them this afternoon.'

'Here! what papers are they?'

'Estimates, sir, and of great importance.'

'No occasion to send down there and disturb him. Where are they? I'll sign them.'

'I beg your pardon, sir.'

'Are you getting deaf, Hamber?'

'Oh no, sir; I hope not.'

'You seem like it. I said I would sign the papers.'

'Yea, sir, I heard you say that; but'—

'Don't stand butting, man, but bring the deeds, or whatever they are, and I'll sign.'

'But really, sir, I beg your pardon—it would not be in order.'

'I'm the best judge of that, sir.'

'But I'm quite sure that Mr Dalton would not like any one except himself to sign documents of so much importance.'

'Confound it all, Hamber! are you left in charge of this place or am I?'

'Well, sir, you are, of course, and Mr Wynyan,' said the old man apologetically.

Brant said something under his breath respecting his colleague, and something above it respecting Hamber.

'You are a finicking old muddler, Hamber. Go and fetch the papers, and I'll sign them.'

The old clerk shrugged his shoulders, went out, and returned with the documents; upon which Brant dashed off his signature in three places.

'There: the same name.—Now, be off, and see that I am not disturbed again. I have some very important letters to write. You understand?'

'Yes, sir.'

'Not to be disturbed until I ring.'

The old clerk bowed and went out; and as soon as he had closed the second door, Brant rose and set free a catch which secured him from interruption save by any one possessing the little Bramah latchkey.

'This will not do; this will not do,' muttered the old man, returning to his table, and shaking his head over the signatures. 'I dare not send them away. Trouble must come of it when Mr Dalton knows. I cannot send them away.'

He refolded the papers, and placed them in a drawer, to wait until Wynyan's return, that gentleman having gone on to the works over in Lambeth to inspect a model being made in accordance with his instructions.

Then the old clerk glanced at the baize door, and sniffed once more, fancying that a great odour of tobacco smoke was stealing out through the cracks at the side.

'So very unprofessional,' he said sadly. 'I wonder what he is doing? Business letters, I suppose. Signing these papers, too, as if he were already head of the business. Heaven forbid that he should be, for I could never stay.—Poor Mr Dalton!' he sighed, raising his hand to his eyes, and letting his elbow rest upon the table. 'I could never stay here if he were gone.'

There was a quick movement about him; but the old man heard nothing, for his thoughts were down at Brighton with his old employer, whom he venerated, and looked upon as the greatest man that ever lived.

There were a few eager ejaculations; but old Hamber did not stir till a hand was laid upon his shoulder.

'Asleep, Hamber?'

The old clerk started back in his chair, gazing wildly at the speaker's face. Then he snatched at the extended hand, which he caught in both of his, and muttered: 'Thank God!'

'Back, you see, and better,' said Dalton, smiling sadly down at his old servant. 'Where is Mr Wynyan?'

'Over at the works, sir.'

'That's right. And Mr Brant?'

'In your room, sir.'

Dalton nodded, went over to the baize door, and, quite from force of habit, took out his little latchkey, opened it, and passed in, letting it fall to behind him after fastening the catch.

The next moment he turned the handle of the inner door, pressed it open, and was about to pass in, but stopped short, nailed to the spot by what he saw. He had entered silently; and

\* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

Brant, who was seated with his back to him, was too intent upon his task to notice the entrance.

One glance was sufficient to show what that task was; for, as Dalton stopped short, with his heart beginning to beat heavily, Brant raised and slightly altered the position of a broad drawing-board, pinned down upon which was a careful tracing of the drawings of the great motor, beside which, in the full light of the window, the young man was holding the original, and comparing it bit by bit, to make sure that every part was a perfect rendering. Suddenly he stopped, and, taking a pen from his lips, he touched up and made clearer a letter or two; and all the time, with his face white from suppressed passion, and one hand resting upon his breast, Dalton stood motionless, seeing the carefully hoarded and worked-out treasure, the building up of two toiling brains, filched away beneath his eyes.

For a few moments a mist rose between them, but it passed away, and there were the drawings with all the foldings standing out clear and bright beside the tracing, the vile forgery and theft prepared by one whom he had been trying so hard to trust and start afresh in his career.

It seemed maddening, and the old man tried hard to persuade himself that he was wrong—that it was some illusion—that anxiety about the invention had affected his brain, and was playing some fantastic trick conjuring up a scene which would directly fade away. But he knew that it was all true, as he stood frowning there, waiting, so that he might have the fullest assurance of his nephew's guilt before he spoke.

And still Brant worked on for some minutes hurriedly but carefully, with an intentness his uncle had never seen before. But there was no doubt why this was done. It all flashed through the old engineer's brain at the first moment. Such things had been done before; he had found out that a young clerk had been bribed into copying some plans—a trivial matter that. This was his *magnum opus*, Wynyan's invention more than his own, and the hot wrath came bubbling up in his veins, making him clench his fist as if to strike.

While there, in the bright sunshine, a flower in his button-hole, and dressed in the height of fashion, the culprit worked on, till, apparently satisfied with the result of his careful comparison, he let the original fall back over the table, took up a penknife, and carefully raised the flat-headed drawing-pins one by one, till the delicate tracing linen was free from the board, and he rose up straight, and half-turned with a smile of triumph upon his face.

The next moment his jaw dropped; he looked ten years older; and had Dalton wanted further proof of his nephew's guilt, there it was in his hurried act. For, starting back as he met his uncle's eye, he began, with trembling hands, to rapidly fold the tracing, the unstretched linen falling rapidly back in the creases made doubtless time after time, while, battling with his emotions, Dalton stood there speechless, knowing that he must control himself for his own sake.

After a terrible silence, broken only by the sound of the traffic without, the words came in a strained, unnatural tone.

'Will you explain, sir, why you have copied these drawings?'

'Well, uncle, I—er—I thought it would give me a better insight into the contrivance, so that I might hold my own over it, and be of some assistance,' stammered Brant.

'Liar!' cried Dalton in a loud, angry whisper, which sounded terrible from the suppressed wrath.

'Uncle!'

'I said liar, sir. Contemptible, mean scoundrel and liar! Why, you haven't the decent spirit in you of an ordinary rascal, or, when found out, you would have been defiant.'

'You don't know what you are saying, sir,' said Brant. 'Really, I'—

'I do know, boy. Your miserable white face and shrinking eyes were quite enough to show me the truth—that I have a wretched scoundrel and traitor in the camp. You are stealing those secrets to try and make money of them. Robbing your benefactor, and the man who has had the largest share in their invention.'

'I will not stay here and be talked to like this,' said Brant notly.

'Move a step from where you are standing till you have heard all I have to say, and though you are my nephew, I'll ring for the police and charge you as a thief,' whispered Dalton.

Brant looked at him wildly, and stood with one hand resting upon the table, trembling like a leaf.

'Yes,' continued the old man, speaking in the same low husky whisper, 'you are a coward and a thief, a robber of your benefactor. For who were you, sir, save my brother's child, that I should have burdened myself with you, and given you a handsome income for your uselessness?'

'Oh, this is too much,' cried Brant, with an effort to make a show of indignation.

'Not half what you deserve, sir; and you shall now have the hardest lashes my tongue can give. Perhaps you will not feel them now; but some day they will come home, for you cannot be all bad: you must have some heart.'

'Oh, I have heart enough, if I'm treated properly,' said Brant in a bullying tone.

'I have not found it so, boy: but listen. Stricken down as I was by illness, I did feel something of reproach, and was ready to excuse you on account of your disappointment about *Rénée*, and in seeing a far more able man gradually succeeding to the position you ought to have occupied.'

'Yes: the position I ought to have occupied,' said Brant.

'Feeling this, and that I might have been a little too stern to my brother's son, I said to myself that I would look over the past, and try again with you.'

'In what way?' said Brant sneeringly, for he saw that the passion shown was giving place to sorrow.

'I showed you, sir. When I left, I placed you partly in charge of this great business.

Then, feeling that my time could not be long here, I began one of a series of settlements I meant to make, and I said the first should be with regard to you, the greatest sinner against me that I have had.'

Brant turned livid now as the old man went on.

'I said to myself: he is of my own blood, and the past shall be wiped out. He shall begin again.'

'I want to begin again, uncle,' faltered Brant.

'As a thief,' said the old man contemptuously, 'when I find you robbing me.'

'No, uncle; you take too hard a view of what I am doing. Really, I told you the truth.'

'I take the true view, sir,' said the old man. 'Listen. I came up here this morning feeling better, and determined to have it out with you. "He can't begin a fresh life," I said, "with a load of debt upon his back. He shall tell me frankly every penny he owes, and if it's ten thousand pounds, I'll pay all, and he shall start with a clean slate." Now I came here open-handed, ready to take yours, and I find that you are as vile a scoundrel as ever breathed.'

'But, uncle, you will not hear me; I'—

'No; I will not hear you,' cried the old man fiercely, and snatching up the plans lying upon the table, he quickly folded them together. 'Now, give me that copy—that vile forgery you have made.'

'What copy?' said Brant surlily.

'That which I saw you button up in your pocket.'

'You are all wrong, sir.'

'I am right, boy. I stood watching you for minutes before you guiltily felt my presence. Give me that copy, I say.'

'I have no copy. If I had, it's mine.'

'Am I to drag it from you, then?' cried Dalton, in a fierce low voice. 'Give it to me, dog, before I call in help, and expose your shame to the clerks in the office.'

'I have no copy,' said Brant huskily. 'What are you talking about? It was your fancy.'

The words had hardly left his lips before Dalton seized him by the breast, and made an attempt to drag open the coat which covered the tracings. But he had over-rated his strength.

With one wrench Brant swung him round, and thrust him backward helpless into a chair, rushed to the door, turned and saw the old man lying back helpless, and staring wildly at him.

Then, opening the doors quickly, he passed out through both, closed them, and assumed a nonchalant air. Expecting moment by moment to hear his uncle's voice, he went deliberately to his own room, took his hat and went out, passing Wynyan in the hall, and giving him a furious look.

The next minute he had sprung into a cab, and given the man the order to drive to St James's Square, sitting back the while with one hand thrust into his breast grasping the drawings, to gain which he had sacrificed everything, determined now to go on to the

bitter end and drive the nefarious bargain home.

'It was his own fault,' he kept on saying to himself—'his own fault. I wanted to be square. I showed it again and again. His own fault. If he had only spoken sooner he might have saved it. Now, it is too late.'

## UNITED STATES NORTH ATLANTIC PILOT CHART.

NAVIGATORS of the wide world's merchant navies are deeply grateful to the United States Hydrographic Office at Washington for the valuable information with respect to maritime matters that is issued at regular intervals by that busy branch of the American Bureau of Navigation for the purpose of insuring the greatest possible safety to life and property on the waste of waters. A shipmaster who ventured to rely solely upon his own experience, albeit of a lifetime, would often be found wanting. No matter how carefully a hydrographical survey is made, the officers occupied in this work will scarcely claim that the resulting chart is likely to hold good for all time. Rocks have a nasty knack of cropping up just where least expected; coral reefs are continually in course of formation in certain parts of old Ocean; and finality is denied to the indispensable work of nautical surveyors. Winds and sea surface-currents are perchance scarcely so important, in this age of steam and the screw propeller, as they were half a century earlier. Nevertheless, it would be wrong to assume that winds and currents are utterly ignored by navigators of steamships. Derelict ships, icebergs, and other drifting dangers, are a menace to safe navigation, and seafarers naturally yearn to possess the latest reliable reports relative thereto.

The British Hydrographic Office, having at disposal several specially fitted-out surveying ships, and a technical staff at the Admiralty second to none, is easily first in the production of navigating charts, enabling mariners to keep clear of 'merchant-marring rocks,' sandbanks, and similar dangers, existing around every coast, and also in deeper water. In marine meteorology, however, the United States has always been in the van. Prior to the advent of the illustrious Maury, very little was known as to the particular parts of the several oceans where navigators might expect the most favourable winds and following currents. Vague ideas prevailed until Maury was appointed Superintendent of the United States Naval Depot and Observatory in 1844, and evolved order out of chaos. That renowned American seaman devoted every energy to determining the shortest possible routes for sailing-ships. He coaxed navigators to co-operate with him by recording atmospheric phenomena and items of natural history in logbooks, and forwarding the observations to Washington. Assisted by a competent staff of United States Navy officers, Maury drew up charts showing at a glance the boundaries and characteristics of ocean winds and currents; the best tracks for sailing-vessels; the limits of fog, field-ice, icebergs, rain, and whale-

food; together with other data of interest to merchants and navigators. Neither before nor since has anything so valuable in marine meteorology been made public. Passages have never been shortened to such an extent, consequent on the marshalling of facts obtained from ships' logbooks. Redfield and Piddington achieved much in clearing up the haze that obscured the Law of Storms; but Maury surpassed all other workers in the wide domain of marine meteorology. His daughter, Mrs Corbyn, in a biography of her father, written with filial affection in 1888, has indicated wherein his scientific strength lay. He always endeavoured 'to keep the mind unbiased by theories and speculations; never to have any wish that an investigation should result in favour of this view in preference to that; and never to attempt by premature speculation to anticipate the results of investigations, but always to trust to the investigations themselves.' So highly was his work esteemed, both by merchants and scientists, that the commercial community of New York presented him with five thousand dollars in gold and a handsome service of silver; while the various learned Societies scattered over Europe and America vied with each other in making him an honorary member.

His mantle fell upon worthy shoulders, and his successors have always acted up to the best traditions of the nautical profession. In December 1883 the United States Hydrographic Office commenced the issue of a monthly guide for navigators—the Pilot Chart of the North Atlantic Ocean—which is now eagerly sought after and consulted continually by mariners under every flag. Its practical utility has been proved up to the hilt, and each month's issue is an improvement upon its predecessor. Captain H. Parsell, R.N.R., of the ocean greyhound *Majestic*, giving evidence before the Committee on Floating Derelicts, said with respect to the American Pilot Chart: 'I always have that chart before me when returning and sailing over the ocean. I take that chart, and I consider that it is a very great guide, and an exceedingly great advantage to me. It tells me the limits of fog reported, every derelict on the ocean, and almost every iceberg seen.' This opinion, from one of the most experienced commanders in the Atlantic trade, is fully borne out by many other navigators. No higher testimony is necessary. Reports of marine meteorology are regularly received at the Washington Hydrographic Office from voluntary observers in war-ships and carrying-craft of all nationalities; from keepers of life-saving stations along the American coast from Labrador to Mexico; and from various other sources. The actual number of observers afloat is now about three thousand; and on shore there are over three hundred. The information thus obtained is placed in geographical position on daily synoptic charts, and no fewer than five hundred reports relative to the North Atlantic are received every day. Ships under the British flag earnestly co-operate with the Washington authorities in this good work. At Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Norfolk, Savannah, New Orleans, San Francisco, Portland, Port Townsend, Chicago, and Cleveland, there are branch hydro-

graphic offices presided over by officers of the United States Navy, in close touch not only with seafarers, but also with the central office at Washington. Those on the Great Lakes have only just been opened; and the public spirit of the citizens of Chicago and Cleveland is worthy of mention in this connection. The Masonic Temple Association of Chicago granted the branch office of that city free quarters, the annual rental of which would have been three hundred and sixty pounds, and also erected on the building a time-ball costing two hundred and eighty pounds. In return for this valuable concession, the Association merely required that the time-ball should be operated by the branch officials. Cleveland has acted similarly.

During the financial year ended June 30, 1894, nearly seven thousand five hundred vessels in the several ports above mentioned were visited by the staff; twenty-five thousand Pilot Charts and two thousand seven hundred Supplements thereto were freely distributed. Shipmasters visiting the above-mentioned American ports are always gladly welcomed at the branch offices, and ungrudgingly furnished with every necessary item of nautical information. The United States Hydrographic Office is, as it were, the Intelligence Department of the world's mercantile marine; and masters of our largest liners, of the less palatial, but equally necessary cargo-boats, and of sailing-ships, seldom omit a visit to the branch office, taking with them the observations recorded during the passage. This facility for obtaining information is becoming every day more precious to those that go down to the sea in ships. Not infrequently a five-thousand-ton steamer reaches port with a full cargo, discharges, reloads, and sails again within three days! Hence the necessity for a ready reference such as is afforded by the United States Pilot Charts, Hydrographical Bulletins, or a visit to a branch office. Shipmasters, either directly, or assisted by their officers, carefully record, on forms furnished for that purpose, information relative to trade-winds, ice, fogs, wrecks, drifting buoys, storms, whales, barometric pressure, temperature of air and sea, the use of oil as a sea-smoother, waterspouts, ocean currents, routes of sailing-ships and steamers, deep-sea soundings, auroras, thunder-storms, electric phenomena, and general items of ocean weather. These filled-up forms are either handed in at one of the branch hydrographic offices, or forwarded by post to the Hydrographer at Washington. In either case, they are courteously acknowledged to the senders, and the data immediately placed in geographical position on the daily synoptic charts from which the monthly Pilot Charts are prepared.

For convenience of reference, the Pilot Charts are printed in three colours. The black framework is merely a Mercator chart, by seamen preferred to all others for navigating purposes; the blue data comprise weather forecasts and routes for the ensuing month, compiled from the accumulated experience of many masters in previous years; and the red text, placed on the chart only one day prior to publication, is a concise yet clear review of the previous month's weather, storm-tracks, fog limits, ice, derelict ships, wreckage, and similar data. In the space



over the land of the four continents there is also general information of exceptional interest to seafarers. Quite recently, the United States Hydrographic Office has commenced the issue of similar charts for the North Pacific and the Great Lakes. They bid fair to attain equal popularity.

Derelict ships (see *Chambers's Journal*, January 20, 1894) are a source of danger to passing vessels; and perhaps some of the missing steamers of late years have met their fate by collision with an abandoned ship. The United States Hydrographic Office has neither forgotten nor ignored this fact. Without undue prominence, tracks of drifting derelicts are graphically represented on the Pilot Chart for each month so long as these menaces to safe navigation cumber the surface of the ocean. Some of these derelicts have drifted right across the Atlantic Ocean; some have wandered aimlessly about in mid-Atlantic for many months, until wind and sea have given the shattered hulls into their constituent parts. An American schooner, the *Fannie E. Wolston*, has probably the record drift in point of time. She was abandoned off the coast of Virginia in October 1891, moved eastward till the fortieth meridian was reached, remained almost stationary for several months, then drifted westward, got into the Gulf Stream again, and was last seen in October 1894 only about two hundred miles from the position where she had been left lonely just three years previously! Two American timber-laden schooners, the *Twenty-one Friends* and the *W. L. White*, drifted from America to Europe after abandonment. This class of vessels are frequently dangerously undermanned, cannot reduce sail sufficiently sharp in a sudden squall, become dismasted, and are left in a water-logged condition at the first favourable opportunity. A petition signed by about eleven hundred British shipmasters who had commanded vessels in the North Atlantic trade up to date, called for international co-operation in the destruction of derelict dangers. A joint Departmental Committee which sat to consider the matter has reported adversely on grounds which seamen cannot regard as serious, and in opposition to the recommendation of the International Marine Conference of 1888-89. Mr T. H. Ismay, managing owner of the far-famed White Star steamers, in the course of his valuable evidence before the Committee said that his commanders regarded derelict ships as dangerous; that his company has cabled from America any information of this nature reported subsequent to the issue of the latest Pilot Chart, which is regularly supplied to shipmasters by the United States Hydrographic Office; and that his company would willingly contribute towards any expense incurred by sending out war-ships in quest of derelicts. To Mr Ismay is due the first suggestion that steamships should keep along specified routes while crossing the North Atlantic which are used to-day, thanks to the advocacy of the Pilot Chart. The adoption of his propositions with respect to derelicts would probably still further enhance the safety of the travelling public and seafarers generally.

Icebergs and field-ice are more likely to be

met with in the North Atlantic from February to August, although in some years straggling bergs are seen throughout the twelve months. The probable limits of this danger are carefully indicated on each month's Pilot Chart. Field-ice is formed on the sea-surface in winter; icebergs are detached pieces of Greenland glaciers drifted south by the Labrador current. It is supposed by some that the proximity of ice may readily be determined, even in foggy weather, by a fall in the sea-surface temperature. Nothing can be further from the truth. Many instances are on record of ships close to icebergs, in clear weather, finding the sea-temperature precisely the same as for many a league on each side thereof. Under similar atmospheric conditions a rapid fall of twenty degrees Fahrenheit in a few minutes has been experienced without an iceberg showing above the horizon. Captain S. T. S. Lecky, R.N.R., first brought this fact prominently before the nautical public in his practical work entitled *Wrinkles in Practical Navigation*.

The longest way round is often the shortest way to a vessel's destination. Sailing-ship routes on the Pilot Charts clearly show, for example, how unadvisable it would be for a navigator, bound to England from the equator, to make direct for his destined haven. In mid-Atlantic there is a region of high barometric pressure, around which the winds circulate in the same way as the hands of a watch. Hence, on the eastern side, where northerly winds prevail, the outward-bound sailing-ship has a fair wind. On the western side of the North Atlantic, however, where southerly winds are probable, the vessels bound to Europe are favourably situated. It is for this reason that the outward-bound vessels make a fairly direct track; while those homeward-bound are compelled to make a wide sweep to the westward out of the straight line. Again, old sailing-ships in ballast, bound to Canada for a cargo of timber, will actually sail right round this central Atlantic area of high barometric pressure, rather than contend against the persistent westerly winds of higher latitudes. Maury first drew attention to the desirability of adopting this longer route, in order to obtain a quicker passage. Ships of this description bound westward steer south-west from the English Channel, as though bound across the equator, until the twentieth parallel of north latitude is reached; then steer due west before the easterly winds of that region, gradually turn to the northward as the American coast is approached, and thus have a quicker and finer passage than would be possible along the fiftieth parallel.

A glance at the storm-tracks shown on the Pilot Charts affords every evidence that weather forecasters on this side of the North Atlantic are at a decided disadvantage should they rely solely upon the indications of their own barometers. As a general rule, to which there are most curious exceptions, cyclonic storms of that ocean which divides, yet unites, the continents of Europe and North America, either have their origin in the West Indies, proceed westward, then follow the trend of the coast to Newfoundland, and thence onward to the north of Scotland; or move seaward from America towards

Newfoundland, and thence travel eastward. Instances are not wanting of storms from the two sources coalescing near Newfoundland; and again single storms have split up into two or more during the passage across. Hence it is matter for congratulation that shipmasters remote from telegraphic communication so seldom suffer severely from mistakes in predictions. The thickness of the storm-tracks shown on the Pilot Chart varies directly as the intensity of the cyclones.

Fog is a serious source of anxiety to the masters of steamships along the much-frequented North Atlantic routes. Sleep is then a luxury to them, inasmuch as they are always well in evidence on the bridge until the fog has either cleared off or been left astern. And yet Captain Parsell, after the experience of half a century, agrees substantially with Mark Twain that life is safer on board a large liner than on shore! Occasionally, the continuous exposure in foggy weather proves too much for the anxious watchers on the bridge, and the master of the *America*, Captain Grace, after nobly fulfilling his duty in this way, crept below to die. Safety is all important, but passages must be made.

Ocean meteorology does not lend itself readily to exact mathematical treatment. The observations are scattered over large areas most irregularly, and not infrequently several years elapse between the passage of one ship and the next over the same geographical position. The proper appreciation of this fact has raised Maury to the highest pinnacle of fame, and rendered the United States Pilot Chart the best friend of navigators crossing the North Atlantic. Of all the nations, America is *facile princeps* in methods of keeping mariners promptly acquainted with every aid or difficulty along their routes in the North Atlantic or the North Pacific.

### THE CAPTAIN MORATTI'S LAST AFFAIR.

#### CHAPTER II.—AT 'THE DEVIL ON TWO STICKS.'

It was mid-day, and the Captain Guido Moratti was at home in his lodging in 'The Devil on Two Sticks.' Not an attractive address; but then this particular hostel was not frequented by persons who were squeamish about names, or—any other thing. The house itself lay in the Santo Spirito ward of Florence, filling up the end of a *chiassolino* or blind alley in a back street behind the church of Santa Felicita, and was well known to all who had 'business' to transact. It had also drawn towards it the attention of the *Magnifici Signori*, and the long arm of the law would have reached it ere this but for the remark made by the Secretary Machiavelli, 'One does not purify a city by stopping the sewers,' he said; and added with a grim sarcasm, 'and any one of us might have an urgent affair to-morrow, and need an agent—let the devil rest on his two sticks.' And it was so.

Occasionally, the talons of Messer the Gonfaloniere would close on some unfortunate gentleman who had at the time no 'friends,' and then

he was never seen again. But arrests were never made in the house, and it was consequently looked upon as a secure place by its customers. The room occupied by Moratti was on the second floor, and was lighted by a small window which faced a high dead wall, affording no view beyond that of the blackened stonework. The captain, being a single man, could afford to live at his ease, and though it was mid-day, and past the dinner hour, had only just risen, and was fortifying himself with a measure of Chianti. He was seated in a solid-looking chair, his goblet in his hand, and his long legs clothed in black and white trunks, the Siena colours, resting on the table. The upper part of his dress consisted of a closely fitting pied surcoat, of the same hues as his trunks; and round his waist he wore a webbed chain belt, to which was attached a plain but useful-looking poniard. The black hair on his head was allowed to grow long, and fell in natural curls to his broad shoulders. He had no beard; but under the severe arch of his nose was a pair of long dark moustaches that completely hid the mouth, and these he wore in a twist that almost reached his ears. On the table where his feet rested was his cap, from which a frayed feather stuck out stiffly; likewise his cloak, and a very long sword in a velvet and wood scabbard. The other articles on the table were a half-empty flask of wine, a few dice, a pack of cards, a mask, a wisp of lace, and a broken fan. The walls were bare of all ornament, except over the entrance door, whence a crucified Christ looked down in his agony over the musty room. A spare chair or two, a couple of valises and a saddle, together with a bed, hidden behind some old and shabby curtains, completed the furniture of the chamber; but such as it was, it was better accommodation than the captain had enjoyed for many a day. For be it known that 'The Devil on Two Sticks' was meant for the aristocrats of the 'profession.' The charges were accordingly high, and there was no credit allowed. No! No! The *padrone* knew better than to trust his longest-sworded clients for even so small a matter as a brown *paolo*. But at present Moratti was in funds, for thirty broad crowns in one's pocket, and a horse worth full thirty more, went a long way in those days, and besides, he had not a little luck at the cards last night. He thrust a sinewy hand into his pocket, and jingled the coins there with a comfortable sense of proprietorship, and for the moment his face was actually pleasant to look upon. The face was an eminently handsome one. It was difficult to conceive that those clear, bold features were those of a thief. They were rather those of a soldier, brave, resolute, and hasty perhaps, though hardened, and marked by success. There was that in them which seemed to mark a past very different from the present. And it had been so. But that story is a secret, and we must take the captain as we find him, nothing more or less than a bravo. Let it be remembered, however, that this hideous profession, although looked upon with fear by all, was not in those days deemed so dishonourable as to utterly cast a man out of the pale of his fellows. Triches, the bravo of Alexander VI.,

was very nearly made a cardinal; Don Michele, the strangler of Cesare Borgia, became commander-in-chief of the Florentine army, and had the honour of a conspiracy being formed against him—he was killed whilst leaving the house of Chaumont. Finally, there was that romantic scoundrel 'Il Medighino,' who advanced from valet to bravo, from bravo to be a pirate chief and the brother of a pontiff, ending his days as Marquis of Marignano and Viceroy of Bohemia. So that, roundly speaking, if the profession of the dagger did lead to the galleys or the scaffold, it as often led to wealth, and sometimes, as in the case of Giangiacomo Medici, to a coronet. Perhaps some such thoughts as these flitted in the captain's mind as he jingled his crowns and slowly sipped his wine. His fellow-men had made him a wolf, and wolf he was now to the end of his spurs, as pitiless to his victims as they had been to him. He was no longer young; but a man between two ages, with all the strength and vitality of youth and the experience of five-and-thirty, so that with a stroke of luck he might any day do what the son of Bernardino had done. He had failed in everything up to now, although he had had his chances. His long sword had helped to stir the times when the Duke of Bari upset all Italy, and the people used to sing—

Cristo in cielo é il Moro in terra,  
Solo sa il fine di questa guerra.

He had fought at Fornovo and at Mertara; and in the breach at Santa Croce had even crossed swords with the Count di Savelli, the most redoubted knight, with the exception of Bayard, of the age. He had been run through the ribs for his temerity; but it was an honour he never forgot. Then other things had happened, and he had sunk, sunk to be what he was, as many a better man had done before him. A knock at the door disturbed his meditations. He set down his empty glass and called out, 'Enter!'

The door opened, and the Cavaliere Michele di Lippo entered the room. Moratti showed no surprise, although the visit was a little unexpected; but beyond pointing to a chair, gave Di Lippo no other greeting, saying simply: 'Take a seat, signore—and shut the door behind you. I did not expect you until to-morrow.'

'True, captain; but you see I was impatient. I got your letter yesterday, and the matter being pressing, came here at once.'

'Well—what is the business?'

The cavaliere's steel-gray eyes contracted like those of a cat when a sudden light is cast upon them, and he glanced cautiously around him. 'This place is safe—no eavesdroppers?' he asked.

'None,' answered Moratti; and slowly putting his feet down from the table, pushed the wine towards Di Lippo. 'Help yourself, signore.—No! Well, as you wish. And now, your business?'

There was a silence in the room, and each man watched the other narrowly. Moratti looked at the cavaliere's long hatchet face, at the cruel close-set eyes, at the thin red hair showing under his velvet cap, and at the straight set of the mouth, partly hidden by a

moustache, and short-peaked beard of a slightly darker red than the hair on Di Lippo's head. Michele di Lippo, in his turn, keenly scanned the seamed and haughty features of the bravo, and each man recognised in the other the qualities he respected, if such a word may be used. At last the cavaliere spoke: 'As I mentioned, captain, my business is one of the highest importance, and'—

'You are prepared to pay in proportion—eh?' and Moratti twirled his moustache between his fingers.

'Exactly. I have made you my offer.'

'But have not told me what you want done.'

'I am coming to that. Permit me; I think I will change my mind;' and as Moratti nodded assent, Di Lippo poured himself out a glass of wine and drained it slowly. When he had done this, he set the glass down with extreme care, and continued: 'I am, as you are, captain, no longer a young man, and it is inconvenient to have to wait for an inheritance'—and he grinned horribly.

'I see, cavaliere—you want me to anticipate matters a little.—Well, I am willing to help you if I can.'

'It is a hundred crowns, captain, and the case lies thus. There is but one life between me and the County of Pieve in the Val di Magra, and you know how uncertain life is.'

He paused; but as Guido Moratti said nothing, continued with his even voice: 'Should the old Count of Pieve die—and he is on the edge of the grave—the estate will pass to his daughter. In the event of *her* death'—

'*Whew!*' Moratti emitted a low whistle, and sat bolt upright. 'So it is the lady,' he cried. 'That is not my line, cavaliere. It is more a matter of the poison-cup, and I don't deal in such things. Carry your offer elsewhere.'

'It will be a new experience, captain—and a hundred crowns.'

'Blood of a king, man! do you think I hesitate over a paltry hundred crowns? Had it been a man, it would have been different—but a woman! No! No! It is not my way;' and he rose and paced the room.

'Tush, man! It is but a touch of your dagger, and you have done much the same before.'

Moratti faced Di Lippo. 'As you say, I have executed commissions before, but never on a woman, and never on a man without giving him a chance.'

'You are too tender-hearted for your profession, captain. Have you never been wronged by a woman? They can be more pitiless than men, I assure you.'

The bronze on Moratti's cheek paled to ashes, and his face hardened with a sudden memory. He turned his back upon Di Lippo, and stared out of the window at the dead wall which was the only view. It was a chance shot, but it had told. The cavaliere rose slowly and flung a purse on the table. 'Better give him the whole at once,' he muttered. 'Come, captain,' he added, raising his voice. 'It will be over in a moment; and after all, neither you nor I will ever see heaven. We might as well burn for something; and if I mistake not,

both you and I are like those Eastern tigers who once having tasted blood, must go on for ever—see!’ and he laid his lean hand on the bravo’s shoulder, ‘why not revenge on the whole sex the wrong done you by one’—

The captain swung round suddenly and shook off Di Lippo’s hand. ‘Don’t touch me,’ he cried; ‘at times like this I am dangerous. What demon put into your mouth the words you have just used? They have served your purpose—and she shall die. Count me out the money, the full hundred—and go.’

‘It is there;’ and Di Lippo pointed with his finger to the purse. ‘You will find the tale complete—a hundred crowns—count them at your leisure. Addio! captain. I shall hear good news soon, I trust.’ Rubbing the palms of his hands together, he stepped softly from the room.

Guido Moratti did not hear or answer him. His mind had gone back with a rush for ten years, when the work of a woman had made him sink lower than a beast. Such things happen to men sometimes. He had sunk like a stone thrown into a lake; he had been destroyed utterly, and it was sufficient to say that he lived now to prey on his fellow-creatures. But he had never thought of the revenge that Di Lippo had suggested. Now that he did think of it, he remembered a story told in the old days round the camp fires, when they were hanging on the rear of Charles’s retreating army, just before he turned and rent the League at Fornovo. Rodrigo Gonzaga, the Spaniard, had told it of a countryman of his, a native of Toledo, who for a wrong done to him by a girl had devoted himself to the doing to death of women. It was horrible; and at the time he had refused to believe it. Now he was face to face with the same horror—nay, he had even embraced it. He had lost his soul; but the price of it was not yet paid in revenge or gold, and by heaven! he would have it. He laughed out as loudly and cheerfully as on that winter’s night when he rode off through the snow; and laying hands on the purse, tore it open, and the contents rolled out upon the table. ‘The price of my soul!’ he sneered as he held up a handful of the coins and let them drop again with a clash on the heap on the table. ‘It is more than Judas got for his—ha! ha!’

## BANKING IN IRELAND.

### REMINISCENCES OF AN IRISH BANK OFFICIAL.

IRELAND has good reason to be proud of her banks, and their system of banking is perhaps as perfect as any that can be devised. The small local banks and private banking firms which are so numerous in England do not exist in the Emerald Isle, and their absence gives an air of stability to Irish banking which it might not otherwise possess. Instead, Ireland has nine great banks, and these have so spread a network of branches over the country, that every little town and village is provided with banking accommodation. That these banks do a lucrative business may be judged from the

fact that, with one exception, they pay their shareholders dividends of from eight and a half to twenty per cent. Considering the very unfavourable conditions under which banking has of late years been carried on, results like these, it must be admitted, are very remarkable. Of course the rates charged are higher than in England, but then a large proportion of the business done in Ireland, especially in remote agricultural districts, is of a small and troublesome description, which most English banks would not accept. In the south and west, where farms are, generally speaking, very small, and the tenants consequently needy, the banks have to advance an immense amount of money in exceedingly small sums. These advances are made on bills signed by the borrower and some of his neighbours who go security for him, and the sums so lent range from five to ten pounds. I have frequently seen as many as seven and eight names on a bill of this kind, which fact speaks volumes for the financial position of the men accommodated. The banks accept payment by easy instalments; and he is considered a good man who can reduce his bill by ten shillings each quarter. In this way the bills are gradually reduced to very small sums—sometimes to one pound—before they are finally cleared off. Needless to say, Bank of England rates would not pay a bank for the time—to say nothing of the trouble—lost over business of this kind. Still the rate charged—about ten per cent.—is, all things considered, very moderate, and is cheerfully paid for the accommodation.

Then, again, current accounts are opened for small shopkeepers and tradesmen, the creditor balances of which never reach twenty pounds, or sometimes even ten pounds. In England, a bank would charge for keeping such accounts; but in Ireland we are too poor ‘to ride the high-horse,’ and have to be satisfied when these customers restrain a propensity to overdraw, which they invariably develop as soon as a cheque-book is placed in their hands.

I was once sent temporarily—about twenty years ago—to a small town near the south-west coast, and found that several persons who could neither read nor write had current accounts in the bank there. When these people wanted to remit money, they brought a blank cheque to the bank, which was filled up by one of the officials, and the illiterate drawer’s mark duly witnessed. In one of these cases there was a considerable complication, for the illiterate proprietor of a cheque-book did not understand a word of English. Fortunately, the manager spoke a little Irish, and was generally able to understand him, though it sometimes happened that after half an hour had been lost in trying to learn the old countryman’s wishes, he had to be marched off to fetch an interpreter. Most of the people there spoke Irish—though they understood English also—and bank officials often find a little knowledge of it extremely useful. A brother-cashier told me he once recovered five pounds by hearing a countryman to whom he had overpaid that amount stating so in Irish to a friend, the countryman never imagining the cashier was so accomplished a linguist.

Ancient coins and other souvenirs of the past are constantly finding their way into banks. I

have seen a handful of gold pieces belonging to the fifteenth century which were dug out under the ruins of an old church. But the most curious thing I ever saw presented at a bank was handed to me about this time. One day, a beggar put something wrapped up in brown paper on the counter before me, and asked if it was worth anything. I opened the parcel, and found it contained a peculiarly shaped piece of old metal, terribly eaten away by rust. I asked the man where he found it, and what he meant by thinking it was of value, and he replied that he picked it up on the sea-shore. He proceeded to scrape off some of the rust, and pointed to a thin plate of gold beneath. I requested him to leave it with me for a few days; and that evening, with the aid of some acids, I cleaned it up so as to be able to perceive that it was a sword-hilt of apparently very ancient make. There was an inscription on the gold, but with the exception of the word 'Dios,' it was illegible. I sent the hilt to the Museum, and received a reply informing me that it was probably a relic of the Spanish Armada, which had at last been washed ashore after having been for centuries at the bottom of the sea. The authorities enclosed two pounds for the poor finder, who, needless to say, was delighted to receive them.

Tellers frequently receive back money which they had overpaid. Sometimes this is returned anonymously, and sometimes it is handed back by Catholic clergymen who learn about it in the confessional. Once, after I had been some years stationed in a large country town in the south, a letter was received at the bank one morning addressed as follows: 'To the man with the money in the — Bank.' The manager thought that this was meant for me. Inside the envelope was a pound note, on the back of which was scrawled, 'Patrick's Day three years.' This was intelligible enough. I turned up my 'Balance Book' of the 17th March three years before, and found that I had been short one pound on that day.

The Irish peasant is, as a rule, honest in his dealings with the bank. Of course he is no better than any one else in this respect: he will take all the money the bank is willing to lend him, without considering whether he is ever likely to be able to return it. Further, if hard pressed, he will resort to every means in his power to defeat the bank's process. But all this is, in his opinion, fair and above-board. He has also a disposition to keep anything he is overpaid, and to look on it as a sort of godsend, which it would be unlucky to return. With these exceptions, however, he is fairly straight; and during an experience of twenty-three years, I have met with but one case of downright roguery. This happened on a busy fair day, when I had a large crowd before me waiting to be paid. I was cashing a cheque for a respectable cattle-dealer, and while he was counting the money, I had turned to attend to somebody else, when I heard him say, 'I think this is a pound short, sir.' 'Perhaps so,' I said; 'let me see.' I took the notes, counted them, found it was as he had stated, and handed him another pound. Some fifteen minutes afterwards, a man to whom I had just

given some five-pound notes, called out, 'This is five pounds short.' I knew this could not be, for the first mistake had made me particularly careful. I told the man to count his money again. He did, and then threw the notes back to me, saying he would like to see me make them more. I reckoned them: they were certainly five pounds short, yet I felt as positive as I had ever felt about anything that the money was correct when I gave it to him.

I deliberated for an instant what I should do. No use to tell him to come back in the evening after I had balanced my cash, for I suspected he had the money, and I knew that if he once left the office I would never see it again. I recollected now having seen him near the counter when I was paying the cattle-dealer the pound his money was short, and felt convinced that I had a rogue to deal with. Accordingly, I passed round to the public part of the office, and examined the floor under the counter; but the note was not there. There was a big crowd looking on, and the fellow pretended to be very indignant at being doubted. I asked him if he had any objection to turn his pockets inside out, and he immediately emptied their contents on the counter. He also opened his waistcoat, permitted me to examine his sleeves, and expressed his willingness to undress himself altogether if I wished. I was fairly puzzled, and was about to give it up, when it occurred to me to look under his boots. When I asked him to move his feet, however, he emphatically declined to do so, and I knew at once his reason for refusing. I half turned to request the manager to send for a policeman, and as I did so I saw the fellow give his leg a sudden kick back, which sent the note flying from under his boot across the floor. I should have liked to prosecute this man for attempted fraud, if only for the sake of example; but my superiors advised to let the matter drop. So he got off.

Of course forgeries and frauds of that description occasionally come under our notice in a bank; but the majority of these are but repetitions of what we every day read about in the records of the criminal courts, and are of little interest. Two cases of a peculiar nature, however, came under my observation. In one, a gentleman's coachman presented a cheque, which purported to be his master's, at the bank for payment. The cheque was made payable to the coachman; but the merest glance at it showed that it was neither filled up nor signed by the gentleman; in fact, no attempt was made to imitate his handwriting. On being questioned, the man coolly admitted that he had procured a blank cheque and had filled it up himself. Apparently, he was too stupid or too ignorant to know that his attempt would be detected by the difference in handwriting. The reason he gave for his action was that he was leaving his master's employment, and that there was a conflict of opinion between them as to the amount of wages which was due to him. Not being able to reconcile this difference, the man conceived the idea of drawing on his master's account for what he believed was owing to him. He was much frightened

when he was informed that he had committed a penal offence; but under the circumstances, we let him off with a caution.

The other case was rather amusing. Mr X. was a very feeble but wealthy old merchant who kept a current account with us. He was a bachelor. His only relative was a nephew, a wild young scapegrace, with whom, on account of his conduct, he was not on speaking terms. His uncle was, however, a soft-hearted gentleman, and was in the habit of directing his clerk to give the nephew a pound or two occasionally. These payments the clerk always made by cheque, in order to have vouchers for them; and these cheques, like all others on the merchant's accounts, were filled up and signed by the clerk, his employer, owing to paralysis in the hands, being unable to write himself. The old merchant kept only one clerk, and his office was at the top of a rather high house. He came to us one day in a very troubled condition, stating that he had been going over the bank account for the past year with his clerk, and that he was amazed to find that his nephew had received at least three times as many cheques as he had authorised. His clerk, he said, had closely examined every one of the paid cheques—which all bore the nephew's endorsement—and admitted that they were all genuine. Further, his clerk was quite positive that he, Mr X., had duly authorised the issue of every one of them. At first sight, it looked like a case of collusion between the nephew and clerk; but this solution of the mystery the merchant would not hear of, vehemently declaring that he had perfect confidence in his clerk, and considered him above suspicion. On reflection, we, too, saw that he was right in this, for the clerk was well to do, and certainly unlikely to risk his situation for such a comparatively small sum. The only other conceivable explanation—that the merchant was making a mistake, and had forgotten having authorised some of the cheques—was ridiculed by that gentleman as absurd. The case was apparently one which would have taxed the genius of Mr Sherlock Holmes, and we were quite unable to assist our client in unravelling it.

The riddle was, however, solved shortly afterwards. The old gentleman used to leave his office every evening about an hour before his clerk. Being very absent-minded, he constantly forgot whatever instructions he had to give his subordinate until he had reached the bottom of the staircase and was about to step into the street. On these occasions, he would go back to the foot of the stairs and shout up his directions to the clerk, who was unable to see him on account of the staircase being a winding one. Apparently the nephew was acquainted with this habit of his uncle's, for it appeared he used to watch at the other side of the street until he saw him leave. He would then rush across, and being a capital mimic, would stand at the foot of the stairs and call out in his uncle's voice to the clerk above something like this: 'Mr Blank! are you there, Mr Blank?'

'Yes, sir,' would come from the top of the stairs.

'I forgot to say, Mr Blank, that you might

give that scamp of a nephew of mine two pounds this evening.'

'All right, sir,' the clerk would respond; and in due course the nephew would receive his two pounds. It happened, however, that after his interview with us, Mr X. told his clerk he would give nothing more to his nephew for a very long time. The scapegrace, not knowing this, turned up at the foot of the staircase that evening; and the clerk was naturally astonished to hear the merchant again call out the usual two-pound credit for the nephew. His suspicions were aroused, and he ran down-stairs, just in time to see the enterprising youth vanishing out of the door. His uncle was exceedingly mad for a while; but I believe he was tickled by the humour of the trick, and I heard there was a reconciliation some time afterwards.

One cannot be a number of years in a bank without coming into contact with many peculiar characters; but the most eccentric individual I ever came across was pointed out to me shortly after I joined the service. A brother-official one day directed my attention to a respectable-looking farmer who had just entered the office. At first sight I saw nothing remarkable about the man; but I was presently amazed when I looked at his trousers. While one leg of the garment was made of an ordinary nice tweed, the other was composed of the coarsest corduroy, all worn and patched. The man transacted his business in a perfectly sensible manner, and after he had left the office, I heard his story. It appeared that he was a particularly devout, though somewhat extreme Catholic, and that his mind had become affected on religious matters. His hallucination took shape in the belief that one of his legs had turned Protestant. He was further persuaded that he was to be lost for all eternity if he did not succeed in converting it back to 'the true faith.' I believe he first tried some mild measures to bring the erring one again within the fold. The renegade leg, however, proving obstinate, he changed his tactics, and heaped every indignity upon it in an endeavour to effect by punishment what persuasion had failed to accomplish. Not only was the unhappy pervert cased in corduroy trousers, but he used to walk about his farm without putting shoe or stocking on that leg. People even went the length of saying that he set his dog at it, and used to leave it out of bed at night, while the faithful one was made comfortable. Probably much of this was exaggerated. I never heard the result of the treatment.

A 'run' on a bank is a time during which many strange incidents occur. I had such an experience—immediately after the failure of the Munster Bank in 1885. The run commenced with the Bank of Ireland, which, with its million of reserve and large proportion of immediately available asset to liability, is probably one of the soundest and wealthiest corporations of its kind in the universe. That in ordinary times the general public recognise this to be so, may be judged by the high price of its stock, which stands at about three hundred and forty pounds, or several points higher than that of the Bank of England itself.

The suspension of payment by the Munster

Bank of course caused a money panic in Ireland, and the action of the Bank of Ireland in letting it go down was severely criticised in the Nationalist press. This criticism, together with the ill-will of the shareholders and depositors of the suspended bank, quickly caused a run upon some of the country branches of the Bank of Ireland. The run from the beginning was fast and furious; and though the bank made every effort to restore confidence, even to parading a million of gold, which it got from the Bank of England, through the streets of Dublin, it was a considerable time before it was checked. Unfortunately, before things had quieted down, other banks were attacked, and in the town where I was then stationed—and where there was no branch of the Bank of Ireland—we had a very smart experience indeed. It was plain, however, from the commencement that the run was directed at the Bank of Ireland, rather than at us. The country people seemed to be even less anxious to draw their deposits than to get rid of whatever Bank of Ireland notes they possessed. In exchange for these they gladly accepted our notes, though, when requested, we gave gold, and found it good policy to do so, for it tended to restore confidence. Most of the depositors drew their money in gold; but some were quite satisfied to take our notes. Many did not seem to know that they were entitled to demand gold, and requested to be paid their money in the same form as they had lodged it. One old woman who made this demand was drawing a large sum which had been deposited for four or five years. Notwithstanding, she professed to be able to tell me the items of which her deposit was originally composed. So many sovereigns, she said, so many half-sovereigns, the rest in notes, 'but not a Bank of Ireland note in the whole of it.'

Occasionally a depositor when paid his money would, after counting it carefully over, hand it back to me again, apparently quite satisfied with this proof of our solvency. The crushing in front of the counter was often severe, and excitement would at such times run high, each man struggling with his neighbour to reach the cash office before the last sovereign was paid. I found it an excellent plan to spill a bag of a thousand sovereigns or so on the table immediately behind me, but in full view of the public. When the people saw we had plenty left, they calmed down, and came forward in their proper turns. The shopkeepers did us good service during these times, making it a point to hand in their lodgments in the presence of the excited depositors. Our supply of gold running short one evening, I was despatched for a large supply after bank hours to the nearest dépôt, which was in a city a few hours away by rail. I was to return by the first train in the morning, so as to have my precious charge in the bank before the business of the day commenced. I turned up at the dépôt in good time next morning, but, to my horror, owing to the early hour, not a car was to be seen on any of the stands. I ran wildly through several streets—no car anywhere. At last, when it was close on the train hour, I saw one standing before the house of a certain legal gentleman. When I reached it, the jarvey

told me he had been engaged to bring the lawyer to the train. My case was desperate, and under the circumstances, I considered any action was fair; so I said to the man: 'Come with me, and I will give you five shillings.' 'Jump up, sir,' he replied; and we dashed off for the dépôt just as the legal gentleman appeared on his steps and shook his umbrella at us. When, however, my driver saw the heavy iron box which two porters were bringing out of the bank to his car, he understood at once how necessary he was to me, and resolved to make the most of his opportunity. 'Beg pardon, sir,' he said; 'I never could have that heavy box at the train in time for five shillings.'

I saw I was at his mercy; so, not to waste time, replied: 'Have it in time and you will get ten.' He was satisfied; and we flew through the streets, reaching the station with just two minutes to spare.

It is extraordinary how very careless some poor people are of their money. I knew of a rate-collector who was in the habit of hiding his collection for several days at a time in the thatched roof of his house, in order to save himself ten minutes' walk to the bank. One night this roof took fire, and eighty pounds in notes were burned with it. Quite recently, a poor woman opened a little box before us in the bank and produced what appeared to be the burned remains of some pieces of paper. Closer inspection showed that these pieces of paper were the fragments of three Bank of England notes which had almost crumbled to dust from damp. She stated that they had been buried for two years, and 'that the water had got them.' With the greatest difficulty we managed to transfer the pieces to sheets of gum-paper, and though the numbers were either defective or missing altogether, the Bank of England paid the notes on getting an indemnity. Strange to say, a Provincial Bank of Ireland note which was in the box with the English ones escaped the consequences of the two years' burial, and was in so perfect a condition that the bank had no hesitation about paying it on presentation.

T. N. O'C.

#### ACONITE COLLECTORS ON THE SINGALILAS.

THE subject of my remarks is Aconite collected by Sirba Bhotiahs dwelling in the Darjiling district, and occasionally making a journey to their native country, Bhutan. Of the deadly nightshade tribe, the aconite is a plant which yields to none in the virulent poison of its roots. It is to be found growing at an elevation of ten thousand feet above the sea-level, and among other places on the Singalilas, a mountain range which is the watershed boundary between Nepal and British territory north-west of Darjiling. Here two classes of aconite, *Aconitum palmatum* and *Napellus* or *Nepalus*, grow freely.

*Aconitum palmatum* is collected in abundance at Tonglo, the southern termination of the Singalilas; but *Nepalus*, the more poisonous



variety, requires a higher elevation in which to thrive. It takes kindly to the bleak rugged crags of Sundakphoo (12,929 feet), and is to be found under the rhododendron covers and cold shady watercourses. It seldom grows taller than three feet, a single stalk with blue flowers springing from each bulb or root. The natives, especially the hill-tribes, take aconite in its crude state as a remedy for various ailments, and every Bhotia has a few dried roots put away in some secure corner of his hut.

Early in October, when the aconite root has matured, one of the leading men of the village organises a party comprised of both sexes. He for the time being becomes their leader, settles all disputes and quarrels while out in camp, and while keeping an account of the general expenses, supplies to each the daily requirements in the way of food. His first step is to take out a 'permit' from the Forest Department, which costs fifteen rupees. (If the party is proceeding to the Nepal hills, no permit is required, but a toll is charged at each station on every load.) He wraps the pass up in a rag, and places it in his network bag of valuables, collects his band together, and sets out for the higher ranges. They travel as lightly as possible, each carrying a *thumai*, or large bamboo basket, which contains a brass pot for cooking, a flat iron spoon to help out the rice, with a sufficient quantity of rice and vegetables to last five or six days. They also carry a thick Bhotiah blanket, with the indispensable *kukri*, or hatchet-knife, used also by the Goorkhas, fastened through the waistband. A strong sapling serves as a walking-stick and as a support for the basket, which is not unstrapped from the back until a halt is made. When tired, they relieve themselves by balancing their load on the stick.

The first stoppage in their march is generally made near a running stream, when they remove the burdens off their backs and light a fire or two of brushwood by the aid of flint and steel carried in the sheaths of their *kukris*. They do not drain the water off the rice, as is generally done, but eat it in a moist mass on big leaves fetched out of the jungle, with vegetables fried in oil, and an amazing number of hot chillies. One hour sees them through their meal and ready to continue the march again. When evening comes on, they make a second halt in some desirable place to spend the night, where they knock up temporary shelters made of bamboos, to keep off the night-dew, squat round the fires they have lighted, crack jokes, and relate adventures they have met with. The head-man, who is usually the centre of attraction, has a fund of stories at his command. Or if a lama—as is not unfrequently the case—is the leader of the party, he gives extracts out of their religious writings. It is an interesting sight to see him perched on a raised bit of ground, with his followers lying round him in all postures, gazing with rapt attention while he gives episodes out of their

sacred books. The Bhotiahs are of the Buddhist religion, and own as their spiritual head the Great Lama of Tibet; but the Buddhism to which they adhere is much interwoven with demon-worship.

As night advances, and the party think it is time to retire, they disappear within their bamboo shelters, taking the precaution to put their *kukris* under their heads, in case of a night attack from the robber tribes who hover about the frontier. Some of the hardier of the Sirbas sleep in the open air, with a blanket about them, heedless of the cutting wind and thermometer at zero. They are generally followed by a big woolly Tibetan dog, a fierce-looking animal resembling a bear, with large blue eyes. It sleeps during the day, and keeps watch at night, giving low growls every now and again.

As soon as the party has arrived at the slopes where aconite is plentiful, they build bamboo huts about five feet high, with leaves for the roofs, and make the place generally habitable. After their morning meal, each shoulders his basket, and takes a spade, for which a handle has been made from a jungle sapling. They start for the slopes lower down, leaving the dog and one of the company behind in charge of the camp. Before beginning operations, a ceremony has to be performed.

The Nepalese seldom take up the trade of aconite collecting, as they have a superstition that the presiding demon of the hills imprisons evil spirits in this plant, which fly out as soon as it is dug up, and inflict dire calamity on the digger. Bhotiahs have this superstition also, with a remedy. They always have in their party a destroyer of these spirits; and every morning before digging, the lama, standing on a convenient hill with his crowd round him, makes a fire and burns some *dhuna*, a sort of resin, then putting two fingers in his mouth, he gives several shrill whistles. All wait in breathless silence till an answering whistle is heard, an echo, the cry of a bird—pheasant as a rule—from the gorge below, or the sighing of the wind among the pines, which they take as the dying dirge of the spirits.

Thus satisfied, they commence the digging, shake out the mud, and throw the roots into the basket. By evening you can see them climbing up the hillsides from various directions, making for the encampment, where they empty out the contents of their baskets in heaps, and cover them with bamboo leaves, to keep out the heavy frost of the night. The collectors work in couples, and during the day the roots are spread out to dry in the sun. When a sufficient quantity is collected and dried, bamboo frames are made, with a fire below, on which the aconite is placed when the flame has died out. Three to four days over this artificial heat dries up the root. While the firing process is going on, the man attending to it has a cloth tied round his head, covering his nose, as it is injurious to inhale the fumes. It causes a feeling of heaviness, followed by symptoms not unlike intoxication.

While the aconite is drying, the collectors fill in their time snaring pheasants, which come to

the open country to feed, trapping musk-deer, which are plentiful on the Singalilas, and shooting various other kinds of game to supply their immediate wants. The live pheasants and deer they put into bamboo baskets, and bring in to the stations for sale.

The whole trip generally lasts a month; and when sufficient aconite has been collected and dried, the roots are packed in baskets, with other goods and chattels on the top, which make a very decent load, varying from one hundred and twenty to two hundred pounds. Sirba women are as sturdy as the men, and it not unfrequently happens that their loads are heavier than those of the so-called stronger sex. When all are ready, they shoulder their baskets and start off at a brisk pace, walking one behind the other, from a distance looking not unlike a huge serpent winding along the hill-path. Keeping step, they move so rapidly that it is difficult for others unaccustomed to hill-climbing to keep up with these hardy mountaineers. To one who understands their language, it is by no means dull work walking with them, as they are a jolly crowd, laughing, chatting, and relating stories in their graphic Oriental manner—the sum and substance first, then the narrative *in extenso*, not leaving out the most minute detail.

Arriving at the commercial centre at the termination of their march, the goods are soon disposed of, and each man receives his share of the profits according to the amount of aconite he has collected. They then make their purchases for the winter, besides vegetable and other seeds for the coming season, and once more settle down to their quiet village life, to attend to the cultivation of potatoes, Indian corn, bringaels (or brinjalls, the fruit of the egg-plant), and cardamom.

#### JEWELS FIVE WORDS LONG.

In this country we are not good at inventing names. The Chinese, the Japanese, and even the Red Indians, can all give us points and beat us in that apparently simple art. We fancy in Europe that we have done very well if we can think of an appropriate simple name, such as George, Henry, or John Thomas. But more primitive nations love a good long descriptive name, which tells you something about a man's character. Thus, in 1890, when the Red Indians were on the war-path, the newspapers were full of accounts of braves bearing the most picturesque and charming names. Among them were Sitting Bull, Shaved Head, Young-man-afraid-of-Horses, Broken Arm, Big Foot, Yellow Hair, Red Thunder, Crazy Horses, Little Wound, Kicking Bear, and Red Cloud. Longfellow has written poetry about Driving Cloud, 'the chief of the mighty Omahas,' and has acquainted us with Rain-in-the-Face, Great Pearl Feather, Big Sea Water, Face-in-a-Mist, Storm Fool, and Son of the Evening Star. Even the elder Disraeli waxed enthusiastic over these Red Indian names, and mentions with

admiration the examples of Great Swift Arrow, Dawn of the Day, Sun-bright, Path Opener, and Great Eagle.

But the Red Indian must hide his diminished head when he comes into competition with the Heathen Chinese. The daughter of one of the Chinese ambassadors accredited to London rejoiced in the romantic and expressive appellation of The Tottering Lily of Fascination. There is a Chinese disease-god known as Mr Muscle-and-Bone Pain; and another with the still longer name of Mr Imperfect-in-every-part-of-his-Body. This latter god is apparently a kind of residuary legatee of all the diseases not especially appropriated to other deities.

But wonderful as these Chinese names are, perhaps the Japanese names of deities are still more marvellous. Mr B. H. Chamberlain, in his translation of the *Kojiki*, or 'Records of Ancient Matters,' has familiarised Englishmen with a few of them; and we are glad to see that Mr Murray, in his recent book on Japan, has reproduced them at full length, evidently not without a certain sense of satisfaction to his own sense of the humorous. Thus, the three primitive Japanese deities were named, it seems, Master-of-the-August-Centre-of-Heaven, High-August-Producing-Wondrous-Deity, and Divine-Producing-Wondrous-Deity. These august and wondrous deities were uncreated, but not immortal. Overpowered, presumably, by the weight of their own names, they pined away and died. Thereupon, two other gods were born from a sprout like a reed-shoot. Their names were Pleasant-Reed-Shoot-Prince-Elder-Deity, and Heavenly-Externally-Standing-Deity. These also died; and to them succeeded Earthly-Externally-Standing-Deity, and Luxuriant-Integrating-Master-Deity. Then they were internally disintegrated and died too. Next were born five pairs, and their illustrious names were these: Mud-Earth-Lord and Mud-Earth-Lady; Germ-Integrating-Deity and Life-Integrating-Deity; Elder-of-the-Great-Place and Elder-Lady-of-the-Great-Place; Perfect-Exterior and O-Awful-Lady; and lastly, The-Male-who-invites and The-Female-who-invites. We think we have met the Mud-Earth-Lord and the O-Awful-Lady in London sometimes.

But though these were among the earliest of Japanese gods, it must not be supposed that later divinities were content with less expressive titles. On the contrary, we find them maintaining the traditions of their predecessors with the utmost spirit. Thus, there are the Crying-Weeping-Female-Deity, the Heaven-Shining-Great-August-Deity, His-Augustness-Moon-Night-Possessor, and His-Brave-Swift-Impetuous-Male-Augustness. Nor must we omit that important god, Thought-Includer; nor the gentleman bearing the name of His-Augustness-Heaven-Plenty-Earth-Plenty-Heaven's-Sun-Height-Prince-Rice-Ear-Ruddy-Plenty. Imagine what a nice name this would be to call out rapidly! Conceive the dismay of a linkman or policeman, after a party, having to call out for His-Augustness-Heaven-Plenty-Earth-Plenty-Heaven's-Sun-Height-Prince-Rice-Ear-Ruddy-Plenty's carriage! How did His-Augustness, &c. manage to get it all on his visiting-card? Apparently, he failed utterly in the vain attempt, for we learn that

the name was usually shortened to Ninigi-no-Mikoto, which itself is quite long enough for any ordinary pagan.

After His-Augustness, there is a certain tameness about such names as Prince Fire-Shine, Prince Fire-Subside, Prince Fire-Climax, Deity-Salt-Possessor, Ocean-Possessor, and even His-Augustness-Divine-Yamato-Iware-Prince, whatever that high-sounding title may imply. But our hopes revive again when we find a region called the Central-Land-of-Reed-Plains; one of the Japanese islands called the Great-Yamato-the-Luxuriant-Island-of-the-Dragon-Fly; and another small island called Onogoro, or Self-coagulated. There seem, too, to be infinite possibilities about such names as Okusaka-no-Oji and Prince Kinashi-no-Karu. They are sure to signify something at once august and wondrous and shining and plentiful, with possibly just a touch of ruddiness and a flavour of rice to add a zest to their other sublime qualities.

While, however, we may feel inclined to smile at these long-winded Japanese names, we must not forget that even Europeans occasionally allow what may be termed the christening impulse to run away with them. Thus, in June 1887, Count André Zamoyski christened his baby daughter, Marie-Joséph-Sophie-Isabelle-Rose-Françoise-Stanislas-Antoinette-Thérèse-Louise-Etiennette-Christine-Caroline-Griseldis-Michelle-Janvière-Désirée-Marguerite. This ought to put the early Japanese gods and His Augustness on their mettle.

But we can produce a still better set of names. In October 1886, a religiously-minded Buckinghamshire farmer named Jenkins brought his first-born to the parish church to be christened, and this was to be the name: Abel-Benjamin-Caleb-Daniel-Ezra-Felix-Gabriel-Haggai-Isaac-Jacob-Kish-Levi-Manoah-Nehe-miah-Obadiah-Peter-Quartus-Rechab-Samuel-Tobiah-Uzziel-Vaniah-Word-Xystus-Yariah-Zechariah. It will be observed that the names are all arranged in alphabetical order, and are as far as possible selected from Scripture. It was only with the very greatest difficulty that the clergyman dissuaded Mr Jenkins from doing the lasting wrong to his child that he had unwittingly devised; but eventually it was decided to christen the boy simply Abel. Abel seemed reasonable enough, and there is nothing to be said against Benjamin; but when it came to Caleb, doubtless the worthy parson thought of the sad case of the little American baby who, overhearing his parents' decision to give him that uninteresting name, got out of his cradle that same night and ran away. He has never been heard of since. Certainly, Caleb, Kish, and Yariah are too awful; though many a worthy man has borne the first of the three names with credit to himself and his country.

Mr Jenkins was evidently born after his time. Had he lived in the days of the Puritans, the 'linked sweetness long drawn out' of his Biblical name would have been very much appreciated. Those were the times when the Round-heads were proud of such names as Hew-their-bones-asunder-Smith, Bind-the-kings-in-chains-and-their-nobles-with-links-of-iron-Jackson, and If-Jesus-Christ-had-not-died-for-thee-thou-hadst-

been-damned Barebones—the latter gentleman being usually known as Damned Dr Barebones, for shortness. One poor fellow was actually christened—and doubtless in all reverence—Blastus Godly. We must confess we are glad the days of Puritanism are ended. We prefer names like Dick, Tom, and Harry. The Red Indian titles, such as Sitting Bull, Rain-in-the-Face, and Red Thunder, are not bad; but may we and our children and our children's children be preserved from such names as Pleasant-Reed-Shoot-Prince-Elder-Deity, and His-Augustness-Heaven-Plenty-Earth-Plenty-Heaven's-Sun-Height. No room for the rest.

#### AT AFTERNOON TEA.

At afternoon tea, and alone for a wonder!  
The quaint little table invitingly drawn  
Where the shadows lay cool, and sunlight crept under  
The low-growing beeches that sheltered the lawn:  
In a dainty white gown, and hat large and shady,  
Half-hiding the face I was wishful to see;  
More radiant than Summer she sat—my fair lady—  
At afternoon tea.

Far off in the pleasure a fountain was singing,  
And tossing its silver high over the trees;  
The wood-birds were glad, and the jasmine was  
flinging,

With prodigal haste, its white stars to the breeze;  
While above the blue china we bent, and grew merry  
O'er topics on which two can always agree,  
Mere gossip, of course, but enjoyable—*very*,  
At afternoon tea.

Then the cream was poured in, and the sugar was  
stirred;

'Was the fragrant infusion too strong or too weak?'  
She asked; and in answer I whispered a word  
Which brought the swift rose to her delicate cheek;  
Her eyes found a refuge beneath their long fringes,  
But she did not say nay to my passionate plea:  
Oh, the gate of Love's Eden swung back on gold  
hinges

At afternoon tea!

And we had such sweet secrets to tell to each other  
That it might have been sunset, or moonrise, or dawn,  
Till we chanced to look up and encountered her  
mother,

Come softly upon us across the soft lawn—  
Come softly upon us, unruffled and stately,  
With a questioning glance at her daughter and me,  
Which changed to a smile as I handed sedately  
Her afternoon tea.

Ah, love! it is years since we lingered together  
Below the green boughs in the glory of June,  
With hopes that were bright as the sunshiny weather,  
And hearts beating time to one old-fashioned tune;  
But I know our joint lives are with happiness laden,  
As I tell the small fairy enthroned on my knee  
How 'Mother' was won, when a beautiful maiden,  
At afternoon tea.

E. MATHESON.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,  
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 603.—VOL. XII.

SATURDAY, JULY 20, 1895.

PRICE 1½d.

## THE GENTLE ART OF BOOKBINDING.

By VIOLET CHAMBERS TWEEDALE.

IN tracing the history of this beautiful and artistic craft, the inquirer finds himself on the distant shores of that far-back time when books were first made. From the birth of literature, he must follow his subject through the various stages of progress leading to that great triumph of human intelligence, a noble book nobly bound—from first beginnings, when the savage loosely wrapped up his picture writings in leaves or skins, to the glorious workmanship of the sixteenth century, and onward still to the mechanically perfect execution of the present day.

Before the invention of printing, the work of binding books was mostly confined to the goldsmith and those monkish bibliophiles who, having laboriously written and carefully illuminated a manuscript, sought to prepare a worthy cover in which to preserve their treasure. Many of the works prior to the fifteenth century which have been handed down to us are of a devotional character, gorgeous in velvet, studded with jewels, with bosses of gold and silver, and rich in ornamentation of every kind. But bookbinding as we know it may be said to have come into vogue with the Mainz Bibles and the Aldine editions of the classics. Without doubt Italy of the sixteenth century was the home and headquarters of artistic bookbinding. On the borders of the Adriatic, Aldo Manuzio first set up his press, and seeking to make the binding rival the beauty of the type, brought the science of boarding as near perfection as it is possible to attain. Even to-day, what a thrill goes through the book-lover as he fingers some Aldine edition, with its beautiful Greek or Roman type, and the sign of the well-known anchor and dolphin!

Those early pioneers had the advantage of being assisted by artists of no mean merit, who did not scorn to use their decorative faculty

in the outward adornment of works not always worthy of their coverings. Many noble patrons arose in support of this illustrious house. Isabella d'Este, Marchioness of Mantua, patronised largely Manuzio's establishment; and the old Aldo is said to have printed her books on vellum, and decorated the boards in the most sumptuous manner. This celebrated house flourished for about a hundred years, son succeeding father; and during that period nine hundred and eight different works were given to the world by their presses.

The old stamped blind-work—impressed marking on the boards without gilding or colour—which characterised the earlier period now gave place to decoration by means of tooled markings in fret. The designs were often purely Oriental. No doubt Aldo employed Greek and Oriental workers, who brought with them their art traditions, and probably much of his work was copied from Eastern manuscripts. One folio in the British Museum is bound in brown calf, bearing a circular ornament in the centre panel, and the text, 'The kingdom is God's,' set forth in Arabic characters. The design, which is outlined in gold, is produced by a matting of gold with a small point. Broad lines encircle the panel, and an interlaced cable pattern, partly in gold, partly in blind-work, completes the decoration. The leather commonly used in the Aldine workshop was a smooth olive-coloured skin. Aldo was the first to discard wooden boards.

Italy did not maintain her supremacy in binding, and the art there seems to have decayed rapidly towards the close of the sixteenth century. Perhaps the skill of Italian binders is nowhere better exemplified than in the works handed down from Tommaso Maioli's library. All his books were the perfection of binding, and had on the outside the inscription, 'Tho. Maioli et Amicorum,' usually placed upon a scroll below the shield which bore the title of the book. There are several specimens of Maioli's work in the British Museum, one of

which is bound in rich yellow morocco. The delicate gold tooling round the border is composed of butterflies, daisies, and myrtle twigs. Some of his bindings were in black morocco, decorated with gold scroll-work, and with a mosaic of red and white leather. Many of Maioli's books passed eventually to Paris. The perfection of the scroll-work, the graceful curves, the moresque ornaments, are characteristic of the library of this famous collector. One beautiful effect in some of them was arrived at by rubbing gold-leaf into the leather, thereby imparting a peculiar and rich bloom to the boards.

France began to produce beautiful bindings under the directorship of Jean Grolier de Servin, a courtier and diplomat, born in 1479, who lived long in Italy, and had his bindings largely done by Italian workmen. No literary treasure beloved of the bibliophile is more highly prized than an example of Grolier's library. He possessed about three thousand books, many of which were magnificently bound in brown calf, highly ornamented with floral arabesques, and the geometrical patterns with which his name is associated. There must have existed some close intimacy betwixt Aldo and Grolier. Many books issued from the Aldine press were dedicated to Grolier, and *éditions de luxe* were presented to his library. Grolier was the first to use morocco dressed as now, getting his supplies direct from the Levant; and he was amongst the first to use lettering pieces for the backs of his books.

During the whole of the sixteenth century the printer or publisher was the binder, and only in the seventeenth century do we find the work of binding done outside by master-binders. Grolier searched Italy for skilled workmen, both printers and binders, though he probably prepared many of the designs. The mottoes stamped on his books varied at different periods of his life. But the one which seems to have been most frequently used was 'Io. Grolierii et Amicorum,' proving that, like Maioli, the fastidious Grolier was also desirous of sharing his treasures with those worthy the name of friend.

In England, as early as the twelfth century, Durham, London, and Winchester, with several celebrated monasteries, had each its school of binding. Durham still possesses a series of books, bound towards the close of the twelfth century, that are well worthy to compete in excellence and beauty with the work of foreign nations. Oxford and Cambridge both produced an interesting series of bindings, prized by connoisseurs. Lady Fitzhugh, bequeathing her books to her family, wrote thus in her will in 1427: 'I wyl that my son Rob't have a Sautre covered with rede velvet; and my doghter Marion a Primer cou'ed in rede; and my doghter Darcy a Sauter cou'ed in blew; and my doghter Mal-de-Eure a Prim cou'ed in blew.'

The introduction of printing into England, when Caxton set up his press in Westminster, changed the character of the bindings, owing, no doubt, to the influx of foreign workmen. Caxton's bindings were as a rule very simple, always of leather, with stamps of flowers

and curious animals. Several bindings produced by John Reynes, now in the possession of the British Museum, show to what excellence the art had attained during the reign of Henry VIII. Grolier's patterns were introduced into England during the reign of Edward VI. It was then that gold tooling became usual in England, the majority of Henry VIII.'s books being blind-tooled. The books belonging to Edward VI. which are treasured in the British Museum are well worthy of notice. Perhaps the finest is *Petri Bembi Cardinalis Historia Veneta, Venetiis*, 1551. Each cover is adorned with the king's arms and crowned initials. Above the arms stands the royal motto, 'Dieu et mon Droyt.' The interlaced pattern is in black. Another book has the motto 'Omnis Potestas a Deo' on the sides. The royal arms are on the edges of the leaves, and painted in colours, with gold initials.

The bindings done for Queen Elizabeth were exceptionally fine; the embroidered covers, decorated with silver, precious stones, and enamel, testify to her sumptuous tastes. On her visit to Cambridge in 1578, she was presented with a Greek Testament, 'bound in redd velvett, and lyned with gold, the armes of England sett upon eche side of the booke, vearey faire.'

Mary, Queen of Scots, also showed considerable interest in the adornment of her library, which changed its character according to her eventful life, the works bound for her towards the close of her reign being in funereal black, suggestive of the fate that hung over her head. In the British Museum there is an old Testament, once the property of the unhappy Queen, which is bound in truly regal style. The thick boards are covered with crimson velvet, richly embroidered with gold twist and coloured flowers. Brass bosses and clasps, engraved with the arms of England, go to make up a truly royal volume.

The introduction of the style known as *fanfare* became general at the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth centuries. It was first introduced by Nicolas and Clovis Eve, a family of binders who worked for Henri III. In 1579 Nicolas bound forty-two copies of the *Livre des Statuts de l'Ordre du Saint Esprit* for the king; and Clovis bound for Henri IV. and Louis XIII. The Eves produced three distinct styles of work. In one, the *azured* toolings of Lyons were used with rich interlacings and spirals. In the last, the spirals have become smaller, palms and oak branches mingling in the decorations. In their earlier work the compartments are not filled in. Toolings seem to have attained to the height of delicacy about 1625, when Le Gaston improved on the *fanfare* of the Eves. His designs of minute arabesque, on scarlet morocco, are notably beautiful. His habit of forming a pattern of innumerable gold dots caused his style to be known as *pointille*.

Some very fine binding was executed for King James I., who during his entire life was an enthusiastic patron of letters and art. In some of his books the thistle is introduced with heavy corner-pieces, and the arms in the centre. One fine piece of work, now in

the British Museum, is in bright brown calf powdered with *fleurs de lys*. Another folio in crimson velvet has the arms of England embroidered on both sides, with gold thread on a groundwork of yellow silk. The king's initials are worked above. The lettering is in leather, and the boards are tied together by red ribbon, constituting a regal book in every particular. John Gibson in Scotland, and the Barkers in England, were appointed to be the king's binders; but there is little trace of their work now extant.

The beginning of the eighteenth century seems to have marked the gradual dying out of royal interest in bookbinding. The buying of books extended enormously, but the binding was executed for the people, not the king. Suddenly, out of that dark dawn began a new and brilliant era, when English binders made efforts that soon gave them a foremost place. Trade revived, and early bindings lying *perdu* in the charter rooms of old houses were eagerly sought out and reproduced. Book-collecting became the hobby of many noble Houses, and the demand was productive of the most satisfactory results. About 1720 the firm of Eliot and Chapman produced the *Harleian* style in their work for the library of the first Earl of Oxford (Robert Harley). Those books are all solidly bound, their decoration consisting of centre panels, combining the pine-apple with a broad tooled border. The leather used was red, and the centre ornament usually diamond in form.

Russia leather came into use for book covers about the year 1730; and the middle of the eighteenth century witnessed the introduction of the *sawn back*, the bands with which the book was sewn being concealed behind the sheets, no projection appearing. Russia leather was largely used by Roger Payne, who seems to have been the first binder who attempted to attune the outside adornment to the internal contents of his books. He performed every part of the work with his own hands. His designs are very graceful, and consist of stars, crescents, trellis-work of vines, &c. The colour he mostly affected was what he termed *Venetian*, namely, olive green. His great taste in ornamentation brought him many patrons amongst the rich and noble. Bindings by Payne are easily recognised by their marked characteristics, one of which is a peculiar method of arranging bands. There is no doubt that the entire race of English binders owe much to Payne's workmanship, both on account of its purity of design and high finish.

The nineteenth century thus saw the revival of all that was elegant and good in ancient boarding. John Whittaker was the first to introduce a style called the *Etruscan*, in which the designs are carried out in their own colours in place of gilt. The British Museum possesses the Prayer-book of Queen Charlotte, elaborately bound by one Edwards of Halifax, in Yorkshire. This binder successfully pursued the Etruscan style, and took out a patent in 1785 for his own peculiar method of ornamentation, the chief feature of which was painting on vellum. The royal Prayer-book, a beautiful example of his work, is elaborately coloured and gilded.

Case-binding, or 'cloth-work,' was first introduced into England by Pickering the publisher and his bookbinder Leighton in 1825. It took the place of the paper formerly in vogue, and the first cloth covers had printed labels in place of lettering. The first book issued in stamped cloth covers was an edition of the *Penny Cyclopædia* which came from the workshop of Archibald Leighton.

To what higher realms of fancy and art the gentle craft of bookbinding may yet attain, it would be hazardous to guess. Elaborately decorated children's books are one of the features of the age. The outward attractiveness of the gift makes the book of tenfold interest in the youthful recipient's eyes, and may often induce the love of collecting in early years, thus helping to lay the foundations for a happy old age, for no life can be said to be lived to the full without the eloquent silence of well-filled book-shelves. It is matter of regret to the lover of beautiful bindings that originality of design seems for the time being to have fallen into abeyance. Though the bindings of old are well worthy of imitation, yet the lovers of the bibliopægistic art long for a new stimulus to be given to their favourite hobby. The hydraulic press, the rolling-machine, the embossing and arming press, have done much for the art of boarding. At no time has our present style of finish, solidity, and elasticity been surpassed. The newest methods may doubtless be said to have grown out of the old ones, as

Out of old fields

Cometh all new corns fro yere to yere,  
And out of old bookes, in good faith,  
Cometh al this new science that men lere.

Let us hope the modern sons of this ancient craft, who have so skilfully adapted the old to the new, will not rest content till they are not a hair's-breadth behind their predecessors in technical skill or grace of design; future effort and artistic aspiration will doubtless lead the craft to new triumphs.

## AN ELECTRIC SPARK.\*

### CHAPTER XII.—TOO LATE! TOO LATE!

'MR DALTON back?' said Wynyan in surprise.

'Yes, sir,' replied old Hamber, shaking his head; 'and I'm afraid he had better have stopped away. Mr Brant has just left him, and they have been having words.'

'Quarrelling?'

'Yes, sir; you could just hear something through the baize door. It's very, very sad.'

'Yes, sad indeed. How long has he been here?'

'Best part of half an hour, sir. He came in a cab, and said he had not long been up from Brighton. Looked a deal better, sir—more like he used, sir; but I'm afraid he won't be so well now.'

Wynyan went to the baize door, opened it, and passed through; then tapped at the inner

\* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

door, but there was no reply. He waited a minute, and tapped again. Still no answer; and after hesitating a few moments, he knocked sharply, turned the handle, and entered.

'Nobody here,' he muttered; and he was in the act of crossing to the farther room, when he caught sight of Dalton lying with outstretched arms, face downward, upon the thick Turkey carpet beyond the table.

At the first glance, Wynyan saw that the old man was clutching a familiar packet in his left hand; and catching it from him, he thrust it into his pocket, feeling that it was a duty to preserve that from falling into other hands. The next moment, he had turned the sick man over, and saw that his eyes were wide open and seemed to question him.

'The paper, the plans?' said Wynyan hastily. 'Yes, sir: here: safe.'

He half drew them from his breast-pocket, and thrust them back to grasp the old man, as Dalton slowly closed his eyes.

Wynyan's next act was to open the table drawer where the drops were always kept; but the bottle had not been there for days; and grasping the imminence of the danger, he rushed out.

'Mr Hamber, here! Mr Dalton has fainted. Quick, one of you, a cab. Fetch Doctor Kilpatrick.'

One of the clerks rushed off as Hamber and Wynyan hurried back into the room, where everything possible was done.

'Do you think we had better get him back home, sir?' said Hamber nervously. 'He doesn't seem to come to a bit!'

'I dare not risk it,' replied Wynyan. 'We must wait until the doctor comes.—Keep on fanning him while I bathe his temples.'

But the minutes went by till half an hour had glided away, and still there was no change.

'Mr Brant Dalton ought to be here,' said Wynyan sternly. 'Do you know where he has gone?'

'No, sir,' said the old man piteously. 'He went out as you came in.'

'Send some one in a cab to his chambers to tell him of his uncle's seizure. He may be there.'

The old man went out; and Wynyan knelt down by the insensible man again, a cold, chilly feeling of despair creeping over him, and sending his thoughts away to the pleasant home where there was one in profound ignorance of her father's state. And now the thought came, ought he to rush off and tell her, bringing her back?

No: his place was by the old man's side, and it would be a cruelty to perhaps give the poor girl unnecessary alarm. For, though this fit was strangely prolonged, it might be similar in nature to others from which Dalton had suffered.

Then Hamber came back.

'I have sent some one, sir,' he said.

'Do you think we ought to send a messenger to South Audley Street?' whispered Wynyan.

'For Heaven's sake, no, sir! It would frighten the poor dear young lady terribly. I hope he will come to soon; and he would not, I am sure, like for us to have sent.'

'No,' said Wynyan thoughtfully. 'But I am getting terribly alarmed.'

'Shall I send for the nearest doctor, sir?'

'I would have said so before; but a stranger would not grasp the peculiarities of his constitution, and we could not readily explain matters. Better wait a little longer.'

They waited for another quarter of an hour, when, alarmed more and more by the terrible pallor, Wynyan rose from where he had knelt bathing the wrinkled forehead, and hurried through to the office, where all the clerks were now collected.

'Two of you,' he said, 'fetch the nearest doctor. Go different ways.'

At that moment a carriage stopped at the door, and Wynyan ran out on to the landing to find Dr Kilpatrick coming up the stairs, followed by the clerk who had been for him.

'How is he?' was the stern question. 'I thought he was at Brighton.'

The next minute he was upon his knees by his old patient, and for the next hour applied remedy after remedy without effect, while Wynyan and Hamber stood watching and attending upon the skilful physician as he kept on making demands.

At about that time the door was opened behind them. 'Go away!' said the doctor sharply. 'Don't interrupt.'

'But my uncle—how is he?' said a familiar voice; and Wynyan looked round to see that Brant was coming forward, looking ghastly. 'Baines came to fetch me.'

'Oh, it's you,' said the doctor quietly. 'There; I can do no more. My carriage is waiting; we must get him home at once.—Mr Wynyan, will you come with me? No; stop; it ought to be your duty, Brant. Will you two young men carry him down in a chair, or will you have help?'

'We can do it,' said Wynyan, Brant remaining speechless.

'Quick, then.—Take that light cane-seat chair; I'll follow behind and hold him back.'

The limp figure was lifted into the chair, and Dalton's head hung over upon his left shoulder. Hamber hurried on first to descend and warn the coachman; and then a few minutes sufficed to place the head of the great firm reclining back in one corner of the brougham, the doctor going before, to hold him in his place.

'But ought not a messenger to be sent on first, sir?' whispered Wynyan, leaning in.

'No: there is not time. He must be got home at once.'

Brant entered next, to sit down opposite to his uncle, and the doctor leaned forward.

'Tell him where to go, Wynyan, and to drive slowly.'

Wynyan looked him full in the eyes—a meaning, questioning look, and the doctor shook his head in reply.

Wynyan's thoughts flashed immediately to South Audley Street, seeing as if he were there the driving up of the doctor's brougham, and the horror and agony of one whom he would have died for to spare a pang. Then he was suddenly brought to himself.



'Let me take the chair, Mr Wynyan,' said a low-toned broken voice, and looking round, it was to see the old clerk, with the tears streaming down his wrinkled cleanly-shaved face.

'My poor dear old master and friend!' he kept on saying as they entered the great hall. 'My poor dear old master and friend.—Ah, Mr Wynyan, I have seen him for the last time.'

'No, no,' said Wynyan hoarsely; 'for Heaven's sake, don't say that!'

'I must, sir—the seal of death was on his face.'

The old man reeled and sank down in the chair, looking up piteously in his junior's eyes.

'Take my arm; I'll help you up into Mr Dalton's room. We'll send down for the chair.—Be good enough to take that chair up-stairs.'

This to one of the clerks in the lower room; and then, leaning heavily upon Wynyan's arm, old Hamber walked slowly up the two flights of stairs, and across the office into the principal's room, where he sank into a chair; but after drinking a glass of water, began to recover rapidly.

'Thank you, Mr Wynyan—thank you kindly, sir. A great shock: I did not know before that I was such a weak old man.'

'We must hope for the best, Hamber,' said Wynyan. 'Do you feel well enough now to be left?'

'Oh yes, sir; oh yes, I shall do now. You—you are going on—to Audley Street?'

'Yes, at once; I cannot stay in this suspense.'

'No: of course not. Pray, go. I can manage now;' and to prove it, the old man rose and walked out into the office, where he took his chair and leaned over the table to pick up a drawing-pen. 'There, sir, you see. I shall go on with my work.—Pray, go at once; and if you wouldn't mind, Gibbs will follow you, so that you could send me back a message in case you have to stay.'

'Of course.—Come with me, Gibbs,' said Wynyan; and taking a cab, he had himself driven to South Audley Street, where he stopped the driver about fifty yards from the house. 'Wait, Mr Gibbs,' he said; 'I will send back the news at once.'

The doctor's brougham was still at the door; but as Wynyan reached the steps, Dr Kilpatrick came out, looking haggard and old.

Wynyan's lips parted, but no words came, for he read the terrible truth in the faces of doctor and servant.

'Gone!' whispered Wynyan at last, as he stood grasping the doctor's hand.

'God help us! yes. I have lost a very dear old friend, Wynyan. Don't stop me. Doctors are not so hard-hearted as some people think. Here, come in my brougham; I'll talk to you there.'

Wynyan stood for a moment, as if dazed; then he shook his head.

'I have some one waiting—a messenger from the office,' he said in a voice almost inaudible from emotion.

'Send it, then. It was just as we reached the door.—Good-bye, Wynyan.—But stay,' he

said quickly, and he caught the young man by the arm. 'You had settled the business with him, and asked him that?'

'I had not seen him till I found him lying in the fit.'

'Good heavens!' said the doctor. 'And things like that! Too late, my lad—too late!'

The doctor hurried into his carriage; and as it was driven away, Wynyan felt giddy, and then started as if from some pang. For, as he passed the front of the house, there was a strange grating noise. One of the window blinds was being drawn down, and before he had quite passed, another followed.

'My darling!' he muttered. 'The agony and despair; and I dare not venture to your side, and tell you how my heart aches for you. God help her! What must she feel!'

'How is he, sir?' said a voice, for Wynyan was passing the young draughtsman who was waiting for the message.

Wynyan looked at him curiously, and then, in an almost inaudible voice: 'Gone.—Go and tell Mr Hamber; tell all, that our best friend is dead.'

He passed on, feeling stunned. He could think of nothing but the stern, brave, toil-worn face lying there in his own room rigid for ever; and beside it, upon her knees, the child he loved, the girl for whom he had worked, and whose happiness seemed to be his one aim. Wynyan's intimacy at the house had been slight, but enough for him to see the intense affection existing between father and daughter, and now this was ended by the sudden blow.

Wynyan wanted to be alone to think—to try and recover from the stunning effects of the shock—and he walked on aimlessly, fate guiding his steps till he entered the park, and went on across the grass till he was beneath the trees, and then on and on till he let himself sink upon a seat, close to the almost forsaken ride.

But even in the comparative calm of the place where the hoofs of the horses sounded deadened, his thoughts refused to flow. He could only sit there and think of a pale agony-wrung face, with the brow resting against the bed, at whose side *Rénée* must be crouching then, and a low moan escaped his lips.

He was conscious then of some one looking as he passed, and seeming about to turn to him and speak—to avoid which he hurriedly left the seat and walked on to the next, where he threw himself down to try once more and think whether there were anything that he could do to lighten *Rénée's* terrible load.

No: nothing. She could not even know how he loved her, and at such a time to write would be an insult. What was he but her father's trusted servant? He could not write: he could not speak. He must suffer as she suffered, for her pangs were his. Some day, perhaps, she would know, but everything was in the future.

All at once there was the dull sound of trampling horses, and a voice which was familiar spoke. He looked up sharply, and his breathing seemed to cease, for there, not ten yards away, cantering gently by, were *Rénée* and Isabel Endoza.

The latter saw him as he rose hurriedly, and said something to *Rénée*, who bowed also, but she was too far on to really see him. Then the grooms, one of whom was mounted upon a powerful chestnut horse, which he had enough work to hold in, went by and they were gone, the ladies evidently increasing their pace, while for a few moments Wynyan stood motionless, unable to think as to what he ought to do.

A terrible mist—a veil—had been drawn across his brain, and the more he fought against the feeling of confusion, the darker his mental powers grew. It was as if he were in some fevered dream, and he once more sank upon the seat, and rested his heavy head in his hands. Their damp coldness had the required effect, and at last he grasped the state of affairs.

*Rénée*, then, had been absent, riding with her friend, who must have sought her out as soon as she knew of the return from Brighton. And now, in utter ignorance of all that had taken place, happy, joyous, and free from all portent of the horrible stroke which had fallen, she was hurrying home to that awful, darkened house.

Even then, as Wynyan grasped the facts, he did not stir. He had started to his feet, but only to stand as if paralysed for a minute or so. Then, with a cry of agony, he started off, running, taking the shortest cut he could for the great gate, and reaching it at last, panting, to hurry nearly as rapidly through the intervening space.

'Shall I be in time? Shall I be in time?' he muttered hoarsely.

The answer came as he reached the corner of the street.

Dalton's groom was leading *Rénée's* graceful mare slowly away, and the house seemed to be staring at him blindly with its darkened panes.

### TAKA KOJI:

#### A NEW SUBSTITUTE FOR YEAST.

THE idea of finding a substitute for yeast seems almost sacrilegious, for yeast has been used by the human race for untold ages; but, in the words of Horace, 'nothing is too hard for mortals to accomplish,' and now we have succeeded in making the gigantic forces of steam and electricity perform humble duties for us, we are turning to the opposite end of the scale, and taming the microscopical fungi to be our willing servants. Mr Jokichi Takamine, a Japanese chemist, is the latest successful worker in this field. Whilst studying under Professor Mills, F.R.S., at Glasgow University, the possibility of improving our methods of brewing and bread-making, by finding and cultivating other fungi more efficient than yeast, occurred to Mr Takamine, and when he returned to Japan he continued to elaborate his idea, in conjunction with Professor Atkinson of Tokyo University, until he arrived at a successful conclusion.

Our knowledge of fermentation and the part played by fungi in bringing about the chemical changes we describe by that name has, indeed,

been gained only within the last few years. At the beginning of the century, fermentation was such a simple matter of everyday life, that nobody troubled himself to inquire into it. Even later, it was thought by distinguished chemists, such as Liebig, to be a purely chemical phenomenon brought about by the oxidising action of the air, and to M. Pasteur belongs the honour of having discovered that fermentation was caused by the life processes of specific organisms. On the foundation supplied by this discovery, all our knowledge of fermentation and the science of bacteriology has been built up; and not only have we found out why alcohol is formed out of sugar, and why food goes bad in hot weather, but also why we suffer from epidemic diseases. Fungi differ from green plants in that they have no power of extracting carbon from the carbonic acid of the air, and all their nutriment is obtained from the more highly organised vegetable and animal matter on which they live. Ordinary fungi can only attack dead matter, the living organism being too powerful for them; but some fungi succeed in growing in the passages between the cells of the higher organisms.

Instances of this are the fungi that prey upon insects, such as the mildew that attacks flies in the autumn in our own country, and the curious plant that may be seen hanging from the large wasps in the West Indies. As a general rule, the minute class of fungi known as microbes or *bacteria*—and very few of these—are the only ones capable of attacking the blood and cells of the living animal.

Ordinary yeast, or barm as it is called in some parts of the country, is a fungus of the lowest order, and is closely related to bacteria. Under the microscope, a yeast cell appears as a yellowish egg-shaped body, full of small specks, and having generally one or two clear spaces filled with water. The cells are very small—about three thousand of them in a row would be an inch long—but not nearly so tiny as some of their cousins, the bacteria, of whom ten times as many would be required to make up the length of an inch. If one of these yeast cells is placed in a solution of sugar and kept moderately warm, it commences to grow. In this process it does not get appreciably bigger, but a small bulge in the wall of the cell appears, which soon enlarges to a bud, and, almost before it has attained to its full size, this bud begins to give off buds of its own; so that, in a short time, instead of one yeast cell, we have long strings of them growing through the liquid in every direction. To the naked eye, the solution appears turbid, and small bubbles keep rising to the surface, so that after a time a scum forms, and the whole mass is stirred up by the gas it is giving off. What is really happening all the time is that yeast is splitting up the sugar into alcohol and carbonic acid gas. Other things are formed at the same time in small quantity, including glycerine and the heavier alcohols that we call fusel oil, containing more atoms of carbon than ordinary alcohol. All the sugar is not converted into ordinary alcohol and carbonic acid, because the yeast, in growing, uses some of it to build up the new cells.

During the process of fermentation, the solution gets quite warm: the yeast cells give out heat in a similar way to human beings, only the heat of the latter is obtained by burning the carbon or charcoal of their food slowly in the oxygen they take in by their lungs, whilst the yeast cells keep themselves warm by means of the chemical heat given out when sugar is split up into alcohol and carbonic acid. In fact, from a mechanical point of view, the yeast cell and the human being are merely more or less complicated heat-engines. Curiously, cane-sugar or beet-sugar—the same substance chemically—is not fermentable directly by yeast, that is, the yeast cannot feed on ordinary sugar, so it has to convert it first of all into fruit-sugar, or grape-sugar. This is accomplished by means of another ferment present with the yeast. This substance is not alive like yeast, but is what scientific people call an 'unorganised ferment,' resembling the similar substance manufactured by the glands of our own digestive systems. These unorganised ferments, whose action is not thoroughly understood, are purely chemical bodies that can sometimes be separated in actual crystals like salt or sugar. When they are introduced amongst materials subject to their action, they seem to work mechanically, so that the complicated chemical particles tumble over them, as it were, and get split up into simpler compounds.

In brewing beer, we have again to start with a substance that is unfermentable—barley. The first thing to be done is to convert it into something that will ferment, and here another unorganised ferment comes into play. This material is called diastase, and occurs naturally in the barley, and, in fact, in all seeds. It is the weapon used by the embryo plant to convert the stores of insoluble nourishment, principally starch, into soluble matter that it can use in growing. If the seeds are moistened and put in a warm place, they will begin to germinate, and the diastase will act on the starch and convert it into sugar. This is what happens in the process called malting; the seeds are allowed to grow until the diastase has changed most of the starch into sugar, and then the growth is stopped by subjecting the malt to dry heat, so that the tiny seedlings are withered and killed. The malt is now put into a huge tub, called a mash-tun, and treated with hot water, which extracts the sugar and everything else that will dissolve, and the liquor is then boiled with hops. The diastase will not stand heating beyond a certain point, and is killed in this process. The wort, as the liquor is called, is then cooled down to 60 degrees Fahrenheit, and run into the fermenting vats, where yeast acts upon it in the way we have described. When the yeast has used up all the sugar, it stops working. Just before this stage has been reached, the beer is run into barrels and allowed to stand, so that nearly the whole of the yeast works out through the bung-hole, and is caught in troughs placed for the purpose. Isinglass or finings are then introduced to filter off and carry down to the bottom any remaining cells of yeast, so that the liquor is bright and clear. English beer is allowed to ferment at a temperature of 70 degrees Fahrenheit,

but Continental beer is brewed on quite a different principle, the wort being cooled down to a much lower temperature, which is never allowed to rise appreciably. The consequence is that, instead of growing in long strings through the liquid, the German yeast grows on the sides and bottoms of the vats, and the fermentation takes much longer than in England. The substances produced also are rather different. It is not the alcohol in beer that makes people stupid and heavy, but a substance called furfural, which is formed in small quantities at the high temperature at which English beer is fermented; Lager, Munich, and other Continental beers contain practically none of this injurious substance, and much larger quantities of them can be drunk with impunity.

Now we have described the main processes of brewing, we will return to the fungi that cause the fermentation and describe the new ferment of Mr Takamine. It has been known for many years that, besides the different kinds of yeast, certain moulds can convert sugar into alcohol, and can be made to work in the same manner as yeast. For instance, the brown mould known as *mucor*, that may be seen growing in long white threads covered with a brownish powder on different material, is one of these. *Mucor* is higher in the scale than yeast, for it multiplies in a somewhat similar manner to a flowering plant, instead of by the method of budding alone. When growing in the ordinary way, the long threads on the surface of the cultivating medium are seen under the microscope to be long branched tubes, divided at intervals by transverse septa, and filled with similar material to that found in the yeast cell. From these interlocking tubes, upright tubes are given off here and there, carrying brown masses of spores or seeds at the top; whilst other tubes descend like rootlets into the liquid or other material on which the fungus grows. Now, if the fungus, instead of being allowed to thrive on the surface of a liquid, is submerged, a remarkable change takes place in its mode of growth: the tubes break up into short lengths, which soon become rounded, and, if placed in a sugar solution, begin to bud in long strings. They break up the sugar into alcohol and carbonic acid, and behave in every way like true yeast, so that there is no distinguishing between them.

The problem Mr Takamine set himself was to find a fungus that would act in this way, but in a far more efficient manner than yeast, and, in addition to that, would render the wasteful and unsatisfactory process of malting unnecessary. He tried various kinds of fungi, including all ordinary ferments known both to the eastern and western worlds, including many kinds of bacteria, but without marked success, until he experimented with an obscure fungus known as *Eurotium oryzae*, belonging to the mildew family, which, on due cultivation, did all that was required of it. It was found that boiled bran was the best soil to grow the fungus in. The plant spreads on the flakes with great rapidity, and if highly cultivated by the aid of chemical fertilisers, it produces what correspond to flowers; but this is not the

best condition for obtaining the ferment, and when grown for commercial purposes, no fertilisers are used, and the fungus is cultivated at a lower temperature. In this latter state, the rootlets are covered with minute crystals of diastase, and the unripe seeds or spores are the active agents in producing fermentation. Thus we have the diastase ready to convert the starch into sugar without any malting, and, in brewing, the ground barley will only have to be mixed with a certain quantity of water and sufficiency of the new ferment, Taka Koji, as its inventor has christened it. Besides the saving of ground, space, time, and labour that will be effected by employing a ferment that is able to do its own malting, there will be a large saving of material, for the seedlings of the barley use up a part of the starch in their own growth before they are killed in the drying chamber of the malt-house.

Another property of the Taka Koji, although not important in brewing beer, will be immensely valuable to whisky distillers. Ordinary yeast cannot go on working after the alcohol in the solution reaches 12 to 14 per cent., but Taka Koji will work up to 20 per cent., so that distillers will be able to use much stronger worts than they do at present. It has the advantage, also, that it produces no fusel oil, and no furfural, the poisonous substance we spoke of just now. We may remark that, in making whisky, practically the same operations are gone through as in brewing beer, except that no hops are added. Afterwards, the fermented liquor is distilled, and as alcohol is more volatile than water, the distillate contains much more alcohol than the original liquor. The better-class whiskies are made in pot stills—that is, earthenware stills in which the whisky is distilled twice to bring it up to the proper strength. Cheaper whiskies and all other European spirits are manufactured in what are called 'patent' stills. The condensing worms of these stills are so arranged that the more volatile alcohol passes over to the receiver, whilst the greater part of the water is condensed and separated from the spirit, only one distillation being required. The pot-still whisky contains more fusel oil, and requires a longer time to mature than the other, but the resulting product is more palatable owing to the fusel oil breaking up into ethers, which improve the flavour of the spirit.

There is, however, a more important field for Taka Koji than brewing or distilling—namely, bread-making. Unless we are much mistaken, the new ferment will replace yeast entirely before long for this purpose. Taka Koji is such a vigorous ferment, and so certain in its action, that it will give much better results than yeast, for it will be able to hold its own against the lower organisms that cause bread to turn sour. These are often present with yeast, and cause the loss of many a good batch of bread and many a good brew of beer.

In connection with the new ferment, a few words about extract of malt may prove interesting. Malt extract is valuable to invalids, partly on account of the actual nourishment—sugar and nitrogenous matter—but principally

owing to the diastase contained in it. This diastase enables a person of weak digestion to assimilate bread, rice, and other starchy matters, for the diastase digests them for him. The best malt extracts are made by extracting malt with water not hot enough to kill the diastase, and then evaporating it down to a treacle-like consistency in vacuum pans at a low temperature. A good malt extract should digest many times its weight of cooked starch in a few hours, and there are several brands in the market that will do this; but many others are absolutely worthless. By a simple method of washing, the diastase can be dissolved out of the Taka Koji, leaving the yeast-like ferment behind. The diastase is thrown out of solution by alcohol, and it can then be compressed into tabloids, or any other suitable form, so that invalids can make sure of obtaining the digestive assistance they require in a pure form, without the possibility of being imposed upon by worthless extracts of malt.

The interesting point about the discovery to those who are watching the advance of science, is not the actual material victory that has been gained, but the hope of still greater progress in the same direction. This useful ferment is of precisely the same order as the bacterial ferment that turns our milk sour by converting the milk sugar into lactic acid, and is own brother to the mildew that ruins the hops, and another mildew that preys on the vines. The flavour and digestibility of cheese, for example, depend entirely on proper fermentation, and there is a magnificent opportunity here for finding a new ferment, or series of ferments, that can be depended upon. In the disposal of sewage and refuse, also, much might be done in securing proper fungi, which would at least destroy the germs of disease. Indeed, there seems to be no doubt that as much may be gained by studying and cultivating these lower forms of vegetation, as has been done in converting the wild vegetation of field and forest into the hundreds of useful plants that fill garden and orchard with blossom and fruit.

## THE CAPTAIN MORATTI'S LAST AFFAIR.

### CHAPTER III.—FELICITÀ.

SOME few days after his interview with Di Lippo, the Captain Guido Moratti rode his horse across the old Roman bridge which at that time spanned the Avella, and directed his way towards the castle of Pieve, whose outlines rose before him, cresting an eminence about a league from the bridge. The captain was travelling as a person of some quality, the better to carry out a plan he had formed for gaining admission to Pieve, and a lackey rode behind him holding his valise. He had hired horse and man in Florence, and the servant was an honest fellow enough, in complete ignorance of his master's character and profession. Both the captain and his man bore the appearance of long travel, and in truth they had journeyed with a free rein; and now that

a stormy night was setting in, they were not a little anxious to reach their point. The snow was falling in soft flakes, and the landscape was gray with the driving mist, through which the outlines of the castle loomed large and shadowy, more like a fantastic creation in cloud-land than the work of human hands. As the captain pulled down the lapels of his cap to ward off the drift which was coming straight in his face, the bright flare of a beacon fire shone from a tower of the castle, and the rays from it stretched on broad orange bands athwart the rolling mist, which threatened, together with the increasing darkness, to extinguish all the view that was left, and make the league to Pieve a road of suffering. With the flash of the fire a weird, sustained howl came to the travellers in an eerie cadence; and as the fearsome call died away, it was picked up by an answering cry from behind, then another and yet another. There could be no mistaking these signals; they meant pressing and immediate danger.

'Wolves!' shouted Moratti; and turning to his knave: 'Gallop, Tito!—else our bones will be picked clean by morning. Gallop!'

They struck their spurs into the horses; and the jaded animals, as if realising their peril, made a brave effort, and dashed off at their utmost speed. It was none too soon, for the wolves, hitherto following in silence, had given tongue at the sight of the fire; and as if knowing that the beacon meant safety for their prey, and that they were like to lose a dinner unless they hurried, laid themselves on the track of the flying horses with a hideous chorus of yells. They could not be seen for the mist; but they were not far behind. They were going at too great a pace to howl now; but an occasional angry 'yap' reached the riders, and reached the horses too, whose instinct told them what it meant; and they needed no further spurring to make them strain every muscle to put a distance between themselves and their pursuers. Moratti thoroughly grasped the situation. He had experienced a similar adventure in the Pennine Alps when carrying despatches for Paolo Orsini, with this difference, that then he had a fresh horse and could see where he was going; whereas now, although the distance to Pieve was short, and in ten minutes he might be safe and with a whole skin, yet a false step, a stumble, and nothing short of a miracle could prevent him becoming a living meal to the beasts behind.

He carried, slung by a strap over his shoulder, a light bugle, which he had often found useful before, but never so useful as now. Thrusting his hand under his cloak, he drew it out, and blew a long clear blast; and, to his joy, there came an answer through the storm from the castle. Rescue was near at hand, and faster and faster they flew; but as surely the wolves gained on them, and they could hear the snarling of the leaders as they jostled against and snapped at each other in their haste. Moratti looked over his shoulder. He could see close behind a dark crescent moving towards them with fearful rapidity.

He almost gave a groan. It was too horrible to die thus! And he dug his spurs again and again into the heaving flanks of his horse, with the vain hope of increasing its speed. They had now reached the ascent to Pieve. They could see the lights at the windows. In two hundred yards there was safety; when Moratti's horse staggered under him, and he had barely time to free his feet from the stirrups and lean well back in the saddle ere the animal came down with a plunge. Tito went by like a flash, as the captain picked himself up and faced the wolves, sword in hand. There was a steep bank on the side of the road. He made a dash to gain the summit of this; but had hardly reached half-way up when the foremost wolf was upon him, and had rolled down again with a yell, run through the heart. His fellows tore him to shreds, and in a moment began to worry at the struggling horse, whose fore-leg was broken. In a hand-turn the matter was ended, and the wretched beast was no longer visible, all that could be seen being a black swaying mass of bodies, as the pack hustled and fought over the dead animal.

Nevertheless, there were three or four of the wolves who devoted their attention to Moratti, and he met them with the courage of despair. But the odds were too many, and he began to feel that he could not hold out much longer. One huge monster, his shaggy coat icy with the sleet, had pulled him to his knees, and it was only a lucky thrust of the dagger he held in his left hand that saved him. He regained his feet only to be dragged down again, and to rise yet once more. He was bleeding and weak, wounded in many places, and the end could not be far off. It was not thus that he had hoped to die; and he was dying like a worried lynx.

The thought drove him to madness. He was of Siena, and somewhere in his veins, though he did not know it, ran the blood of the Senonian Gauls, and it came out now—he went Berserker, as the old northern pirates were wont to do. Sliding down the bank, he jumped full into the pack, striking at them in a dumb fury. He was hardly human himself now, and he plunged his sword again and again into the heaving mass around him, and felt no pain from the teeth of the wolves as they rent his flesh. A fierce mad joy came upon him. It was a glorious fight after all, and he was dying game. It was a glorious fight, and when he felt a grisly head at his throat, and the weight of his assailant brought him down once more, he flung aside his sword, and grappling his enemy with his hands, tore asunder the huge jaws, and flung the body from him with a yell. Almost at that very instant there was the sharp report of firearms, the rush of hurrying feet, and the blaze of torches. Moratti, half on his knees, was suddenly pulled to his feet by a strong hand, and supported by it he stood, dizzy and faint, bleeding almost everywhere, but safe. The wolves had fled in silence, vanishing like phantoms across the snow; and shot after shot was fired in their direction by the rescue party.

'Per Bacco!' said the man who was holding

Moratti up; 'but it was an affair between the skin and the flesh, signore—steady!' and his arm tightened round the captain. As he did this, a long defiant howl floated back to them through the night, and Guido Moratti knew no more. He seemed to have dropped suddenly into an endless night. He seemed to be flying through space, past countless millions of stars, which, bright themselves, were unable to illumine the abysmal darkness around, and then—there was nothing.

When Moratti came to himself again, he was lying in a bed, in a large room, dimly lighted by a shaded lamp, set on a tall Corinthian pillar of marble. After the first indistinct glance around him, he shut his eyes, and was lost in a dreamy stupor. In a little, he looked again, and saw that the chamber was luxuriously fitted, and that he was not alone, for, kneeling at a *prie-dieu*, under a large picture of a Madonna and Child, was the figure of a woman. Her face was from him; but ill as he was, Moratti saw that the fitting dress showed a youthful and perfect figure, and that her head was covered with an abundance of red gold hair. The man was still in the shadowland caused by utter weakness, and for a moment he thought that this was nothing but a vision of fancy; but he rallied half unconsciously, and looked again; and then, curiosity overcoming him, attempted to turn so as to obtain a better view, and was checked by a twinge of pain, which coming suddenly, brought an exclamation to his lips. In an instant the lady rose, and moving towards him, bent over the bed. As she did this, their eyes met, and the fierce though dulled gaze of the bravo saw before him a face of ideal innocence, of such saint-like purity, that it might have been a dream of Raffaele. She placed a cool hand on his hot forehead, and whispered softly: 'Be still—and drink this—you will sleep.' Turning to a side table, she lifted a silver goblet therefrom, and gave him to drink. The draught was cool and refreshing, and he gathered strength from it.

'Where am I?' he asked; and then, with a sudden courtesy, 'Madonna—pardon me—I thank you.'

'Hush!' she answered, lifting a small hand. 'You are in Pieve, and you have been very ill. But I must not talk—sleep now, signore.'

'I remember now,' he said dreamily—'the wolves; but it seems so long ago.'

She made no reply, but stepped softly out of the room, and was gone. Moratti would have called out after her; but a drowsiness came on him, and closing his eyes, he slept.

It takes a strong man some time to recover from wounds inflicted by a wild animal; and when a man has, like Guido Moratti, lived at both ends, it takes longer still, and it was weeks before the captain was out of danger. He never saw his fair visitor again. Her place was taken by a staid and middle-aged nurse, and he was visited two or three times daily by a solemn-looking physician. But although he did not see her whom he longed to see, there was a message both morning and evening from the Count of Pieve and his daughter, hoping the invalid was better—the former

regretting that his infirmities prevented his paying a personal visit, and the inquiries of the latter being always accompanied by a bouquet of winter flowers. But strange as it may seem, when he was under the influence of the opiate they gave him nightly, he was certain of the presence of the slight graceful figure of the lady of the *prie-dieu* as he called her to himself. He saw again the golden red hair and the sweet eyes, and felt again the touch of the cool hand. He began to think that this bright presence which lit his dreams was but a vision after all, and used to long for the night and the opiate.

At last one fine morning Tito appeared, and began to set out and brush the captain's apparel as if nothing had ever happened. Moratti watched him for a space, and then rising up against his pillows spoke: 'Tito!'

'Signore!'

'How is it that you have not been here before?'

'I was not allowed, Excellency, until to-day—your worship was too ill.'

'Then I am better.'

'Excellency.'

There was a silence of some minutes, and the captain spoke again: 'Tito!'

'Signore!'

'Have you seen the Count and his daughter?'

'Signore!'

'What are they like?'

'The Count old, and a cripple. Madonna Felicita, small, thin, red-haired like my wife Sancia.'

Moratti sank down again upon the bed, a satisfied smile upon his lips. So there was truth in his dreams. The vision of the night was a reality. He would see her soon, as soon as he could rise, and he was fast getting well, very fast. He had gone back many years in his illness. He had thoughts stirred within him that he had imagined dead long ago. He was the last man to day-dream, to build castles in the air; but as he lay idly watching Tito, who was evidently very busy cleaning something—for he was sitting on a low chair with his back towards the captain, and his elbow moving backwards and forwards rapidly—the bravo pictured himself Guido Moratti as he might have been, a man able to look all men in the face, making an honourable way for himself, and worthy the love of a good woman. The last thought brought before him a fair face and sweet eyes, and a dainty head crowned with red gold hair, and the strong man let his fancy run on with an uprising of infinite tenderness in his heart. He was lost in a cloudland of dreams.

'Signore!'

Tito's harsh voice had pulled down the castle in Spain, and Tito himself was standing at the bedside holding a bright and glittering dagger in his hand. But he had done more than upset his master's dreams. He had, all unwittingly, brought him back in a flash to the hideous reality, for, as a consequence of his long illness, of the weeks of fever and delirium, Moratti had clean forgotten the dreadful object of his coming to Pieve. It all came back to him with a blinding suddenness, and he closed his

eyes with a shudder of horror as Tito laid the poniard upon the bed, asking: 'Will the signore see if the blade is keen enough? A touch of the finger will suffice.'

### NOVEL SHIPS.

THE attempt which M. Bazin is just now making to construct a steamship which shall roll over the water instead of being forced through it, will recall to mind many schemes of the past for revolutionising ocean navigation. Chimerical as the proposed vessel appears, the principle involved—that of propulsion by means of an immersed smooth cylinder—is not in itself an impossibility, for at least ten years ago an English admiral conducted some experiments upon this identical system. These experiments proved that if a smooth roller were driven at a very high speed, it would literally take hold of the water by friction as if it were a rope, but the losses caused by slipping were tremendous. No doubt, in smooth water a vessel could be propelled in this way and be stable; but one perched upon enormous cylinders would be a dangerous and disagreeable thing to be on board of in rough water.

Fads in shipbuilding seem to date from the seventeenth century, when a Dutch merchant gave orders for a vessel to be constructed for him like the pictorial representations of Noah's Ark. The shipping folk in the town where he resided jeered at him for his eccentric idea; but when the craft was completed, and she was found capable of carrying a third more cargo than other owners' ships, and no extra men were required to work her, the laugh changed sides. Probably this is the only instance on record of a 'fad' turning out successful when put to a practical test. In 1814, William Doncaster patented what he described as being 'the first hydrostatic ship which has ever appeared upon the habitable globe.' It consisted of five pontoons, sharp pointed, to divide the displaced water, so that she would rise well to the waves. Four water-wheels were fixed fore and aft, between pontoons one and two, and four and five, through which the water ran to propel the vessel. This invention, as might readily be imagined, proved to be of no use whatever.

What seems to have been the earliest attempt in using large drums as the means of propelling vessels was the invention of Mr Frederick Sang, of London, who in 1853 took out several patents covering various designs of this character. However, his drums were furnished with paddles, fixed either in the ordinary way, or movable on the principle of the feathering paddles. Many years later, some of the foregoing principles appeared in the 'Fryer Buoyant Propeller,' or three-wheel wagon. The wheels were hollow spheroids, holding the bed of the car or ship, above and entirely out of the reach of waves. These spheroids were not only the buoyant and supporting parts, but by their triangular position ensured stability, and provided the motive-power, rows of flanges on both sides of each wheel catching the water like a finely feathered oar. Each spheroid was capable of independent rotation, assuring handiness and

safety even without a rudder. Another inventor took the porpoise as a model for a ship, and endeavoured to show how she could be made to travel at the rate of one hundred miles an hour. The basis of the argument was, that the porpoise only used the equivalent to one horsepower to cut through the water at twenty-five miles an hour. Of the two-hulled *Castalia*, built in 1874; the *Bessemer*, with a swinging saloon, in 1875; and the *Calais-Douvres* of 1877, so much has already been written, that it seems needless to do more than mention them in this article.

Great things were expected to result from the introduction of the Aqua-aërial or wave-ship, but nothing has been heard of the invention for some years now. The vessel was designed with a view of doing away with the causes of sea-sickness, and to attain railway speed at sea, combined with safety and steadiness. She was a broad flat-bottomed structure with a semicircular bow, and had three keels, screw propellers, and a steam-engine. Except at the stern, the vessel did not rest upon the water, but upon a layer of air, introduced by means of funnels installed upon the deck. The three keels, besides diminishing the rolling, retained between them the air introduced below the hull, and prevented it from escaping at the sides. As the speed of the vessel developed, so the shallow draught, it was stated, decreased. The propellers were entirely submerged. Instead of ploughing its way through the water, the ship was to skim along or over the surface, in order to avoid wave-making, and thus get rid of the resistance of a large body of water. By means of this invention, the journey to New York and back was to be effected in six days.

The *Ocean Palace* steamship was patented by Mr Robert Wilcox, of Melbourne, Australia, the claims for which ranked themselves under the heads of speed, safety, and comfort. Double hulls were used, but each of them was divided into two cigar-shaped portions, thus giving to the submerged whole a quadruplicate character. The design was intended to give the least resistance, with the greatest buoyancy and stability. A couple of drums were placed fore and aft between the hulls, which were to be driven by the engines as if they were paddle-wheels. Over these drums was placed a continuous band of iron links, upon which paddles were fixed. It was claimed that this vessel would be able to run from Melbourne to London in twenty-six days.

In 1883 Captain William Coppin, who built the first large screw steamer which crossed the ocean, designed a new style of vessel, models of which were exhibited at Boston, U.S.A. It was a compound ship, composed of three hulls fastened together, the whole being decked over. The outer hulls were of narrow beam and of equal length; and a much shorter hull was placed in the centre space between the two longer vessels. The three hulls were rigidly connected by iron or steel bulkheads, box-girders, and steel decks or frames, in such a way as to form complete platforms or decks, so as to leave considerable extra spaces between the ships. The centre ship carried the engines,



and was provided with a propeller at each end. All three hulls tapered from the centre, both vertically and longitudinally, and came to a rounded point at both ends, so as to enter the wave and reduce the pitching motion to a minimum, the rolling motion being done away with by the extent of water-spaces between the ships. The platforms or decks extended about three-fifths of the whole length of the outside ships in the centre, and the remaining portions of the ends, forward and aft, were covered over for passing through the waves, but the space between was not decked over. Stability, safety, and speed were claimed for vessels so constructed, and the design was stated to have been approved by eminent naval men.

Two years later, M. Emil Adam, of Prague, Austria, designed a strange-looking craft, with which astonishing results were obtained. The inventor set out to reduce the resistance of the water as much as possible, and for this purpose constructed the hull of his vessel of two hollow cylinders, which were tapered from the middle toward both ends, whereby a ship resembling in shape a cigar was obtained. Each cylinder was provided on its outer surface with a screw thread, formed of metal plates riveted on the cylinder, the line of inclination of the thread being about forty-five degrees to the longitudinal axis of the cylinder. Annular recesses or breaks were formed in the cylinders, at suitable intervals, for the bearings supporting the frame of the vessel. The cylinders were rotated by a suitable engine, on the deck or platform of the vessel. The water in which the cylinders revolved acted as a nut for the screw threads, enabling a rapid motion to be obtained in either direction, especially as the frame, decks, &c., were entirely above the surface of the water, and thus offered little or no resistance.

Probably the only vessel of its kind in the world was built at Christianstadi, in Sweden, in 1890. It could be propelled on land by means of its own engines, and was intended for the traffic on two lakes close to Boras, which were separated by a strip of land. Rails were laid between the two lakes, and the steamer was to run itself across from one lake to the other. When tried at the works, the vessel fulfilled the tests very well. The engine was of ten horse-power, and the boat could accommodate some sixty passengers. Another original craft was the steamship *Louvre*, built at Nantes, in France, about three years ago. She was the first ocean vessel provided with two central propellers, which were placed underneath the middle of the hull instead of at the stern. It was claimed that by this means a steamer could remain at sea during the most terrific weather without any danger being incurred. The *Louvre* ran regularly between Paris and Nantes, calling at Brest. Quite recently, a patent was granted in London for a ship the propulsion of which was to be ensured under all circumstances, being fitted with both screw propellers and paddle-wheels, driven by independent engines, while another one was secured for steamers convertible into traction-engines!

Mr Edison is now reported to be at work with a plan to grease the sides of ships, so that they will slip through the water more

readily. He says that the friction of salt water and its constituents is much more than is generally believed; and if he can only do what he thinks possible, the *Campania* will be enabled to travel from Liverpool to New York in four days. Curiously enough, several inventors have designed steamships which were stated to be capable of performing this voyage in four, four and a half, and five days; but it is a matter of doubt whether the rapid runs already made by vessels of the ordinary type will ever be reduced to any appreciable extent, due regard being paid to safety during all weathers.

Want of space alone prevents details being given of Mr Jolly's *Ark Saloon*; Mr Gadd's 'loose sections'; Captain Bleven's 'dome ship'; Mr Davison's ship; Mississippi Company's vessels with double hulls and drop keels; Mr Shone's non-sinkable ship; Mr Graham's steamer with nine hulls; Signor Brin's ship; Mr Fryer's *Arrow* type; Mr Hodgett's patent ship; Mr Lincoln's 'tapering' hull, and several others, all of which possess peculiarities of more or less utility.

W. B. L.

#### GENTLEMAN JERRY:

##### OR, HOW THE KRAAL WAS SAVED.

It was a dull and cheerless day. The rain was sputtering down viciously upon the greasy pavements and filling the gutters, in each of which ran a drumly rivulet, swift and froth-topped. The few passers-by looked damp and miserable as they hurried on their way, and took no notice of the tall, spare figure muffled in a military greatcoat who was marching up and down the pavement at the regulation pace. The knot of coloured ribbons falling soaked and limp from his forage cap proclaimed him to be a recruiting sergeant; but there seemed nothing for him to recruit beyond a half-starved, wholly bedraggled mongrel, which was carrying on investigations round an empty ash bucket. Old Sergeant Dreadnought had been deserted by his companions, who had sought refuge in a neighbouring public, where many a Queen's shilling had been converted, like many an ordinary one, into the glass that both cheers and inebriates. The sergeant was used to being deserted, however, for he was an observant man, and had often noticed that his largest hauls—and he was famed for large hauls—had been made on wet and dismal days, and he made a point of being at his post in all kinds of weather.

For once, however, the sergeant seemed to be wrong. It was growing dusk, and not a single aspirant for military glory had he interviewed that live-long damp and dirty day. He had even made up his mind to desert the cold pavement and cheer his inner man by a glass of grog, when, as he turned to put his resolution into effect, he saw something which caused him to stop short and resume his measured tramp. This something was the figure of a man who had appeared at a corner on the opposite side of the street; and the well-practised eye of old Dreadnought had recognised

in him a likely prey. The man was young, tall, and broad, but evidently much thinner than he once had been, or else his clothes—and sorry clothes they were—would not have hung so loosely on his great frame. They were soaked with rain, and the man shivered as a gust of east wind caught him at the corner and nipped and buffeted him, seemingly in wild delight at having at length found a being in this quarter who was susceptible to its attack, for it had done its best all day with the gaunt, gray-coated individual on the other side of the street, but apparently without the least effect.

The man glanced across the road, and evidently caught sight of the sergeant and his ribbons, for he hesitated a moment, then, as the old soldier watched him out of a corner of his eye, he produced from somewhere in his ragged trousers a halfpenny, and that only after a careful search. Balancing it on his thumb-nail, he tossed it upwards and let it fall on the pavement; then picking it up, he began rapidly to cross the road.

The sergeant, who had been an interested spectator of this performance, straightened himself, or rather went through the motions to produce such a result, for he was already as straight as it is possible for a man with an ordinary built spine to be, cleared his throat, and put an extra twist on his moustache, then turned to meet the stranger.

Old Dreadnought had in his time enlisted many a queer customer, but, as he said afterwards, 'Never in all my life 'ad I seed sich a sad look on a man's face. He seemed as if he 'ad swallowed his grog without a-tasting of it.'

The young man came straight up to the sergeant, and without any preliminary, quietly said: 'I wish to enlist, if you please.'

'You do, my lad; then come along wi' me.'

They adjourned to the public, and many were the remarks the old sergeant had passed upon him by his fellow-recruiters for stealing a march upon them; but he was well used to their banter, and proceeded to administer to himself and to his latest capture a stiff glass of whisky and water. The new recruit turned out to be a very silent fellow, for he answered all questions as shortly as possible, and seemed disinclined for company. He gave his name as Jeremy Tobin; his age as four-and-twenty, but he looked nearer thirty; beyond that, there was little information to be got out of him; and he was finally left to himself, as 'a surly sort of cuss,' though the men pitied him, his face was so careworn and sad.

The 'surly cuss' was placed in the company of recruits which I had the honour and misfortune to lick into shape, and a sorry lot they were.

Jeremy Tobin was by a long way the best of them both as regarded physique and intelligence; and partly on this account, and partly because of his strange, settled melancholy, I took an interest in him and watched him closely. He was a fine-looking man when shaved and decently dressed; and under the combined influence of warm clothes and good food, he showed up as a very powerfully built fellow, well over six feet, and with the chest

and limbs of a Hercules. But though he thus improved as regarded his outer man, his demeanour never altered. I had seen many a gloomy and miserable recruit, but they always cheered up or deserted in the course of a month or two; not so Gentleman Jerry, as he had been dubbed.

Polite at all times, and eager for his work, he seldom spoke unless spoken to, and was never known to smile. Indeed, 'as glum as Gentleman Jerry' came to be quite a proverb in the regiment; and though at first his comrades rallied him on the subject, they soon wearied of it, and he was allowed to 'gang his ain gait.' I did my best to win his confidence; but beyond a 'Thank you, sir, you are very kind,' he would tell me nothing, even when I once came upon him with a letter in his hands, sobbing like a child, and begged him to let me help him.

Once only, to my certain knowledge, did Jeremy Tobin rouse himself, and then it was a rousing with a vengeance. We were in camp at the time, and Jeremy, while taking a solitary stroll, had come upon a great, coarse brute of a fellow unmercifully flogging a little drummer boy belonging to our regimental band. This man, who was a corporal in another regiment, had the reputation of being a terrible bully, and was without doubt one of the strongest men in Her Majesty's service. He was inflicting chastisement on the little drummer for daring to assert that 'our regiment could lick his hollow at any mortal thing.' Gentleman Jerry had taken the surprised bully by the collar, and dragged him off the boy by main force; then loosing his hold of him, he had calmly requested the boy to tell his version of the affair. The little chap blubbered out his story, and then Jeremy had politely asked the bully to give him his version. Finding he had none to give, Gentleman Jerry had straightway stripped off his coat and gone for him on the spot, saying never a word, but pounding the nian in a terribly cool and scientific, not to say effective fashion; after which he had donned his coat and strolled away as if nothing had happened, but gaining for himself the respect and admiration of his comrades, while the boy he had rescued worshipped him from afar.

If, however, we had hopes that this little incident might brighten up Jeremy Tobin, we were doomed to be disappointed, for he fell back into his old ways again, sober, moody, and glum, and so he continued till affairs in South Africa summoned us to Portsmouth, and thence to the Cape.

Day was breaking over the veldt, but early though it was, the outpost was up and stirring. It was no time to lie abed when the main column was miles away across the river, and bands of Zulus were scouring the country, 'seeking whom they might devour;' and if one happened to be located as we were in an old kraal on the slope of a low hill rising steep and grass-covered from the plain, defended merely by a double row of palisades, a couple of field-pieces, and a score or so of infantry of the line, there was all the greater need for

incessant care and watchfulness, if we ever hoped to see the shores of 'Merry England' once again.

Why there was any need for such a place to be defended at all, was a fact which might have puzzled wiser heads than ours; but there were many things in the course of that fatal war which never were and never will be explained, and thus it was that we officers stretched ourselves, and yawned, and blinked, and finally rose for our morning cup of coffee and round of daily labour, which consisted for the most part of scrutinising the surrounding plain and hills through our field-glasses, eating, drinking, and sleeping with what good-will we might.

For a whole week we had been cooped up, getting no news save what our two Kaffir scouts brought in, and that did not amount to much, and we wearied with an exceeding weariness of the monotony of outpost duty. Little did we think that the end of it, and to not a few of us the end of all things, was rapidly approaching, for Cherry-beak, one of our scouts, a little fuzzy-haired mortal with a fiery red nose—hence his high-sounding name—had come in the previous night with news that all was quiet and the country apparently deserted. It was true that his companion, Knobby—short for Knob-nose—had not yet returned; but there was nothing peculiar in this, and we were somewhat surprised when our orderly informed us that our worthy scout had been sighted making for the kraal at a pace which he did not usually affect. We brisked up at this, and eagerly awaited his arrival, discussing in the meantime what this piece of information might portend.

'The beggar is hungry, depend upon it,' drawled Jones, our young sub.; 'never knew such a man as Knobby for his breakfast—that's the meaning of his quick travelling, I'll bet.'

'Jones, man,' said our captain, a worthy Scot with a fund of dry humour, 'ye must not be always judging folk by yourself; but, speaking seriously, I fear this means something more than breakfast to Knobby; and the worst of it is, in the event of an attack, we have not any great store of ammunition, thanks to Tobin; still, it may merely be a scare, and whatever you do, don't let the men hear about the cartridges.—But here is Knobby and the news!'

Knobby was a Swazi by birth, a tall, well-built man, a good scout, and a splendid runner, but it was evident, from his distressed breathing, that he had had about enough of it on the present occasion. He saluted, and was about to make his report, when Captain Forbes beckoned him to follow, and accompanied by myself as senior lieutenant, made his way into the hut which served as the officers' quarters. Then Knobby told his tale.

Some ten miles to the north, he had come upon a small 'impi' encamped, evidently a detachment from a larger body, and had learned that they were on the way to our kraal, though, apparently, they were unaware that we were in possession. He had managed to steal away unperceived, and had run at full speed back to the outpost to give us timely warning.

'How many might there be?' Knobby had

counted them. There were three hundred young warriors, and they would be here in a few hours at the most, for their halt had merely been a temporary one.

It was a pleasant prospect! Here were we, not much over forty men all told, with a decidedly small stock of ammunition, waiting in an old kraal far away from the British lines for an attack from three hundred fighting men of one of Cetewayo's most famous regiments, led by a young but ambitious and clever warrior; for Knobby had, thanks to the long grass, got close enough to learn details. Well, there was nothing for it but to make the best of it, though we took care to send Cherry-beak off with a message to the column. It was not the numbers we cared so much about, for we were behind stockades; it was the cartridges.

'Confound that mad fellow!' muttered the captain as we left the hut. 'What possessed him to meddle with the ammunition? But for that, we might have laughed at them.'

'If his madness has added to his strength, he may be of use yet,' I answered, 'especially if it comes to close quarters.'

'Use! look at him; what use do you think can be made of that man?'

In a corner of the little enclosure sat a strange-looking figure, a huge, heavily-built man, his head sunk forward on his chest. He was busily engaged in making a mud-pie, as engrossed in this occupation as if he had been a child of six instead of a great stalwart soldier.

Zululand had not dealt kindly with Gentleman Jerry.

On the march up country he had been struck down with sunstroke, and though he rapidly recovered at the time, he had afterwards seemed more gloomy and silent than ever. Then, a couple of days before we left the main column, a letter arrived which had greatly distressed him. Still he was well enough, and seemed glad when he was allowed to accompany the detachment; but none of us had been much surprised when, two days after we had reached the kraal, Gentleman Jerry was found laughing and gibbering to himself as he sat bareheaded in the sun. It was a more serious matter, however, when we found that he had gained an entrance to the hut in which our precious stock of ball cartridge was stored, and had destroyed as much as he could lay hands on, tearing open the cases and using the powder for his own ends—namely, mixing it with water and making fizzing cones of it.

A strict guard had been placed over him since then, and now he was occupying his time making mud-pies and trying in vain to make them fizz also. It was a pitiable sight; but we had other things to think of, and soon all the men save Jerry and his guard were at their posts; ammunition was served out, and a large supply of water brought in from the spring close by the kraal. Then we waited for the enemy.

We had not long to wait; but it seemed hours and hours before any sign of them appeared; then all of a sudden the crest of a low hill to the north of us was black—black with armed Zulus. Three hundred of them! there must have been nearer three thousand, a long

line, which, pausing a moment, began slowly to creep down the yellowish-gray hillside like a great black and white snake. They were a couple of miles away; but we could see them clearly through the glasses, and to the unaided eye the glint of the morning sun on their assegai blades looked like burnished silver. I looked around me. The men were at the loopholes which had been cut in the outer stockade. With grim and set faces they were watching the advancing foe, and for the most part were quiet and silent.

We officers were gathered on the rising ground in the middle of the kraal, for there was no need of concealment; and by one of the huts was the huge form of Gentleman Jerry working away at his little heap of mud, and over all floated the old flag, its folds streaming out against the gentle breeze.

Away out on the plain the impi had halted, and with our glasses we could see the headmen consulting together. Then on it came again without cry or sound, and again halted out of range. We waited anxiously for its further movements, and then, to our surprise—for the Zulus usually attack in great force—a small party moved to the front, while the rest squatted down and prepared to watch the assault. It was evident they deemed our numbers small, but they could have had no idea we had the field-pieces, or they would have attacked us with a far larger force than the three hundred unringed warriors who stood in a double line being inspected by their chiefs. We learned afterwards that the three hundred young warriors, constituting the party Knobby had come across, had begged as an especial favour to be allowed the privilege of eating up the white men. Whether they altogether enjoyed the eating-up process we must leave the reader himself to judge. Fortunately they could only attack us by the face of the slope, owing to the nature of the ground, and our whole available force was grouped together at this part of the kraal to await the Zulu charge. Next moment the line was in motion, and up the slope they came, slowly, but steadily, their great war-shields in front of them, and we could see that some of them carried rifles. Then they burst into a wild war-song, the burden of which came rolling up the hill towards us. 'Slay, slay,' they chanted; 'the sun is red; we shall eat them up; the white men shall die; onward, children of the Amazulu; kill, kill!' But the kraal was silent. And now they quickened their pace, and swept upwards, their plumes waving, and their fierce faces grinning at us above their shield-points; but the kraal was no longer silent, for suddenly the field-pieces opened fire upon them with deadly effect.

Taken altogether by surprise, they halted a moment, and seemed to waver, then, encouraged by their leaders, they poured in a scattered volley, and throwing away their muskets, drew together for a final charge; but quick and sharp came the command, and a blaze of fire sprang from the stockade, as the Martinis poured in a deadly hail upon their ranks. The battle-fever was upon them, however, and undeterred, up they came, eager to grapple with the hidden foe; but it was not to be.

Fierce and terrible as they were, more fierce and terrible was the rain of shot which met them, and down they went, dozens at a time, writhing and bleeding, biting at the long grass and clutching it in their death-agonies. Still, so wild and furious was their charge, that they were not twenty yards from the kraal when what was left of them turned to flee; but, as they fled, a great mocking cry rose from the plain, so that some turned back, and met a warrior's death on the blood-stained slope.

'Cease firing!' We could not afford to waste a shot upon the fugitives, and yet we had repulsed the first attack with but one man killed and four slightly wounded, two of them by assegais. But down in the plain they had gathered again for the fight, and the roll of the war-chant from two thousand savage throats rose upon the morning air. On they came, pouring in two volleys, and rushing to the charge, heedless of the bullets which tore through them. How could we hope to stem such a living torrent? In front ran a tall warrior, waving a heavy knobkerrie above his head and cheering on his followers. He seemed to bear a charmed life, for not a bullet reached him.

'A guinea to the man who pots the big nigger,' shouted Jones. Poor lad, they were his last words, for an assegai caught him full in the throat; but, as he fell, a heavy revolver bullet bowled over the 'big nigger,' and he was trampled under foot by his followers as they bounded onwards.

'Back, back!' came the cry; and the red-coats retreated quickly behind the second row of stakes, followed by a flight of spears. As I ran with the rest, I felt a sudden hot pain dart through my leg, and next moment was lying between the palisades, pinned through the calf by an assegai. There I lay with some others who had fallen, waiting for death, for the death that was coming swiftly up the slope. I was strangely cool, save for the pain in my leg, which made me wince whenever I tried to turn, and all the while the bullets sang above my head as they went sweeping down the hill through and over the outer palisades. Suddenly I saw the outer barrier shake and splinter some twenty yards away, and next moment it was down, and a great Zulu rushed through the opening in it, and paying no heed to me, ran straight at the inner row of stakes. With a bound he was upon them; but as he hung there, I heard a strange low laugh come from the kraal, and then, above his black head, the butt of a rifle came into view. Next moment, it descended; and the warrior, his head split like a pumpkin, fell backwards, just as three other Zulus came rushing through the gap. But a roar which rose high above the din of battle came from the kraal, and right through the inner barrier Gentleman Jerry burst his way, a clubbed rifle clenched in his great hands. He made straight for the three Zulus, and first one and then another went down with their skulls battered out of all shape, while the third, a little squat man, drew back in terror. The madman was bleeding now from a couple of assegai wounds; but I saw his eyes gleam with fury as the terrified warrior was jerked

aside as if he had been a child, and in his place there stood a gigantic Zulu whirling a heavy knobkerrie in the air. It needed not his plumed head and magnificent leopard-skin kaross to proclaim him a chief; it was evident from his lofty bearing and every movement of his lithe but giant frame. A crowd of Zulus were now at the gap in the stockade; but they stood there in awe, gazing at their chief and the strange white warrior.

From the kraal came the hoarse order, 'Keep on firing, lads,' and the bullets still whistled and sang above me; but the fire had slackened, for the cartridges were all but spent.

Crash! Knobkerrie and rifle-butt had met, but away spun the former, while the Martini was jerked out of the madman's grasp. With a cry of triumph the chief sprang forward and plunged his stabbing assegai into Jeremy's right side. Next moment, the madman had plucked it out, and the next he had the Zulu in his terrible embrace. To and fro the tall figures rocked, and then, as I lay, I could see the chief's eyes start from their sockets and his face grow wild with fear and pain. Then there came a cracking, grinding sound, horrible to hear, and Gentleman Jerry tossed the Zulu's crushed and mangled corpse from him, and with a great effort stood erect, the blood pouring from his mouth; then, with a cry, he threw up his arms and fell beside his prostrate foe.

But even as he fell, and as friendly arms dragged me into the kraal, from the plain below a bugle call rang out, and a hearty British cheer, followed by a rattle of carbines, brought joy to us, and carried dismay to our baffled foes, who, as they fled, were cut down in dozens by the cavalry who had come so timely to our rescue.

When all was over and the kraal was cleared, Gentleman Jerry was found lying quiet and still, a strange smile on his blood-stained face, from which the madness had gone for ever. So we buried him there with his comrades, by the old kraal on the grassy slope, and there he lies in that far-off land, and his secret lies buried with him.

Strangely enough, about a year afterwards I was looking over the 'agony' column of the *Times* when I came upon the following: 'J. T. (S—e). My poor boy, it has all been a sad mistake, and a vile plot; the letters were frauds. Come back, for God's sake, before it is too late.' Jeremy, or not Jeremy? that is the question.

#### OREGON WOOD-RATS.

A CORRESPONDENT from Falls City, Oregon, writes: The Oregon wood-rat has a curious fondness for bright colours. It is larger than the common rat, with a long bushy tail; and it makes its nest at the top of fir-trees—a mass of sticks and moss. But as soon as any one builds a hut in the forest, the wood-rats come to inspect it, as they are very curious, and also very fond of appropriating any bright objects, and will carry away forks, spoons, &c. They often desert the trees and begin to build a nest under the roof of the hut, or in any undisturbed place. I once found a nest half-made in an old wash-tub, and lined with red flannel. When we

arrived here thirteen years ago from England, it was nearly evening; the roads had been very rough from Corvallis, and we were quite tired out, and very glad to see the old hut on the claim we had bought. No one felt inclined to do much that night, so we spread mattresses on the floor and prepared to have a good night's rest. But no sooner was the light extinguished than there came a hurry-scurry of little feet, and bright eyes shone all round us, much to our alarm; but they all vanished as soon as the candle was lighted, some taking flight up the wide open chimney, others up some stairs into a loft.

The man who came with us said: 'Oh, those are wood-rats. They will carry to their nests any little articles you may leave about.'

The next day we obtained traps, and tried to catch them in the same manner as English rats with toasted cheese or a piece of bacon; but they took no notice of either of these delicacies. We noticed that several times, when I left a bright red crochet shawl I had lying on a chair at night, pieces were torn off it, and once it was dragged up the steps to the loft; so we threw it over a trap, and the next morning a large wood-rat measuring sixteen inches from head to tip of tail was caught; and that was the first of ten that were attracted by the same shawl, which never failed to catch one whenever the trap was covered with it.

We very rarely see one now. I suppose they have retired farther back into the forest, away from civilisation. In one of their nests here I saw a pocket-knife, a steel fork, a collar-stud, and pieces of a red flannel shirt. They live upon berries, nuts, and various roots, and seeds of the fir-cones; but do not care for maize, oats, wheat, or potatoes, &c., like squirrels and chipmunks.

#### IF THOU WERT FALSE.

If thou wert false to me, what could I do?—  
If thou wert false to me, what could I say?  
Could I look up and face the light of day—  
Thou faithless and I true?

I could not dare to speak a word of blame,  
But in my heart the grief would lie and ache;  
Calmness without, my lips could never take  
The music of thy name.

The pain would choke me if I tried to weep—  
The stifled sorrow would lay waste within;  
Tears might relieve, but tears I might not win—  
Rest, but I could not sleep.

There could be neither tears, nor speech, nor rest,  
Till I forgave as I would be forgiven;  
Then might the bonds of frozen grief be riven,  
And sobbings ease my breast.

If thou wert false to me while I was true,  
I would remember rather than forget—  
Loving thee still with that uncanceled debt  
Of love for ever due.

ARTHUR L. SALMON.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,  
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 604.—VOL. XII.

SATURDAY, JULY 27, 1895.

PRICE 1½d.

## AN HISTORIC DUEL.

ON the death this summer of the twelfth Duke of Hamilton, the title passed to a distant relative. The twelfth duke was fifth in descent from the fourth duke through his eldest son James: the thirteenth is also fifth in descent from the same fourth duke, but through his third son Anne (so called after his godmother Queen Anne). That fourth duke it was who, a hundred and eighty-three years ago, fought the famous fatal duel with Lord Mohun, in which both principals were killed. In *Esmond*, Thackeray gives the story with all the heightening of romance, for, as every reader will remember, the duke's death occurs on the eve of his marriage to Beatrix Castlewood, and the fatal news is brought to his bride by Henry Esmond as she is choosing her wedding gifts. Esmond had been dining with his old commander, General Webb, and the feast, we are told, had been arranged in honour of the Duke of Hamilton before his departure as ambassador to the Court of Louis XIV. At the last moment, however, he had sent an apology, pleading most urgent business. The business was with Lord Mohun in Hyde Park.

Without the chief guest, the evening passed somewhat gloomily, and several of the company had left, when suddenly carriage-wheels were heard to stop on the street outside, and 'Mr Swift entered with a perturbed face. St John, excited with drink, was making some wild quotation out of *Macbeth*, but Swift stopped him. "Drink no more, my lord, for God's sake," says he. "I come with the most dreadful news. Duke Hamilton is dead: he was murdered an hour ago by Mohun and Macartney. They had a quarrel this morning; they gave him not so much time as to write a letter. He went for a couple of his friends, and he is dead; and Mohun, too, the bloody villain who was set on him. They fought in Hyde Park just before sunset; the duke killed Mohun, and Macartney came up and stabbed

him, and the dog is fled. I have your chariot below. Send to every part of the country and apprehend that villain. Come to the duke's house and see if any life be left in him."

"Oh Beatrix, Beatrix!" thought Esmond, "and here ends my poor girl's ambition."

But fascinating as are Thackeray's brilliant pages, it may be well to turn to a more authentic version of the tragedy.

In the *Historical and Genealogical Memoirs of the House of Hamilton* by Mr Anderson, printed at Edinburgh in the year 1825, a long chapter is devoted to this James, fourth Duke of Hamilton. He was the eldest son of Anne, Duchess in her own right; and after violently opposing the Union, had made his peace with the Queen, and been created Duke of Brandon in the peerage of the United Kingdom. Her majesty also decorated him with the Garter, in addition to the Order of the Thistle which he already possessed. When remonstrated with for bestowing such an unprecedented superfluity of honours, her majesty replied: 'Such a subject as the Duke of Hamilton has a pre-eminent claim to every mark of distinction which a crowned head can confer. I will henceforth wear both Orders myself.' So His Grace was at all events spared the inconvenience of singularity in his public appearances.

Alas! it was but for a very short time the duke was permitted to enjoy either titles or decorations. 'His Grace was a few days afterwards appointed ambassador extraordinary to France upon the conclusion of the Treaty of Utrecht; but, while splendid preparations were making for that embassy, the Duke of Hamilton fell in a duel with Charles, Lord Mohun, Baron of Oakhampton in Devonshire (who was also killed on the spot), in Hyde Park, on Saturday, 15th November 1712, in the fifty-fifth year of his age, and was buried with his ancestors at Hamilton.'

The two noblemen had married sisters, nieces of Lord Macclesfield, and fell out as to their property. 'High words' passed between them,

then low bows, as was the fashion of the times, and an hour or two after, swords were flashing, fatally on this occasion for both. The *Memoirs* above quoted give a long and circumstantial account of the combat, and a ghastly butchery it must have been.

'The duke,' we read, 'next morning went in his chariot to Colonel Hamilton's lodgings at Charing Cross and hurried him away. The colonel having forgot his sword, His Grace stopped the carriage, gave the servant a bunch of keys, with orders to bring a mourning sword out of a particular closet, and then drove to Hyde Park, where they found Lord Mohun and General Macartney before them. The duke made some compliment, and threw off his cloak, when Lord Mohun, bowing to him, said: "I must ask your Grace one favour, which is, that these gentlemen may have nothing to do in our quarrel."

'To this the duke answering: "My lord, I leave them to themselves," all immediately drew and engaged. . . . Such was the animosity with which they fought, that, neglecting the rules of art, they seemed to run on one another as if they tried which should kill first.'

In a few minutes both the principals were mortally wounded. The seconds survived, although they had their own 'animosities' to fire their blood, for Colonel Hamilton had an old prejudice against the General for being made major in the Scottish Guards over his head; but the park-keepers interfered before they had seriously injured each other. On being examined before the Privy-council, Colonel Hamilton gave evidence that Macartney, having been disarmed by him, had given the final thrust which despatched the duke.

Whether this was the case or not, it raised a hue and cry against the general, who fled the country. The Scottish peers made the matter their own, and presented a petition to Queen Anne 'that she would be pleased to write to all kings and states in allegiance with her, not to shelter General Macartney, but to cause him to be apprehended and sent over to England.'

But things moved slowly in those days. Macartney was safe at Antwerp before it was really known that he had fled, and there he remained, spite of any communication with 'kings and states,' till 1716, when he came back to England, and (George I. having by this time succeeded) gave himself up to be tried by the Court of King's Bench. 'The jury, by direction of the court, acquitted him of the murder, but found a verdict of manslaughter, of which he was discharged by the formality of a cold iron [that is, he was nominally 'burnt in the hand' with a cold iron], immediately made use of to prevent appeal.'

A bundle of old papers put into our hands the other day, revived for us in a singular way the story recorded in the *Historical Memoirs* and elaborated in *Esmond*. The papers fell apart as we undid the tape which had bound them for many a year; and there, open to the curious eye of to-day, lay all their faded records, their forgotten secrets. Accounts, notes of receipts and disbursements long since settled, estimates for repairs, measurements of an estate which has

been built over and municipalised for half a century—such were their contents. Those who wrote them, those to whom they were written, are gone long ago, and the interest of the papers was gone with them.

We had looked through the whole dusty packet, and were about to tie it up again, when we picked up one paper which had somehow escaped notice. It was a thin, yellow sheet, that might have lain in a pocket-book, and we unfolded it, hardly expecting it would contain anything of more moment than those we had already examined. But a glance told that here was something different. The writing was faded, and difficult to decipher at first sight, but the date at the end was distinct in old-fashioned figuring, 'thirteen day of february 1714;' and below the date were signatures in large legible characters, with seals attached to them. Gradually we spelt out the lines, till the import of the document unravelled itself before us, and in spirit we passed across the centuries. We were away back in *Esmond's* world; a world of court ladies beautiful as Beatrix, of noble gentlemen balancing their chances as best they might between the Elector of Hanover and the Stuarts at St Germain's; a world of plots and intrigue, whose honour was so false that no man dare trust his neighbour, and so delicate that for a word, for a gesture even—Hyde Park and drawn swords. For this worn yellow paper was an original document relating to the very duel in which the Duke of Hamilton was killed, as related by Thackeray. But let it tell its own story:

'We undersubscryvers Tutors to James Duke of Hamilton Being informed that Generall George Macartny who was accessery to the murder of the deceased James Duke of Hamilton our umquile father and for apprehending of whom there is a proclamation issued by her majestie and now by good providence issued in the Isle of Man And we being desirous to know the certainty of the said information, Doe hereby give power and commission to you Lieutenant James Hamilton and Ensign Alexander Cleland (?) to goe in company with sutch servants or other persons as you shall think fitt to imploy to the said Isle of man or to any other place where you are informed that the said Generall Macartny is sailed And there to take tryall if the person so called is the Generall Macartny. And if it be so found that you apply to the governour deputy governour of the Island Justices of peace and all other magistrats and officers and officers of the law to keep and reserve the said Generall Macartny in safe custody untill there be orders sent from the government for his transportation, and that you doe attend personally on him yourselves and imploy what persons you think fitt for the effectual securing his person. Given under our hands Att Edinburgh and Hamilton the thirteen day of february 1714.

HAMILTON.
RUGLEN.
J. HAMILTON.
TWEEDDALE.
PANMURE.'

'We undersubscryvers' by whom the document is signed and sealed, are the guardians of



the young duke, a boy of ten at the time of his father's death. The first signature 'Hamilton' has a black seal attached to it, and may be that of the child's mother; or could it be of his grandmother, the Duchess Anne, who was still alive at this time, nearly eighty years of age? It bears the coat of arms on a lozenge, with the coronet and supporters, and the family motto 'Through.' The same shield and motto are on the seal against 'Ruglen,' which is the signature of the boy's uncle, Lord John Hamilton, fourth son of the old Duchess. 'Tweeddale' and 'Panmure' are uncles by marriage, having married his father's sisters; while the last signature to the paper is, according to the corresponding shield and motto, 'Tam virtute quam labore,' given in Anderson's *Memoirs*, that of Hamilton of Pencaitland, a member of the Society of Writers to the Signet, who 'was appointed one of the Senators of the College of Justice, by the title of Lord Pencaitland, in 1712.'

Whether 'Lieutenant James Hamilton' and the 'fitt persons' who were to accompany him, ever made their way to the 'said Isle of Man,' where 'by good providence' her majesty's proclamation was now issued, we do not know. He belonged to the Hamiltons of Dowan, and it is through the family of his only child that this worn and faded record of murder and vengeance has been preserved.

## AN ELECTRIC SPARK.\*

### CHAPTER XIII.—A SUDDEN BLOW.

PAUL WYNAN never remembered how he reached his chambers, but seemed to wake out of a stupor after it was dark, to find himself seated in the chair he had so often used when working out the great scheme in which Robert Dalton had said that he was to share.

He had been completely stunned by the terrible misfortune; but now, as he sat there in the darkness, his brain awakened into a state of wild activity, causing him acute mental suffering.

So good and earnest an old friend cut off in the midst of a great and useful life; taken from the arms of one who in every word showed her tender filial love! It was too hard, too cruel a stroke of Fate. For what had she done that she should be called upon to bear so dreadful a loss?

And once more the scene he imagined came back clearly pictured, of the silent room with the broken-hearted child weeping at the dead man's side.

Wynan felt as if he could not bear it, and starting now from his seat, he paced his room hour after hour, till, in utter exhaustion, he sank back in his chair, gazing blankly before him at the window, feebly lit up by one of the street lamps outside.

Till then there had not been a single selfish

thought to cross his mind; but now all at once came the doctor's words like a flash. He recalled all that had been said that evening when he dined in Harley Street. Then his reply to the doctor when they parted just now—an hour—many hours ago. When was it? He could not rest, but from out of the darkness which mentally hedged him in, there came now a numbed but agonising thought.

No: he had not spoken to Dalton—he had not seen him till he saw him lying back there stricken down—dying. And what would it mean? He was to have been his partner—the sharer in the wealth which the invention would produce, and he was to have gone to him—he had meant to go to him, to speak out boldly and in the simple, old Scriptural language say, 'I love her: give her me to wife.'

And now too late—too late!

For what did all this dumb oppressing agony mean, but the gradually increasing knowledge of his position. To-morrow he might have been partner in the great business—his employer's equal. To-morrow he would be only the employé of the firm. The great invention came of his inception, but what of that? He had nothing to show. He was the dead man's paid servant, and the invention had been worked out in his time, planned by means of his money, but that would give him no real claim upon it, as it seemed to him, even if he wished; and worst of all, as he recalled the doctor's words, most probably Dalton had left nothing definite in the way of will as to the future ordering of the business.

Wynan's brain was too dull and confused for him to logically analyse the position; but as in the veriest tangle the thoughts flooded and blinded his mental faculties, it seemed to him that *Rénée* must succeed to her father's property, but with Brant there to assume, as a man and the next in kin, the governing power in the great business.

And himself? Could he tell *Rénée* of what was to have been? Brant would know and laugh it to scorn. If he made a claim—if he made a claim, and he felt that he could not—Brant would consult lawyers, and he saw himself being hounded down as an impostor, as one who, taking advantage of his knowledge of certain secrets, had vamped up a false story to rob his old employer's estate.

Brant! In full command there! Master of everything, for *Rénée* could not interfere. He foresaw what must take place. Brant would never tolerate his presence.

At last he made an angry gesture, throwing out his hands, as if to drive away the many fevered thoughts which would recur.

'Self—self—all miserable self!' he muttered; and he became conscious now that the light in the window was different, and going to it, he threw open the sash and stood there to feel the soft, cool air of the early dawn come gratefully to his aching brow.

He looked out upon the little Inn, and by that light everything looked different and strange, as the soft bluish light drove out the dark shadows. The two gas lamps he could see were sickly and pale, and the few stunted trees in the railed-in patch of garden where the

\* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

old sun-dial stood were beginning to turn from dusky slate to green.

'I won't think now,' he said to himself. 'Man proposes and God disposes. What can we do? May He soften her grief and lighten the burden. What is my pitiful life to hers?'

He drew back from the window, for he heard steps; then there was a rattling sound, and the light in one lamp was extinct. A minute later, following the quick steps, the next lamp was put out; the steps died away, and the little old Inn was silent.

Wynyan sat back in his chair once more, to go over all the incidents of the past few hours in spite of himself; and then he started up dazed and stupefied.

What did it mean? Why was he like that, standing by the table?

With a rush the great agony came back, and he knew that he must have been asleep for some hours. His watch showed him that—pointing to nine.

He was ready now to reproach himself. How could he sleep when yonder, in that darkened chamber, *Rénée* was watching and weeping still?

'Men must work and women must weep,' he muttered, as he went into his bed-chamber; and only an hour later, full of the stern determination to do his duty to the firm as rigidly as if Dalton would be there, he hurriedly swallowed a cup of tea at the first buffet, and then took a cab to Great George Street, to find every one in his place in the darkened rooms.

'Good—morning, Mr Wynyan,' said a feeble voice at his elbow, and he started at the change in old Hamber. Twenty-four hours had aged him terribly. 'God help us, sir! This is a terrible blow.'

Wynyan pressed the old man's hand, holding it for a few moments, and then walked to his own table and sat down, to try to crush out the misery which surrounded him by attacking work that he knew Dalton would have wished to be done.

The task was hard, but he struggled on hour after hour in the darkened room, where no one spoke higher than in a whisper when passing here and there on tiptoe.

Wynyan tried hard, but it was always the same. There straight before him was the baize door, and his eyes seemed to pierce it, so that he was constantly seeing the terribly appealing countenance of the old engineer with the eyes gazing wildly into his, as if asking him for help.

Then, in spite of himself, those eyes would seem as if they were appealing to him to carry out their scheme for *Rénée's* sake, and a fresh interpretation would come as well, the look bidding him take his child to love and protect now that he was passing away.

Drawing his breath hard, Wynyan bent over some papers he was trying to read, but the words and lines died away, dissolving as it were into the similitude of Dalton's chamber at home, with the firm, manly, old countenance fixed in death, and *Rénée* kneeling weeping by the side of the bed.

Always the same—he could not blind himself to those scenes, for his closed eyes only made

them stand out the brighter before his mental vision.

'Poor old Dalton! Good, true, brave, old heart!' he muttered, 'for your sake and that of yours, I'll work here in spite of every rebuff, and do my duty free of all hope of the great reward.'

But he could not work that morning, as the gloomy hours glided by; still there was one thing which, from time to time, gave him satisfaction. It was when he looked round the large office and saw eyes fixed upon the door of the dead man's room, eyes that, in more than one case, told tales of genuine emotion; and as he bent over his work again, he could feel that the firm, decisive man had been respected, even loved, and that those present mourned for him, feeling that they had lost a friend who could hardly be replaced.

There was an exchange of wondering glances, and a faint whisper of surprise somewhere about three o'clock, for the outer door was opened, and Brant entered, looking neither to right nor left, but going straight to his own room, where, when the door closed upon him, keys were heard to rattle, and the occupant seemed to be busy.

Old Hamber sighed audibly, but no one spoke; and for some minutes nothing was heard but the scratching of pens or the picking up and laying down of a ruler upon table or desk.

Then Brant came out again, walked to old Hamber's table, and said in a low voice: 'Let my books and papers be moved to-morrow morning into the other room.'

The next minute he had opened the baize door, entered, and closed it behind him.

Very few words, but they were full of meaning. There was a decision about them—a tone of mastership, and the clerks glanced at each other, some exchanging a short nod, while old Hamber unlocked his table drawer, drew out the estimates which had been signed, turned over the leaves, looked long and fixedly at Brant's handwriting, and then, as if he were telling himself that it was correct after all, he took from the case a large blank linen-lined envelope, directed it in his firm clear hand, folded the documents, slipped them in, moistened the gummed flap, and fastened it down, proceeding afterwards to light a taper, seal the envelope, weigh it, and stamp it for post.

Wynyan found himself attentively watching the old man's actions, thinking the while of how much they meant, for he was near enough to see Brant's bold florid writing at the bottom of the papers, and he instinctively grasped what it all meant, knowing their contents, and that they had been waiting for Robert Dalton to sign.

'Mastership—the new principal standing where I should have stood, wielding the power that would have been mine; and now what of the future, what of *Rénée*, what of me?'

The thoughts had hardly crossed his active brain when the answer to a portion of them was preparing, for the little electric bell communicating with the inner room was rung, and the young clerk Gibbs rose and went in, to return instantly.

Wynyan was quite prepared to see him come to his table, and he looked up to see that old Hamber was expecting the same, for his eyes met the young engineer's with a look full of commiseration and pain.

'Mr Brant Dalton desires to speak to you, sir,' whispered the young clerk.

Wynyan rose firm, stern, and prepared for what he felt was inevitable, and, feeling that every eye was directed at him, he walked quietly to the baize door, opened it and entered, to find Brant standing with his back to the empty grate.

He was very pale, and his lips were compressed; there was a shifty look, too, in his eyes, but he had evidently strung himself up for the interview, and after a momentary evasion, he met the quiet stern look fixed upon him, and coughed slightly to get rid of a little huskiness.

Then there was a pause, broken by Wynyan.

'You wished to speak to me, sir?' he asked.

'Yes, and I suppose you know why—what about?'

It was on Wynyan's lips to fence with the question and say: 'I presume you wish to consult me about some of the office work,' but he mastered the desire, and said gravely: 'I believe I do.'

'Ah, that's right, for it will make matters more easy for us both,' said Brant. 'I see we understand one another. Of course, it is sudden, and it is a terribly painful time to have to talk about such matters, but in justice to myself and my new and great responsibilities, I feel bound to act.'

Wynyan stood gazing at him firmly, and Brant coughed and went on again.

'There is no time like the present, Mr Wynyan, and I like to be prompt over business matters. I intend to be so in my conduct of this great business.'

'May I ask, sir, if you have authority for all you are saying?'

'That is not your affair, sir, and I am not bound to offer you explanations. But, pray understand that I have not sent for you to quarrel. This is simple business which I, as successor to my late uncle, intend to carry out promptly.'

'As successor to your late uncle, sir,' said Wynyan gravely.

'That's it, sir. Now, then, Mr Wynyan, let's understand each other at once. Mr Dalton believed in you, sir.'

'Had not we better leave the discussion of this, Brant Dalton, till my poor old friend has been laid in his grave and the lawyers have read his will?'

'No, sir,' cried Brant fiercely; 'and, understand this: My uncle has left no will. I assume full control here, my cousin being perfectly unfit, and not of age. But, pish! I am not going to explain. Your poor old friend, sir, as you please to call him, with an unwarrantable assumption, believed in you, his hired servant: I do not, and we will part at once. For the sake of my uncle, and to keep up the well-known character of the firm, you will be paid your salary to the next quarter, and receive six months' pay in addition in lieu

of notice. I could say a great deal more, but this is not the time, though it is the place.'

He turned and rang, and then, seeing that Wynyan was moving towards the door, he cried: 'Stop! You will wait, if you please.'

The young clerk entered.

'Gibbs, ask Mr Hamber to be good enough to step here.'

The clerk left the room, and Brant cleared his throat again, and took a turn up and down the room, trying to assume a look of power, but failing dismally, for the hands which played nervously with his watch-chain shook visibly as old Hamber entered.

'Ah, Hamber, Mr Wynyan severs his connection with the firm at once.'

'Mr Wynyan, sir!—goes?' cried the old clerk in a tone of remonstrance.

'You heard what I said, sir; please attend.'

'But Mr Brant, sir, what are we to do, sir? Now your poor, dear uncle is gone we—cannot'—

'Silence, sir!' thundered Brant. 'Are you master here, or am I?'

The old man made a deprecating gesture.

'You will refer to the books and calculate what would be due exactly to Mr Wynyan up to the end of his next quarter.'

'Yes, sir,' sighed the old man.

'Add to it six months' full payment in lieu of notice; fill up a cheque, and bring it to me to sign.'

'Yes, sir.'

'Then write a letter, which I will also sign, and forward it by special messenger to the bank, telling them that in future all cheques will be signed by me.'

'Yes, sir.'

'That will do.—Let this be attended to at once.'

The old clerk moved toward the door, and Brant took another turn up and down.

'Mr Wynyan, you can wait in the office, and write out your receipt; the cheque will be brought to you by Mr Hamber.—That will do.'

A dark flush came over Wynyan's face, and his lips parted to speak angrily, but he refrained, and seeing that Brant had turned his back as he stood now just where his uncle had lain dying but a few hours before, he passed out of the room, followed by old Hamber.

'Oh, Mr Wynyan, my dear sir—this is terrible indeed!'

'Thank you, my good old friend. We shall meet again often, I hope, so I will not say good-bye.—Don't speak to me, please,' as, to a man, those in the room rose to their feet, and a low angry murmur arose as they grasped the truth. 'Thank you all very much for all the past. I cannot speak to you now.'

He caught up his hat and moved towards the door, unconscious of the fact that Brant's ear was against the baize.

'But, Mr Wynyan, my dear sir,' cried old Hamber; 'the cheque—pray, wait for the cheque.'

'What!' cried Wynyan, turning upon him furiously—'take that? Bah!'

The door closed like an echo of his ejaculation, and they heard his hurried step upon the

stairs, while old Hamber looked round helplessly.

'The business,' he said with his voice sounding tremulous and strange, 'the business: it means ruin.'

(To be continued.)

### CHAUTAUQUA.

A VERY influential social and educational movement has taken root and grown up in the United States during the past twenty years associated with Chautauqua, after the lake of that name, where the meetings are chiefly held, in the south-west of the State of New York. On its educational side it has been defined as 'a school for people out of school, who can no longer attend school, a college for every one's home, and leads to the dedication of everyday life to educational purposes.' Mr H. H. Boyesen, who went in a sceptical mood to lecture there, says that never in all his experience had he a more intelligent and sympathetic audience, and that the work done during the six short weeks of meetings is by no means of a flimsy or superficial character. On its social side, to him it was the nearest realisation to democracy of anything which he had witnessed in the States, because of its bringing 'rich and poor, learned and unlearned, into neighbourhood and comradeship, helpful and honourable to both.'

It may not quite realise the idea of a world university, but it has 100,000 registered students, half of whom are between thirty and forty years of age; while it has members in every State and Territory, 'its circles have rolled from Chautauqua Lake to Canada, Mexico, Central America, Chili, Great Britain, France, Russia, Bulgaria, Syria, Cape Colony, Persia, India, Australia, China, Japan, the isles of the sea, Hawaii, Alaska.' This educational movement is promoted by three distinct agencies—namely, voluntary home-reading during the year, with reports of progress to headquarters; study and training by means of correspondence; and the great summer meetings at Chautauqua Lake. This movement had its origin in a kind of camp-meeting, or Sunday-school Assembly, held at Fair Point, on Lake Chautauqua, in August 1874. The idea of utilising a camp-meeting for educational purposes was first proposed by Mr Silas Farmer in 1870, but it was Mr Lewis Miller, of Akron, Ohio, of buck-eye mower fame, and Dr (now Bishop) John H. Vincent who inaugurated and launched the movement at the Chautauqua Sunday-school Assembly of 1874. One of its first objects was to call in the aid of science and literature to the support of Christianity, with a view of educating and better preparing teachers for their work in connection with the Methodist Episcopal Church. A two weeks' session of lectures, normal lessons, sermons, devotional meetings, conferences, and illustrative exercises was begun, with such added recreative features as concerts, fireworks, and one or two humorous lectures. Then science and literature in relation to life and thought began to be grafted into the other studies, which included map-drawing, black-board sketching, the study of Biblical geography in a great

relief map of Palestine made of turf and stones, and open-air talks. The wide interest taken in the meetings from the outset is apparent from the fact that by the 600 students in the first year twenty-five States were represented, while Canada also sent a contingent.

The summer assembly at Chautauqua is held for six weeks during July and August, on the north shore of the lake, on a well-wooded, naturally terraced piece of land. The lake lies 700 feet above Lake Erie, from which it is distant about eight miles. The Assembly grounds comprise 165 acres, contain over 500 attractive summer cottages, a fine hotel, a museum of archaeology, an amphitheatre (unenclosed on three sides, with a seating capacity for over 5000 people), and halls for meetings. There is also a model of Palestine 300 feet long, and a miniature representation of modern Jerusalem. This summer assembly now includes the following distinct departments: The Sunday-school normal department, schools of language, Teachers' Retreat, literary and scientific circles, College of Liberal Arts, school of theology, and extension and summer assemblies. The exercises—which change every season—in the first class include special American subjects, such as constitutional history, early voyages and conquests, writers, scenery, or the history of the American navy. Then come miscellaneous courses, ranging from Italian literature to questions of the hour. Single lectures and addresses are given by popular and interesting speakers, while dramatic readings, music, and recreation, in the way of illuminations and athletics, are not neglected. The College of Liberal Arts is arranged in departments including English, German, French, Latin, Greek, physics and chemistry, mathematics, geology, botany, history, and political economy. Under English language and literature, there may be Old English, talks on style, the study of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Browning, and the American poets. The Schools of Sacred Literature embrace the study of the Bible, the school of Hebrew, and Greek, and Semitic languages. The Teachers' Retreat gives model lessons in teaching, while the gymnasium and school of music each have their votaries.

The plan of a literary and scientific circle, begun in 1878, has been widely successful, and suggested our own National Home-reading Union. In the States it seems to have grown and spread with great rapidity, there being now 2000 circles, with a membership little short of 100,000. Upwards of 180,000 members have been enrolled since the commencement. The reading circle embraces a four years' course, with selections in English from the ancient classics, history, literature, science, and art. Each year of the four is specially devoted to a great nation, and is named 'the Greek year,' 'the Roman year,' 'the English year,' or 'the American year,' as the case may be. Though languages and mathematics are not taught, an attempt is made to give the 'college outlook.' Certain text-books are prepared, or prescribed, while the monthly magazine, the *Chautauquan*, with a circulation of 80,000, contains useful and informative articles, with aids to members in the shape of notes, outlines of readings, and word studies. Although certificates are granted

at the end of the four years' course, it is expected that members will have been so interested and stimulated as to follow up some favourite line of study.

Dr J. G. Fitch, formerly of the Education Office, and author of the article Education in Chambers's *Encyclopedia*, after a visit to Chautauqua, summed up some of its benefits thus: 'It has been the means of illuminating hundreds of homes; it has brought better books on the shelves, better pictures to the walls, and better talk to the fireside.' Many a young man has been stimulated by it to gain the further culture of the college. A house-servant became a bright scholar, entered the State normal school, and graduated. One man wrote to the secretary: 'I am so grateful to you that I can't express what I feel. I am a hard-working man. I have six children, and I work hard to keep them at school. Since I found out about your circle I am trying my best to keep up, so that my boys will see what father does, just for an example to them.' A night-watchman reported that he read as he came on his night-rounds to the lights. A steam-boat pilot acknowledged that when on deck on stormy nights he had now something to think of. A merchant's clerk and his wife were so much in earnest as to give the morning hours between five and seven o'clock to the lessons. An army officer's wife, three hundred miles from the nearest book-store, fairly wept with delight when her text-books at last arrived, and she realised that she was not entirely cut off from communion with kindred minds and opportunities for culture.

The College of Liberal Arts is intended to assist those who are unable to leave business in order to attend college, or those who wish to make up for early deficiencies. It is conducted on the correspondence principle. Chautauqua has now sixty summer assemblies, which have sprung directly from the parent stem.

The Martha's Vineyard Summer Institute, begun in 1878, four years later than Chautauqua, was originated by Colonel H. B. Sprague, headmaster of a girl's high school in Boston. It proved so successful that a substantial edifice was built in which to carry on the work, which embraces the natural sciences, ancient and modern languages, mathematics, English literature, history, civil government, music, painting, and sloyd. A system of summer schools is also held in connection with Harvard University, that of Virginia, and some other American colleges.

Our own National Home-reading Union, started in this country in 1888 as the National Home-Reading Circles Union, endeavours to cover only part of the ground occupied by Chautauqua in the United States, where a great deal more interest and enthusiasm has been awakened for such methods of teaching than with us. By its agency, however, courses of reading have been drawn up, suited to the tastes and requirements of different classes, especially of young people, artisans, and general readers. A wholesome attempt has been made by the Union to interest Englishmen in the history and literature and physical geography and natural history of their own country. Summer assemblies were held at Buxton and Salisbury last year:

this year the Union 'period' comprises the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, and Leamington was the place of summer assembly during the first week of July. In addition to an attractive lecture programme, excursions were made to Stratford-on-Avon, Warwick, Kenilworth, and other interesting places. The office of this Union is Surrey House, Victoria Embankment, London.

## THE CAPTAIN MORATTI'S LAST AFFAIR.

### CHAPTER IV. CONCLUSION—THE TORRE DOLOROSA.

DAYS were yet to pass before Guido Moratti was able to leave his chamber; but at last the leech who attended him said he might do so with safety; and later on, the steward of the household brought a courteous invitation from the Count of Pieve to dine with him. As already explained, Moratti had not as yet seen his host; and since he was well enough to sit up, there were no more dreamy visions of the personal presence of Felicità. He had made many resolutions whilst left to himself, and had determined that as soon as he was able to move, he would leave the castle, quit Italy, and make a new name for himself, or die in the German wars. He was old enough to build no great hopes on the future; but fortune might smile on him, and then—many things might happen. At any rate, he would wipe the slate clean, and there should be no more ugly scores on it.

Not that he was a reformed man; he was only groping his way back to light. Men do not cast off the past as a snake sheds his skin. He knew that well enough, but he knew, too, that he had seen a faint track back to honour; and difficult as it was, he had formed a determination to travel by it. He had been so vile, he had sunk so low, that there were moments when a despair came on him; but with a new country and new scenes, and the little flame of hope that was warming his dead soul back to life, there might yet be a chance. He knew perfectly that he was in love, and when a man of his age loves, it is for the remainder of his life. He was aware—none better—that his love was madness, all but an insult, and that it was worse than presumption to even entertain the thought that he had inspired any other feeling beyond that of pity in the heart of Felicità. It is enough to say that he did not dare to hope in this way; but he meant to so order his future life as to feel that any such sentiment as love in his heart towards her would not be sacrilege.

He sent back a civil answer to the invitation; and a little after eleven, descended the stairway which led from his chamber to the Count's apartments, looking very pale and worn, but very handsome. For he was, in truth, a man whose personal appearance took all eyes. The apartments of the Count were immediately below Moratti's own chamber, and on entering, he saw the old knight himself reclining in a large chair. He was alone, except for a hound which lay stretched out on the hearth, his muzzle between his fore-paws, and a dining-table set for three

was close to his elbow. Bernabo of Pieve received his guest with a stately courtesy, asking pardon for being unable to rise, as he was crippled. 'They clipped my wings at Arx Sismundea, captain—before your time; but of a truth I am a glad man to see you strong again. It was a narrow affair.'

'I cannot thank you in words, Count; you and your house have placed a debt on me I can never repay.'

'Tush, man! There must be no talk of thanks. If there are to be any, they are due to the leech, and to Felicità, my daughter. She is all I have left, for my son was killed at Santa Croce.'

'I was there, Count.'

'And knew him?'

'Alas, no. I was on the side of Spain.'

'With the besieged, and he with the League. He was killed on the breach—poor lad.'

At this moment a curtain at the side of the room was lifted, and Felicità entered. She greeted Moratti warmly, and with a faint flush on her cheeks, inquired after his health, hoping he was quite strong again.

'So well, Madonna, that I must hurry on my journey to-morrow.'

'To-morrow!' Her large eyes opened wide in astonishment, and there was a pain in her look. 'Why,' she continued, 'it will be a fortnight ere you can sit in the saddle again.'

'It might have been never, but for you,' he answered gravely, and her eyes met his, and fell. At this moment the steward announced that the table was ready; and by the time the repast was ended, Moratti had forgotten his good resolutions for instant departure, and had promised to stay for at least a week, at the urgent intercession of both the Count and his daughter. He knew he was wrong in doing so, and that, whatever happened, it was his duty to go at once; but he hesitated with himself. He would give himself one week of happiness, for it was happiness to be near her, and then—he would go away for ever. And she would never know, in her innocence and purity, that Guido Moratti, bravo—he shuddered at the infamous word—loved her better than all the world beside, and that for her sake he had become a new man.

After dinner, the Count slept, and the day being bright, they stepped out into a large balcony and gazed at the view. The balcony, which stretched out from a low window of the dining chamber, terminated on the edge of a precipice which dropped down a clear two hundred feet; and leaning over the moss-grown battlements, they looked at the white winter landscape before them. Behind, rose the tower they had just quitted, and Felicità, turning, pointed to it, saying: 'We call this the Torre Dolorosa.'

'A sad name, Madonna. May I ask why?'

'Because all of our house who die in their beds die here.'

'And yet you occupy this part of the castle.'

'Oh, I do not. My chamber is there—in Count Ligo's Tower;' and she pointed to the right, where another gray tower rose from the keep. 'But my father likes to occupy the Torre Dolorosa himself. He says he is living

with his ancestors—to whom he will soon go, as he always adds.'

'May the day be far distant.'

And she answered 'Amen.'

After this, they went in, and the talk turned on other matters.

At last the day came for Moratti's departure. He had procured another horse. It was indeed a gift which the old Count pressed upon him, and he had accepted it with much reluctance, but much gratitude. In truth, the kindness of these people towards him was unceasing, and Moratti made great strides towards his new self in that week. He was to have started after the mid-day dinner; but with the afternoon he was not gone, and sunset found him on the balcony of the Torre Dolorosa with Felicità by his side.

'You cannot possibly go to-night,' she said.

'I will go to-morrow, then,' replied Moratti, and she looked away from him.

It was a moment of temptation. Almost did a rush of words come to the captain's lips. He felt as if he must take her in his arms and tell her that he loved her as man never loved woman. It was an effort; but he was getting stronger in will daily, and he crushed down the feeling.

'It is getting chill for you,' he said; 'we had better go in.'

'Tell me,' she answered, not heeding his remark, 'tell me exactly where you are going?'

'I do not know—perhaps to join Piccolomini in Bohemia—perhaps to join Alva in the Low Countries—wherever a soldier's sword has work to do.'

'And you will come back?'

'Perhaps.'

'A great man, with a *condotta* of a thousand lances—and forget Pieve.'

'As God is my witness—never.—But it is chill, Madonna—come in.'

When they came in, Bernabo of Pieve was not alone, for standing close to the old man, his back to the fire, and rubbing his hands softly together, was the tall, gaunt figure of the Cavaliere Michele di Lippo.

'A sudden visit, dear cousin,' he said, greeting Felicità, and turning his steel-gray eyes, with a look of cold inquiry in them, on Moratti.

'The Captain Guido Moratti—my cousin, the Cavaliere di Lippo.'

'Of Castel Lippo, on the Greve,' put in Di Lippo. 'I am charmed to make the acquaintance of the Captain Moratti. Do you stay long in Pieve, captain?'

'I leave to-morrow.' Moratti spoke shortly. His blood was boiling, as he looked on the gloomy figure of the cavaliere, who watched him furtively from under his eyelids, the shadow of a sneer on his face. He was almost sick with shame when he thought how he was in Di Lippo's hands, how a word from him could brand him with ignominy beyond repair. Some courage, however, came back to him with the thought that, after all, he held cards as well, as, for his own sake, Di Lippo would probably remain quiet.

'So soon!' said Di Lippo with a curious

stress on the word soon, and then added, 'That is bad news.'

'I have far to go, signore,' replied Moratti coldly, and the conversation then changed. It was late when they retired; and as the captain bent over Felicità's hand, he held it for a moment in his own broad palm, and said: 'It is good-bye, lady, for I go before the dawn to-morrow.'

She made no answer; but, with a sudden movement, detached a bunch of winter violets she wore at her neck, and thrusting them in Moratti's hand, turned and fled. The Count was half asleep, and did not notice the passage; but Di Lippo said with his icy sneer: 'Excellent—you work like an artist, Moratti.'

'I do not understand you;' and turning on his heel, the captain strode off to his room.

An hour or so later, he was seated in a low chair, thinking. His valise lay packed, and all was ready for his early start. He still held the violets in his hand, but his face was dark with boding thoughts. He dreaded going and leaving Felicità to the designs of Di Lippo. There would be other means found by Di Lippo to carry out his design; and with a groan, the captain rose and began to pace the room. He was on the cross with anxiety. If he went without giving warning of Di Lippo's plans, he would still be a sharer in the murder—and the murder of Felicità—for a hair of whose head he was prepared to risk his soul. If, on the other hand, he spoke, he would be lost for ever in her eyes. Although it was winter, the room seemed to choke him, and he suddenly flung open the door and, descending the dim stairway, went out into the balcony. It was bright with moonlight, and the night was clear as crystal. He leaned over the battlements and racked his mind as to his course of action. At last he resolved. He would take the risk, and speak out, warn Bernabo of Pieve at all hazards, and would do so at once. He turned hastily, and then stopped, for before him in the moonlight stood the Cavaliere Michele di Lippo.

'I sought you in your chamber, captain,' he said in his biting voice, 'and not finding you, came here'—

'And how did you know I would be here?'

'Lovers like the moonlight, and you can see the light from her window in Ligo's Tower,' said Di Lippo, and added sharply: 'So you are playing false, Moratti.'

The captain made no answer; there was a singing in his ears, and a sudden and terrible thought was working. His hand was on the hilt of his dagger, a spring, and Di Lippo would be gone. And no one would know. But the cavaliere went on, unheeding his silence.

'You are playing false, Moratti. You are playing for your own hand with my hundred crowns. You think your ship has come home. Fool! Did you imagine I would allow this? But I still give you a chance. Either do my business to-night—the way is open—or to-morrow you are laid by the heels as a thief and a bravo. What will your Felicità?'

'Dog—speak her name again, and you die!' Moratti struck him across the face with his

open palm, and Michele di Lippo reeled back a pace, his face as white as snow. It was only a pace, however, for he recovered himself at once, and sprung at Moratti like a wild-cat. The two closed. They spoke no word, and nothing could be heard but their laboured breath as they gripped together. Their daggers were in their hands; but each man knew this, and had grasped the wrist of the other. Moratti was more powerful; but his illness had weakened him, and the long lean figure of Michele di Lippo was as strong as a wire rope. Under the quiet moon and the winter stars, they fought, until at last Di Lippo was driven to the edge of the parapet, and in the moonlight he saw the meaning in Moratti's set face. With a superhuman effort, he wrenched his hand free, and the next moment his dagger had sunk to the hilt in the captain's side, and Moratti's grasp loosened, but only for an instant. He was mortally wounded, he knew. He was going to die; but it would not be alone. He pressed Di Lippo to his breast. He lifted him from his feet, and forced him through an embrasure which yawned behind. Here, on its brink, the two figures swayed for an instant, and then the balcony was empty, and from the deep of the precipice two hundred feet below, there travelled upwards the sullen echo of a dull crash, and all was quiet again.

When the stars were paling, the long howl of a wolf rang out into the stillness. It reached Felicità in Count Ligo's Tower, and filled her with a nameless terror. 'Guard him, dear saints,' she prayed; 'shield him from peril, and hold him safe.'

## U P S A L A.

By CHARLES EDWARDS.

TRAVELLING by train in Sweden is usually so slow that the Briton in that land soon comes to look upon a journey of twenty or thirty miles as quite an enterprise. Four hours is not an extravagant amount of time for the Swedish goods-train—which takes passengers—to spend in covering forty-five miles. To an impetuous Anglo-Saxon this is terrible. If he be not of a turn of mind to take an interest in birch-trees, lakes, pines, and infrequent heavy-browed farmhouses, he will get very little picturesque compensation for the weariness of the journey. Save in the far north, and in the parts conterminous with Norway, Sweden is not a grand country. But its firds and pine woods, if lacking in grandeur, have a softened beauty of their own.

For the visitor to Upsala, however, there is special comfort provided in an admirable fast train every morning from Stockholm. The distance is about forty miles, and it is covered in little more than an hour. The company by this train is likely in winter to seem of a highly grandiose order. It may be assumed that a number of Professors are of the party. The Swedish Professor is not at all exclusively a Dryasdust person. He is probably a stalwart, athletic fellow, with a strong face. Attire him



in an outer coat of seal or bear skin, and he is at once a striking personality. Nowhere in Europe are the people so tall and well made as in Stockholm. The exigencies of the winter in the matter of raiment add to the imposing appearance of the Swede as a traveller. But whether these be Professors of learning or noblemen of sixteen quarterings, all who take the morning express to Upsala occupy themselves with their newspapers *en route* as rigorously as London stockbrokers on the Metropolitan Railway. The train is comfortable, of the corridor description; excellently warmed, of course, so that most persons slip out of their furs as soon as they enter it; and the white-haired guard—also in furs—goes to and fro among his charges with a courtesy that seems academic as well as thoroughly Swedish.

Stockholm's tall houses soon disappear, and we break headlong into the forest-land which is Sweden's chief landscape characteristic. The sky is blue and bright as the air is cold. Under these conditions, and with half a fathom of snow everywhere, King Oscar's country is an invigorating spectacle. The dark pines go well with the snow, and none the worse if they are hung with long lustrous icicles. The thick-walled pink and pale green or yellow farmsteads are also worth seeing. There is nothing flimsy here. The art of the jerry-builder could not thrive in Sweden. Even in Stockholm, new houses are not necessarily weak-backed houses: they are of good substantial granite blocks on well-laid foundations. The sun shines on innumerable tranquil pictures of rural life, as we thus glide smoothly on towards Sweden's chief university city. Sensational sights are not to be had. Both nature and the people hereabouts are methodical. From one expanse of dark snow-lit wood we pass to another, and the clearings between them hold the same kind of habitations and frozen lakes in their hollows. Roads are all expunged by the winter's snow. Only here and there we chance to see a well-furred man in a sledge—perhaps with a string of other sledges after him—slowly picking his way towards a house. He makes an effective blot upon the white carpet, though probably he knows it not.

But at length we run from the forest into the open, and the various villas, the great pink castle on a hill, and the tall-spined cathedral with its ruddy bricks, all proclaim our contiguity to Upsala. We are about to enter the city of 'lofty halls.' Our companions hurry into their robes and fold their newspapers. We remind ourselves that the city existed as an archiepiscopal see more than six centuries ago, and as a port to Old Upsala long before that. Such a place may be expected to excite immediate interest.

But, to tell the truth, Upsala scarcely gives the requisite impression of age. One approaches prepared to venerate it, and finds that it is a rather gay (for Sweden) little country town, with motley four-storeyed villas about the pleasant open space of its railway station. If it were summer instead of winter, there would be a band in the garden here, and perhaps booths for tea or iced drinks. Its long straight streets have a fair amount of life in them. It is diffi-

cult at first to regard the place as a prime centre of erudition. Its two thousand or so students might be young men engaged in ordinary vocations—at least seen as the stranger sees them in winter, in the thoroughfares and cafés. In summer their white caps distinguish them. To be sure the number of them who wear spectacles and look needlessly contemplative is remarkable. These features differentiate them from the mechanic, the clerk, or the commercial man. But the standard of manners in Sweden is so high that one can scarcely in this respect discriminate between the noble-born young gentleman here finishing his education and the youthful shop-assistant, whose aspirations and abilities are largely nurtured on books like Dr Smiles's *Self-help*.

By-and-by, however, when we have patrolled its streets and come to comprehend its various academic buildings and institutions; when we have looked upon the Codex Argenteus in its library—shown by a long-nosed old custodian well up in his duties—upon the various tombs in its cathedral, at the rather surprising collection of books in the booksellers' shops—including the immortal Schopenhauer and Mr Jerome K. Jerome's works in Swedish; when we have dined at a favourite student resort, and afterwards been touched by the genial manner in which seven Professors hob-a-nobbed together at a side table over punch and cigars—with music in an adjacent concert hall; and especially when we have marked the demeanour of the Upsala young ladies—a demeanour which plainly indicates a consciousness of their local power: then we begin to realise that Upsala is a university city with a certain crust upon it, like other university cities. This is a very long sentence, but it might readily have been made even longer in support of our argument.

Of course it is one thing to see Upsala in summer and quite another to visit it in winter. In December or January, thanks to its unevenness and the snow, it is fatiguing rather than diverting. The University is on one little hill, the famous Library is on another, the ugly old Castle is on a third, and the Cathedral is on a fourth; and each eminence has to be reached through a slough of snow, which, if new fallen, may well be almost impassable.

Our respectable ambassador, Whitelocke, in the days of the Commonwealth was condemned to spend several months here between November and May, waiting Queen Christina's leisure to sign a treaty with Great Britain. He was inexpressibly bored by the place. It is not wonderful. For a middle-aged man of a plethoric turn, the numerous ascents to the Castle that he made must have been more than tiresome. Perhaps it was some recompense to enjoy the sprightly conversation of the eccentric young queen. Whitelocke, however, thought her more than sufficiently frivolous, and did not forbear to hint this. But it is easy, even after only five or six hours' experience of Upsala on a January day, to sympathise with our ambassador's plaintive yearnings for the time when he might turn his back upon the flesh-coloured Castle with its black bulb-shaped towers, and hasten away to his English home.

In summer, Upsala must be much more attrac-

tive. Few cities of its size have such gardens. Their berried trees provide hearty meals for the birds when the winter is nearly half through its course. The triple avenue of its Churchyard Street would be admirable anywhere. One can conceive few more delightful promenades on a summer evening. Nor need the graves in the adjacent cemetery be regarded as aught of a drawback to the locality. They include a variety of interesting professorial tombstones, as well as the more suggestive monuments over the students of the different 'nations' of the University who for the last fifty or sixty years have died during their student term. Magpies flit among the trees, or perch gaily on the wooden sheathing with which it is customary to protect certain of the more ornate monuments. But none of the tombs are unduly obtrusive; nor, to readers of Schopenhauer, would it matter very much if they were.

Upsala's Cathedral is a cheerful two-spired building of red brick, still in process of elaborate restoration. It is of the colour of blood, and looks charming in juxtaposition with snow-clad roofs and a dome of blue sky. Unlike other cathedrals, it is not redolent of antiquity, or stuffed with curiosities which demand notice, and weary ere one can give the necessary attention to the building which holds them. Two or three of its contents dignify it amply. There is the dust of Gustavus Vasa. His effigy, recumbent between the effigies of his two wives, is a magnificent representation of a magnificent man. By the organ in the west end there is, too, a slab of stone with the name 'Linnæus' upon it. Eric the Holy also has a chapel to himself, with frescoes depicting, with no great talent, the simple vicissitudes of his career. This ended by decapitation in the market-place adjacent to the Cathedral. But the deed was wrought more than eight centuries ago. It is impossible to be lachrymose about an event so ancient. Besides, most Scandinavian monarchs in those days held their office in constant peril of some such fate. Our own royal histories of the middle ages are not pleasant reading; but the kings and queens of the north lived even rougher lives, and died more tragically than our sovereigns of those times. Eric the Holy was first buried at Old Upsala, three miles away. But with the desertion of that place—it consists nowadays of a church, a schoolhouse, three or four cottages, and a railway station—so precious a relic as Eric's body also left it. At one time it had a reputation for miracle-working. It does not work miracles now. Visitors stand and stare at the king's monument without uncovering. It is the custom in Sweden in winter—and doubtless in summer also—to go to and fro in the churches with your hat on your head. Even in the royal burial vaults in Stockholm this is so. It is a very desirable way of resisting the insidious attacks of catarrh, but it does not tend to produce a particularly reverential frame of mind.

Round the Cathedral, in what we should call its close, are the oldest of Upsala's secular buildings. They are of the seventeenth century, and very ugly. The University Museum is here. You may enter its vestibule unchallenged and see a variety of large-boned skele-

tons pendent and against its walls. The custodians, shrewd persons, do not stay in the way of the cold. From the north side of the close we pass to the open place in which the Danes killed Eric the Holy. On any ordinary winter's day here may be seen a number of blue-nosed old ladies, sitting swathed in woollens, and eyeing in a disconsolate—indeed, desperate—manner, first the stiff-frozen poultry and bits, or rather chips, of meat they have to sell; and secondly, the few passers-by, who either do not find the weather suitable for marketing, or have a sufficiency of frozen comestibles of their own at home. The Swedish winter has a certain convenience about it for the vendors of what we call 'perishable' articles. Nevertheless, the travelling Briton, with his home-bred prejudices about him, does not very much care to know that the beefsteak or the roast fowl before him was on sale a couple of months or so ere it was bought and cooked for his dinner. This feature of life in Sweden may well be productive of cheap living. But it makes one shudder gently to think of the state of things throughout the land when the spring thaw sets in. The thought is akin to the idea at the centre of one of the most vivacious and horrible of Edgar Poe's grisly stories.

It is befitting that Upsala should be famous for its hotels as well as its learning. Good living and erudition have ever gone hand in hand, the former as the complement, or—if you prefer it—the twin-sister of the latter. Thus, it is well worth while to dine in Sweden's chief university city in the evening, when the burden of sight-seeing is over, and ere the express is ready to return to Stockholm. The typical student, your neighbour, is not likely to be a gourmand. He enters with a friend, dressed in comely black—the short frock-coat of modern fashion—salutes with considerable exuberance such of his fellow-collegians as are also breaking bread in the place, cons the *menu*, which is quite inexpensive, and then orders his meal. This will comprise perhaps broth with an egg in it, or apple soup, a reindeer cutlet—excellently served at the 'Stads Hotel'—cod-fish, a pudding of some kind, and a bottle or two of Pilsener beer. He will pay a couple of shillings for the repast; and then, with a beaming countenance and readjusted spectacles, he may be expected to cross the vestibule to the musical café annexed, where his Professors also are assembled, and where—after having greeted the barmaid with a most profound bow, which she returns in exact measure—he smokes a penny cigar with his coffee, perhaps ending his evening's dissipation with a wine-glass of the naughty Swedish punch, which—let the Professors say what they please in its favour—is just twice as sweet as it ought to be, and cannot be provocative of intellectual lucidity and strength. If he is a very energetic young man, he will wind up with a singing practice. You may then chance on your way to the station to hear his lusty voice struggling for pre-eminence with the voices of three of his comrades. This quartette singing is a talent among the Upsala undergraduates. On the Swedish stage the white-capped student is never introduced without being made to take the

fourth part in a combined anthem. But the summer is my time for him. When the snow has gone, and the birds have begun to carol, he and his friends will try their throats at a little sentimental serenading. Success attend them!

It were a sad omission in seeing Upsala the present, not also to get a glimpse of Upsala the past. The old town, as we have suggested, appeals more to the imagination than to the senses. Its situation some three miles away is not beautiful; nor is it an agreeable place to reach as we reached it, by open sledge in the teeth of a snow-storm from the north. Its surroundings are hedgeless, flat, and without trees. Cover the whole landscape with snow, and you may have an idea of its forlornness in winter. From the midst of the bleak desolation rise three distinct hillocks, naked and round, and between two of them the outline of an ancient saddle-backed church lifts itself. Such is Gamla Upsala, as it appears to the traveller attaining it from New Upsala.

The three hillocks are dedicated to the three divinities of the old Scandinavian mythology: Thor, Odin, and Freya. Anciently, when the pagan kings of Sweden had their residence here, there was a great temple set in a thick wood girdling the holy precincts. The temple was where the church now stands.

The old chroniclers tell of the dead bodies—human as well as animal—which hung from the boughs of these trees in propitiation of the northern gods. But there are none such now—scarcely, indeed, a tree convenient for them. Just the mouldy old church, the three mounds, and one more mound, the most significant of all! This last is the Hill of Justice. It is only thirty feet in height; but its conformation adapts it for the assemblage here in tiers of a considerable crowd. For centuries the kings of Sweden convoked their subjects hither for the renewal and execution of their laws. But since Gustavus Vasa's time, Old Upsala has been bereft of this dignity also.

Gamla Upsala is a place of memories, not strong spectacles. To appreciate it aright, one ought to spend, first of all, a few hours with the sagas of the north. It is of the epoch of the Vikings—and even earlier. To go from it to the railway station, and thence to gay Stockholm, is to traverse many centuries at a stage.

### THE MONTH:

#### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

PROBABLY no work on general Natural History has been so much read as that charming book known as Gilbert White's *Selborne*. Although written more than a century ago, it is still regarded as a masterpiece. We may note also that it has given birth to a Selborne Society whose aim it is to minister to the love of nature which Gilbert White's volume so pleasantly inculcates. The original manuscript of the *Natural History of Selborne* remained till the other day in the writer's family, regarded in the light of an heirloom. But Time works changes, and the precious pages, in a

capital state of preservation, recently found their way into a London auction-room, and were sold for close upon £300. The manuscript was evidently written with the greatest care and regularity, and it betrays no evidence of haste in its composition. The hard-pressed writer of to-day is apt to look back with feelings akin to envy, to times when literary work could be done so leisurely.

The Selborne Society recently held its annual meeting and conversazione in London, under the presidency of the Earl of Stamford. The chief objects of this Society are to preserve from needless slaughter or destruction birds, beasts, and plants which are beautiful and rare, and which unfortunately for that reason are in peril from the collector, or those who minister to his wants; to protect places of antiquarian interest or natural beauty from the hand of the vandal; and generally to promote the study of natural history. The Report of this admirable Society tells us that, although many new branches have been formed, there are still districts where much good work could be done. The Selborne Society, it may be mentioned, is trying to help forward the Rural Advertisements Bill, which measure is designed to stop the encroachment of advertisement hoardings in country districts. It will thus be seen that this useful Association is one which Gilbert White himself would most gladly have promoted, for its chief endeavour is to keep alive in the hearts of the people that love of the beautiful in nature which was the chief trait of his own character.

A new form of incandescent gas-burner is being tried in Paris, to which the name of its inventor, M. de Mare, has been given. It consists of an atmospheric burner of ingenious form, which will fit upon any ordinary burner, and which produces a blue flame of flat form. Across this flame is suspended a little cable of twisted platinum wires, carrying a fibrous material of the appearance of asbestos. The fibres under the action of the heat become highly incandescent, and will give a power of twenty-five candles with a consumption of only  $2\frac{1}{2}$  cubic feet of gas per hour. The burners are said to be of a lasting character; they require neither chimney nor globe; they will bear handling, and are inexpensive. Report thus speaks of M. de Mare's new incandescent system, which will doubtless find its way across the Channel before long.

Our readers will doubtless remember that a year or two back some little excitement arose owing to the occurrence upon bread of a blood-like stain, and it was not allayed until science pointed out the cause of the phenomenon in the presence of certain colour-producing micro-organisms. Of the great variety of such organisms found in water we are told, in a paper recently published in *Knowledge* by Mr C. A. Mitchell, that at least seventy-five give rise to a distinct colour upon cultivation. The colouring matter is soluble in alcohol and ether, but insoluble in water. The tint may, as we have

seen, be crimson, or it may be pink, peach colour, yellow, green, or blue. The latter will sometimes account for the blueness of milk, in spite of the common idea that this appearance is due to dilution with water. These colour-producing organisms, or bacteria, are low forms of plant-life, but without the power of producing the chlorophyll, or green colouring matter, which confers upon the vegetable world generally so much beauty.

The Exhibition of Railway Appliances which is now open at the Imperial Institute, London, comprises some inventions which are of great interest not only to the railway world, but to the public generally. Among these we may mention Messrs Adams & Say's patent automatic fog-signalling apparatus, a contrivance which utilises the ordinary railway detonators, but entirely dispenses with the assistance of those extra men who are put on duty by the hundred when foggy weather comes on. The apparatus is worked from an ordinary signal-box, and by the same lever which actuates the semaphore. In another exhibit, known as Kershaw's patent signalling apparatus, the detonator is dispensed with entirely. In this case the operation of placing the semaphore at danger, causes a bar to rise into position by the side of the rail. This bar engages a catch on the engine, which causes a gong to ring close to the driver's ear. Another invention which may be commended is a spliced joint for rails, which does away with that jolt, jolt, jolt, which is such an uncomfortable feature of railway travelling.

At this same Exhibition there is shown a picture published in 1833, illustrative of travelling methods of that date, on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, which should be interesting to modern travellers, who are so much better off in the matter of comfort. The first-class carriages look terribly frail, and are modelled strictly upon the lines of the stage-coach, even to the extent of packing the luggage on the roof. There are no buffers, and at the rear is a truck which contains an open road-carriage, in which the owner and his family are seated, while the coachman and footman occupy their normal places. The third-class train is very different, the carriages being either of the nature of cattle-trucks, or built on the pattern of the *char-a-banc*, but in either case open to wind and rain. It is curious to note how, in those early days of railways, the pattern of the highway vehicle was so persistently adhered to. Perhaps it would have been difficult to make the public patronise the iron ways had not this concession been made.

It is said that one of the latest applications of paper is as a material for the sails of yachts. We need hardly say that a special kind of paper is employed for this novel purpose, and the following is given as an outline of the process. The pulp is treated with glue and bichromate of potash, which makes it quite insoluble after exposure to light; tallow and soluble glass are among the other ingredients added to it. The pulp is then converted into sheets in the usual way, and two are cemented together into one. After compression in a special machine, the paper is parchmented by treatment with sulphuric acid, cleansed, and finally

polished between heated metallic cylinders. The paper thus prepared is said to resemble cotton 'duck,' while at the same time it is air-tight, durable, and light, and can be joined as easily as ordinary sail-cloth.

It would seem that there is every probability of a serviceable horseless vehicle being produced before the close of the present century, but whether the motive power is to be found in steam, electricity, or petroleum, it is impossible to forecast. A steam-carriage for use on common roads was tried in London as early as the year 1828, and pictures of it are extant. Since that time inventors have not given much attention to the subject, possibly on account of legislative restrictions. In Paris, last year, there was a competition of horseless vehicles which aroused so much interest that it has just been repeated upon a far larger scale. The course for this novel race was along the high-road from Paris to Bordeaux and back, the total distance being no less than 750 miles. Nearly fifty entries were made, and in the majority of cases either steam or mineral oil formed the motive power. The best machines maintained a pace of about fifteen miles an hour. It will be interesting to see how far the competition will affect present means of travelling by the high-road.

The automatic aims distributor is an ingenious device of American origin, and is a reversal of the ordinary penny-in-the-slot machine in that it dispenses the coin instead of absorbing it. The contrivance is devised to act as a labour test for vagrants and beggars, for it exacts the turning of a handle one hundred times before it yields the coveted penny. And this labour is by no means lost, for it actuates machinery, electrical or otherwise, which will perform some actual work, or store up the energy expended for future use. The idea is certainly as good as it is novel, and will doubtless find many useful applications.

Mr Henniker Heaton, the ever active pioneer of postal reform, has recently pointed out the need of providing some means for the exchange, between the United Kingdom and the colonies, of trifling sums for the postage of replies to inquiries, for samples, and the like. The only means available at present is to pay sixpence for a post-office order for the required amount of 2½d! At the last Postal Union Conference, the United States proposed a common international stamp—an idea which Mr Heaton himself promulgated years ago. This proposal was negatived on the absurd plea of difficulty in settling the international accounts for such stamps. Mr Heaton now proposes an alternative remedy in the provision at the head post-offices in our large towns, of a supply of stamps of small denomination from all the British colonies. This much-needed reform would be a boon to commerce, and we might suggest at the same time that any extra expense would be met by the large number of such stamps which would be bought up by collectors.

Yet another voting machine has been produced, and as it differs in principle from those recently noticed in our columns, we gladly call attention to it. The inventor is Mr S. Handcock, of 37 Houndsgate, Nottingham. A ballot

or voting box is provided, in which is arranged a series of recording boxes, each box being fitted with a counter somewhat similar to that upon a gas-meter. Through an opening a ball is dropped by the voter, and this ball causes the index in the counting-machine to make a record. The ball is immediately returned through another opening to the official in charge, ready to hand to the next voter. Every provision is made to effectually preserve the secrecy of the ballot, while at the same time great expense is saved in printing, and in dispensing with the services of enumerators.

A few months ago we commented in these columns upon a paper read before an American audience, on the virtues of Japanese lacquer, not only as an admirable varnish for ornamental articles, but as a wonderful preservative for metallic surfaces, such as ships' bottoms, and the like. We have since had many inquiries as to whether this lacquer is obtainable in Great Britain, and we are now pleased to be in a position to answer this question in the affirmative. Rhus & Co., Limited, have established works at High Wycombe, Bucks, where they not only undertake lacquering of all kinds, but supply the lacquer of various tints in large or small quantities. The crude material is imported direct from Japan, and is of such an indestructible nature that, when properly applied to wood or metal, neither the strongest acids nor alkalis seem to have the slightest effect upon it. It will even bear direct contact with flame for some minutes without any apparent change. The importers are endeavouring to acclimatise the tree from which the lacquer is obtained, and have a plantation at High Wycombe which gives promise of success.

It may be a matter of interest to note that the Japanese use a special form of brush for applying this lacquer. The specimen which we have seen resembles a flat piece of wood about eight inches by two, and half an inch in thickness. But the wood is in reality only a thin casing, holding the closely packed hairs, which are of human origin. The brush is treated as a lead-pencil; that is to say, as the hairs wear down, the wooden casing is cut away, so as to expose a fresh portion. The hair is far coarser than that of western nations, which latter would probably be too yielding for any such purpose.

It will be remembered that the painting of the extensive buildings at the recent World's Fair at Chicago was executed with a machine, which, by means of compressed air, sprayed the colour on to any surface required, and altogether dispensed with the services of the ordinary paint-brush. A compact machine for this work has recently been patented by a Manchester firm, and a description of it appears in *The Engineer*. The paint or tar is atomised and sprayed on the work with the help of an attached air-pump, the nozzle from which the liquid is projected taking the form of an injector. The machines are made in different sizes, and the smallest will cover three square yards of surface per minute. In a recent trial, a large girder with its connections was painted by this machine in two hours, representing an amount of labour which it was calculated

could not be done by a man and brush in a day.

The Layman pneumatic boat is a most ingenious device by which a man can be made amphibious. The boat is made of india-rubber, and is of the shape of a horse collar, and from it depend two leg cases provided with coverings for the boots. The boat portion above, which is inflated with air, comes just below the waist, and the wearer can sit comfortably in it as he floats upon the water. The Layman boat can be used for shooting or fishing, or can be employed in the place of life-buoys on vessels. It can also be used for purposes of locomotion and enjoyment, for the foot-covers are provided with collapsible paddles, fashioned after the pattern of a duck's foot, so that propulsion becomes possible. A company has been formed to exploit the promising invention under the title of the Pneumatic Boat Company, and their offices are at 851 Broadway, New York.

From a paper recently read at the Institute of Civil Engineers by Messrs Barnaby and Thornycroft, names which have the weight of great authority, it would seem that the present speed attained by the screw-propeller has in the fastest craft afloat approached the limit of efficiency. Those, therefore, who have prophesied that in the future we shall have vessels crossing the Atlantic at speeds approaching that of the locomotive railway engine, must be satisfied that the present methods of ship propulsion must be superseded before such speeds can be attained. The paddle-wheel can certainly offer no solution of the problem, for even if it were suitable in other respects, its vulnerability would condemn it for employment in ocean work. Whatever form the propeller may take, it must, for its own protection, be hidden beneath the water-line.

The annual death-roll in India due to snake-bite is of such serious dimensions (see *Chambers's Journal* for June 22, 1895), that the Government have for many years done what they could to arrest the scourge. The reward for snakes' heads may be said to have failed, for there is more than a suspicion that the wily natives have been breeding snakes for the sole purpose of decapitation. Antidotes have also failed, although the virtues of one or the other remedy have been from time to time believed in and extolled. Among the more recent of these have been strychnine, permanganate of potash, and gold chloride. These remedies have recently formed the subject of experiments by chemists acting for the Government of India, with almost negative results. It is true that both the potash and the gold salt in attenuated solutions, when mingled with snake venom previous to injection into an animal, render the poison inert, but neither remedy has any effect when injected after the entrance of the venom. Neither of them can, therefore, be regarded as an antidote.

Professor Fraser of Edinburgh has attacked the problem of finding an antidote for snake-bite in an entirely different way, and there is every reason to hope that his labours will not be for nought. Starting with the commonly accepted theory, which he finds to be true, that a snake is itself immune to snake poison, he

argues that this immunity must be due to the absorption in the blood of the poisonous matter. He next procured some venom, chiefly cobra poison, and ascertained by direct experiment the minimum lethal dose to a small animal. The dose was gradually increased, without any inconvenience to the animal; indeed, it grew fat under the treatment, until it could receive by subcutaneous injection enough poison to kill fifty creatures of its size. The next step showed that the blood serum from animals thus treated, was able, in varying conditions of administration, perfectly to prevent lethal doses of the venom of the most poisonous serpents from producing death in non-protected animals. The new remedy is named *Antivenine*, and its discovery may be regarded as one of the most important of the century.

### HIDDEN TREASURE IN INDIA.

By W. FORBES MITCHELL,  
Author of *Reminiscences of the Great Mutiny*.

DURING the first decade of my residence in India I was for some years associated with a wealthy banker named Lalla Muttra Pershaud, the Lahore agent of the great banking house known as 'The Seths of Muttra,' and from him I learned a great deal about the system of hoarding practised in all ages by the wealthy classes of India. He died at Brindabun about 1867. It may be explained that the title 'Lalla' as used by native bankers has no exact equivalent in English. It might with equal propriety be translated Master, Professor, or Banker.

Both in ancient and in modern times, one of the stock objections of European nations against trade with India has been that that country absorbs a large amount of the precious metals, which she never disgorges. It has naturally been asked what becomes of these treasures, for we do not find in India that abundance of either gold or silver which might naturally be expected; and the reply has always been that they are withdrawn from circulation as currency by being hoarded. For ages it has been a prevalent opinion in all Eastern countries that there is a vast amount of treasure hidden in the earth, which, unless found by accident, is entirely lost to man.

Regarding the hoarded wealth of last century, I need not quote the well-known story of Lord Clive and the treasures of Moorsshedabad, as narrated in Macaulay's Essay on Lord Clive. That may be considered ancient history. I will confine myself to modern times. The columns of the *Statesman* afford proof of the system of hoarding still practised in Bengal by the most enlightened managers of an estate in the most enlightened province of the Empire. About seven years ago, in the course of the action for defamation brought against the *Statesman* by an ex-tutor of the late Maharajah of Burdwan, a deal of evidence came out about the hoarded treasures of Burdwan. When such is the case on a great property which has long been under the enlightened influence of the British Government, what may be expected from the States of the semi-independent Princes of Upper India? Let the following illustration suffice.

When up-country last year I heard that Chowringhee Lall, manager to Lalla Muttra Pershaud, already mentioned, was in Gwalior on some temporary business, and I called on him, as an old friend, at a place in the Lushkar where he was residing. Amongst other subjects, we discussed the action of Government in closing the Mints, and I asked his opinion about the possibility of a gold standard for India, and mentioned the fact that certain members of the Currency Association considered that fifty millions sterling of gold would be sufficient to provide India with a gold currency. The Lalla laughed the idea to scorn, and assured me that fifty millions would not suffice to replace the silver hoards of even one State. 'You know,' he said, 'how anxious the late Maharajah Scindia was to get back the fortress of Gwalior, but very few know the real cause prompting him. That was a concealed hoard of sixty crores (sixty millions sterling) of rupees in certain vaults within the fortress, over which British sentinels had been walking for about thirty years, never suspecting the wealth concealed below their feet. Long before the British Government gave back the fortress, every one who knew the entrance into the concealed hoard was dead, except one man who was extremely old, and although in good health he might have died any day. If that had happened, the treasure might have been lost to the owner for ever and to the world for ages, because there was only one entrance to the hoard, which was most cunningly concealed, and, except that entrance, every other part was surrounded by solid rock.'

So the Maharajah was in such a fix that he must either get back his fortress, or divulge the secret to the Government, and run the risk of losing the treasure for ever. When the fortress was given back to the Maharajah, and before the British troops had left Gwalior territory, masons were brought from Benares sworn to secrecy in the Temple of the Holy Cow before leaving; and when they reached the Gwalior railway station they were put into carriages, blindfolded, and driven to the place where they had to work. There they were kept till they had opened out the entrance into the secret vault; and when the concealed hoard had been verified, and the hole built up again, they were once more blindfolded, put into carriages, and taken back to the railway station and re-booked for Benares under a proper escort.

Such is the purport of the story told to me. When I ventured to doubt its truth, and suggested that if the hoard had any existence in fact, sixty lakhs instead of sixty crores would be nearer the amount, Chowringhee Lall laughed at my ignorance, and declared that what he had told me was fact. He added that, although that particular hoard was the largest, there were several smaller ones, varying from sums of fifty lakhs to five and ten crores, some of which the Government got to know about, and had obliged the present Board of Regency to invest in Government of India bonds. On this I pointed out that such hoarded wealth could not be reconciled with the known revenue of the Gwalior State, even if the whole could have been hoarded for a generation. Chowringhee

Lall then explained to me that these hoards were not accumulated from the revenues of the State, but were the accumulations of the plunder gathered by the Mahratta armies in the good old times when the Mahrattas systematically swept the plains of India, and that, Gwalior being their capital, the whole of their vast plunder was accumulated and hoarded there.

Chowringhee Lall went on to tell me that for generations before the rise of the British power, his ancestors had held the post of Treasurer in the Gwalior State, and that after the British had annexed territories around Delhi, one of his great-grand-uncles had retired from the post of Treasurer of Gwalior with a fortune of twenty crores of rupees (twenty millions sterling). By great good fortune, all this money was quietly got into British territory, he declared; and fifteen crores of it are at this day bricked up in a secret vault under a Hindu temple dedicated to the goddess of wealth in the holy city of Brindabun. 'Now,' said the Lalla, 'if the Treasurer could accumulate so much, what were the accumulations of the State likely to be? The treasures of Gwalior form but a very small amount compared with the total of the known concealed wealth of India. All the silver would be brought out and replaced by gold directly the British Government decreed a gold currency for India.

'Five hundred millions of gold would be absorbed and concealed before a gold currency had been twelve months in circulation. Europeans, even those who have been in the country for years, have no idea of the hoarding propensities of even well-to-do natives, without counting the more wealthy bankers and traders. For example, my wife,' said the Lalla, 'has more than three lakhs of rupees hidden for fear of my dying before her, because I am much older than she is, and we have no son alive to inherit my property. And I know nothing about the place where this money is concealed.'

On this I asked how natives managed to accumulate so much wealth, and the Lalla replied: 'Natives don't spend like Europeans. Take the house of any well-to-do native merchant with an income of, say, a thousand rupees per month, and at the very outside, fifty to a hundred rupees would purchase the whole of the furniture in it. Beyond a few *purdahs* (curtains) and beds, furniture in the European sense does not exist. Even the very wealthy, although they may have a carriage and horses, possess neither books nor pictures nor any expensive works of art; and when a feast is given to their friends, a piece of a plantain leaf serves each guest for a dish, where Europeans spend hundreds of rupees in dinner and breakfast services of fragile but most expensive china and glass ware. All this the native saves and hoards. The wealthy conceal their accumulations of gold and silver in secret vaults, all except the ornaments which are reserved for and worn by their women.' I had to admit the force of all this reasoning.

'Natives don't believe,' he continued, 'in depositing their savings in banks or in investing them in Government paper. No Marwaree touches Government paper except for purposes of gambling. The trading classes in the large

towns do use the banks to a great extent for temporary accounts, because they are a great convenience, instead of keeping money required for current business in their houses. But very few natives invest their money in the European banks at interest at long dates, because they know that the stability of these banks depends on the stability of the Government. The same ideas prevail in regard to Government paper. No Marwaree buys it as a permanent investment. The Marwarees merely use Government paper as a legitimate system of gambling.'

#### INDIFFERENCE.

WHAT cared I that myriad bluebells made a mist  
adown the dingle,  
That the woods were paved with violets, and the  
meadow-lands with gold,  
That the wavelets made sweet music as they broke  
upon the shingle,  
That the chestnut boughs were jewelled, and the  
lily flags unrolled?

In the skylark's gayest chanson I could catch a  
strain of sadness,  
And an undernote of sorrow in the merle's  
staccato lay,  
For my love and I were parting, and I failed to  
note the gladness  
And the beauty of creation on that bygone  
summer day.

And to-day I reckon not, care not, that the birds have  
ceased their chanting,  
That the alder's plumes of sable sway in breezes  
drear and chill,  
That the sky is clouded over, and the scent of  
flowers wanting,  
That the last leaves of the chestnut chase each  
other down the hill.

Though the bracken fronds are yellow, though the  
swallows have departed,  
Though the barns filled to bursting leave the  
stubble bare and gray,  
Though the summer bloom is over, I am glad and  
happy-hearted,  
For my lover has returned, and we'll part no more  
for aye.

M. ROCK.

#### \* \* TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed to the  
'Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
  - 2d. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps  
should accompany every manuscript.
  - 3d. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANU-  
SCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or  
otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address  
written upon them IN FULL.
  - 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accom-  
panied by a stamped and directed envelope.
- If the above rules are complied with, the Editor will  
do his best to ensure the safe return of ineligible papers.*

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,  
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.



# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 605.—VOL. XII.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 3, 1895.

PRICE 1½d.

## THE BOMBARDIER.

By GILBERT PARKER.

AUTHOR OF 'PIERRE AND HIS PEOPLE;' 'MRS FALCHION;' 'THE TRAIL OF THE SWORD,' &c.

### CHAPTER I.

'I WAS with Raglan at the Alma, sir,' said the Bombardier, bringing his stick down smartly on the wooden pavement, and proudly straightening his shoulders. Keble Graves, the newly arrived curate, bowed respectfully, as though interested; but one or two loungers shrugged their shoulders and walked away: they knew that when the Bombardier was started upon this theme, there would be no fair division of the conversation. As an oracle the Bombardier was confident and even versatile; but he too often frowned over ramparts of knowledge when he ought to have smiled.

Hitherto, his position had been impregnable. He had checked the aspiring qualities of the aged rector's ritual; he had exposed the limitations of the schoolmaster's historical gifts; he had in an elaborate document, 'private and confidential,' corrected the theology of the Methodist pastor, and he had privately admonished the Presbyterian minister concerning his 'latitudinarianism, sir!' His waistcoat pockets were stuffed with newspaper scraps of argumentative value, and the suddenness of their appearance, and the intimidation which he threw into his manner, was confusing to his adversaries.

The village would often have found him impossible, were it not for one circumstance. There was only one graveyard in the village for the Protestant denominations, and it belonged to the Methodist body. But all controversial enmity was abandoned at the gateway of this plot, lying peacefully behind the old Wesleyan chapel. It was a plain and dreary chapel, with a harsh-toned bell; it was an unpretentious burying-ground. There were no granite monuments, no stately columns, no

splendid marble slabs; there was but one fine tombstone.

It was here that the Bombardier laid aside his vanity. Looking at it, the village, usually uncompromising, lacking in sensitiveness, became considerate. There were no trees in this burying-ground, no shrubbery at all—only long grass growing from gravelly soil, reaching up about white head-stones; all new, all startlingly recent; for the village was only twenty-five years old.

But beside this one grave, standing quite alone just behind the church, there grew a lilac bush, and on it in the summer time, flowers were always blooming. Its head-stone was a white marble shaft with a draped urn surmounting it, and the inscription ran:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY

OF

ANTHONY SHEWELL, M.D.,

Only son of Bombardier Matthew Shewell; who saved the lives of twelve children of this village on the 12th of August 1887, and died of his injuries on the same day. He was born in the year 1862, and served his Country, as a Lieutenant of the 20th Battalion of Infantry, during the North-west Rebellion of 1885, being grievously wounded at the battle of Batoche, and losing thereby the use of one arm. His grateful fellow-citizens, of all denominations, erect this memorial over his body, which was here buried with military honours on the 15th of August 1887.

'And thine age shall be clearer than the noon-day; thou shalt shine forth, thou shalt be as the morning.'

Job, xl. 17.

The curate knew this portion of the old man's history, and he said in reply to the Bombardier: 'That was a hot day at the Alma—a brave fight, Bombardier.'

'Hot day! Brave fight, sir! Never any finer in the days of Alexander. Waterloo was right, and Lucknow an out-and-outer, but Alma was the *coup-de-grâce* of valour, sir!'

He drew back and brought his stick down savagely on the pavement again, as if expecting opposition, and was squaring himself for war.

After a moment of imperious waiting, he continued: 'If you would honour me, sir, in my humble quarters, we could discuss this great topic free from intrusion—from vulgar intrusion,' he added, as some loungee laughed. He recognised the voice—which said something about 'an eruption of buttons,' referring to the numerous buttons on the Bombardier's coat—as that of Abel Chown the fiddler. His eye flashed angrily. 'We have intelligence in this village, sir, but we have also minds that never rise above fiddle-faddle and fiddle-de-dee!'

He turned grandly away, the curate following. They crossed the long covered bridge, and, taking a path by the river-side, were soon at 'The Fort,' as the old soldier's little house was called. On a staff near the door a bit of colour was always flying, and on certain anniversary days, and on Sunday, the Union Jack flapped on the breeze from the river. The house was apart from all others, and higher than all others, in the village. In position and peculiarity it accorded with the Bombardier's personality. The living apartment—dining-room, library, and drawing-room all in one—was simply and severely furnished. A map of the Crimea hung on the wall, and a smaller one of the Alma itself was beside it, evidently drawn by the old soldier. Near these hung two artillery sabres crossed, a knapsack with its long leather straps and white facings, a pair of epaulettes, a field glass, and an engraving of Lord Raglan. Upon a rough side-table lay a Bible, a copy of Shakespeare's plays, an ancient medical treatise, a compendium called *Every Man his Own Lawyer*, a set of the Consolidated Statutes, and a History of the Crimean War. Beyond these again lay a number of clay pipes, and between the leaves of the Bible hid a pair of spectacles. Everything was in perfect order—no dust in the corners, no cobwebs on the ceiling, no rust on the sabres; and the heels of the pair of top-boots under the table were as faithfully polished as the toes. The keen observer would also have noticed here and there the touch of a woman's fingers—an embroidered curtain to some shelves, a pretty case for shaving-paper, and a fresh bunch of flowers in a tumbler on the window-sill.

The old man saw the flowers, and his usually grave face relaxed; then his stick tapped the floor gently.

'She never forgets the Bombardier,' he said, and he nodded proudly towards them. 'Never was a better girl than Sophie!' The curate looked at him encouragingly, and the soldier

added with a slight trembling of the lips: 'She and Antony—yes, to have married her! Been like a daughter to me. Comes day in, day out, these years gone, to say a word or leave something.'

His eyes were on the flowers and his face seemed stern, but the sternness was only a frowning effort at repression. He stood so a moment in a kind of dream, and then brusquely offered his visitor a chair.

'Tell me something about your son, Bombardier,' the curate said gently. 'I believe he was much admired and beloved.'

'Ask his fellow-citizens,' said the old soldier proudly. 'Read what the journals of his country say of him.'

He opened a drawer of the table, and took from it several papers, and handing them over, said with a childlike honesty and vanity: 'Had his old father's daring, sir.'

Presently the curate rose, and, coming to the old man, laid a palm on his shoulder, and said: 'Bombardier, he lived his threescore years and ten.'

The soldier mutely answered by a nod, but he did not raise his head.

'You will meet again some day at parade, Bombardier?'

'At bugle call and parade!' was the slow reply.

A shadow fell across the sunlight at the door, and, turning, they saw a girl upon the threshold, bearing in her hand a dish of wild strawberries. Her eyes were full of a softened light; her face had a delicate colour. The Bombardier rose and said: 'Sophie! Sophie!—Mr Graves, this is Sophie!'

The girl flushed slightly, and straightway greeted the curate with a more graceful bow than might be looked for in a country village. Her father, while himself but a storekeeper, had married a clergyman's orphan daughter, and though the mother was long since dead, the girl carried in her veins the strain of breeding, with its self-possession and composure.

'I've brought you some strawberries, Bombardier,' she said. 'I've good news for you also. Mr Quackenbush's brother, the sergeant, who fought at Tel-el-Kebir, is coming here to live. He's been pensioned. So you'll have a comrade now.'

Here she drew nearer to the soldier. 'Just think, Bombardier'—and now she tapped his arm playfully, though a close observer might have seen apprehension in her eyes—'there you'll go marching down the street together, Bombardier Shewell, the hero of the Alma, doing garrison duty with Sergeant Quackenbush of Tel-el-Kebir.'

The soldier's brow darkened, and he said excitedly: 'What's Tel-el-Kebir to Alma, tell me that? What's a wretched rice-guzzling crew of Soudanese to fifty thousand Russians? If our men take a barb-wire fence now, they're heroes—bah! If they make prisoners of a dozen niggers, and dethrone a moth-eaten chief, they get promotion or the V.C. They're a pampered lot, sir! They're muddlers, and highflyers, and mollies, sir! and sergeant or no sergeant, I'll tell him so in his teeth when I face him. I'll'—

But the girl put her fingers gently on his lips.

CHAPTER II.

Sergeant Quackenbush arrived; a well-clothed, well-proportioned man of medium height, with grizzled hair, close-cropped moustache, and honest, hearty manner. The village was small, his coming was a matter of importance, and as he alighted from the stage-coach and walked up the street, with its wooden side-walks and projecting sign-boards, faces appeared at doors and windows, and children stood at the corners and gaped.

A few days after the sergeant's arrival, the two soldiers met in the village post-office, which was also a shoe-shop. The Bombardier was handed his weekly newspaper, and with his most martial air, retired to his corner among the 'cowhides and copper-toes.' He had just opened the paper and raised his large brass-rimmed eyeglass, when 'Sergeant Quackenbush! Sergeant Quackenbush!' was whispered down the shop.

The Bombardier's frown deepened, his dignity grew. The sergeant was a rough, genial man. His oily, loud 'How are you! how are you!' had a sound of the canteen and the sergeants' mess. It was backed, too, by a glow of health and robustness, in contrast to the Bombardier's spare frame and intellectual face.

The postmaster came from behind the counter. 'Sergeant!' he said impressively—'Sergeant Quackenbush, come this way, if you please.' Then, in a loud stage whisper: 'Bombardier Shewell—must be introduced.'

The Bombardier did not put down his paper. He appeared absorbed, and he started, as if roused from abstraction, when the postmaster said oracularly: 'Bombardier, I am proud to introduce two veterans to each other. Bombardier Shewell, Sergeant Quackenbush!'—a wave of the hand—'Sergeant Quackenbush, Bombardier Shewell!'—and a wave of the other hand. Then the postmaster rubbed both palms on his leather apron, adjusted his spectacles, and waited.

The sergeant frankly held out his hand, but the other with grave ostentation lifted his hat, and said: 'To have the honour, Sergeant Quackenbush!'

The sergeant's bluff good-nature seemed checked. He flushed, but he raised his hand, and, with a brusque military salute, said: 'Very proud, very proud, Bombardier!' The sergeant waited for the other to lead in conversation, but the Bombardier resumed his reading. The sergeant turned smartly on his heel, thrust his hands down in his pockets, and said to the postmaster, as though to ease the embarrassment: 'Infernal hot weather, sir!' regardless of the fact that he was addressing a local preacher, a leader at quarterly meetings, and the head of the Wesleyan choir.

As the postmaster drew back with a half-confused smile, he followed up the remark with: 'Hell, sir, hell, cinders and all!' and added thereto a clap on the back.

This straightway lost the sergeant an adherent. But if the sergeant thereby made for himself a secret enemy, he gained two friends

on the instant: Abel Chown, the fiddler; and Ira Tinsley, the keeper of Tinsley's Hotel. Both were potent in their spheres. Abe, the fiddler, was a power among the young people.

Presently the Bombardier, giving a preparatory ahem, began to read aloud an extract from the newspaper he held: 'Our small but well-equipped force in Burma seems to have been completely annihilated. Are we depending now too much upon repeating-rifles and Nordenfolt guns, and not enough upon the force of numbers, shoulder to shoulder prowess, and the wide-eyed generalship which relieved Lucknow and conquered Acre? Is it possible that, even in war, machinery is displacing the old Norse strength, which has made and kept England what she is? Or does the secret lie in the supineness of a Government, which sets a thousand men the task of keeping in subjection, and, if need be, defeating in battle, a hundred times their number.'

At the beginning of this, the sergeant turned round with soldierly alertness; in the middle of it, he snapped his finger; when it was finished, he broke into a laugh of good-humoured disdain.

The Bombardier fiercely folded up the paper and put it in his pocket. Then he grasped his stick firmly, and frowned at the sergeant. 'Well, sir,' he said, 'what are you guffawing at?'

'At that beggarly rotten nonsense. You don't stand by that villainous bosh, do you?'

'Sir,' said the other, 'the glory of the British arms is dimmed—I will not say tarnished, sir, but dimmed. We are now an army of boys—boys! We kill by clockwork now, not by muscle, bayonet, and sabre. When I was with Raglan at the Alma, sir'—

'Oh, Alma be damned!' interrupted the other impetuously.

'Be damned, sir? Alma be damned, sir?' The old man's voice was thick with wrath, his fingers clutched his stick, and, as he heard Abe the fiddler laugh, a pulse of anger convulsed it upward menacingly.

At that moment a girl came in between, and her sweet voice said to the sergeant softly: 'Remember, he is old!' and then more loudly and persuasively to the other: 'Bombardier, I've been looking for you to row me across the river, the current is so strong!'

She put her arm through his, the stick was lowered slowly, and the tide of public feeling, which had been running strongly against the Bombardier, was stayed by the smile upon her lips. The fighting spirit in the sergeant's eyes melted away, and the Bombardier now only muttered to himself. He did not refuse to go, when she said: 'I'm in a hurry, Bombardier, and I promised to take the boat over.'

He walked with her through the silent on-lookers, head erect, eyes turning neither to right nor left. The man of Tel-el-Kebir, as they passed him, said with honest straightforwardness: 'The Alma was all right, Bombardier; it was only a soldier's chaff—and there you are!'

But the Bombardier, with a quirk of the lips, which showed more anger than forgiveness, retorted: 'Men and soldiers fought at the

Alma, sir. We had no babies or *canaille* there !' Perhaps none present, save the sergeant, knew what *canaille* meant, but it sounded scornful and malicious.

As the two disappeared through the doors, the fiddler said : 'I'd got two new tunes for her weddin', an' it never came off !' He blinked a moisture from his eyes, which was part whisky, part feeling. Sergeant Quackenbush nodded thoughtfully and replied : 'I'll be friends with him, if he'll let me ; and I'll guard-room this temper of mine.'

#### THE LAND OF PALM OIL.

ALTHOUGH the British settlements in the West of Africa have for long been the scenes of active commercial and missionary effort, the western portion of the Dark Continent has not become so familiar to the general reader as the central and eastern portions. For this there are several reasons, the chief of which probably is that no sensational books of travel have originated in the Land of Palm Oil. Yet, the Niger Territory is so important an adjunct to the British Crown—being not merely a Sphere of Influence but a well-defined Protectorate—that a little attention may well be devoted to its features.

The Niger River discharges itself into the Gulf of Guinea by a number of streams which percolate through the swampy, fever-haunted Delta of the Niger. Each of these river-mouths has a name of its own, but collectively they are called the Oil Rivers, because upon them are stationed 'the Factories' (that is, stores) and agencies of the traders in palm oil.

The largest of these mouths is the Nun, and it is this which is most used in connection with the navigation of the Niger proper. Near the entrance of the Nun is Akassa, the great dépôt-station for the whole of the Niger territories, and the place of loading and discharge for the Liverpool steamers. Akassa is a busy place, with a constant coming and going of sea and river steamers, and an interminable crowd of 'natives' rolling an endless stream of palm-oil casks along the wharfs, or carrying great tusks of ivory to the ships. It has a background of dark, impenetrable forest, and in itself is brighter and prettier looking than the dismal, malarial stations on the other Oil Rivers (such as Bonny, Calabar, &c.), where Nature seems to be at her ghastliest and man at his worst. At Akassa the officials of the Royal Niger Company have even attempted gardens and other works of civilisation and culture ; but vegetation does not thrive, and the vapours from the surrounding mangrove swamps make the climate very enervating for Europeans. As a consequence, the permanent white residents are few, although the station is usually well filled either with new-comers or with invalided and time-expired men waiting to get 'home.' The natives of the Akassa district belong to the Brass tribes, and they were formerly dangerous savages, whose chief occupation in life was in causing and in plundering wrecks ; but now they seem to be inoffensive enough in their villages among the mangroves.

Authorities differ as to the origin of the name of the river, which Ptolemy called *Nigeir*, and other old writers *Niger*. The old theory that the name is the Latin for 'black' seems now generally abandoned ; and Dr Brown's theory seems the most reasonable one—that the name is probably derived from the same root as the Berber *Ghir*, which is applied to many streams in North Africa. The river is, however, nowhere called Niger by the tribes along its course, but by a variety of names (such as Joliba, Kworra, Ujimini, &c.), all or most of which just signify 'The Great Water.'

Prior to Mungo Park's journey in 1796 from Gambia to Boussa on the Middle Niger, almost nothing was known about this river ; and after Park, not much more was discovered until the brothers Lander in 1830 succeeded in descending the stream all the way from Boussa to the Nun mouth. Thereupon followed numerous trading expeditions, and in 1841 and 1854, some Government surveys of the Niger and its affluent the Benue were made. Meanwhile, commercial establishments, both British and French, were multiplying ; and in 1882 these were all amalgamated in an English company, which a few years later was incorporated and chartered as the Royal Niger Company, charged with the political and general administration over the whole region in the basins of the Niger and Benue, of which Great Britain assumed the Protectorate in 1885. Sir Claude Macdonald was in 1889 despatched by the Government on a special mission to make personal examination of the condition of the Niger territories, and the views of the various kings and chiefs ; and an interesting account of this mission was written by Captain Mockler-Ferryman, who acted as Sir Claude Macdonald's secretary.

For some distance above Akassa, the country remains flat and the scenery uninteresting, if not indeed positively dismal. But after passing the confluence with the Wari River both the surroundings and the people improve. The inhabitants of the Niger Delta are of poor physique and a very low type of humanity—all fetich worshippers, and many of them cannibals. The farther one gets from the coast the higher do the tribes seem to rise in the human scale, although when one reaches Lokoja, which is the point of junction of the Niger and its great arm the Benue, one meets the advancing wave of Mohammedanism, which is spreading down from the interior towards the sea, with its usual accompaniment of slave-raiding horrors. On the Delta, too, missionary enterprise seems to have effected little, if any, change in the people ; but higher up the river one finds encouraging results.

The palm oil, which is the staple product of the Lower Niger, as of the West Coast generally, is obtained from a wild palm. The natives use it both for cooking, for burning, and for smearing their bodies with. It is to them, indeed, a great deal more than ghee is to the Hindu. The fruit of the tree grows in large prickly clusters, and its skin is of a bright red or orange colour, turning to yellow when ripe. The pulp is rather bitter in taste, and is reddish-white in colour. Within the fruit is a

stone or kernel, about the size of a filbert. The natives, gathering the fruit when ripe, bruise it gently in a wooden mortar, and then boil it with water in large caldrons; whilst simmering, it is stirred with a stick, to separate the pulp from the kernels, which sink to the bottom and are reserved for other uses. The oil, which floats on the surface of the water as the boiling proceeds, is skimmed off, and placed in earthenware vessels.

The Niger affords two kinds of palm oil. The one is of the consistency of butter, and is called 'hard' oil, and for this the only market is England. The other is liquid, and is called 'soft oil,' and for this the highest price is obtained in all the European markets. There is hardly any difference in the quality, but only in the method of preparation. The buying price on the river ranges from five pounds to six pounds ten shillings per cask of two hundred and twenty gallons; and it is calculated that about eight thousand tons are annually exported from the Niger to Europe, where it is employed in making candles, soap, railway-grease, &c. Both the trading and the transport to the 'Factories' is carried on chiefly by women, after the manner of the noble savage; and the streams of females, each with a pot of palm oil on her head and a baby on her back, are among the every-day sights of the country. At the Factories the oil is carefully measured by the agents, and is paid for in salt or cotton cloth. Then it is casked and stored in the station, waiting for transport down the river, to be put on board the ocean steamers at Akassa.

The commodity next in importance in the export trade of the Niger is ivory, although this can hardly be regarded as an increasing trade. It is mostly in the hands of Hausa (native) merchants, who convey it vast distances.

Few persons who finger their ivory-handled knives at dinner think of the enormous distances that have been traversed by the smooth pleasant-feeling material, of the incalculable labour it represents, and of the suffering, and perchance bloodshed, which have marked its transit since it fell with some mighty elephant in a remote African jungle. Some who know Central Africa say that if it were not for ivory, the raiding and selling of slaves would soon cease. If this be true, then this beautiful product of nature stands in the civilised world as the representative of the traffic in human flesh, which annually makes countless thousands mourn.

Not until the traveller gets well up the river towards Lokoja, where the stream of the Benue unites with that of the Middle Niger, does the scenery become at all romantic, but at Lokoja (which is peopled mostly by Mohammedans) there is a fine stretch of mountain and forest view, and an immense sheet of water, formed by the junction of the streams, more than three miles wide. Lokoja is an important centre both in trade, in missionary enterprise, and in the administration of the Niger Territories, and it is here that one encounters in full force the wave of Islamism, which has flowed down from the north, and which is now struggling with Christianity for mastery over the native

tribes. The problem of the future is how far British influences and methods will succeed in checking its further flow towards the coast. Captain Ferryman seems to think that more drastic measures than teaching and preaching will be needed, and that, in fact, Islam will not be defeated there without force of arms sooner or later; but although the struggle may be long, he has no doubt of the ultimate result.

Leaving Lokoja on the left and steaming up the Benue River, one enters a stream that was absolutely unknown to Europeans until sixty years ago. The mouth of it was discovered by the brothers Lander in 1830; and in 1833, Messrs Laird and Oldfield managed to paddle up to a place called Dagbo, which is about one hundred miles above the confluence with the Niger. No further attempt was made for nearly twenty years, until Dr Barth crossed over from Lake Chad, and struck the upper waters at Yola, a place which now marks the eastern limit of the British Protectorate. Indeed, the Benue was for long supposed to flow out of Lake Chad; but this is now known not to be the case.

Trade on the Benue only dates from 1874, and has not as yet attained great dimensions; but the land along this river is reported to be of great promise, and it is believed that this will ultimately prove one of the most remunerative portions of the Niger Territories.

One of the principal items of trade here is rubber, which is thus collected. The natives make an incision in the tree, and allow the sap to flow over their naked arms until it forms a thick coating. When this has hardened, it is scraped off and rolled into balls, which are known as 'Niger lumps,' and which are taken to the Factories, where they are worth in goods the equivalent of ninety to one hundred pounds per ton. This rubber sells in England at from one shilling to two shillings per pound, according to quality—for there are many varieties of the rubber-tree.

Shea butter is another product. This is obtained from the Shea-tree (*Bassia Parkii*), a handsome tree resembling an American oak, the fruit of which is a nut about the size of a walnut. The treatment is much the same as that followed in the manufacture of palm oil, above described, and the solid oil, or butter, has medicinal properties which the natives appreciate. In market value, Shea butter is pretty much that of palm oil, and in England it is used largely in the manufacture of ointment, although it has numerous other uses.

One of the principal tribes of the Lower Benue basin is the Basa tribe—an industrious, energetic, and muscular people, who are heathens and idol worshippers. Not much is known of their customs, but their mode of burial is curious. They wrap the corpse in white cloth and place it in the grave in a standing position along with a bag of provisions for the journey to the other world. A whole month is spent in mourning, and then there is a general meeting of the relatives, who spend a day in feasting and dancing.

One of the chief towns on the Benue is Loko, a clean place of some four thousand inhabitants, composed of a collection of round-topped huts,

like hayricks, fenced by matting seven feet high. This is both an important station of the Royal Niger Company and also the capital of the Mohammedan State of Nassarawa, which is ruled over by an Emir. Of this potentate Captain Ferryman gave the following description :

'The Emir himself rode down to the river bank, surrounded by a large company of armed men; their horses were poor weedy-looking things, and weighed down with huge high-peaked saddles, gaily decorated with Hausa leatherwork, but nevertheless they were horses, and about the first we had seen in West Africa. The Emir himself was clothed in voluminous garments of white and dark blue Kano cotton. On his head was a turban of white, hung round with numerous leather-sewn charms; and hiding his features was the usual face-cloth of dark muslin. Embroidered slippers and a heavy cross-hilted sword completed his dress as a Fula chief. He was received with much ceremony, a guard of honour of the Royal Niger Constabulary being drawn up on deck; though I am not certain that he understood at first what it meant, and he probably thought that he had fallen into a trap. However, his litham concealed any fear his face might have shown, and when he entered the Commissioner's presence he seemed quite at home. The Emir himself is a man of about thirty-five years of age, and his Wuzeer, who appears to be the astuter of the two, is perhaps a trifle younger. Both, I should say, are good samples of ruffians of the deepest dye, though they were the pink of politeness during the interview, showering down compliments on our heads, which taxed the ingenuity of our Hausa interpreter to reply to in corresponding terms. However, half an hour saw the business through; and we, at all events, were not sorry when the Emir rose, for his retinue, who had crowded in after him, were of the unwashed order, and our little saloon, for the nonce the durbar-hall, was rapidly becoming laden with a most pungent African bouquet.'

The grievance of this worthy was that the Royal Niger Company would not sell him rifles and ammunition, whereby he might follow the custom of his father and grandfather in hunting down the pagan tribes and capturing slaves. Needless to say that the Commissioner of 'The Great White Queen' gave him to understand that she hated that sort of thing, would not allow it, and had forbidden her subjects to sell arms for such purposes.

The Benue headquarters of the Niger Company are at a place called Ibi, a town belonging to the Juko tribe, who have succeeded in escaping from the Mohammedan influence which oppresses surrounding tribes, and have placed themselves under British protection. The whole country about here is fertile and well wooded. Above Ibi, the river is a magnificent stream more than a mile wide, with a succession of important native States stretching along both banks. Here is one little sketch of the physical aspects :

'Few villages or inhabitants were seen during our day's run of fifty miles, the country still remaining densely wooded, with occasional open plains of high grass. At dusk, the river had

slightly narrowed, and we lay between two high black walls of impenetrable forest: once we thought we heard a lion's distant roar, but otherwise all was magnificently still—not a ripple on the water, not a rustle among the trees—and as we sat on deck gazing pensively into the black night, the moon, almost at the full, rose gradually above the dark belt of forest, and shed a silvery lustre over the water. It was one of the grandest night-scenes I can remember, and certainly one which can never be equalled out of the tropics.'

Farther on, the country becomes more open and more thickly populated. Cultivation, too, is actively pursued, as also a number of native industries such as leather-working, brass-working, and cloth-dyeing with native indigo. Altogether life on the Benue seems on a higher plane than in the basin of the Lower Niger. Yola, the capital of the Mohammedan State of Adamawa, through which passes the boundary-line of the Anglo-German agreement of 1886, lies at the foot of a fine group of mountains, on the slopes of which it is proposed to establish a sanatorium for the European traders. Above Yola, the Benue presents much variety of scenery and character; but although the mission was continued for some distance up the stream, we shall stop at the boundary-line. Suffice it to say that much interesting exploration was done, both on the upper waters of the Benue and also on the Middle Niger (or Kworra) above Lokoja.

In conclusion, it may be said that the commercial potentiality of this region is limited in range; but it remains to be seen if any mineral resources can be discovered, or cultivation developed so as to make agriculture a remunerative industry. The climate of the Niger Delta is, as it has always been, deadly for Europeans; but beyond the junction of the Niger and Benue it will compare favourably with India. In these inner parts Europeans may safely reside for three or four years at a time, and even longer if hill sanatoriums be established. But there is no field for European colonisation in the Niger Territories.

## AN ELECTRIC SPARK.\*

By G. MANVILLE FENN.

### CHAPTER XIV.—FOREIGN POLICY.

'WHAT I expected,' said Wynyan to himself as he walked through the Enclosure. 'Fate plays strange pranks with us.' Then getting into the Mall, where it was comparatively lonely among the big elms and planes, he walked slowly up and down thinking of his position. Only a few days before with everything bright and hopeful, a grand career his, and fortune, perhaps love; now, comparatively a beggar, with life to begin all over again.

He thought of Brant's arbitrary conduct, and felt that it was open to him to dispute his right, but pride seemed to forbid that—at any rate then. What more calm deliberation would do

\* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

he could not say. But there was the invention—the great motor, surely he had a half-right in that! No: he felt that he had not. Everything had been done in Dalton's name; Dalton had sold it; and he, the inventor, had thought of nothing but bringing it to perfection. The business arrangements had all been Dalton's, and the negotiations with Government in his behalf.

'I'll think no more,' he said at last, 'or I shall go mad;' and he was about to make for the station and go east to the little Inn, but almost involuntarily his steps led him in another direction, northward through the Green Park, across Piccadilly, and into the quiet repose of Mayfair.

He must see the house, he told himself, for love and pity were strong and masterful now. He would only see the darkened windows. He dare not call: it would, he felt, be an outrage; but he must pass. Who could say but that if she cared for him she might not feel something of the bond of sympathy between them?

He passed twice with the feeling of despair upon him greater than he could bear. It was as he had pictured—the great mansion with every window blank and dead-looking; and yet within it still the very soul of his smitten life.

He walked on mechanically, avoiding people by instinct, seeing nothing but the interior of Dalton's darkened chamber, hearing nothing, not even the wheels of a carriage, and the trampling of horses keeping close to the kerb, and almost brushing him as he went on. Then the horses were checked, and there was a quick step behind him.

'Beg pardon, sir—my mistress—will you speak?'

Wynyan looked wonderingly at the servant in plain livery who had accosted him. Then he saw close behind a pair of handsome bays champing their bits, and scattering the foam, and beyond them a face projected from a brougham, and a little black gloved hand beckoning.

'Isabel Endoza,' he said to himself, and walked back eagerly. 'She would have news.'

The face was withdrawn, but he saw now that it was thickly veiled; and as he reached the carriage door, the hand was held out and clung to his, while a wave of emotion rose and choked all utterance as he heard sobbing, and a piteous voice murmured: 'Oh, Mr Wynyan—oh, Mr Wynyan! Poor, poor *Rénée*!'

'Hush!' he whispered, as he stood holding the hand which still clung to his. Then hurriedly: 'Pray—pray tell me how she is.'

'I—I can't talk to you here. I have just come from the house. I— Tell the servant to open the door. Come in: come home with me. If I speak now, I shall cry so that every one will hear.'

As she spoke she signed to the footman; the

door was opened, and, hardly knowing what he did, Wynyan entered; the door was closed; he heard the word 'Home!' and then they were being driven rapidly through the streets with his companion leaning back in the corner of the luxurious carriage, holding her handkerchief to her face beneath her veil. At the end of a few minutes it was removed, but the veil kept down.

'You will come home with me, Mr Wynyan. Papa said I was to ask you to one of our evenings; but there will be no evenings now for a long, long time. Perhaps he will be at home. We only heard an hour ago, and papa is heart-broken, for he loved Mr Dalton: the grandest Englishman, he said, that he had ever met.'

'This is no time for paying visits, Miss Endoza,' said Wynyan coldly. 'Pray, tell me: how is your friend?'

'Don't—don't, pray, don't ask me here,' cried Isabel, bursting out, weeping loudly. 'I—I will tell you as soon as I can.'

Just then, Wynyan was conscious of a handsome, middle-aged Jewish-looking man cantering by the brougham, and bending low to raise his hat before dropping back.

'Yes, I see you—you dreadful stupid man,' said Isabel, quickly returning the bow.—'It is a friend of papa's. He is always watching for the carriage, so that he may bow.'

Wynyan hardly heard her, and there was silence till the carriage drew up at one of the great mansions in Victoria Street near to the Abbey.

'Please come and let me tell you,' said Isabel.

Hardly knowing what he was doing, Wynyan handed his companion out, and followed her into the hall and up the blank stone staircase to the first floor, where his companion touched the electric bell.

'It seems no use to ride up in the lift such a little way,' she said as the door flew open, and the chilly blankness of the staircase gave place to a luxuriously furnished entry; and the next minute they were in a long drawing-room, dimly lighted, and with the noise of the great street deadened by double windows.

Here Isabel tore off her veil and gloves, threw herself into a lounge, buried her face in her hands, and burst into a passion of sobs and wails so wildly hysterical that Wynyan became at last startled, and advanced to her to speak imploringly.

'Miss Endoza, pray, pray, do not give way like this,' he cried.

'My poor, dear, darling *Rénée*. Oh, it is too dreadful. What shall I do?—what shall I do?'

The wild fit of grief, however, was not lasting, and soon after the pretty little creamy face, with its great dark piteous-looking eyes, was turned up to Wynyan.

'Oh, do, do, please, sit down,' she cried. 'It is so good of you to come when you—we are in such trouble.'

Wynyan sank into the chair she pointed to, and sat frowning and stern as the girl liberally used her handkerchief.

'I—I am better now,' she said, with a sob



coming at intervals, as if the storm of passionate grief had been like herself, tropical but short. 'Papa came and told me just as I was going for a drive. Dear, dear Mr Dalton, he was always so good, and seemed to love me as if I were his own. I—I went there directly, Mr Wynyan, for I knew she would see me, poor darling, and we cried together till dearest Miss Bryne begged me to go, and I had just come away when I saw you.'

'How is she?' said Wynyan huskily.

'Broken-hearted, but so pale and beautiful. Oh, how I love her, my own sweet, dearest friend. Isn't it terrible, Mr Wynyan?'

He bowed his head; he could not speak. One moment he was angry with the shallow, frivolous creature; the next, pitying and sympathetic, for she had been there not half an hour back, held *Rénée* sobbing in her arms; and she did, she must love her, to show such grief.

'I knew how terribly grieved you would be, Mr Wynyan; it is such a relief to talk to some one who knows and loves her. Oh, my poor, poor darling friend!'

Isabel burst into another paroxysm of weeping, in the midst of which Wynyan started. He was conscious of some one having approached silently over the thick carpet, for he had not heard a sound.

'So good of you to call, my dear Mr Wynyan,' said the Count, holding out both hands to press them upon the young Englishman's shoulder. 'Friendliness is so welcome at a time of pain like this. Forgive my dearest child for her grief. She is, as you English call it, broken-hearted about her friend.—She weeps, too, for our noble-hearted Dalton, Mr Wynyan,' he added, as he sank into a chair near the visitor. 'I have lost a friend I loved. And you'—

'The man who has been to me as a father, sir,' said Wynyan, in a voice husky from emotion.

Isabel sobbed gently.

'Ah,' said the Count gravely. 'These losses are, as you say, irreparable. I made a friend, a trusted friend, of Robert Dalton, and he has gone. The greater reason why those left to us should be drawn closer together. Not a good Catholic, Mr Wynyan. My people would call him a heretic. But I love such opponents of our Church. A true gentleman, sir.'

'As ever breathed,' said Wynyan.

'He loved my child.'

'Yes—yes—yes,' sobbed Isabel wildly.

'As we love him and his. Ah, well, life is short. There is so little time to mourn in this busy world.—And you, Mr Wynyan, of course you will take the lead with the great business. I must do my duty to my country. There is a great transaction I must see you about.'

'You will not see me, sir,' said Wynyan gravely. 'Mr Brant Dalton will, I presume, be the principal now. My connection with the firm has been severed.'

'Indeed!' said the Count with a look meant to be one of surprise. 'I am grieved to hear that. But you, Mr Wynyan, with your skill as an engineer, must have the choice of more than you can undertake.'

'I don't know, sir,' said Wynyan, rising with

a bitter smile. 'We shall see. I have much to think about and do, sir. I thank Miss Endoza for giving me tidings of Miss Dalton.'

'Ah, yes, she has been. You could not call at present?'

'Nor in future, sir,' said Wynyan sadly.

'But you will call here, Mr Wynyan. I shall be so glad to speak to you about our dear friend. My child, too, will have news—she will be so much with poor *Rénée*. My house is at your disposal, sir, and you will be very welcome.'

'Must you go—so soon?' said Isabel with a piteous look, as she held out both her hands.

Wynyan bowed once more.

'I shall tell dearest *Rénée* that you called, and when you come next I shall have so much to say. Good—good-bye.'

She sank back sobbing again, as her father rang and then accompanied his visitor to the door.

'Good-bye, Mr Wynyan,' he said, shaking hands impressively. 'Pray call again soon. I may not be at home, but my child here will have news for you, I know.'

Wynyan went down pleased, and yet angry. He could not feel that it was all real, and yet he told himself that it must be.

'Foreigners are not so calm and impassive as we are. Would he make me so welcome if he knew that I am little better than a beggar?'

In the great drawing-room she had so lately left, Villar Endoza was walking slowly up and down with a memorandum book in one hand, a gold pencil-case in the other.

'Yes, my child, it is very sad; but men will die even in our sunny land.—But your face looks terrible.'

'Yes, little papa; but I am going to bathe it with some wash. Poor, dearest *Rénée* did cry so all over it.'

'Of course—of course,' said the Count.—'He would be invaluable to us. He must come.'

'I thought you said Mr Brant must come, little papa,' said the girl, dabbing her red eyes.

'Yes, little one; but Dalton had not died then. This man is worth five thousand Brants, and now he is ours. I knew it would be so, as soon as I heard the bad news.'

'Knew what, little papa?'

'That Brant would send him away.'

'But how could you know so soon?'

The Count laughed.

'How do I know so many things, little one?' he said.

'I know,' she cried, 'that nasty Señor Levinson tells you. Oh, how I hate him!' she cried excitedly, with her eyes flashing and her prettily curved lips drawn from her pearly teeth.

'My beautiful little bird must not hate anybody,' said the Count, stopping to tap her cheek with the gold pencil. 'She must smile and be kind, even to Mr Levinson while he serves me well.'

'Very well, little papa,' she said, pouting.

'That is my good little angel,' he said playfully. 'Now go and bathe the beautiful eyes.—Look.' He drew her forward so that she could see her face in the nearest mirror, and she uttered a cry of alarm.

'Almost too bad to show the brave, handsome young Wynyan, eh?—There; go to your room, sweet one. I have so much to think and write.'

### STOWAWAYS.

IN future, stowaways discovered on board British ships will be more adequately punished when taken before a magistrate than hitherto. It has been found that, just as there are vagrants on land, so they abound on the sea. Under section two hundred and fifty-eight of the Merchant Shipping Act of 1854, it was provided that if a person secreted himself and went to sea in a ship without consent, he was liable to a penalty not exceeding twenty pounds, or to imprisonment, without or with hard labour, for any period not exceeding four weeks. This short term of incarceration, however, seemed to have no deterrent effect. If the matter is considered for one moment, it will readily be seen that light sentences for such an offence only tended to fit prisoners for another voyage under similar conditions. Arriving in port after a long and probably stormy trip, the professional stowaway would hardly care to ship himself off again at once. His previous mode of obtaining a livelihood would unfit him for getting one so easily on shore; so Her Majesty's prison for a week or two was a perfect Eldorado to such a being. It prepared him to follow his peculiar calling with renewed vigour.

This is no fanciful picture, as shipowners have found to their cost. For years, complaints were continually being lodged by shipowners before the authorities in London, Southampton, Liverpool, and Greenock, respecting the lenient way in which persons who had defrauded them of their passage-money were dealt with by law. Many of the rogues were allowed to go free, in order to avoid the expense of a prosecution which resulted in so little. Not only did the shipowners have to pay the costs of the prosecution, but witnesses had to be brought from the ship at considerable trouble and expense. Even then, the magistrate was often not satisfied with the evidence as to 'secretion,' in which case the prisoner invariably got discharged from custody.

Now, however, matters are somewhat improved in this respect. By section three hundred and thirteen of the Merchant Shipping Act of 1894, the powers of magistrates are extended, and, as one stowaway has already found to be the case, can be sentenced to three months' hard labour. In this instance the prosecution was undertaken by the Castle Line, running steamships between London and the Cape. They have suffered a good deal at the hands of the free travelling fraternity for a long time past. Indeed, only a few months ago, a stowaway who managed to escape the punishment he so well merited, on a technical point, had the audacity, two days after his dismissal, to apply to the same magistrate in London for a summons against the owners of the vessel, whom he had defrauded to the extent of sixteen guineas, plus the costs of the prose-

cution, for detaining a box of tools belonging to him. The applicant was referred to the County Court.

An excellent illustration is on record, showing what a number of voyages can be made by one stowaway within a comparatively short space of time. The individual in question began at Glasgow, and concealed himself on a boat about to start for Liverpool. Upon reaching that place, he shipped himself on a liner bound for Boston, Massachusetts. This vessel had to bring him back again, by direction of the United States officials. The cause of this will be explained later on. Again, an Atlantic liner was patronised; but he was discovered at Queenstown. Some of the passengers, pitying his wretched appearance when brought on deck, subscribed sufficient money to pay the culprit's passage to New York. Two or three more times he managed to reach Liverpool, subsequently having his fare paid, before again reaching American ports.

This game, however, got played out, and he set out for the Far West, travelling as usual free of expense. Arriving at San Francisco, he stowed himself away on a ship loading for Melbourne. Thence he got to Yokohama, Shanghai, Hong-kong, Singapore, Calcutta, Bombay, Port Said, and Malta. At each place he landed, and travelled by another vessel. At Malta, this enterprising stowaway actually concealed himself on board a British warship—H.M.S. *Serapis*. At Port Said he was conveyed ashore, and given into the hands of the British Consul with instructions to send him to England. This was done; and in due course the prisoner was brought up at a London police court, where, being remanded, all the foregoing facts were elicited. Were the incidents not so well authenticated, it would be very difficult to credit such a story.

In addition to being a nuisance and expense, stowaways incur great danger of a violent death. In one instance a man hid himself away in a chain locker, and when the anchor was hove-up, the unfortunate creature was crushed to death, the noise made by the steam winch and the rattling of the chain drowning his cries. Upon another occasion, a man was found dead under the main hatch of one of the National Line of steamers. He had concealed himself before the vessel left Liverpool, and died of suffocation. Curiously enough, in his pocket was found a novel entitled *Doomed on the Deep*. In a third case, a man hid himself in the forepart of a steamer bound for London. While proceeding up the river Thames, she collided with another steamer, and the stowaway was crushed to death.

With regard to vessels in the American trade, the hardships that have to be borne by captains having the misfortune to be patronised by stowaways are very great. Should one succeed in landing, upon arriving at any of the United States ports, the captain is liable to a fine of one thousand dollars. When a stowaway is found, the authorities have to be informed of the fact directly port is reached. He is then taken ashore, and maintained at the vessel's expense until she is ready to return, when he is conveyed on board again, and has to be taken

whence he came. The singular number is used in the foregoing, but that is usually exceeded. In August 1891, forty-five stowaways were discovered on board the steamer *Hightington*, when on a voyage from Liverpool to Galveston. Fortunately, this was done in time to enable part being landed in the Mersey, and the remainder at Waterford—for they were found in two batches. Last November, several sets, varying from five to sixteen in number, were returned from America in the manner already described.

Stowaways are very common in the East, and many as well as curious dodges are resorted to by natives—well able to pay the passage-money—in order to obtain a trip for nothing. Thus, in June last, six Japanese girls packed up in matting were removed from the Japan mail steamer before leaving Nagasaki for Shanghai. In April of the same year, nine Japanese men and one woman stowed themselves away on a vessel sailing from Yokohama to San Francisco, and of course had to be taken back again. Eight Chinamen concealed themselves on a steamer trading between Penang and Rangoon. When found, the captain had them all well flogged; and upon reaching port, each one received from the magistrate a month's 'rigorous' imprisonment.

The days of the stowaway—so far as this country is concerned—are numbered. Three months' hard labour is too long a spell of industry for such folk. Gradually they will become extinct, and the sooner this comes to pass the better.

#### HOW THE MAN-EATER WAS KILLED.

LIEUTENANT WALLACE, of the 42d Bengal Native Infantry, sat moody in his bungalow. He had reason to be moody, if, indeed, love and reason ever run in a curricule. But the immediate cause of his moodiness was the following cruelly courteous foolscap letter: 'SIR—I have the honour to inform you that I have complied with your request, by placing your name on the list of candidates for the vacant post in the Jungle Reclamation Office, where it stands No. 315. Pray, refer to that number in any further communication you may desire to make.'

'Further communication be big D-d,' exclaimed the young officer as he flung the sheet of foolscap into the fireplace.

'What's up now?' cried his bosom friend, Wilford Bosanquet, bursting in upon him without ceremony.

'Oh! confound it! Only the old tale.—Any news?'

'Nothing newer than what would be stale enough to anybody but a moping owl like you. But of course nobody—no rational being—would expect *you* to know what every one else was talking about the day before yesterday. Queen Anne's dead!'

The lieutenant deigned not to notice this little speech; and his friend ran on: 'So is another post-runner—that's the sixth that the

man-eater has eaten within the last nine months, according to the general reckoning. And there's a deuce of a difficulty in finding anybody to take his place. So we seem likely to be as newsless as even you could desire in this God-forsaken hole. No letters, no newspapers, no nothing. Meanwhile, Collector Campbell has issued a handbill offering a reward of three thousand rupees to any wight who'll bring him the tiger's skin.'

'Why not?' murmured the lieutenant with knitted brow. 'What does it matter?'

'I'll see if I can't wake him,' muttered Wilford Bosanquet to himself. Then aloud: 'As you seem to think so lightly of the death of nine post-runners, and heaven knows how many harmless natives to boot, what say you to Lucy Campbell's coming marriage?'

'Lucy's marriage—to *whom*?' broke in Wallace fiercely. 'If to the man of her choice'—Here he mumbled something which his friend failed to catch. 'But if they're going to force her into wedding old Colonel Graybeard, or that loathsome sneak, Tom Wilson with his five thousand a year, I'll murder 'em both.'

'In for a penny, in for a pound, eh?' quoth Captain Bosanquet. 'Else I might remind you that to slaughter the *one* who wins her would suffice. She can't wed both.—But I thought I'd rouse you. And I've done it. Any one would swear that you are the tiger's kin—his next of kin. Can't you see that I'm joking?'

'Ay, *your* jokes are obvious enough—and always in good taste, I must say,' retorted the love-sick lieutenant.

'Come, old man, don't be riled. You know—at least *I* do—that though Lucy Campbell may be loth to leave her parents in the lurch, and be yours on next-to-nothing a year and hope, she won't be anybody else's, though he had fifty thousand pounds a year. Old Graybeard and Wilson are not the *only* fellows who've tried their luck in that quarter, and found little cause to boast of the upshot, let me tell you.'

This singularly generous confession of defeat—and that from the lips of the heir to forty thousand acres yielding twenty thousand pounds a year—thoroughly restored Wallace to his wonted good-humour, and did something towards dissipating his gloom. But it did nothing to damp his determination to go forth and do battle with the man-eater—a determination which had voiced itself unconsciously to him, and to the sore bewilderment of his friend, in those cross-purpose questions of his, 'Why not?' and 'What does it matter?'

The question now arose, should he go forth alone, or borrow his rich friend's *shikarri*—a word one feels tempted to translate 'gamekeeper.' Only, the game are tigers, and such-like 'fearful wild-fowl,' and the preserves, the jungle. He

resolved to borrow that wily native, whom his friend willingly lent.

'But, old fellow,' he added, 'is it worth while to risk your life for the sake of a paltry three hundred pounds?'

'Oh! I'm not thinking of the gold,' said Wallace. 'But I want to be up doing something, instead of sticking here in the mud.'

'Well, there's a little cash and a good deal of *kudos* in the case. And the man who rid the country of that pest would be a real public benefactor. I've half a mind to go with you, if you'll let me.'

Here Wallace began to hem and haw. And his friend perceiving there was some objection—maybe a disinclination to share the harvest of renown to be reaped by the tiger's destruction—did not press the matter, but promised to send the shikarri, and bade his friend good-morning.

'The fact is,' said Wallace as he followed Bosanquet on to the veranda which belted his modest bungalow, 'my plan hardly admits of a coadjutor, though I may need help in case all goes well.'

'You know best; though your speech is dark to me, I confess. But Murreem Ali will be a far better henchman than I. So ta-ta. Take care of yourself, and God speed you!' So saying, the captain walked away, boding no ill to his friend. For many an officer had been out to shoot the pest, and came home safe and sound without having seen so much as the tip of its tail. The tiger seemed thoroughly well aware of the difference between a poor post-runner armed only with his stick of tinkling bells, and a sportsman armed with a rifle warranted to kill at half a mile.

By the time Murreem Ali joined him, Charlie Wallace had donned a post-runner's red coat, bought for the occasion, and darkened his face to a more than native swarthinness by a liberal outlay of burnt cork. The shikarri, who came armed with a rifle and a pair of pistols, stared to behold the lieutenant in this strange guise; but never a word spoke he except to counsel his temporary master to stick a pair of pistols in his belt. 'Like servant, like Saheeb!' he added with a grin which displayed a highly serviceable set of grinders. 'Baby gun help at a pinch,' he said, 'when big gun bark, no bite.'

To avoid needlessly advertising their intent to all the neighbourhood, they stole out the back way, and reached the high-road through a lonely and roundabout path. For some five miles they jogged on at a good brisk pace till they reached a turn in the road within a stone's throw of the vast jungle haunted by the man-eater. Here the lieutenant begged his attendant to fall behind, lest the beast, seeing two men armed to the teeth, should fight shy of them, as he had of other bold sportsmen. The veteran shikarri shook his head, but held his tongue, knowing that it behoved him to obey orders. His master for the nonce then drew out a bunch of little bells and tied them to the muzzle of his rifle, so as to make it look as like a post-runner's bell-stick as might be. He then hastened forward at a post-runner's jogtrot pace, the bells jingling merrily as he went. His heart meanwhile was none too

merry. For though resolved to go through with what he had begun, he could not help reflecting that, if his ruse succeeded, the animal might spring out upon him at any moment from either side of the thick covert that lined his route. However, on he fared without mishap till he reached the very spot where the tiger had pounced on his last victim. This was a gully that crossed the road at right angles, and was now dry as a chip, though a foaming torrent during the rainy season—from mid May till mid August.

As to the identity of the spot he could not doubt it for a moment. For there, cruelly convincing, a few drops of the victim's blood still stained the white pebbles of the gully. And, truth to tell, the sight of them made Charlie Wallace's blood—all young and warm though it was—turn somewhat cold for a moment. Here he halted and looked around him. He saw the flanks of the gully and both sides of the road thickly shagged with brushwood, while the tall forest trees that towered above it quite shut out the rays of the setting sun. Meanwhile, all was still as the grave. And no sign of life could he see. As he stood in that narrow gloomy gorge, he felt as if entombed alive. The stillness awed him. He shifted his rifle. The bells jingled; and ere that sound had fairly died away, another smote his ear—a faint rustling in the brushwood, followed by the crackling of dry leaves and twigs. Quick as lightning, he raised his rifle, and fired it full in the face of the tiger as it balanced itself on the verge of the gully in act to spring. Down it rolled into the bed of the gully, and there lay for a moment as if stunned. But, speedily recovering its feet, it crouched for a second spring; and with one loud, hoarse, grating growl, it came bounding through the air towards its prey, who stood with a pistol in either hand, and fired both point-blank, then fell stricken to the ground—he knew not how.

Not then. No, nor till half an hour afterwards, when he came to himself, and found Murreem Ali stooping over him, pawnee-flask in hand.

'What's become of the tiger?' he gasped as soon as he could command his tongue.

'Devil-tiger, tiger-devil—he lie yonder, Saheeb, dead as door-nail,' answered the shikarri, jerking his thumb over his shoulder.

'Why, the devil, as you call him, must have knocked me down, and then shot clean over me. And then you came up and shot *him*?'

'No me shoot devil. Saheeb shoot devil,' replied the honest shikarri. 'When Murreem Ali came up, he find devil as dead as door-nail. Slug go neat into his right eye, and spirit-devil come out of him through hole.'

'And what's to be done now? For I feel in no plight to trudge back ten miles. Besides, I should like to take the game home with me. Know you of any village near where we could hire a bullock-cart?'

'Sumootra just two mile off, close to road,' replied Ali. 'Find plenty bullock-cart and bullock there. And all for nothing. No rupee. Folk only too glad to do anything for Saheeb who kill the tiger-devil.'

'Then I must ask you to test their good-will,' replied Charlie Wallace.

The man sped off like a hare with the hounds at its tail. And after the lapse of half an hour, a confused roar as of many voices proclaimed his return with half the village at his heels. While one hoary-headed patriarch fell flat on his belly at the tiger-queller's feet, and worshipped him for slaying the plague of the village, who had swallowed three of his grandsons and others of his more distant kinsfolk, the rest of the villagers crowded round their fallen foe, showering kicks and curses on it before they hoisted the carcass into the cart. Anon, up came the village priest to appease its wandering spirit, and also its protecting deity, Kali, Goddess of Mischief to Mankind. He brought with him for this purpose a pot of red paint, wherewith he smeared the tiger's head and also the barrel of the pistol that laid him low. Other villagers, meanwhile, kept flocking to the scene of action, bringing all sorts of meat and drink offerings to their deliverer—bananas, milk, wild honey, maize-cakes—some of which, especially the bananas and the milk, he found exceedingly grateful to his parched palate. And then, instead of cursing and kicking the tiger, they propped it up in the cart as if it still lived, and decked it with a garland of wild-flowers gathered in the neighbouring jungle, and built over it an arbour of leafy boughs, and greeted it with the music of tom-toms and horns.

Meanwhile, the lieutenant seated himself in the cart—the shikarri by his side—under the shadow, so to speak, of his victim's tail. And then the cart, thus metamorphosed into a kind of triumphal car, moved slowly from the scene of slaughter, headed by the villagers, who marched, or rather danced in front to the sound of horn and tom-tom. And though darkness soon overtook them, they were lighted on their journey by more villagers, who joined them with lighted torches in their hands.

Thus conveyed and thus escorted, the hero and idol of the day neared headquarters. He was within a mile of them, when a horseman came galloping across the open fields and overtook the cart. 'What's agate now?' he shouted with a cheery and manly voice, which forthwith prepossessed the lieutenant in his favour. At that moment a second horseman rode up; and after some whispering between them, the first set spurs to his horse and rode rapidly forward. The second stayed and chatted with the lieutenant till the cart drew up in front of his bungalow. There, with a hasty *Au revoir* to its owner, the second horseman took himself off, leaving the lieutenant not a little puzzled as to who these distinguished foreigners—foreign to that station—might be.

Mid the excitement of his tussle with the tiger and the stir and bustle of his triumphant return, Charlie Wallace had clean forgotten the disguise he had donned to lure the tiger from his lair. But the sight of his grimy face in the looking-glass suddenly reminded him how queer a figure he must have cut in the eyes of the inquisitive cavaliers. He had scarcely washed off the war-paint and donned his ordinary 'togs,' when his factotum entered with a

note addressed to him in the familiar hand of Collector Campbell, Lucy's father! He tore it open and read, with mingled astonishment and rapture: 'The Governor-general, wishing to thank Lieutenant Wallace for his public service this day done, begs the pleasure of his company at dinner at my table. Eight sharp! Come just as you are—Yours faithfully, HECTOR CAMPBELL.'

'What next?' cried our friend gleefully. But he lacked time for the expression of his feelings. He had barely time to give himself an extra brush-up before presenting himself to those eyes—not Lord Mayo's—which had been his lodestars ever since they first smiled on him.

He reached the door of the roof that sheltered her and the Governor-general just—and only just—in time to save his reputation for punctuality. Naturally, his lordship led the way to the dining-room with Mrs Campbell. As naturally, the aide-de-camp—Mr *Au revoir*—followed with Lucy. Hence Charlie Wallace grumbled not at having to bring up the rear with her father, especially when he found himself seated straight in front of her, with no envious *épergne* to debar him from gazing his fill. The reader may deem it strange that he felt perfectly at ease in the presence of the Governor-general. But the fact is that Lord Mayo was a perfect master of the art—if art it be—of making people feel at home with him. On this occasion he laid himself out, without any show of effort, to draw Charlie out. And he succeeded so thoroughly, that the young man caught himself repeating to his lordship, 'across the walnuts and the wine,' that confoundedly polite form of refusal, 'Sir, I have the honour to inform you, &c.,' which he vowed he had seen so often that he knew it by heart.

Charlie spent a most delightful evening, the more so because Lord Mayo carefully omitted to mar it by formally thanking him for his public services. He was a man who cared more for substance than for form. And so Charlie found next morning when, as he sat at breakfast, his factotum brought him a letter to this effect: 'DEAR SIR—I have the honour to inform you that I have forestalled any request on your part by entering your name on the list of candidates for the vacant post in the Green Cloth Office, where it stands at the head of the list. All good luck to you! Yours sincerely, MAYO.'

'What a trump!' cried Charlie in his joy, and was rushing off hatless to Lucy's father's bungalow to pour forth his hearty thanks, when his friend Captain Bosanquet caught him by the coat-tail and asked him, 'Madman, whither away?'

The madman tore himself free at the cost of his coat, and forged ahead, but only to run bolt into the arms of aide-de-camp *Au revoir*! who briefly informed him that Lord Mayo had quitted the bungalow at five A.M., after a cup of black coffee and a hard biscuit, and that he—*Au revoir*—was to rejoin him that evening at the bungalow of Collector Munro, twenty-five miles farther north.

A twelvemonth later, Collector Campbell resigned, and sailed for England with his wife.

But Lucy stayed in India—Lucy still, but Campbell no longer. That name she had swapped for that of Old Scotland's darling hero, of whom she thought highly, and still more highly of ours.

#### GREAT AUK GOSSIP.

ONE hundred and eighty guineas realised for a single egg; three hundred and fifty for a stuffed specimen: these are the prices that have to be paid if a museum or an ornithologist would become the proud possessor of an egg and skin of the Great Auk or Garefowl. An announcement of the approaching sale of relics relating to this bird, such as that which recently took place in London, at once creates excitement in the minds of collectors, and, curiously enough, almost equal interest among those who usually care little about objects dear to the hearts of museum curators. Rare as are the remains of the Garefowl—there being, according to Mr Symington Grieve, a leading authority on this subject, fewer than seventy eggs and eighty skins all told—the romantic stories told of finds, lucky bargains, and other Garefowl lore, would fill, nay, have filled volumes. Although £189 seems an absurd sum to give for the egg of even the bird itself, yet in reality, compared with the prices paid by some purchasers of these eggs, the amount would be reckoned an extremely moderate one. For other eggs have often realised very much more than this. Early in 1894 an egg was sold for the unprecedented sum of 300 guineas, undoubtedly a very full price for even a perfect and beautifully marked specimen, though the fact that this egg had been in the possession of Mr Yarrell, the eminent ornithologist, and had a pedigree of almost a century, undoubtedly enhanced its value. This particular egg has an interesting history, Mr Yarrell having acquired it by one of those lucky chances which only occur once in a lifetime. Early in the present century, he happened to be walking on the sands at Boulogne, when he met a fishwoman carrying some sea-mews' eggs. He followed the woman to her house, and there saw hanging on a string four wild swans' eggs, and with them one of the Great Auk, all of which he purchased for the sum of ten francs. After Mr Yarrell's death in 1856, this egg was sold to Mr Bond for £21. Baron Louis d'Hamonville bought Mr Bond's collection in 1875, and it is a specimen lately the property of this nobleman which has just realised 180 guineas. The egg which brought the splendid price of 300 guineas also came from the same source, but there appears to be a doubt as to which of these two eggs was the one that cost Mr Yarrell two francs. Later in 1894, a perfect egg sold for £273, and a damaged specimen realised as much as £183. Since 1888, the price—but this includes all eggs sold, perfect and imperfect—has varied from £239 to about £280.

It seems strange that America, which only possesses two out of a total of sixty-eight eggs which exist, the remainder being in Europe, should not so far have come to the front, to

enrich her museums with a few more of these rare specimens.

It is interesting to trace the rise in value of these eggs during the past thirty years. In 1865 Mr Stevens sold four specimens which fetched an average price of £30, 12s. 6d. each. In 1869 the same firm sold an egg from the collection of Dr Troughton for £64, and in 1895 an egg from the collection of Baron D'Hamonville for £173.

Several of the eggs in the late Mr Champley's collection have an interesting history. The first one he obtained indirectly in 1859 through an inquiry concerning the egg which had belonged to Mr Yarrell. The inquiry was heard of by a dealer in Leipzig, who ultimately sold a beautifully shaped egg to Mr Champley for £18. This egg came originally from Iceland along with six others. Egg No. 3 was decidedly a lucky bargain. While travelling in Italy in 1861, Mr Champley visited the Pavia Museum of Anatomy, and noticed in a glass case several large eggs covered with dust and dirt. He thought that one egg was that of the Great Auk, and, after cleaning the egg, his surmise was found to be correct. This egg was part of a collection one hundred years old. Mr Champley told the chief Director there was among the eggs one of 'Le Grand Penguin,' and offered five napoleons, or an equivalent exchange; money was preferred, and he borrowed the amount from a friend to pay for it. The egg turned out well marked and perfect. Four other eggs in this collection cost £11, 5s. each in 1864; the remainder varying in price from £24 to £30.

Skins of the Great Auk are still more valuable than eggs, but the number of transactions has been very much fewer; in fact, it is believed the last one previous to the sale this year took place in 1869. This had belonged to Dr Troughton, and brought £94, 10s. The Edinburgh Museum had an opportunity of acquiring one in 1870 for £100, but the offer was declined. However, in 1895 a fine specimen was secured for 350 guineas. The Great Auk preserved in the Natural History Museum of Central Park, New York, cost £130 in 1868. Previous to this the value rapidly declines, so to speak, as in 1860 Mr Champley bought a skin and an egg for £45. It is safe to say they would fetch ten times as much now. The skin possessed by Mr Malcolm of Poltalloch, Lochgilphead, N.B., is thought to have cost originally about the year 1840 only two or three pounds. Mr Bullock's Great Auk, sent to him from Papa-Westra, Orkney, was after his death sold in the year 1819 for £15, 5s. 6d., and this although it was a genuine British specimen, and therefore almost if not quite unique in this respect. Yet—and this must close the summary of prices—the value of a skin in 1834 was only about £8—truly, *tempora mutantur*.

In addition to their costliness, the eggs of the Great Auk are extremely interesting on account of their intrinsic beauty. Mr Edward Bidwell has photographed sixty-four out of the sixty-six European specimens, and obtained representations of some of them from several points of view, to better display their peculiar markings. No two of these eggs are exactly

alike, and many vary to a remarkable extent, albeit in a less degree than do those of the guillemot. As a rule, the eggs are not unlike in character those of the Razor-bill (*Alca torda*), and are somewhat sparingly spotted with dark-brown blotches in an irregular manner, chiefly at the larger end. A very rare type, an example of which is in the Liverpool Museum, is beautifully streaked all over, there being a very slight tendency to blotching near the larger end. One of the two in the Edinburgh Museum may be called an intermediate type, the other an ordinary type; both are beautiful specimens.

Probably the peculiar fascination the relics of the Garefowl have for the non-scientific mind is sufficiently explained by their great rarity. Charles Kingsley has already told us of that undiscovered islet Allalonestone, where dwells 'the last of the Gairfowl,' dreaming of the past glories of its race! Vain hope! for a hundred years past the Great Auk has been the rarest of rare birds, and during the past fifty, every possible rocky nook has been ransacked to discover, perchance, its skeleton or detached bones. Arctic expeditions, as well as specially equipped scientific ones, while securing remains, have done no more than confirm oral testimony handed down to aged fishermen by their fathers and grandfathers, that while once the Great Auk was very common, since the beginning of the century it has been very scarce. Contrary to generally received opinion, this bird did not reside within the Arctic Circle, nor had it a very circumscribed range. No farther back than the seventeenth century it was plentiful along the Atlantic seaboard from Massachusetts northwards as far as South Greenland, Iceland, and the north-west coasts and islands of Europe. Its abundance in some places can be realised, when we are told that early mariners drove them literally in shoals across sails stretched between their vessels and the shore, and that they were packed and salted like herrings in barrels, forming the principal food of fishermen visiting the banks of Newfoundland. In this way the Great Auk played an important part in encouraging the colonisation of these regions, and in the development of their fisheries.

There is some difference of opinion as to whether the Garefowl was ever abundant around the shores of Britain and the adjacent islands, or whether it should be more correctly described as a visitor. The fact may, however, quite well be that it was only a visitor in more recent historic times after the large colonies of the birds had been immensely reduced in numbers, and still have existed in multitudes in the prehistoric period. This much on the point at least is certain: the quantity of its remains found in the Danish 'kitchen-middens' proves that it formed food for the prehistoric inhabitants, and found in the coast of Denmark a congenial habitat. During Bullock's visit to the Orkneys in 1813, he fruitlessly pursued one of a pair bred in Papa-Westra for hours in a six-oared boat, though it was afterwards shot and sent to him. In 1821 a specimen was captured at St Kilda. Ireland, however, claims one so late as 1834, captured alive in a landing-net off the coast of Waterford.

There is some reason to believe that the last Great Auk in British seas was captured alive, kept a few days, and destroyed for a witch, on the Stack-an-Arnim, Isle of Borera, St Kilda, between the years 1840-1843, by three St Kilda fowlers. This, if an actual fact, would be the final extermination so far as this country is concerned. It seems doubtful whether one of four strange birds shot by Brodtkorb in Norway, in 1848, was really a specimen of the Great Auk or not.

A Garefowl-skerry, famous in its day, was Eldey Island, lying some twenty-five miles to the south-west of Iceland, where, in June 1844, a pair of what are believed to have been the last two Great Auks were killed. These were the descendants of but a scattered remnant that had lingered on, as compared with the hosts that once existed at Funk Island, Newfoundland, which seems to have been a haunt peculiarly suited to their habits and mode of life. What an interesting monograph the missionary who lived in that part of Newfoundland not far from Funk Island in 1818-1823 might have written, had he been an ornithologist, for he saw the bird in considerable numbers, and the boys used to keep them tied by the leg as pets.

Exceedingly quaint and curious are the accounts given by the early voyagers of birds deemed in most instances Garefowl, though nearly always known by the term Penguins; in other instances, some peculiarities are so well defined that there can scarcely be any uncertainty. Doubtless the sea-fowl called by Baron Lahontan the Moyack was none other than the Great Auk. 'The Moyacks,' he says, 'are a sort of a fowl as big as a goose, having a short neck and a broad foot; and, which is very strange, their eggs are half as big again as a swan's, and yet they are all yelk, and that so thick that they must be diluted with water before they can be used as pancakes.' If this last point could be confirmed, it might prove the matter; but it may be feared that it is one of the things we shall never know. Perhaps the earliest mention of the Garefowl is by Hakluyt, who places the date at 1497. It is told of a party of gentlemen on a voyage to Newfoundland in 1536 that 'they came to the island of Penguins . . . whereon they landed, and found it full of great fowles, white and gray, and as big as geese, and they saw infinite number of their eggs.'

Ugly and ungainly as he may appear in the eyes of some, yet the Great Auk with his splendid plumage must have been in life a magnificent sea-fowl. There is something pathetic in the aspect of a bird so powerless to escape from or resist the assaults of man, and whose flesh and eggs afforded such irresistible spoil. Driven to isolated and remote skerries, deprived of the power of flight, a peculiarity only paralleled by the Penguins of the southern seas, laying but one solitary egg in the year, there is little wonder the Garefowl should have rapidly become extinct when once its favourite haunts had been discovered, which, unfortunately for it, lay not far removed from teeming fishing-grounds. Yet, although it outlived its



epoch, and would be reckoned stupid in comparison with its more alert winged congeners, it need not be commiserated on its inability to fly, for no bird was ever more admirably suited to its environment. Awkward on land, and scarcely able to shuffle along without falling, remove him to his proper sphere, the ocean waste, and what a transformation scene ensues! The language of the poet, 'the orage of his wings,' acquires a new significance, for these hitherto useless members become powerful paddles, deftly aiding the strokes of his broad-flanged feet to drive him through the surging billows; the strong swimmer laughs at the rising gale, and outrides it in perfect security. It is on record, moreover, that his diving powers were little short of marvellous; small chance, indeed, would any finny denizen of the deep have to escape that arrowy pursuit and elude his powerful beak.

Does the Great Auk connect the present with a distant past when flightless avi-fauna was much more numerous, or does he, on the other hand, represent an aberrant type of bird, an example of degeneration, where the wings have become useless through disuse? There is one authority that could settle such questions beyond appeal, and that is the comparative anatomist; but the data are too scanty even for him to be quite certain. Nature, unfortunately, never repeats her creations—a type once gone is for ever lost. As we have said farewell long ago to the Dodo and the Solitaire, to mention no others, so the Garefowl has gone to join that great band of the creatures that have been; and the best we can now do is to preserve such relics as we have in our museums, making up for their scarcity by such devices as artistically executed casts of their skeletons and eggs.

Hence the recent acquisition of a perfectly preserved specimen of the Great Auk is an achievement of which the authorities of the Edinburgh Museum of Science and Art may be justly proud, and one on which they are entitled to great congratulation.

### CORDITE AND ITS MANUFACTURE.

OF all the legion of explosive bodies which have been discovered during the present century, there is only one that can in any measure be considered a rival to gunpowder for use in guns, and that one is cordite, our British smokeless powder. The remainder are either too sensitive to allow of safe transport, or are too local in their action; and are entirely unfit to take the place occupied so long by the oldest of all explosives—gunpowder. Assuming, then, that for naval and military purposes a supply of either cordite or gunpowder is indispensable, the question arises—and it is one of considerable importance—Supposing our ports were blockaded for any lengthened period, and our supplies thus cut off, should we be able to maintain the necessary stock of explosives?

At present, we are entirely dependent upon foreign materials for the manufacture of these bodies. Of the ingredients used in making gun-

powder—namely, charcoal, sulphur, and nitre (potassium nitrate), the first-named is the only one obtained in this country, both the sulphur and nitre being imported. Similarly in the case of cordite, which is a mixture of gun-cotton, nitro-glycerine, and vaseline, we again rely upon foreign sources for the necessary materials. Thus the nitric acid used in making the nitro-glycerine and gun-cotton is all manufactured from sodium nitrate imported from Chili and Peru; the vaseline is obtained from the United States. It is well worth considering, then, what we should do if thrown by invasion upon our own resources, in order that the requisite substances might be produced in sufficient quantity.

On examining in detail the materials required to manufacture these explosives, it will be found that the chief difficulty would be to obtain a supply of the nitrogen compounds used—nitre in the case of gunpowder, and nitric acid in that of cordite. Taking gunpowder: the charcoal would always be forthcoming; sulphur—of which there are vast quantities locked up in our minerals—could be procured in abundance by resorting to chemical processes. Indeed, at the present time sulphur is one of the most important by-products at all alkali works where the Leblanc method is practised. Great attention has been bestowed upon the recovery of the sulphur from the alkali wastes, with the result that ninety-eight per cent. of the element present in the waste may now be recovered by modern processes. Scarcity of sulphur, therefore, need not be apprehended. But our production of nitre is absolutely nil; and it is to this constituent of gunpowder that attention would have to be devoted.

Coming to cordite, and taking its constituents separately: the gun-cotton is made from cotton waste by the action of nitric acid in the presence of concentrated sulphuric acid. In case of extremity, cotton rags of any description, or even fibres of wood, could be used instead of the cotton waste. The sulphuric acid is made from our own natural productions. The nitric acid—made from foreign sodium nitrate—would be the ingredient for the production of which efforts would have to be directed. So with nitro-glycerine, which is made by acting upon glycerine with nitric acid and strong sulphuric acid. Our soap-works could supply an abundance of glycerine; but we should again be faced with the necessity of making the nitric acid. The third body used in making cordite—namely, vaseline—could be replaced if necessary by some of the heavy oils obtained by distilling coal-tar or shale. So that in the case of our smokeless powder, as in that of gunpowder, the difficulty would be found in obtaining the nitrogen compound.

Even if some of the more feasible of the other explosives known could be pressed into service for use in our ordnance, the same contingency would still confront us, as nitric acid is essential to the manufacture of almost all of these. Thus, picric acid—variously known as melinite, lyddite, &c.—is made by acting upon phenol with nitric acid; nitro-benzene by treating benzene with nitric acid; and so on.

These two nitrogen compounds—nitre and

nitric acid—without which none of our explosives could be made, are easily convertible one into the other. Given either, the second could be readily produced; and if any means were known by which one of them could be obtained, the question would be solved. It would be interesting, therefore, to consider the possible ways by which this end could be secured.

In spite of the advances made in chemical science, we are as yet acquainted with only one process by which nitre may be made directly in useful quantities. It was adopted by the French during the Revolution, when their coasts were blockaded, and their supply of nitre for making powder ran short. No improvement or development has yet been made upon the simple though tedious method then used, which is as follows: Heaps of manure were allowed to rot in the dark for some months, after which the ashes of plants were scattered over the fermented heap, which was moistened occasionally with stable runnings. The white crust which appeared on the mass after a time—consisting chiefly of nitrates of calcium and magnesium—was removed, and boiled with potash lyes, upon which it decomposed, yielding an impure nitre, which was purified by recrystallising. Recently, Pasteur and Warrington have investigated the formation of nitrates in manure-heaps, and have found that the nitrogen contained in the organic matter is converted into nitric acid by small organisms. When plant-ashes are placed on the mass, this nitric acid combines with the lime and magnesia present in the ashes, forming their respective nitrates.

This process is still in vogue in some European countries. Thus, in Sweden, where every landed proprietor is compelled to provide annually a quantity of nitre for the Government, this method is the one adopted; and almost all the nitre used in Switzerland is obtained by this means. We should be able, therefore, by a similar mode of procedure, to procure some of the nitre requisite, and from it the nitric acid.

Having regard, however, to the slowness of the method and the greater expenditure of explosives in modern warfare, it is doubtful whether sufficient material could be thus provided; and we should in all probability have to bring in the aid of other processes to serve as auxiliaries to the foregoing. Of these, notwithstanding the fact that the elements contained in nitric acid are present in limitless quantities in air and water, only two have been discovered, and each of these would require considerable development before any appreciable and useful quantity of the necessary nitrogen compounds could be produced by their means. The first of these depends on the fact, that when a hydrogen flame is burnt in a mixture of oxygen and air, some nitric acid is formed during the combustion. If this were performed on a large scale, there is little doubt that considerable quantities of nitric acid could be obtained, and from it the nitre could be made. But at the best, this process is cumbersome and expensive, and the quantity of nitric acid produced is very small in proportion to the amount of hydrogen consumed. It would certainly be the last method resorted to, unless it could be

vastly improved. Recently, however, an interesting means of producing nitric acid has been discovered by Crookes. It is undoubtedly capable of great extension, and if properly worked out, would in all probability supersede the present methods for making this acid. Crookes found that when a powerful, rapidly-alternating current of electricity was passed through a Tesla induction coil, the poles of which were placed beyond sparking distance, the air between the poles could be lighted like ordinary coal-gas, clouds of nitric acid vapour being produced by the burning. This discovery is of the greatest importance; and if the process were extended so as to work on a very large scale, there is no reason why a large supply of nitric acid could not be readily and cheaply obtained in this manner.

Such, then, are the methods, at present imperfect, upon which we should be compelled to rely in the event of a sustained invasion of our islands. It is to be hoped that in the near future either they will be made more expeditious, or some better means of producing the requisite nitrogen compounds will be devised, and so furnish these ingredients in such quantity that no drawback could possibly be experienced through lack of explosive materials under any circumstances.

#### THE DREAMER.

He loves to watch the waves at play  
Leap up the rocks with ceaseless roar,  
And see their snowy, showering spray  
Dissolve in pearls along the shore.

The western sky is dear to him  
When rosy day with twilight blends,  
And on the ocean's purple rim  
The sun, a globe of flame, descends.

The white clouds sailing in the blue,  
The white stars peering through the night,  
He loves, because they bring to view  
The fringes of the infinite.

He hears the music of the skies,  
The thunder's bass, the song of birds,  
And vainly tries to crystallise  
His soul's rich harmonies into words.

And wandering in the Autumn woods,  
Far from the sight of human face,  
His fancy fills the solitudes  
With shapes of beauty and of grace.

What boots his idle dreams to those  
Who with unconquerable will  
Toil from the dawn till daylight's close  
To keep the world from standing still?

He smiles, and says his dreaming tends  
To show the beauty of design;  
To shape men's lives to nobler ends,  
And draw them nearer the Divine.

J. SCOTT.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,  
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 606.—VOL. XII.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 10, 1895.

PRICE 1½d.

## THE MEMORIES OF AN OLD SCOTTISH BURG.

THE success of a Scottish school of fiction which places special emphasis upon 'locality' has naturally led to a revival of interest in the works of John Galt, who was unquestionably the forerunner, if not the master, of that school. And it is impossible to dissociate Galt from his native Irvine, the 'Gudetown' of his own Provost Pawkie, whose Kirkgate—for did there not live in it Miss Mally Glencairn of *The Ayrshire Legatees*?—has been 'likened unto the kingdom of heaven, where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage.' Irvine may not commend itself quite so readily to the casual visitor as it did more than three centuries and a half ago to Sir William Brereton, who found it 'daintily situated upon a navigable arm of the sea, and in a dainty, pleasant, level champaign country.' In truth, several chemical works, although they have much to do with the present prosperity of Irvine, have destroyed the sweet savour of this 'champaign country,' and are objected to even by the enthusiastic golfer, who of late years has been greatly in evidence in the neighbourhood of Irvine. The town itself is, however, but little changed since the days of Provost Pawkie and those 'improvements' which he took such pains to chronicle. Although Irvine is now a substantial town of ten thousand inhabitants, there has been less growth in it than in the neighbouring burgh of Ayr, which, owing to its superior attractions and facilities as a seaside resort, will probably at next census be proved to have three times that population.

The memories of Irvine go as far back as the beginning of the thirteenth century, as it received a charter from Alexander II. It played its part also in the War of Independence, although that part was one of humiliation even more than of victory. For, according to the Marquis of Bute, who, after investigation, accepts the old narrative of Hemingford, the

'capitulation of Irvine' was signed in the old burgh—perhaps in what was then the equivalent of the Town Hall—on Sunday, July 7, 1297. Earl Percy had arrived from Ayr with an English army, and encamped in the neighbourhood of the town. Meanwhile, there had been a quarrel in the camp of the Scots between Wallace and the Bruce of the period. As a consequence, Bruce and the other leaders of the aristocratic party joined Percy, and swore fealty to Edward, while Wallace and his sympathisers marched off to the Border region.

Irvine must have backed up King Robert well in his struggle both against the English and the pretensions of the Balliols, for there is still in existence a charter granted to it six years before the battle of Bannockburn. Irvine, like the west of Scotland generally, was a stronghold of the 'Wild West Whigs' as well as of the patriots of the War of Independence. Here lived the Reverend, and in every respect very godly, Robert Blair. Here, in 1640, twelve women were burned for witchcraft. Irvine has also been from a very early period associated with the Montgomerie family, which perhaps reached the height of its reputation in 1839, when thousands of strangers, including that Pretender who subsequently became Napoleon III., came from all parts of the country, and from beyond it, to see, to take part in—and to be damped by—the fêtes of the Eglinton Tournament. There still stand the remains, including a Norman gateway, of Seagate Castle, which is supposed to have been the dower house of the Montgomeries, and to have been built about the middle of the fourteenth century.

The notable memories of Irvine are not much more, however, than a century old, and are associated chiefly with men—and one woman—whose names have not yet been forgotten, and are not likely soon to be, such as Lord-Justice-General Boyle; Eckford, the designer of the American navy; John Galt; James Montgomery;

Robert Burns; and the most extraordinary of all Scottish female fanatics (or impostors), Elspat Simpson, better known as 'Luckie Buchan.' The most in evidence of all the distinguished natives of Irvine is Lord-Justice-General Boyle, who was the senior of Galt by seven years, and the junior of Montgomery by one year, and who survived to 1853. One of the most noticeable features of the town is a statue, by the late Sir John Steell, which was erected to the judge in 1867. Eckford, the designer of the American navy, is mentioned by 'Delta' in his Memoir of Galt as having attended the same school as the biographer of Provost Pawkie. That was doubtless the old grammar-school, which is now in process of demolition. Since Moir wrote, a marble bust of the naval architect has been placed in the Council Chamber. There is also to be seen an excellent portrait of Bailie Fullarton, the original of Provost Pawkie—he was only acting Provost, as Lord Eglinton held the honorary office—who astonished the painter of his (literary) portrait by presenting him with the freedom of the burgh in a very sensible speech. Inquiries made in Irvine do not elicit much about the Eckford family. So far as can be ascertained at this time of day, they lived in the High Street of the burgh, somewhere between the Town House and the shop which was occupied in Burns's time by Templeton, a bookseller, and is now a hair-dresser's establishment. It is possible that Eckford's father, like Galt's, 'followed the sea.'

It is hardly necessary to say that of all the memories which are dear to the people of Irvine, those which centre round the name of Burns are the most important and tenacious. As all the world knows, the poet left Lochlea about midsummer in 1781 to learn the trade of flax-dressing with—so it is believed—one Peacock, who was a relative on the mother's side. The Irvine traditions relating to Burns do not quite fit in with this period of life as it is represented by his biographers, or even in the fullest of his chapters of autobiography—his celebrated letter to Moore. He makes a grave accusation of swindling against his employer—or partner—Peacock, and then he relates the termination of his connection with Irvine thus: 'As we gave a welcome carousal to the New Year, the shop took fire and, burnt to ashes, and I was left, like a true poet, not worth sixpence.' This would seem to indicate that Burns only occupied one flax-dressing or 'heckling' shop in Irvine. The tradition in Irvine, however, is that there were two shops—or, to be more accurate, two rooms—in which Burns did 'heckling,' and that it was the second, in the High Street, that was burnt. Beyond all question, the building which is pointed out as Peacock's shop—a thatched back building of the but-and-ben order, situated in a narrow crooked lane, known as 'The Glasgow Vennel,' that runs east from the High Street, and in Burns's day was the only thoroughfare into the Glasgow Road, is quite intact. In 1850, Mr Hugh Alexander of Broadmead took down in writing the statement made by a John Boyd, then residing in

Eglinton Street, Irvine, who affirmed that he had been an eye-witness of the fire, which he said took place in the High Street. Further, in 1859, Colonel Adam Fairlie, of Montreal, a native of Irvine, and then between eighty and ninety years of age, who was present at the Burns Centenary dinner in his native town, stated in the course of a speech that he saw the fire in the poet's 'heckling' shop, which was 'a few doors from the *King's Arms Hotel* in High Street.' The site of what is supposed to be this shop is pointed out, and the assumption is that, when Burns quarrelled with Peacock, he set up for himself in the High Street. It is difficult, if not impossible, however, to reconcile this view of Burns's flax-dressing experiment in Irvine with the account of the abrupt termination of it given by himself in his letter to Moore.

One is on safer ground when dealing with the question of the room that the poet personally occupied in Irvine. There is a tradition that, for a time at any rate, he lived in one of the rooms used by Peacock as a shop, and an inspection of that building suggests the possibility of the north end having been used as a dwelling-house. But it is very generally believed that the poet rented—for a shilling a week—a room in another house on the same side of the Glasgow Vennel, but nearer to the High Street. The initials 'R. B.' are carved in the stone mantel-piece of a kitchen in this tenement, and it is surmised that this carving was done by Burns himself. There is no tradition in Irvine of Burns having had a landlady. He no doubt lived alone, and cooked his own oatmeal porridge. This view is borne out by the postscript to the letter addressed to his father, dated December 27, 1781: 'My meal is nearly out, but I am going to borrow till I get more.'

The Irvine Burns Club preserves with jealous care the manuscripts of *The Cotter's Saturday Night*, *Scotch Drink*, *The Address to the Deil*, *The Twa Dogs*, *The Earnest Cry and Prayer*, and *The Holy Fair*. These are not copies written by the poet, but the originals which were sent to the Kilmarnock Press, and bear the printer's marks. They were presented to the Club by the Rev. Alexander Campbell, the Burgher minister of Irvine, in 1843. Mr Campbell had married the widow of Mr Robinson, a writer in Irvine, who had in his youth been a clerk in the office of Gavin Hamilton, in Mauchline. It may be pretty safely assumed that Burns presented the manuscripts to Gavin Hamilton, and that at his death they fell into the hands of Mr Robinson.

There are few memories of Burns in Irvine. He was known to few people above the rank of Richard Brown, the sailor, who, he says, taught him 'freer' views of life than he had been accustomed to in Lochlea. There is reason to believe, however, that he was not unknown to the then Provost of Irvine, Mr Hamilton. It is generally understood, too, that on his way from his lodging in the Glasgow Vennel to his flax-dressing shop in the High Street, near the *King's Arms Hotel*, he was in the habit of calling at the book-shop—now a hair-dresser's establishment—kept by a Mr

Templeton. In these days, ballads were printed on slips of paper about the length of a newspaper column, and Mr Templeton used to tell how the poet was in the habit of asking him 'if there was anything new in that line.' He often seated himself on the counter, and reaching over, seized the bunch of ballads and read (sometimes aloud) such as struck his fancy.

The names of Richard Brown and David Sillar (who published a volume of poems in 1789, and rose to be a magistrate in Irvine) are those which are most closely associated at once with Burns and with Irvine. Brown seems to have been his most intimate friend while he actually resided in Irvine. He was 'a very noble character, but a helpless son of misfortune.' But 'he spoke of illicit love with the levity of a sailor,' and 'here his friendship did me a mischief.' Yet in the end of 1787 Burns wrote to Brown gratefully recalling a Sunday they had spent in Eglinton woods, and the suggestion of the elder man that certain verses he had heard repeated should be sent to a magazine. 'It was from this remark I derived that idea of my own pieces which encouraged me to endeavour at the character of a poet.' There are no memories of Brown in Irvine. There seems to be little doubt, however, that he is the Richard Brown who appears in the parish register as the son of William Brown and Jane Whinie, and as having been born on the 2d of June 1753. He was thus six years the senior of the poet, who, then only in his twenty-third year, might well respect his friend's 'knowledge of the world.'

Burns had returned to Lochlea from Irvine before the occurrence of the most exciting if not the most extraordinary events that perhaps ever gave variety to the necessarily humdrum life of the old burgh. It was in 1783 that that extraordinary fanatic or swindler—or compound of both—Elspar Simpson or Buchan appeared in the town as the friend and guest of the Rev. Hugh White, minister of the Relief congregation, and that the series of events began which culminated in the deposition of Mr White, the mobbing of 'Luckie' Buchan, and finally the expulsion of herself and her followers, when they, to the number of forty-five, marched by way of Kilmaurs to New Cample, near Closeburn, in Dumfriesshire. But in a letter written to his cousin, James Burness, in August 1784, the poet has given both a most graphic account of the disturbances attending upon the founding, and the expulsion of the Buchanite sect, and an accurate description of their extraordinary creed, and still more extraordinary practices.

Train goes so far as to contend—and in this contention he has recently been supported by the Rev. J. K. Hewison of Rothesay—that the 'darling Jean' of the first *Epistle to Davie* was not Jean Armour, but Jean Gardner, one of the Buchanites and the daughter of a butcher.

Irvine still cherishes the memory of John Galt and James Montgomery: their healths are uniformly drunk at the annual dinners of the Burns Club on the 25th of January. But tradition has not much more to say of Galt—who left Irvine when he was little more than

a child—than he himself has given in his Autobiography or embodied in *The Ayrshire Legatees* and *The Provost*. In the Autobiography he tells how—a child of four or so—he enlisted among the followers of 'Luckie' Buchan, and would have left Irvine with her for 'the New Jerusalem,' had not his mother dragged him back! The house on the west side of the High Street in which Galt was born was demolished in the year 1858. The site is now occupied by the Irvine branch of the Union Bank of Scotland. The agent, ex-Provost Paterson, has a photograph of it, which shows it to have been a very commonplace three-storey tenement. The ground-flat in Galt's time had a row of four windows looking to the street, and a close or entry to the extreme left, giving access to a court in the rear. The middle and upper flats had rows of five windows each. The tenant of the ground-flat entered from a door in the close, and the houses up-stairs were reached by a stair at the back. Galt's father, a sea-captain, is supposed to have occupied the middle flat. Above the mantel-piece in the public office of the bank, on a black marble slab, is the inscription: 'On this Site stood the House in which JOHN GALT, Poet and Novelist, was born, 2d May 1779. Rebuilt 1858.'

The old municipal buildings in which Galt received the freedom of the burgh of Irvine from—and to his surprise—his own Provost Pawkie, stood out in the centre of the street not far from where the Town Hall of to-day stands. They were demolished about a quarter of a century ago. Galt, when a boy, may have seen imprisoned debtors letting down their bonnets from the window of the jail by means of long strings, and fishing up the 'heart-easing gill' placed in these receptacles by friends or confederates outside. The appearance of the building at all events must have been quite familiar to young Galt. Since his day, the side of the High Street in which the Town Hall now stands has not been greatly altered. Some stories still linger in Irvine to the credit of Bailie Fullarton, who, as has been seen, was Galt's model for Provost Pawkie. When he had occasion in his magisterial office to lecture the offenders brought before him, he was in the habit of telling them, in reply to promises of amendment, that 'their promises wad fill the chawmer [chamber], but their performances wad a' gang into his snuff-box.' Bailie Fullarton, who appears to have come originally from Rothesay, and spoke with a strong Highland accent, carried on business for a long time as a candle-maker in Irvine. He was in the magistracy off and on for a period of forty years, and died in 1835, at the advanced age of ninety-five. His biographer survived him only four years.

James Montgomery, who was John Galt's senior by eight years, and survived him fifteen, dying in 1854 at the age of eighty-three, was not in the strict sense of the word a native of the burgh of Irvine. He was born in the Half-way of Irvine, the part of the town situated in the parish of Dundonald, on the left bank of the river, and known originally as the village of Fullarton. A shoemaker now

plies his trade in the apartment in which Montgomery was born, and which is at once a kitchen and a workshop. A stone in the front building bears the inscription: 'The birthplace of JAMES MONTGOMERY, "the Christian Poet," born 4th November 1771, died 13th April 1854.'

Irvine has been remarkable for its associations with poets and hymn writers, including not only James Montgomery, but also the Rev. David Dickson (1583-1663), covenanting minister of Irvine and author of *O Mother, dear Jerusalem*; Mrs Cousin, author of *The Sands of Time are Sinking*; and the Rev. W. B. Robertson (1820-1886), the poet-preacher and orator of the Trinity United Presbyterian Church in Irvine.

## AN ELECTRIC SPARK.\*

### CHAPTER XV.—A DISCOVERY.

THE doctor was at home; had just dined, the servant said. He was having his coffee, and would be glad to see Mr Wynyan, he was sure.

Wynyan was shown in to find the doctor in an easy-chair with his cigar unlit, his coffee untasted. He held out his hand.

'Come and sit down,' he said sadly. 'Glad you've come; I wanted some one to talk to.—Wynyan, these are the times when an old bachelor feels his loneliness, and the want of a true woman who can comfort him.'

Wynyan shook hands warmly, sat down in silence, and refused the cigars offered to him.

'You're like me, Wynyan,' sighed the doctor. 'I can't smoke to-night. I've been having it all over.'

Wynyan looked at him.

'This is one of the times when a thoughtful man takes himself to task. I have lost a patient: could I have done any more and saved him?'

'I think not. I would trust my life in your hands, doctor.'

'Thank you, my lad—thank you; but the feeling will come. It always does at such a time. Have I been guilty of any neglect? Was I ignorant? Ought I to have called in the aid of a specialist? It's terrible work, my dear boy, when one is attacked like this.'

Wynyan looked at him in silence.

'You think me selfish, eh?'

'No, sir; I believe that Mr Dalton was one of your oldest friends, and that you did the best that could be done.'

'Thank you, Wynyan; that does me good. I did: I made a special study of his case. But with a heart like his, nothing was of any use. He and those about him could do more than the doctor. Ah well: he has gone. The world is the worse for its loss, and I can only think of that poor suffering girl.'

'Have—have you seen her to-day, sir?'

'Eh? Oh yes! twice, bless her! Dreadfully cut up, Wynyan, and Miss Bryne too. Nothing but time for them. You have been and seen them, of course?'

'No, sir. I felt that my visit would have been ill-timed.'

'Nonsense, my lad. You shouldn't study etiquette in a trouble like this. It would have been in true sympathy. Ah well, I shall be glad now when it is all over. You will be at the funeral?'

'I shall certainly be there, sir, but not by invitation.'

'What? Nonsense! Of course you will be invited. You will take the head of affairs now.'

Wynyan shook his head; and then told all that had passed.

'The scoundrel!' cried the doctor. 'But you are never going to put up with that, boy. You shouldn't have taken the money.'

'I did not,' said Wynyan quietly.

'Oh come: that's something.—But what a scamp! He killed the old man over a quarrel; there's no doubt about that. I saw old Hamber, and he told me that they had been having words. But he mustn't have matters all his own way. I hear that there is no will, no trustees, no nothing. How can men be so reckless over their affairs? If Dalton had put down in black and white what he meant to be done after his death, how simple and sure everything would have been!'

'Yes, doctor,' said Wynyan drily. 'You have made your will, I suppose?'

'Eh? I? Well, no: not yet. But this is a lesson to me. I'll get it done at once.—And so Brant has regularly turned you out of the business?'

'Exactly, as if I had been some boy clerk with ten shillings a week,' replied Wynyan.

'A scoundrel!—There, I tell you what you shall do, my boy. You shall start an opposition business on your own account, and get all the work away. I'll lend you a few thousands. Hang it! I'll find the money, and come in as sleeping partner. That would floor the rascal.—No; that wouldn't do, though; we should be ruining poor little Rénée, eh?'

'Yes,' said Wynyan, smiling.—'That would not do, doctor.'

'No; but we'll checkmate him somehow.—Do light up, my dear boy. I feel as if I could manage my cigar now. Let's have a quiet talk over affairs. I can't advise you; but I should say that this is one of the difficulties which will settle themselves. We must wait. Perhaps Rénée or her aunt may find some papers yet. We shall see.'

They sat on, talking over the incidents of the last day or two, till Wynyan rose.

'Going, my boy? Ah well, I won't ask you

\* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

to stay later. A good night's rest will do us both good.—By the way, I don't quite know where you live. Blaine's Inn, isn't it?' 'No, sir. Number 9 St Chrysos' Inn.'

'Give me your card. I might want to write to you.'

Wynyan's hand went to his breast-pocket, was thrust in and snatched away, and let fall, as a peculiar thrill ran through him.

'Hullo!' cried the doctor. 'Misfortunes never come singly. Hang it, man, don't say you've lost your pocket-book.'

'No—no,' said Wynyan hurriedly; 'but I have no card. I'll send you my address.—Good-night, sir.'

'But stop a minute. Anything the matter?'

'Yes—no. Don't ask me now, sir. I'm a good deal upset with all this trouble.—Good-night, sir.'

He wrung the doctor's hand, and hurried away, leaving Kilpatrick wondering.

'There's something wrong,' he said, as he heard the door close and his visitor's hurried step. 'He must have lost something. Might as well have said. Poor fellow! he looked ghastly.'

The doctor was quite right; and if he had seen Wynyan's face as he passed the next lamp, he would have concluded to follow him, feeling that medical advice was needed. It was ashy, and the big drops of perspiration stood upon his brow. He was trembling, too, with excitement as he hurried along, holding his hand pressed against his breast.

Signalling to the first cab he saw, he was driven to St Chrysos', where he leaped out, and was rushing in by the narrow gateway, when a shout recalled him to himself.

'Don't do that, sir,' yelled the cabman.

'I beg your pardon, my man,' cried Wynyan hurriedly, as he went back and paid him. 'I'm ill—not myself.'

'Shall I drive round, and find a doctor, sir?' said the man eagerly; but Wynyan did not hear him. He staggered rather than walked through the gateway and across the square to his own staircase, still with one hand pressed to his breast, as if suffering from a wound, till he had to lower it, get out his latchkey, and enter his rooms.

His hands trembled so that he could scarcely get out a match to light the gas; and this done, he looked wildly round, as if to see that he was alone before he thrust his hand into his breast and drew out, neatly folded in its creases, and forming a packet about the size of a fairly large pocket-book, the plans and drawings of his invention, just as he had taken them from the dying man's hands, and thrust them hurriedly into his breast-pocket till he could get the key of the safe and place them in their own drawer.

#### CHAPTER XVI.—IN TEMPTATION.

Wynyan stood folding and unfolding the drawings for some moments beneath the gas globe, looking dazed and strange from the bewildering crowd of thoughts which swept through his brain.

These drawings—come back in so strange a way to his hands from his partner in the in-

vention, he, dying, placing them as it were in the charge of him who had morally a full right to participate in all that the invention produced. And now, after the brutal dismissal he had suffered at the hands of Brant Dalton, completely thrown over, almost without acknowledgment of his services, he found himself standing there holding in his hand the proof that the man who had made himself his enemy was literally hoist with his own petard. The valuable invention, his idea originally, had come back to him at this strange turn of Fortune's wheel. Dalton, the only other being who fully understood it, had left him possessing the legacy of knowledge; and he had but to hold fast by it, prove to the Government that he alone held the original drawings, and claim and receive all future rewards.

Brant knew nothing. He might have heard some rumours of an invention on the way; so had Hamber some idea. But it was a private matter between him and Dalton, and he alone possessed the secret of the construction. Who could hinder him from inheriting everything it produced; and instead of being terribly checked, if not quite ruined by Brant's blow, he now stood there wealthy beyond his wildest hopes, ready to receive royalties that might be without limit, and for what? The work of his own brain.

Wynyan carefully folded and smoothed the plans, gazing at the neat little packet with the light of triumph in his eyes; and a peculiar smile came upon his lips as he stood in imagination once more before Brant Dalton, listening to his words culminating in his curt, insolent dismissal.

'He has thrown me over when I would have worked honestly with him, perfectly content with my share. Dalton would not have let him have a penny if he could have lived and seen how he behaved; it was from his failing hands I took the drawings—our drawings then—mine now; and there is nothing to hinder me—no writing—no agreement upon which to base a claim. No documentary evidence save Dalton's agreement with the Government for others to base their right to share. Let him dispute it if ever he knows. I can prove to the Government that it is my invention, and without these drawings it is useless, for the plans the Government hold have still the fatal blemish. They are useless unless I amend them and make them like to these.'

He uttered a low harsh laugh, and hurriedly buttoned the papers in his breast once more.

'Strange!' he went on, 'that I should not have found the matter out before. No: not strange. I have had so much to think of, and I have never wanted my pocket-book till I was going to give Kilpatrick a card. It is all fate—fate, and he is justly punished for his cowardly treatment. The plans are mine—mine—the children of my brain. Who will dare to claim them now?'

For a time he repented that he had not made sure of having them in his possession when his hand touched something at the doctor's. He felt that Kilpatrick would have rejoiced with him, and told him to hold on to that which had accidentally come into his possession,



but he came back to his old way of thinking—that he had something there which was for himself alone—something to examine and think over with no one near.

The feeling of triumph over his enemy mastered every other thought, and there were moments when he longed to contrive that in some way Brant should learn of the way in which he had fought against himself; but this was soon dismissed.

‘Let him see it in my prosperity,’ he said to himself. ‘The knowledge will come in good time. I could not have a more complete revenge, even if I wished.’

Then he sat and thought of the long weary days and nights he had spent over that invention, and how during the past day or so his loss had not fully come home to him. Now he knew that it would have been heart-breaking, and how bitterly he would have felt the injury when Brant had gone on triumphing—rising as it were to success over the man whom he had trampled down.

‘It would have been maddening,’ he said to himself. ‘I could not have borne it.’ He would have been master in every way, while now there was nothing to prevent—some time in the future when her grief was becoming less poignant—his approaching *Rénée*, telling her of his love, of how her father had intended to make him partner as well as friend, and asking her to be his wife.

He started from his chair with the great drops standing upon his brow, and a look of horror in his eyes, for, as if a stern voice had spoken the words in his ear, conscience whispered: ‘When you have prospered by your dishonour! Are those plans really yours?’

For hours that night, with brain excited almost to madness, he fought that thought with shift, evasion, and excuse—the evil of his nature contending with the better part. The temptation was horrible. They were his. It could not be robbing Dalton’s heirs. How could he rob *Rénée*, when he was ready to work for her, to be her slave in his desire to make her happy, her life one long dream of peace and joy? He would only be taking his own—keeping his own, which had almost been placed in his hands by her father to hold in trust for her. Theft? embezzlement? The idea was absurd, and he told himself that he would be the veriest idiot to cast from him his rights, and place them in his enemy’s hand, for Brant to make a mock of him for his weak, sensitive ideas of honour.

Over and over again he fought the battle, till the dawn found him feverish and utterly exhausted as he lay back in his chair gazing outward through the window to where the soft orange flecks proclaimed the coming of another day’s sun.

The fight was over, and he lay back there worn out with the struggle, but ready to cry aloud:

‘Thank God! I have won. For your sake, dearest. I could not have looked you in the eyes again.’

The next minute, he was tying up the plans, and sealing the knot, before carefully securing them in a large envelope, which he also sealed

and then buttoned up tightly in his breast, after which he sank back with the fever passing away, to leave him sleeping peacefully as a child.

### LONDON'S WATER-SUPPLY.

It is hardly necessary to insist on the difficulty of supplying to the enormous population of London an adequate service of pure water. The duty is one which the County Council, in emulation of the smaller but more advanced corporations in England and Scotland, is anxious to bear on its own shoulders. But at present it devolves upon eight companies, all of which have a curious and varied history. If we glance at the small beginnings of this phase of municipal work, we will be the better able to appreciate the astonishing dimensions of the present system of supply. Once, of course, there was no organised supply. A few wells in convenient places, aided by the brooks which ran into the Thames, and have long since been filled up, gave the early citizens all the water they required. By-and-by it became necessary to bring water from the Tybourne near Hampstead, in conduits, and it is said that the points at which these conduits discharged their burdens into little reservoirs are still indicated in street names, Lamb’s Conduit Street being an instance. Then in 1557 a Dutchman named Morrys received permission to build a water-wheel in one of the arches of the old London Bridge, and there for a great many years the water of the Thames, purer then than now, was raised for the city.

Not till half a century after was the first step taken towards a water-service on the present lines. To Sir Hugh Myddelton, a goldsmith in the city of London, the honour of the new service is due. James I. of England gave the Lord Mayor of London permission to tap the springs of Hertfordshire for his city’s service; but the Corporation showed no zeal in the matter, and Sir Hugh, as a volunteer or ‘adventurer,’ laid the foundation of the New River Company, which exists to this day, and an ‘adventurer’s’ share in which is a rich prize indeed. Some years were spent in making the aqueduct or ‘new river’ to bring the waters of the Chadwell and Amwell springs to Islington; but in 1613 the water was permitted to enter the reservoirs in London, and some curious prints still commemorate the scene of festivity which attended the remarkable event. The river then was thirty-eight miles long; but it has since been shortened to twenty-eight, and the company has opened out many new sources of supply, both in chalk wells, and by taking water from the river Lea.

This was the first of the great water companies of London. Not till the next century did the Chelsea Company appear. Both these systems supplied water through wooden pipes, chiefly of elm; and in districts where pipes were not laid, the water was sold from barrels driven about on wheels. The Chelsea Company took its water from ponds in St James’s Park for many years; and when the demand increased, it transferred its attentions to the

Thames. Filtration there was none; and not till 1829 was science so far advanced that the water was set to stand for a few hours to allow the dirt in it to subside. The Grand Junction Company was, however, in its original source of supply even less particular; for it actually drew its water from the Grand Junction Canal. If that eminently useful waterway was in anything like its present state then, the taste of the people in the company's district must have been very accommodating. The Grand Junction was set down in Paddington, and when it was driven by circumstances to abandon the canal, it went to Chelsea, and took the water of the river instead. This represented an improvement in quality, no doubt, for the Thames then was a tolerably pure stream; but its purity was the victim of a gradual decadence, which in time dislocated the arrangements of all the companies on its banks. The near neighbour of the Grand Junction and the Chelsea Companies is the West Middlesex, which was a very small affair at first. These three undertakings now supply the most fashionable quarters of London, all the large clubs and hotels, and the great houses.

The south side of the river has three companies for its supply, but one of them does not trouble the Thames at all. The Lambeth Company has always tapped the Thames. With a twenty horse-power engine it used to draw the water from a point near the present Charing Cross Railway Bridge, and pump it straight into the cisterns of the customers. By-and-by it substituted cast-iron pipes for wooden ones, through which the water used to leak; and gradually its area and its supply grew till it became a vast undertaking. The Southwark and Vauxhall Company, its immediate neighbour, did not at first aspire to the Thames. True, it is a descendant of old Morrys's Water-wheel system at London Bridge, but the first actual source of the supply was a brook which used to run through Brixton to the Thames. It was called Vauxhall Creek, and became so fetid by-and-by that the company was compelled to go to the greater river, and made a tunnel three feet six inches in diameter to take the water from the Thames. The Kent Company, however, depends entirely on wells. The discovery of this supply was a mere accident, for the company, which serves the greater part of South-east London, used to draw the Raven's Burn water; and it was only because the well-water rushed into the foundations of a new engine-house that the existence of a vast store of pure water in the chalk formation, ready for immediate distribution, was suspected. Ever since then, the residents in this district have enjoyed a cold, clear well-water, drawn from a depth of two hundred feet, and so pure that any attempt to filter it would be superfluous. Its temperature hardly ever varies; and the supply is so inexhaustible that no system of storage reservoirs is necessary.

Lastly, we come to the East London Company, which has the most onerous duty and the greatest demand to meet of all the eight organisations. It has three sources of supply—the Thames, the Lea, and the chalk springs;

the Thames being the least important. For two hundred years the companies which are now merged in the East London served the east end; and the enormous extension of that part of the metropolis has made the company the most important, though not the most wealthy of the eight. It has enormous storing capacity now, its reservoirs at Walthamstow holding eight hundred millions of gallons and covering nearly two hundred and forty acres. Even this vast flood, however, would only be enough to supply the whole of London for about four days. When the cholera epidemics of the middle of the century threw suspicion on the Thames as a source of drinking-water, Parliament compelled all the river companies to remove their intakes above the tidal portion of the stream; and at Hampton, Surbiton, and Molesey there are now the inlets of six companies, and their storing and filtering beds and pumping works are conspicuous features of the riverside scene.

The whole of Greater London, covering an area of about six hundred and thirty miles, is supplied by these organisations, whose powers and districts are defined by law. The six Thames companies are allowed to draw a maximum supply of 120 million gallons a day; the East London is allowed to take 33 million gallons, and the New River 22½ million gallons a day from the Lea; the rest comes from the chalk wells; there is also, however, a supplementary supply drawn by several companies from the gravel beds by the side of the Thames, and in time of flood or drought this natural store is very useful. In March last year, 180 millions of gallons of filtered water were required every day for the supply of London, which gave an average of about thirty-three gallons to each person in the area of supply, for drinking, domestic, and trade purposes. But in March last the consumption had increased so greatly that the daily total was 220 million gallons, or 40 gallons per head. Every drop of the water has been carefully purified, with the exception of that from the wells. For this purpose, the companies have 114 filter beds, covering 117½ acres. Every company, except the Kent, has storage reservoirs, in which water is kept in readiness for emergencies. There are storage reservoirs for unfiltered water, covering 474½ acres, and holding about 1280 millions of gallons, and sixty filtered water reservoirs holding 217 millions of gallons. That is to say, if every source of supply were cut off, London would have enough water in store for a little more than a week. The pumping operations represent an enormous expenditure of force. The Southwark Company, for instance, pumps a dozen million gallons every day a distance of eighteen miles to Nunhead, with a rise of 215 feet, for distribution thence to the other parts of the district. The pipes, too, are often enormous in size, some of the tunnels being nine feet in diameter. As for the length, there are in all London 5000 miles of water-pipes, on which there are some 27,625 hydrants. It is hard to gain from mere figures an adequate conception of the extent of London's water-supply, but the enormous stream of water flows steadily into the houses—over 800,000 of them—day after

day, carefully filtered and purified; and the system contrasts curiously with the old New River water-carts and Chelsea's wooden pipes.

But London grows so rapidly that the minds of experts are filled with anxiety as to the provision which must be made for the future. The Commission which investigated this matter some time ago came to the conclusion that there is no reason for concern, and that no danger of famine is imminent. On the present rate of increase it is estimated that in 1931 London will have a population of eleven millions, requiring 415 million gallons of water a day as a maximum supply. This is at the rate of nearly thirty-eight gallons a head, which is far above the present yearly average; but even with such a supply, the Commission thinks there is, for forty years ahead at least, ample margin in the present sources. By increasing the Thames supply to a maximum of 300 million gallons a day, maintaining the Lea supply at its present figure, and taking 67,500,000 gallons from the chalk wells in Hertfordshire and Kent, a supply of 420 million gallons a day can be had, which at the present rate of consumption would be enough for thirteen millions of people, and at the more liberal rate allowed by the Commissioners enough and to spare for the population which London is then expected to have. Storage reservoirs in the Thames valley, and further tapping of the chalk area east of the Kent Company's district, are among the suggested measures; and as the Commissioners are perfectly satisfied that the river waters, when properly filtered, are quite safe and wholesome, they make out a fair case for adhesion to existing sources. Those who look beyond 1931 may have qualms as to the continual sufficiency of the supply; but the facts we have already considered are astonishing enough, and to go further into the area of thousands of millions would only produce bewilderment. We had better leave the mighty water-supply of London where it is.

### THE HOME CIVIL SERVICE.

THE selecting of candidates for vacant posts in all branches of the Civil Service occupies the time of an entire Government department—that of the Civil Service Commission—which costs over forty thousand pounds a year. On an average, thirty thousand candidates are examined yearly, for no one can enter the portals of the service without undergoing some sort of literary test, though it should be merely in reading and writing. Thus the examiners have frequently to devote their time to ascertaining the elementary acquirements of housekeepers, matrons, porters, and messengers who have obtained their appointments by favour, as well as to measuring the particular knowledge possessed by surveyors, geologists, and chemists. Apart from such special work, there remains the examining, at more or less regular intervals, of aspirants for clerkships, Excise and Customs officerships, sorters in the Post-office, and telegraphists.

Posts in the Civil Service are very rightly looked upon by hosts of the rising youth of the country as very desirable situations. The work is, as a rule, easy, the pay is fairly good and regularly increasing, promotion is certain, and old age is provided for by a liberal pension. A person who has served forty years can retire upon two-thirds of his final salary. The rule is: 'Multiply salary on retiring by number of years of service and divide by sixty.' Naturally, however, this rule is not inflexible.

Among the best paid appointments in the Home Service are those of clerkships in the 'New Higher Division.' Competition for these is not very keen—about four candidates for each vacancy—and examinations are held at irregular intervals. The limits of age are twenty-two and twenty-four, and a fee of six pounds is charged for examination, which embraces a very wide range of subjects. Among these may be mentioned the language, literature, and history of England, Greece, Rome, France, Germany, and Italy; pure and mixed mathematics, natural and moral science, jurisprudence, and political economy. Candidates are at liberty to take up any or all of these subjects, and it may be mentioned that the majority of the successful competitors are usually university graduates in honours. Although the examinations are difficult, the prospects are very good. The salary commences at one hundred pounds, and rises by twelve pounds ten shillings annually to four hundred pounds, thence by twenty pounds to a maximum of six hundred pounds; while many superior posts, with salaries ranging from six hundred pounds to one thousand pounds, are filled from this branch.

Coming now to consider those situations which attract the largest number of candidates, we find that competitions for such take place, as a rule, twice annually. These competitions have been held from time to time since 1870, and in some cases before that year; but although examinations for any appointment be held at corresponding dates in successive years, the Commissioners ask that it be not assumed that they will continue to be so held in the future, as they only take place when it becomes necessary to provide for vacancies. However, a pretty accurate estimate of probable dates may be made by watching the appointments as they occur, and thus arriving at the number who still remain to be appointed from the successful lists of previous examinations. The competitions are held 'with reference to the vacancies existing at the time, or to the number which may be estimated to occur within any period not exceeding six months' from their announcement. The notices of the dates and number of vacancies to be filled are made in some of the principal London and provincial newspapers, those in the London dailies usually appearing on Thursdays.

Regarding books for study, or the course of

preparation candidates should follow, the Commissioners give no information apart from what may be gathered from the examination papers and table of marks published on the result of each competition.

Female employments may be divided into three distinct branches—those of sorters in the post-office, and of telegraphists and clerkships. The subjects of examination and limits of age for sorters and telegraphists are similar. Candidates must not be less than fifteen years of age, nor more than eighteen, and must be unmarried or widows! A note to the regulations states that they will be required to resign their appointments on marriage. The subjects of examination are: Handwriting, orthography, English composition (to be tested by a short essay or letter on a simple subject), arithmetic (including vulgar and decimal fractions and percentages), and general geography. It may be said that competition is very keen; an average of eighty-five over the entire examination being quite a usual percentage for a successful candidate to make. There are anywhere from ten to thirty candidates forward for each vacancy advertised. Successful students who are to be telegraphists require to undergo a course of instruction in telegraphy, for which no charge is made; but they receive no pay while under instruction. The course extends usually over a period of three months, and when they pass successfully through the school, they receive ten shillings a week for the first year, twelve shillings during the second, and fifteen shillings for the third. Their salary thence rises by one shilling and sixpence annually to twenty-eight shillings a week, and further promotion depends on merit. The salary of sorters commences at twelve shillings a week, and rises one shilling annually to twenty-one shillings and sixpence. Candidates for this situation must not be under four feet ten inches in height.

The tests set to female clerks are much more formidable; and indeed a long course of careful preparation is necessary before any one can hope to be successful. The subjects are the same as for sorters, only they are much more advanced in nature, and include history. The arithmetic papers set are fairly difficult, and the geography and history questions asked are very searching. Above all—and this is the weak point with most—an essay 'of not less than two foolscap pages' has to be written on one of three given subjects, 'with special attention to grammatical accuracy.' The limits of age are eighteen and twenty, and the commencing salary is sixty-five pounds. This increases by three pounds per annum to one hundred pounds, with good prospects of promotion to higher grades. They are required to attend seven hours daily, and are employed either in the Receiver and Accountant-general's office, or in the savings-bank department of the General Post-office.

The examinations for sorters and telegraphists are held mostly in London, very rarely also in Edinburgh and Dublin. Those for female clerks are regularly held at ten centres.

The limits of age for male sorters are eighteen and twenty-one; for male telegraphists, fourteen and eighteen. The examination for the latter

is exactly similar to that for female telegraphists; that for sorters differs only in respect to the paper set in arithmetic, which includes only the first four rules, simple and compound. The examination fee for all sorters' and telegraphists' examinations is two shillings and sixpence. The wages of male sorters begins at eighteen shillings a week, and rises annually one shilling to twenty shillings, thence by annual increments of two shillings a week to forty shillings. The hours of attendance are eight daily, and are generally divided into two periods of duty, one in the very early hours of the morning, and the other in the evening.

Male telegraphists, after passing through the school of telegraphy, receive twelve shillings a week for the first year, fourteen shillings for the second, and eighteen shillings for the third. Thence their weekly salary increases by two shillings a week annually to forty shillings. These, as well as the female staff, must hold themselves ready for Sunday duty. All sorters and telegraphists have to serve two years on probation.

The competitions for boy and men clerkships are, as a rule, very well attended. Boy clerks must not be less than fifteen years of age, nor more than seventeen; the limits for men clerks, or, as this branch of the service is officially known, the Second Division, are seventeen and twenty. It may be mentioned here that the age limit is reckoned up to the 'first day of the examination,' so that a candidate turned seventeen on, say, the 3d of June could sit an examination beginning on the 4th, while another may present himself whose twentieth birthday might fall on the 5th, even supposing the examination to last till the 8th. The examination tests include in the case of boy clerks an exercise in copying MS. (to test accuracy); that for Second Division also includes the above, with the addition of indexing or docketing official letters, digesting returns into summaries, English history, and book-keeping. Boy candidates require to pay a fee of ten shillings, men clerks a fee of two pounds.

The Second Division examination is really the stiffest that is held in the lower branches of the service. Although many of the tests given are purely a question of mechanical accuracy, the papers set in history, geography, arithmetic, composition, and book-keeping are in reality very searching.

Boy-clerk candidates are examined at seven centres, those for Second Division at fourteen. Very few of the former get work out of London. There are a very limited number in Edinburgh and a few in Dublin, but vacancies in either of these places are extremely rare. On the other hand, men clerks are required to serve 'in any department of the State (at home or abroad) to which they may be called.'

At each open competition for men clerkships, one-fourth the number of vacancies is reserved for boy clerks, who compete among themselves for the places. Those entering the service as 'boys' remain boys until they attain the age of twenty, when they are struck off the list unless they have been successful in obtaining a Second Division clerkship in either the limited or open competition.

The pay of boy clerks begins at fourteen shillings a week, and rises one shilling weekly per annum as long as they are in the service. Men clerks receive a commencing salary of seventy pounds per annum, which rises five pounds yearly to one hundred pounds, thence by seven pounds ten shillings to one hundred and ninety pounds, and then by ten pounds to three hundred and fifty pounds. The prospects of promotion are very good.

One of the most popular branches of the service is the Excise. Candidates for this appointment are required to pass an examination in handwriting, English composition and orthography, geography, and higher arithmetic, including mensuration. The limits of age are nineteen and twenty-two, and candidates must be unmarried. Evidently the Civil Service Commissioners are determined not to allow into the service persons already burdened with the cares of housekeeping. This is especially wise in view of the small initial salary paid in most cases. Assistants of Excise receive fifty pounds per annum, which rises five pounds yearly to eighty pounds, thence by various increments to four hundred pounds. Second-class officers receive two shillings per diem when actively employed, so that the initial salary in most cases is over eighty pounds. The examination fee is one pound, and there are in all twenty centres where competitions are held.

The regulations for Customs candidates, after going through many changes from time to time, may now be regarded as practically settled. The limits of age are eighteen and twenty-one, and the subjects of examination are similar to those for the Excise service. The examination fee is fifteen shillings, and competitions are held at eighteen centres. The salary commences at fifty-five pounds per annum, and rises by annual increments of three pounds to eighty pounds, thence from eighty-five pounds by similar increments to one hundred pounds. Prospects of promotion are very good, officers of the first class of approved character being eligible for the second class of examining officers, subject to a test examination in practical departmental business.

In regard to the age limit for all examinations, there are many exceptions, which need not be given in full. It may be stated that persons in the Civil Service can only attend any other examination conducted by the Commissioners on producing the written permission of the authorities of their department. Those who have been not less than two years in the Civil Service may deduct from their actual age any time, not exceeding five years, which they may have spent in such service.

It is not the practice of the Commissioners to test beforehand the question of physical qualifications. This is done after the candidate has been successful in the literary part of the examination. Except for Customs, a slight degree of ordinary short-sight is not a disqualification. Permanent deafness, loss of an arm, leg, or hand, and considerable lameness, are disqualifications. Delicacy of constitution, though positive disease is absent, may lead to rejection, and, especially for the post-office, want of general vigour may disqualify. In regard to

holidays, the annual leave of absence varies from three to six weeks according to the department, and, of course, according also to the status of the servant.

## THE BOMBARDIER.

### CHAPTER III.

DESPITE Sergeant Quackenbush's good intentions, Bombardier Shewell's enmity increased. The opinion of the village was divided. There was a shrillness to the vanity of the soldier of artillery, which, vexing those about him, would have touched them a little too, if they could have seen how sore was the heart behind it. The curate, hoping that the association would bring about peace, influenced members of the congregation to elect the sergeant as the Bombardier's fellow-sidesman at the annual vestry meeting. After events did not fulfil the curate's hopes. When it chanced, of a Sunday, that the churchwardens were not present, the sidesmen collected the offertory, and the two soldiers then performed the duty. The curate found the occasions a combination of chastened humour and uneasiness. At the words 'Let your light so shine before men,' &c., the two soldiers, rising abruptly from their front seats, and, looking askance at each other, would begin their task, working towards the farther end of the church. He who finished first waited for the other: if the sergeant, with soldierly exactness of position, and face good-humouredly set in the sacred line of duty; if the Bombardier, with elevated head, lips protruding, and a fine disregard of the sergeant's labours. When the task of both was ended, and they were ready to march to the chancel, they stepped forward, looking over each other's heads the while. Then, at proper distance, they paused, made a right and left turn respectively, fell into line, shoulder to shoulder, and marched erect and grim to the altar rails. The offertory being delivered, they paused again, and the former evolutions were repeated as they returned to their seats, never having directly looked at each other. Even Sophie Warner felt a thrill of fear at times lest the Bombardier should suddenly revolt. If the two chanced to meet in the vestry, and it was necessary to speak, they did so, looking at the buttons on each other's coats only: if they met in the street, they saluted stiffly, without looking at all.

One day there appeared a notice in the county paper, to the effect that Sergeant Quackenbush had been made a Justice of the Peace. For years this honour had been Bombardier Shewell's ambition. 'And now,' as he said with sharp-set anger—'now to be forestalled by a beggarly sergeant of the Line, by a hero of Gatling guns and feather-stuffed palliasses!'

It was the sergeant's offending developed to the *n*th degree; it was giving the children's bread to the dogs. One or two good citizens tried to show him that his financial qualifications were not sufficient—the sergeant had bought real estate along the line of the Silver Valley Railway—that he was old, and that, in any case, the respect in which the people held

him could not be increased by any such honour. They forebore to tell that his irascible and self-satisfied spirit, his conspicuous prejudices and heroic ideas of justice, were hardly adapted to the magisterial bench; that he would be too much inclined to administer law after the rigid procedure of a court-martial. It was in vain: the injury was done; and the nitric breath of the Bombardier's indignation was only being held for a chance to blow the sergeant from his perch.

It was apparent to the village, as to Sophie Warner and Keble Graves, that a climax must come soon. Something must break—either the Bombardier's high temper, or the sticks of the two soldiers on each other's heads. One day there appeared in the county paper the following letter:

'A SHOT IN THE OPEN.

'To the Editor of the *Clarion*.

'SIR—I desire to say, that in my opinion—an opinion matured by seventy-five years' knowledge of the world, and study of political and historical conditions in many countries—the present Government has abandoned its forts and hauled down its flag. To fill public offices with fit and proper men is the proud right of a Government; but, sir, the late appointments to Commissions of the Peace—and one in particular!—prove the present Ministry unworthy of confidence. I worked for the election of the member for this district, but now, sir, I draw the caustic pencil across the countenance of political iniquity. Strangers are set to rule over us. I demand to know, without ambush or subterfuge, whether henceforth the sentinels of the Law are to be ignorant and boastful, and if our magisterial bench is to be the refuge of the irresponsible new-comer, and, it may be—I do not assert it—it may be, the adventurer! But let faithless Governments and their satellites beware! The wicked shall be put to flight, and the righteous shall dwell in their tents. —I have the honour to be, sir, obediently yours,  
MATTHEW SHEWELL, Bombardier.'

This letter produced a sensation; faction feeling ran high. It divided political parties. It split the Methodist body; it drew the attention of the red-shirted river-men, who were running a late drive of logs down the Cascarada; it roused the sergeant to antipathy—he had hitherto only been on the sturdy defensive. Sectarianism, temperance, politics, personal and moral exasperation were all at work. The following week this reply to the Bombardier appeared:

'LITTLE RAPIDS, June 24, 1888.

'To the Editor of the *Clarion*.

'SIR—Matthew Shewell (Bombardier), the same, as he has informed us, having been "with Raglan at the Alma," has come out with a blustering muzzle-loader to dismount a battery of Armstrong guns. Sir, I have the honour to be one of the late appointments to the Commission of the Peace. If not to know *patois* French is ignorant, I am ignorant; if to carry a medal "for gallant service on the field of battle" is boastful, I am boastful, the like being

mine—and there you are! I am a new-comer to this district, but as to being an adventurer, my record gives that taunt the lie. Were I not bound by my position, and my assailant not an old man—but I will not proceed. The public will understand me; and while I blush for a fellow-citizen, a fellow-churchman, and a fellow-soldier, I have the honour to subscribe myself, sir, respectfully yours,

BRIGG QUACKENBUSH, J.P., Sergeant.'

The day following the appearance of this letter, Sergeant Quackenbush, J.P., tried his first case. Information had been laid against an ancient quack of the neighbourhood, for practising medicine without a license, and the matter was to be heard in the large sitting-room of Tinsley's Tavern. The sergeant, with good taste and wisdom, had asked to sit with him on the bench another J.P. of the neighbourhood—Mr Meadows, a well-to-do farmer. The sergeant knew that the Bombardier had espoused the cause of old Zach Brydon, and intended to defend him at the trial. Prompt to the time the placid and bald Meadows, J.P., sat down beside the grizzled and unemotional sergeant, and prompt to the time also came the Bombardier with his limping, hump-shouldered client. The Bombardier carried under his arm a volume of the Consolidated Statutes, and a copy of *Every Man his Own Lawyer*.

Information had been laid by a man, who was evidently in the employ of a Medical Association, though both the local physicians denied having encouraged the prosecution, and both, in the witness-box, tried to avoid incriminating the old man. Yet they testified that they had attended cases which old Zach Brydon had prayed over, and coaxed with herbs of harmless violence, cases mostly of chronic rheumatism, dyspepsia, dropsy, tumour, and the like. Then came people who had given themselves up to the prayers, and the unlicensed dispensing of slippery-elm bark and boneset. Their evidence, in spite of the Bombardier's stern cross-examination, strengthened the case for the prosecution. The clinching point was the question of payment to Zach Brydon for medical attendance. The Bombardier's attempt to upset this was maladroit. It was done as one would open a door with a crowbar. As point after point told against his client; as witnesses remained either obdurately malicious in their tales of wasted prayers and herb decoctions, for which hard-earned cash or notes-of-hand had been given in exchange; as others stated regretfully that they had always known and called the man Doctor Brydon or Doctor Zach; and as the informant became sneeringly triumphant and the crowd amused, the Bombardier's irritation grew.

Once or twice he had ventured to question the regularity of certain items of procedure, by reference to the fact that 'When I appeared before his Honour, Judge Monmouth,' or 'When I argued my own case at Sherbrooke against Sir Henry Smiles,' &c.; but the sergeant was rigid, and Mr Meadows was firm in a youthful kind of way.

When the moment came for the Bombardier's defence, he was filled with wrath, his demeanour

was threatening. He rose, looked round through his huge eyeglass, and then said: 'Your worships, I have no hesitation in defending this much-injured man. He is the victim of busy mockers, who gnash upon him with their teeth, who lay nets for him privily, who compass him about. And why, your worships? Verily, to reap the rewards of the base informer. In some countries, your worships, and not without reason, these marauders are given bullets instead of fines. This man,' pointing to the informer—'this cowardly spy, instead of earning an honest living, invades this peaceful hamlet, and begins a scheme of vile pillage whereby to batten upon the earnings of'—

Here the sergeant interrupted. 'We inform you, Bombardier Shewell,' he said, 'that such language must not be used in court. You have to do with the evidence, not the character of the person laying the information.'

"Person," your worship: you say well—"person" is the word. He is a person who would rob'—

'Eh! eh! eh!' quickly interposed Mr Meadows, with a motherly finger-shake.

But the Bombardier with ample scorn continued: 'I repeat, and again I repeat it, your worships—rob the poor of their benefactor, the humble of their friend, the man who, to bless suffering humanity'—

'Gives them horse-medicine, and takes their notes at ten per cent. interest!—Look in the lining of his coat, if you want to see the notes!' interjected the informer.

'You must not interrupt, sir,' said Mr Meadows. 'It—it is not gentlemanly—it—it is not permitted. I shall be quite angry if it is repeated.'

'Gentlemanly!' again continued the Bombardier; 'we were speaking of him as a *person*, not as a gentleman, your worships!'

The speech went on—a series of interruptions and calls to order. The Bombardier questioned the ability of the magistrates to know the statutes; he none too vaguely referred to beggars on horseback; he dwelt suggestively on the dignity due to the proper administration of the statutes; he appealed to the spirit of Justice; and received for the last sentiment approving nods from Mr Meadows. He closed with a warlike philippic against the informer, and finally said: 'I am firm in the belief that your worships cannot fail to give a verdict for the defendant, unless, peradventure, this court should not be a mount of the law, but a valley of the dry bones of injustice.'

Their worships, however, without a moment's hesitation, gave judgment against the defendant, with fine and costs.

The Bombardier sprang to his feet. 'We appeal to a higher court, your worships!' he said. 'We appeal from ignorance of the law, from magisterial stupidity and injustice, to the Court of Quarter Sessions.'

Upon the sensation which this provoked, there fell the cold words of the sergeant: 'It is necessary to inform Bombardier Shewell that there is in this country no such tribunal as the Court of Quarter Sessions—and there you are!'

With impotent fierceness, the Bombardier

cried: 'It's a lie! It's a lie!' and sharply bringing his knuckles down on the table before him, he repeated: 'We appeal to the Court of Quarter Sessions!'

Mr Meadows was surprised and shocked. He turned to the sergeant, and whispered in his ear; then he said: 'Bombardier Shewell, if it was magisterial, we should be angry with you. But we—we fine you ten dollars for contempt of court.'

A sudden change came into the demeanour of the Bombardier. Breathing fast, and staring hard at the magistrates on the bench, he stood for a moment silent; and a cold sweat broke out on his forehead. Mechanically he found his hat. His client spoke to him, but he did not hear. His lips moved, as if he were speaking to himself. He did not take up the *Every Man his Own Lawyer*: it had played him false.

He turned to go, the crowd making way for him. All their amusement, all the vulgar irony and faction feeling for or against the old soldier, were absorbed in painful curiosity. Even the river-drivers took hitches in their red sashes, and shook their heads doubtfully. As the Bombardier advanced with bowed head, some one barred his way. He looked up. It was a constable.

Then the voice of Mr Meadows was again heard: 'Bombardier Shewell will please to pay his fine before he leaves the court-room.'

Sergeant Quackenbush's face was troubled, and he drew something from his pocket, but Mr Meadows whispered in his ear, and he put hesitatingly the hand back into his pocket. The soldier in him was struggling with the magistrate. The Army was being humbled: gray-headed military service was being brought low before civilians—a hero of the Alma was being fined like a common roysterer.

The Bombardier drew in a deep breath, and, turning, faced the Bench.

'You fine me! You dare to fine me, sir!' he said to Sergeant Quackenbush.

The blandness of Mr Meadows was now puffed up to a fine exaggeration of offended dignity. 'Bombardier, we fine you ten dollars for contempt of court. The Bench must not be insulted. The Bench, sir, must be protected. The Bench, we must inform you, Bombardier Shewell—not ourselves, not ourselves, but the Bench—cannot be set at defiance—not with impunity, Bombardier Shewell.'

The curate came forward and said to the humiliated soldier: 'Bombardier, let me settle this for you;' and he laid the ten dollars on the magisterial table.

The old soldier's cup was full. He had no money with him, and little to spare elsewhere. To be fined was a slash in the face; not to have the money to pay the fine on the spot was the last thrust home. Without a word to the curate, he blindly turned and walked through the lane made for him, out of the door, and into the street. All useless rage was gone now, and in its stead was a ponderous disgrace. In vain he drew himself up as he passed the garrulous loungers on the veranda without. His shoulders would not remain squared. His thin gray hair was caught by



the slight breeze from the river, and blown about his temples, and, as he moved slowly down the steps and upon the outer side-walk, Ira Tinsley turned to the loafers beside him and said: 'Boys, it's put twenty years on his shoulders.'

When some one replied: 'It's took down his pride, I guess!' Tinsley continued: 'Say, you wouldn't snicker like that if Anthony was alive, and heard you!'

The rest of the crowd nodded approval, and watched the Bombardier. Never before had he been seen to pass a piece of wood, or a stone in his path, without flicking it aside grandly with his stick. But now he trod on a boy's hoop, and it flew up and struck him on the shin. He did not heed it. He stepped on the end of a loose board in the side-walk, and he stumbled violently, but he took no heed. Some idle boys laughed, but he made no sign. He was only more stooped as he passed on towards the bridge. The curate reached him as he entered the covered bridge, and put a hand gently on his shoulder. 'I'll walk home with you, Bombardier,' he said.

'I want to be alone,' was the husky reply. 'I'll pay you the ten dollars. I can pay it, you understand!' he said, shaking his stick impotently. But it was only a feeble flash of the old Adam. He relapsed again instantly into gloom. The curate saw Sophie Warner approaching, and he sighed with relief. Yet there was something else besides relief in his sigh. His eyes met hers with a mute request in them. She understood, and took the old man's arm. He resented it, but presently walked on with her.

Her pretty confidences could not draw the Bombardier from his gloom; the arrow had gone too deep. We have all different conceptions of what would shame us most: the Bombardier had found his.

He did not hear her words. He turned to her at last, his stick quivering in his hands, and said: 'He fined me—fined me for contempt of court! We appealed to a higher court, to the Court of Quarter Sessions, and he wouldn't recognise it. Do you hear? He wouldn't recognise it; and it's in the Statutes—here in the Statutes.' He nervously fumbled the leaves of the book.

'Yes, yes, dear,' she said; 'but don't mind it. You will laugh at it in a day or two.'

'Laugh! laugh!' he cried. 'Ay, ay, I'll laugh. Do they think they can bullyrag an old soldier? Do they think they can bring a man that was with Raglan at the Alma to his'—

But the last word was lost in a dry gasp.

When at last within the little room where he had passed so many years, she sought to divert him, she found it was no use. She busied herself in little household offices, sang verses of songs that she knew he liked, told him bits of gossip of the country-side, and at last began to read him his favourite play, *Henry V.* But none of the valorous brag of the old speeches would rouse him; the humour of Pistol and Bardolph and Fluellen, generally so potent, fell on dull ears. At last she bade him good-bye. At the door she looked back.

He was sitting with his right hand clenched on the table, his eyes bent on an impalpable something before him.

'Good-bye,' she said, smiling; 'I'm coming to play chequers with you to-night. I'll bring Walcho. Walcho is such a good dog now, Bombardier, he remembers all you taught him, and carries his musket beautifully.'

He looked at her abstractedly, and nodded, but that was all. She remembered a phrase with which they usually began their games. She said now, with naive heroics in her tone: 'Remember, Bombardier: *à l'outrance!*'

'*À la mort!*' he answered mechanically, according to their formula. She turned away, and presently was swallowed up in the sunshine.

When she had gone, he sprang to his feet, the red fire of war in his eyes, and, turning to the wall where his accoutrements hung, he cried with threatening eagerness: 'Yes! *To the Death!*'

## HOLIDAYS IN BURMA.

SOLDIERING in Burma is not all dacoit-hunting; there are times of peace and happiness as well, when one can enjoy a holiday in many a novel way and see sights of the strangest description. The natives, or, at any rate, those who have been born and bred under British rule, are a sporting, happy-go-lucky lot, and are, moreover, easily moved to mirth. If you meet a Burman on the road and make a face at him, he will squat down and roar with laughter; but if you were to adopt the same tactics with the mild Hindu, he would immediately imagine that he had encountered the Evil One, and either flee for dear life, or grovel on the ground at your feet. I do not wish the reader to imagine that it is my habitual custom to make faces at natives; but there are times when exuberance of spirits leads one to perform acts which the high, 'man-and-brother,' Indian official would consider most unseemly.

Thayetmyo (the Mango-town) stands on the right bank of the river Irawadi, about midway between Rangoon and Mandalay, and is a good sample of a Burman up-country town. It has many points in its favour compared with more civilised Rangoon: the inhabitants are more primitive and pleasanter to deal with in every way. In the main street are always to be seen groups of emaciated Chinamen, who represent the moneyed class of the population, though by what means their wealth is accumulated is only known to the police. Their days are apparently spent in long lounge-chairs, in the enjoyment of their quaint little opium pipes; night-time possibly sees their houses transformed into gambling and opium dens of the worst description, for Burmans of all classes and of all ages are inveterate gamblers, and are, moreover, fast acquiring the habit of indulging in the pernicious drug. In the side streets a happier phase of life is seen, and at all times

of the day, groups of men are busy with one kind of amusement or another. The Burman is an extraordinary individual; he will work like a horse for three or four days, and then for a week will enjoy himself with the money which he has earned. Football is their chief athletic amusement, and is played by them as much to keep their limbs supple as for any other reason. The game is peculiar, and partakes more of battledore and shuttlecock than our game of football. The ball is six inches or less in diameter, and is composed of a network of split canes, neatly interwoven. The number of players is unlimited; sometimes a dozen men may be seen standing round in a circle; at others there may be only a couple of players, the object being always the same—to set the ball going in the air and to prevent its touching the ground again. The players wear as little clothing as possible, the *passoh* being tightly bound round the loins, and on the ball being kicked up, every one does his best to keep it going. The attitudes of the players are wonderful to look at, the ball being caught on heel, knee, or back, and sent flying in all directions. Hands, arms, and even toes, are forbidden to be used in the game, yet the dexterity with which the ball is kept up defies all description. Graceful strokes are much studied, and the swagger assumed by a Burman, poised on one foot ready to receive the ball on the other heel, is almost ludicrous to watch.

This is the only outdoor game in which the Burmans indulge, and it seems curious that, being so closely allied to people whose sole amusement is polo, and being, moreover, devoted to ponies themselves, they should not display any keenness for that best of all games.

'Moung Hpo wanting speak with master,' said my Madras 'boy' one evening.

'All right,' I answered. 'Send him here.'

Moung Hpo is a Burman who speaks pidgin-English, and gets a living chiefly by doing odd jobs for Englishmen, such as pony-buying and curio-hunting. Many a walk in the bazaar have I had with the dirty old ruffian, and a most entertaining companion I have always found him.

'Well, Moung Hpo, what is it?' I asked, as the wizened brown face appeared at the door.

'*Takén*, to-morrow they make 'em burn plenty big *phoonghye* man; if master like, I take 'em see,' was my worthy henchman's reply.

On inquiry I found that the event was a *phoonghye byan*, or cremation of a high-priest—one of the most important religious ceremonies of the Burmans, and one which I had hitherto not had an opportunity of witnessing. The morrow was Thursday—the soldiers' holiday; so I arranged an hour when Moung Hpo should come and take me to the spot chosen for the burning of the great Moung Shway Loogalay.

This particular Thursday was a busy one; we had before us quite an unprecedented list of engagements, and ere the moon rose that night, had enjoyed an immense variety of entertainment. At sunrise we were in the saddle, our stout little twelve-hand ponies delighting in the morning canter. Across the racecourse we go, and picking up half-a-dozen kindred spirits *en route*, enter a deep, sandy nullah, the bed of which has just received

sufficient moisture to make it good going. This morning we had arranged a *chota hazri* picnic at the head of the nullah, and had bidden the few English ladies of the station to the feast, after which the return journey was made by a circuitous route through the bamboo and teak forests.

Riding along in single file, we presently reach a small clearing in the forest, where, on a slight eminence, stands a *phoonghye kyoun*, or priests' residence, whose dried-up-looking inhabitants we find engaged in their matutinal devotions. To-day the devotions are longer than usual, for special prayers have to be offered up and special ceremonies gone through prior to setting out to witness the cremation of the body of Moung Shway Loogalay. Little attention is paid to the intrusion of the foreigners, although, on ordinary occasions, the *phoonghyes* would come out to wish the *takés* good-morning; but now even the little boy-attendants disregard our presence, and we leave the quiet retreat to its prayers.

Soon after the sun had gained a certain amount of power, we returned to the cantonment and dispersed to our various quarters. Outside my bungalow I found a quaint old Burman squatting, with a bundle under his arm. Accosting the venerable gentleman in my best Burmese, I asked him what he wanted, whereupon he unrolled his bundle and, displaying a huge volume of strange and curious designs, said, 'I makee tattoo *bohut accha*.' Now, it had never occurred to me before to be tattooed; but this appeared to be such an excellent opportunity, that I at once engaged the services of the old Burman; and having selected the most hideous and conventional-looking beast in the book of patterns, gave the order for the operation to commence forthwith. First I was told to bare my arm and to lie down on the ground; then the operator produced a razor, and carefully shaved the hair off the place where the mythical monster was to be emblazoned. After this, I was left for a short time, while some paint was being prepared, when the design was depicted on my arm with a fine brush, and I was allowed to sit up during the drying of the paint. The tattooer now unrolled a long length of rag, and from the innermost recesses brought forth his instruments of torture. I began to repent of my folly, and thought that this was hardly the way to enjoy a holiday. My stable-companion however, who was sitting gloating over my misfortune, persuaded me that it would be most disgraceful to show the white-feather before a native, so I clenched my fist and settled down to see the matter through to the bitter end. A metal instrument, some two feet in length, with a heavy brass carving of a bird at the end, was first brought out; into this my torturer carefully fitted a four-pointed pricker too horrible to describe, then, squatting by my side, he seized the part of my forearm nearest to him with his naked feet, and pressing the other part down with his left hand, he adjusted the pricker between his thumb and fore-finger, and dropped the weighted instrument into my flesh. It was a curious sensation, this first stab, and for the moment I imagined that my arm had

become transfixed to the floor, but, as in most things, *ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*—and, after a while, there was a kind of fascination in waiting for the next prick. If any one wishes to know if the operation really hurts, let him get a friend to set four needles in a row into a piece of cork, and then thrust them into his arm, every now and then, when he least expects them. The first thrust will, I fancy, satisfy him.

The professional tattooer is a rapid worker, and the pricking-machine soon runs over the outline of the figure; but what takes time is the 'filling-in,' which is done with a somewhat broader style. Every part of the figure must be covered with either black or vermilion, and, as you see the brass bird swooping down time after time, you begin to reckon how many more strokes remain before your torture will be at an end. At last the Burman gives forth a deep sigh, and, putting his head on one side, regards his handiwork with evident satisfaction. All is over, and you breathe again in the knowledge that the mark of the beast and of the Burman is upon you, and must remain upon you to the end of all things. This was my first experience of tattooing, and, I regret to say, not my last, for I fell a prey to the wiles of the tattooer whenever he appeared, until I became a walking picture-gallery.

Tattooing in Burma is a national institution, every male being covered with figures from his waist to his knee, so that in the distance he appears to be clothed in beautifully-fitting 'tights.' The operations commence in early boyhood, a few figures being done at a time. Every description of animal, real and imaginary, from an elephant to a mythical form of cat, is portrayed, each being set in a framework of Burman writing. To be untattooed is a disgrace to a Burman youth; and following the custom of the British sailor in having himself stamped with the name of his lady love, it is no uncommon thing to see, on some part of a 'young spark's' body, a number of round Burman characters—the equivalent to Polly or Susan. How and when the custom of tattooing originated among the Burmans is unknown; but whatever the origin, tattooing is never likely to die out, as a Burman girl will have nothing to say to an unadorned man! Two rupees I gave my artist friend for his indelible picture.

Early in the afternoon we made our way to some fields on the outskirts of the town, where the *phoonghye byan* was to take place. The space set apart for the ceremony was surrounded by an immense crowd of people, elbowing one another for the best places from which to witness the great sight. The body of Moungh Shway Loogalay (embalmed and swathed in cerecloth, covered with gold-leaf) had lain in the coffin for six months, the final cremation being deferred until sufficient money had been collected for the necessary ceremonies. I may here remark that the art of embalming is well understood by the Burmans, and honey is much used for the purpose, especially among the phoonghyes, who receive a great quantity of it as alms from the poor. The body is filled with honey and kept floating in it, often for weeks at a time. Before the final cremation takes

place, the honey is drawn off and sold to the people, who partake of it freely. Europeans, I need hardly say, are somewhat careful as to whence they obtain their honey in Burma.

To return, however, to the ceremony. In the centre of an open space we found the huge funeral pile erected, in shape like a pagoda, and built, to a height of fifty or sixty feet, out of bamboo matting, beautified with gay-coloured paper and tinsel. Round the pyre stood several smaller erections—the offerings of the neighbouring villages, and connected with the main structure, so that they would burn with it. Soon after our arrival, the funeral car appeared on the ground, drawn by swarms of the people, every one striving to be to the front in conveying the remains of the great man to the pile. At last the tinsel pagoda is reached, and the coffin hoisted into position on to a central platform, forty feet or more above the ground. Now occurred the most curious part of the spectacle. We imagined that some venerable phoonghye would set fire to the great store of petroleum and shavings beneath the coffin, and so conclude the ceremony; but, to our astonishment, from all sides of the ground there commenced a regular fusillade of rockets, some quite small, and others of huge dimensions; the object being, as our worthy guide informed us, to gain merit by setting fire to the pyre. The majority of the rockets missed the mark altogether, and went flying away into space, to the imminent danger of the bystanders. For some time this species of target-practice continued, until at last a mighty rocket, fired from a bullock-cart, hit the mark, when immediately the whole structure caught fire. A shout of joy escaped the onlookers, and then silence fell on everything, as the crowd stood watching the beautiful pagoda fast crumbling away. The bamboo supports, as their joints became heated, went off like pistol-shots, and tongues of fire enveloped the coffin platform. The wooden shell which enclosed the sacred remains of the great priest was soon reached, and a thick black smoke rolled up into the heavens. The Burmans held their breath in awe; the phoonghye was passing into the highest state imaginable—the world of everlasting forgetfulness. As the planks of the coffin melted away, the whole pagoda fell in with a crash, and in half an hour nothing was left but a smouldering heap of charcoal. This to the general public was the end; and the vast concourse shortly dispersed, all but a small band of devout phoonghyes, who remained, grouped round the smoking embers, waiting until they had cooled sufficiently to search for any particles of the deceased man's bones which might have escaped the flames. These they carefully bore away to their monasteries to bury with due reverence. Thus did Moungh Shway Loogalay find Nirvana.

One other holiday scene I have to record—a boat-race—and certainly the most exciting one at which I have ever been present. The day was the Sunday, and as we took our evening stroll towards the native town, we found the river-side densely crowded with holiday-makers, for Thayetmyo, we learned, was about to row a race against Prome, and all the world and his wife were present to witness the event.

Thayetmyo has turned out to a man, and the place is left to the care of the pariah dogs. The reason is obvious: Thayetmyo has staked its last rupee on the result, and as betting on the tape is as yet unknown in the land, the people must be on the spot to see what happens. As we pass along the crowd, we see little groups of gaily-dressed men and women discussing the probabilities of the race with voices raised in excitement, and we marvel at the change in the usually calm-demeanoured Burman. The ever-present cheroot is forgotten, and lies half-smoked behind the ear; the fruit-seller and the dealer in foul-smelling *napee* is disregarded for the boats on the river, and every one strains forward to catch a glimpse of the frail little bargues. First comes the Thayetmyo boat—a long light dug-out, only a few inches out of the water, paddled by four-and-twenty of the picked youth of the place, and 'coxed' by a hoary-headed old man, who has probably rowed the course a hundred times or more. Shout after shout goes up as the people see their boat pass, and a solemn silence follows when the *Pride of Prome* comes gently up the stream. Every one is gauging the strength of the enemy, and evidently there is some anxiety for the safety of the home rupees. Defeat means ruin to the northern town, yet, even after the boats have reached the starting-point, there is not a man who would withdraw his bet were he given the chance.

To the Englishman there did not appear to be anything to choose between the two boats; they were built on almost similar lines—regular racing crafts, some sixty feet in length, and so lightly constructed as to appear to bend as the paddlers made them leap through the water. We had taken up our position by the side of a pagoda, thirty feet or so above the river, and were seated on the backs of a couple of quaint tiger-like images which guarded the entrance to the sacred spot. In front of us was a seething mass of humanity, each one more eager than his neighbour to catch a sight of the rival boats as they passed to their stations. The river stretched before us—one vast expanse, two miles or more in width—while the setting sun at our backs lit up the low hills across the water. What a wealth of colour met our eyes! What a chance for the painter's brush! A foreground of silks of every hue, then the dull gray river, with its silvery sun-decked ripples, and then the sombre bamboo-covered hills, with glorious red reflections filling the heavens on all sides.

But this is no time for thinking of scenery, for the boats are already drawn up for the start, and in another second a cry escapes the crowd—the Burmese equivalent to 'They're off.' The river is straight at this point, and the whole race can be seen. Down they come, at a pace that would make the Irawadi Flotilla Company jealous, the two dozen paddles of each boat plunging into the water with one gigantic splash. No one speaks now, for it is obvious that the race is a tough one. The *Pride of Prome* leads by half a length, gradually gaining distance until a streak of daylight is seen between the two boats. Now a long yell of encouragement leaves the shore, and, as if in

answer to the call, the *Golden Flower* shoots forward and leaves its adversary behind. Again, however, before half the course is rowed, the strangers have come to the front, and the faces of the people around us are growing long; the Thayetmyo rupees are in the balance, and it is evidently a toss-up who wins. Half-a-dozen times in as many minutes the boats change places, until within a few lengths of the winning-post, when the *Golden Flower* is seen suddenly to leap through the water, and leaving the strangers a good length behind, flies past the post an easy winner.

The pent-up feelings of the spectators now burst their bonds, and a perfect roar of delight and applause is given forth. The men snatch the flowers from their mass of hair and fling them aloft, and the women and children shriek and dance for joy. Victory has been snatched from the enemy; Thayetmyo has beaten Prome; but better still, Thayetmyo has won the Prome rupees.

#### A SOLILOQUY.

Not married yet, and twenty-nine!  
My 'friends' are almost in despair;  
I see their anxious looks incline  
Towards my 'fringe,' where ought to shine  
The silver of the first gray hair!

They talk no more of 'single bliss';  
But note, with eyes cast gravely down,  
The joys unwedded women miss—  
The husband's smile, the children's kiss  
(Of course a husband cannot frown).

The fullest harmonies of life,  
They say in sentences that glow,  
Are wakened for the happy wife  
(There's no such thing as married strife  
In this enlightened age, we know).

And when they feel extremely kind,  
They picture things that 'might have been';  
And think the men are very blind  
Who rate the 'graces of the mind'  
Below the charms of sweet seventeen!

I say no word of praise or blame:  
My life has still its golden days;  
And round my well-loved maiden name  
Cling many a tender hope and aim  
Apart from mankind and their ways.

Has light-winged Cupid fluttered by,  
And is there only shadow left?  
Not so; the sun is in the sky:  
Why should I fold my hands and sigh,  
Like one of brightness quite bereft?

But since I am not made of ice,  
If Mr Right should come my way,  
And whisper something very nice,  
I might, perhaps, consider twice,  
And after all not answer 'Nay!'

E. MATHESON.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,  
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 607.—VOL. XII.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1895.

PRICE 1½d.

## DOUBLES.

NATURE must have her mischievous moods, or she would never set about producing human replicas. Nobody wants them, and the unfortunate who knows he has a 'double' somewhere by no means rejoices in the knowledge, or cares to be brought into contact with his counterfeit presentment.

Two temporary sojourners at an American winter-resort started one morning from opposite points for an early stroll on the beach. Midway they met, halted, and glared at one another as they stood twitching their fingers in the selfsame way. Each looked upon a dwarfish, swarthy, wizened-faced man, with a black unkempt beard, wearing a brown check suit, and saw himself as others saw him. Neither felt like saying with Dromio of Ephesus, 'I see by you I am a sweet-faced youth;' but the readiest of the two—a New York doctor—blurted out, 'Mr Gould, I believe?'—'I am not quite sure if I am,' was the testy answer of the railroad autocrat; 'I wish you wouldn't wear clothes like mine.'—'Shave off your beard, and I won't,' snapped back the doctor, passing on. He had, perhaps, the most reason for being dissatisfied with his likeness to the Napoleon of Wall Street. People wanting 'points' respecting the ups and downs of stocks and shares stopped him in the streets, receiving his angry disclaimer of any acquaintance with such matters with sceptical laughter and rude remarks; while one particular afternoon the doctor was rendered especially indignant by utter strangers familiarly slapping him on the back, or digging him in the ribs, inquiring, 'How about that cradle?'—a salutation explained to him on taking up a newspaper and reading, 'Mr Jay Gould has presented Mrs George Gould with a cradle for her first-born.'

Doctors seem to be well provided in doubles. A London physician has his personality duplicated in that of a well-known artist; and another medico's possession of what the Germans term

a *doppel-gänger* in the shape of a popular song-writer and song-singer, led to the latter finding himself stayed in a street walk by a lady, who, without any parleying, poured forth a flood of information about her ailing daughter's physical afflictions. Not till she had exhausted her theme or her breath, did she give Mr Lovett King a chance of asking whom she took him to be, and then he had some difficulty in making her believe he was another man altogether, and not the medical adviser for whom she mistook him.

Sir Edward Thornton, sometime Her Majesty's representative in the United States, and Judge Poland of Vermont, brought a well-intentioned young fellow to doubt the evidence of his eyes for evermore. At a wedding party in Washington, recognising a gentleman he had met in Mexico, he wished him good-evening, and proffered his hand for a shake. No shake came, and his greeting was returned by a curt 'I fear you have the advantage of me.'—'Is it possible that you don't recollect seeing me with my father in Mexico.'—'I don't remember ever being in Mexico,' was the freezing response.—'Why, surely you are Sir Edward Thornton?'—'By no means, sir; I am Judge Poland of Vermont.' A week or so later, the unwitting offender was at another party, and catching sight of the Judge (as he thought), walked up to him, and observed, 'That was an awkward mistake of mine the other night, my taking you for old Thornton.'—'And pray whom do you take me for now?' queried the other.—'Why, Judge Poland of Vermont, of course.'—'My name is Thornton,' said the ambassador, leaving the unlucky blunderer pondering how in the future he was to tell who was who.

One can imagine Mr Toole's delight at a north countryman addressing him as 'Mr Mayor;' whether the mayor would have been equally pleased at a member of a touring company slapping him on the back with 'What cheer, Johnny?' is a little doubtful. One man at least was delighted at discovering

he had a 'double.' He was the manager of a London theatre in want of an acting manager. Among the applicants for the berth was an actor the veritable counterpart of himself. 'You're the man for me!' said the manager, clinching the engagement then and there. Having secured him as his lieutenant, the wily manager utilised the marvellous resemblance between them, by deputing the acting manager to represent him whenever an undesirable caller came to the theatre bent on an interview.

When the Strand Theatre was in the hands of Mrs Swanborough, Mr Robert Heller, the American author, had an odd experience there. Tendering the price of a stall to the money-taker, that worthy said, 'All right, Mr William; you can go up, sir.'—'What do you mean?' inquired Mr Heller.—'Oh, it's all right,' responded the other; 'you needn't pay, you know that.' The visitor insisted upon paying, and his cash was taken under protest, the money-taker calling to the check-taker, 'Show the gentleman into a private box.' Mr Heller had scarcely settled himself, when the box-keeper appeared, telling him 'Mrs Swanborough was in the dress-circle, and wished to speak to him.'—'Mrs Swanborough wishes to speak to me!' exclaimed the surprised American; 'she does not know me!' The disconcerted man duly conveyed the reply to the manageress, the result being his return with the imperative message, 'Sir, your mother desires you to come to her at once!'—'My mother!' ejaculated Mr Heller; 'my mother has been dead many years.' However, he went to the dress-circle, and satisfied Mrs Swanborough he was not her son William, and sat down to enjoy the performance with a mind at ease as to his identity and the sanity of the manageress and her money-taker.

During their reign at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, Mr and Mrs Bancroft were unpleasantly apprised of the existence of a married pair, travelling about in their shape and name, to the credit of neither. The day after returning from a holiday spent in Switzerland and Venice, Bancroft, meeting his orchestral chief, was asked what he thought of the new play at the Criterion, and said he had not seen it yet. 'Not seen it!' returned the baton-wielder; 'why, one of the band who has been with us for years told me he saw you and Mrs Bancroft in a private box at the Criterion last night.' A morning or two after, Mr Bancroft opened a letter from a debt collector, demanding immediate payment of the money due to a Ventnor hotel-keeper for carriage and horse hire. Never having set foot in Ventnor, he surmised that somebody was playing a joke upon him and thought no more about it, until a second and more peremptory demand roused him to indite an angry denial of his indebtedness. A few weeks later the hotel-keeper himself came to the theatre, stated his business, and was shown into the green-room. 'Good-evening, sir,' said the manager; 'I am Mr Bancroft.'—'So I see, sir,' said the visitor cheerily. After a little skirmishing, the hotel-keeper owned himself impressed by his supposed debtor's denial, but for which he would readily swear he was the

gentleman who came to his house with a lady as Mr and Mrs Bancroft of the Prince of Wales's Theatre. Pointing to a large photograph, Mr Bancroft said, 'That is my wife's portrait.'—'Yes, and a very good likeness it is,' was the answer. Pressed for particulars, he said that his Mr and Mrs Bancroft stayed with him for a month, living on the best, and then wanted to depart without settling up, promising to do so as soon as they reached town. A compromise was effected, the gentleman being allowed to go, leaving the lady and her belongings in pawn. The cash was duly remitted and the hostage released; mine host subsequently discovering he had omitted to charge for carriage hire, hence his demand, which he was at last convinced was made in the wrong quarter, and departed disappointed but disillusioned.

Mr Bancroft, however, had not heard the last of the nefarious pair. Later on, when he and his wife were nightly appearing on the boards, two young lady friends, writing from Switzerland, expressed their surprise at seeing them there at that time of year, and inquiring why Mr and Mrs Bancroft had cut them dead twice in one day; and, at a still later period, meeting Mr James Payn, the novelist reproached him with utterly ignoring him and Mrs Payn when passing them in the King's Road, Brighton; a charge the actor met by declaring it was a year since he had seen Brighton, and, of course, like other innocents, received a free pardon for what he had not done. Telling their 'double' grievance in their delightful *Reminiscences*, Mr and Mrs Bancroft consoled themselves with hoping that some day in the dim future they might be repaid for the annoyance endured, by becoming the recipients of legacies intended for their doubles. That was years ago, and they are still hoping.

## AN ELECTRIC SPARK.\*

### CHAPTER XVII.—THE REWARD OF MERIT.

WYNAN's first intention was to write a letter of explanation regarding the drawings, and send them to Brant; but on second thoughts he determined to place them himself in his rival's hands. They formed part of Réné's patrimony, he told himself, and they were too valuable to trust to a messenger. In addition he could not help feeling a kind of pride—weakness, no doubt—in his mastery over self, and he wished to show Brant that he could be magnanimous and self-denying.

After a visit to the offices, where he learned from the manager that Mr Brant Dalton would not be there that day, he walked away reconsidering his determination, and asking himself whether it would not be better after all to send the package. He held, however, to his first decision, and went again and again, to find that Brant had not been, and was not expected till after the funeral, and the packet remained in his hands.

The whole staff attended at the cemetery,

\* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

Wynyan standing aloof, and one of the last to go up to the grave to take his last look at his old friend's place of rest. He had noted all that took place, seen that the Deconaguan envoy's carriage was among those that followed; and at last went back to his chambers more saddened and out of heart than ever.

For there, seeming to gnaw, as it were, into his breast at which it lay, was the temptation still with him. For days now he had been hoping to free himself from his burden, but opportunity had not served; and once more he had to battle against the desire that came hourly, and the mental fiends which called him cowardly fool for wishing to cast away the fortune within his grasp, and perhaps with it all hopes of ever winning the woman whom he loved.

But he conquered once again, and at noon next day presented himself at Great George Street. Finding that this time Brant was there, he went up, causing an eager buzz of pleasure amongst the clerks as he entered, and walked straight to old Hamber's table to shake hands.

'You, Mr Wynyan, sir!' cried the old man, clinging to his hand; 'this is a pleasure indeed.'

'I want you to take my card in, Hamber, yourself,' said Wynyan, 'and to say I wish for an interview with Mr Brant Dalton.'

'Yes, sir, I will; but'—

'But he will say that he will not see me, of course. Tell him, then, that it is about business of the greatest importance, and that I must see him.'

'Yes, sir, I will,' said the old clerk, who passed through the baize door with the card, and was absent for quite five minutes. Then he came out, looking anxious and troubled.

'It is as I feared, sir; he says he will not see you.'

'Did you tell him it was on business of great importance?'

'I did, sir, and pleaded very hard for him to hear you; but it was always the same: he said he would not see you, and at last ordered me out of the room.'

'He will not see me,' said Wynyan sternly. 'Very well; then I will see him,' and crossing to the baize door, he walked straight into the room to where the young man was seated at the table.

'Confound your insolence, sir!' cried Brant, turning very white. 'How dare you enter my room like that?'

'I sent word in first, Mr Dalton, that I wished to see you on very important business.'

'Hang your important business, sir! What is it to me? Dalton and Company have done with you, thank goodness. What do you want—to beg me to take you back?'

'That is hardly likely, Mr Dalton,' said Wynyan quietly. 'If ever I returned to these offices, it would be because their present manager had humbled himself towards one he has so brutally insulted.'

'Insulted! Bah! A pretty state of things we are coming to, when one's workpeople dictate how many hours they are to work, and

at what rate, and a dismissed clerk complains of being insulted.'

'I think we had better come to business, Mr Dalton,' said Wynyan gravely.

'No, sir: we will not come to business. I tell you that I have quite done with you. You are not wanted here at all. You have been dismissed, and would have been paid, but— Ah! I see now: you have repented of all your game-cock-a-hoop dignity, and have come to beg for the cheque which you scornfully refused. Suppose I say now that you shall not have a penny more than the law compels me to give. Come, Mr Engineer, I have you there.'

'Look here, sir,' said Wynyan sternly; 'I did not come here to bandy words with an ill-conditioned bully.'

'Bully? You infernal scoundrel!—Here, Hamber—some of you!'

He moved towards the bell; but Wynyan stepped forward so sharply that Brant shrank back, looking white.

'Silence, sir!' he cried. 'I told you I came to see you on business—important business!'

'How dare you! Don't speak to me like that, fellow!'

'I speak to you, sir, as I feel it to be my duty to speak, from respect for the dead, and for the sake of the living. Listen to me.'

Brant shrank from the stern face before him, absolutely cowed, and his eyes wandered about him uneasily, as if he expected to see Wynyan draw a revolver from some secret pocket, and take revenge upon him for the injury done.

Wynyan laughed at him contemptuously, and Brant turned scarlet now.

'I came with no such intention, Mr Dalton,' he said. 'I came to speak to you about the invention, with respect to which the firm has entered into a contract with the Government.'

'Oh, that's it, is it?' said Brant, recovering himself. 'Very well then, let me tell you that you have no claims whatever. I find no mention of you in my uncle's papers.'

'I have come to make no claims, sir.'

'Then why have you come?'

'If you will give me time I will tell you,' replied Wynyan. 'The plans, drawings, and explanations of that invention, where are they?'

'In the safe, of course. What is it to you?'

'I repeat your question, sir. What is it to you? They are not where you say.'

'What!' cried Brant, bending forward to the table drawer, taking out the keys and going into the next room to open the safe, while Wynyan stood looking after him, till the young man came back looking wildly excited.

'Gone!' he cried. 'You know something of this. They are stolen.'

'Indeed!'

'Yes, I see it all now. You have them, and have come to make terms for their restoration.'

'Yes, I have them, Mr Dalton,' said Wynyan very quietly, as the scorn in his eyes intensified; 'and as to terms for their restoration,



the only ones I would make, if I had the power, would be that you should honestly carry out the contract with Government for the benefit of your cousin.'

'You leave her name out of this business, if you please,' snarled Brant. 'Now then, those papers.'

'Here they are,' said Wynyan, drawing them from his breast; and in an instant they were snatched away, Brant drawing back quite on his defence the next moment, and with a look of triumph on his weak, handsome face.

'Now then, sir,' he cried triumphantly, 'have the goodness to explain how they came into your possession.'

'Simply enough,' said Wynyan: 'they were grasped in your uncle's hand as he lay there where you now stand, dying, as I believe, from excitement after some quarrel with his nephew.'

'That's a pretty tame story, Mr Wynyan,' cried Brant, after involuntarily shifting his position on the hearthrug. 'Why didn't you put them in the safe?'

'For the simple reason that my time was occupied in trying to save your uncle's life.'

'Exactly, and afterwards, you pocketed them, I suppose.'

'I placed them in my pocket at the moment.'

'And stole them,' said Brant.

'Stole that which was to all intents and purposes my own?'

'Your own! It's plain enough. I see now: you stole them to—to copy,' cried Brant, who could hardly master his hesitation.

'Why should I copy them?' said Wynyan contemptuously.

'To sell—to rob the firm that employed you, or else to try and make terms afterwards for their restoration.'

'Stole them to copy!' said Wynyan, with a contemptuous smile which made Brant wince. 'Stole them to copy a paper of which every word, drawing, and calculation is indelibly printed in my brain. Brant Dalton, you are too contemptible.'

'Oh, am I?' cried the younger man. 'Never mind that. Now then, go on.'

'I am going directly, my good sir.'

'I mean—say what you have to say, sir. What terms do you exact from me for bringing them back?'

'There is only one payment I could expect, Mr Dalton,' said Wynyan; 'and that is a full apology for the insults which you have heaped upon me. I do not expect it, sir, from you, so you see I make no terms. As you are aware, those plans are of enormous value, and I did not feel justified in sending them by messenger or post. I felt that I must place them safely in the hands of Robert Dalton's representative. I have done so. Our business is at an end.'

He turned and left the room without another word, leaving Brant clasping the envelope in one hand, biting the nails of the other.

He could not grasp the possibility of a man behaving with so much magnanimity; and one minute his active mind was busy seeking motives for the return, the next he was mentally writhing in the recollection of the scorn

and scathing contempt his rival had displayed.

Some people are skilful at measuring others' corn by their own bushel, and finally Brant Dalton set to work at this proverbial task.

'I don't care,' he cried, examining the well-known documents carefully: 'there's some dodge in it. He has been doing something to them. He has been altering or cutting out and mutilating them till they're all wrong.'

But no: he could see no trace of an erasure or addition; and at last he gave up in despair.

'I don't care,' he repeated: 'there's a something; and if I find it out, I'll charge him with stealing and altering what should be a valuable property. Forewarned's forearmed. He don't catch me on the hip. I'm ready for him, and not such a contemptible fool as he thinks for.'

He touched the electric bell, and the young clerk entered.

'Look here, Gibbs,' he said.—'No: send Mr Hamber here.'

The old man came in directly, and stood respectfully waiting till Brant chose to speak.

'Here, Hamber: come close to the table. Have you seen these plans before?'

'No, sir.'

'Do you know what they are?'

'I should presume that they are the drawings for the great invention in which Mr Dalton was so deeply interested.'

'That's it. Now, look here: these plans were kept in the safe.'

'Yes, sir: they would be—with the other plans and drawings.'

'Well, that man'—

'That man, sir?'

'Yes: that scoundrel Wynyan'—

'I beg your pardon, sir,' said the old man warmly; 'Mr Wynyan is an honourable gentleman, and your late uncle's trusted friend.'

Brant banged his fist down upon the table in a way which made the ink splash out of the stand.

'Look here,' he said brutally; 'the sooner you know your position, sir, the better. You're a very old man now.'

'Yes, sir, very,' said Hamber sadly.

'Then if you want to stay on, be careful of what you are about. Now listen. That scoundrel took away these plans.'

'Indeed, sir! Well, no doubt, Mr Wynyan had good reason.'

'You keep your mouth shut and listen. I've warned you once, and I'm not going to warn you again. Now then. Wynyan had no business to take away those plans. You bear witness that he took them.'

'I don't know that he took them, sir.'

'I have just told you that he did, sir, and this morning he has brought them back. Why?'

'I am sure I don't know, sir.'

'Then I'll tell you. He either took them away to copy, or else he meant to steal them.'

'Mr Brant!' cried the old man reproachfully.

'Silence, you old fool! I say if he did he repented, because he was afraid of the consequences as soon as they were missed.'

Old Hamber shook his head.  
'Or else he has had them away to alter them and make them worthless. Now you understand?'

'No, sir, I'm afraid I don't,' said Hamber sadly.

'Then if you don't, you haven't brains enough to be of any use here, and you had better go.'

'Yes, sir, I think that will be best,' said the old man rather piteously; 'I had better go.'

'No: you'll stop. I may want you. There, that will do. You see now that these plans have been away and returned.'

'If they have, sir'—

'I tell you they have.'

'Then Mr Wynyan must have taken them away to improve them.'

'Will you be silent, sir! Now go back to your table and enter into your big diary everything connected with Wynyan's visit here this morning, and his returning the papers.'

'Yes, sir,' said the old man sadly; and looking broken and very old, he left the private room.

'Yes,' he said, as he went back to his seat, took up the diary, opened it, and began to make the entry in his clear copperplate hand; 'he is quite right. I am no longer of any use here. Yes I am,' he said suddenly, in a low firm voice. 'Not so old as all that. What does the song say?—"There's life in the old dog yet." There is, and enough to make him keep watch for your sake, my dear old friend, who perhaps can now read my thoughts, and for that of your dear sweet girl. God bless you, my dear! John Hamber is not going to run away from his post, let him say what he will; and maybe I can do Mr Wynyan a good turn yet if ever there is need.'

Then, with the most punctilious care, the old man made his entry, crossing every 't' and dotting every 'i,' and ending by reading his note through, and punctuating the clearly written account of the young engineer's visit.

'And after all,' he said then sadly, 'what I have been writing down may do him a lot of harm. No!' he added directly after; 'the truth is great, and will prevail.'

### B A N A N A S.

THE banana, or plantain, is the principal fruit consumed in the tropics, and, from its nutritive qualities and general use, must be regarded as an indispensable article of food, rather than as a luxury. Throughout the tropical regions of Asia, Africa, and America, and in the islands of the Atlantic and Pacific, everywhere between the parallels of 38 degrees north latitude and 35 degrees south latitude, wherever the mean heat of the year exceeds seventy-five degrees Fahrenheit, bananas are grown for shade or fruit, their culture being not less important in the tropics than that of cereals and farinaceous tubers in temperate regions.

The bananas are the largest of tree-like herbs, and, including leaves, often attain a height of from twenty-five to forty feet. Besides the fruit-yielding species, many are grown solely for

their ornamental appearance, and in this respect they are surpassed by few plants which are admired for their graceful foliage. The largest of the ornamental bananas is the Abyssinian banana, the leaves of fine specimens of which attain a length of thirty feet and a breadth of three. The smallest banana, recently discovered in Western China, has leaves only a foot long. Between these extremes the intermediate forms are very numerous, and all are extremely graceful and attractive.

Belt, writing of their growth and appearance in tropical America, says: 'The banana shoots up its succulent stem, and unfolds its numerous entire leaves with great rapidity, and a group of them waving their silky leaves in the sun, or shining ghostly white in the moonlight, forms one of those beautiful sights that can only be seen to perfection in the tropics.'

The true bananas are natives of India, Malaysia, and Polynesia, where they have been cultivated from the earliest times. The edible species appear to have migrated with man into all the climates where they can be grown. The distribution of the plant is greatly facilitated by the ease with which the suckers, from which it is mainly propagated in cultivation, can be transported, and the length of time during which they retain their vitality. No plants require less care to establish. Once they are planted, the produce of banana trees is very large. According to the often-quoted calculation of Humboldt, though less nutritious than wheat or potatoes, in proportion to the space occupied and the culture and care required, their produce as compared with wheat is twenty-three to one, and compared with potatoes, forty-four to one.

Besides the numberless varieties of the common bananas and plantains of the tropics, several other distinct species are cultivated for their fruit or for other purposes. Indeed, in some form or other, every species of banana is of economic importance, and in the numerous uses to which the various parts are put, the plant is only equalled probably by the palms and bamboos.

The fruit presents an immense variety in size, shape, colour, and texture. The pulpy or edible fruits, when ripe, may be smooth or rough, opaque or glossy, and in colour offer a variety of rich tints produced by the combination of red and yellow in different proportions. They may be from three to ten, or even eighteen inches in length, and in shape vary from nearly spherical to an oblong, cylindrical, or indistinctly angular shape. The edible fruits are arranged in clusters, which are known as 'hands,' of which there may be from three to ten or even eighteen on each spike. Each hand may have from eight to eighteen single fruits, or 'fingers,' and the total number of fruits in a bunch may be as few as twenty-four, or as many as two hundred and fifty, or even more. The bunch may weigh altogether from thirty to ninety pounds.

The fruit of the common banana is oblong, three to eight inches long, and one and a half to two inches in diameter, forming from three to nine bundles of about a dozen each. It is yellow or reddish when ripe, and the flesh is

fit for eating without requiring to be cooked. This species is universally grown throughout the torrid zone, for the sake of its fruit. It also yields an inferior fibre.

The common plantain bears a cylindrical fruit, six inches to a foot long, yellow or yellowish green when ripe, with a firmer and less saccharine pulp, which requires to be cooked before it can be eaten, whether it is used green or ripe. Owing to the multitude of varieties, no definite distinction can be drawn between the bananas and plantains. They are variously named in different parts of the world, and often the word plantain is applied indiscriminately to both fruits, but in general the term is used to designate those fruits which require cooking to make them palatable.

Besides the common banana, the Chinese or dwarf banana is extensively cultivated in the tropics, and also in some sub-tropical countries, and it furnishes a large part of the bananas imported into this country. The whole plant is only from four to six feet high, with leaves two or three feet long and a foot broad. It produces abundantly—as many as two hundred and fifty or three hundred fruits in each cluster. The fruit is oblong, slightly curved, four or five inches long, and about an inch and a half in diameter. It is seedless, with a rather thick skin, and delicate, fragrant flesh. The plant is a native of Southern China, and was introduced into England from Mauritius in 1827. It is now cultivated extensively in Polynesia, where its introduction, due to John Williams, 'the Martyr of Erromanga,' effectually stopped the famines which had previously been occasionally experienced in these islands, as its robust growth and smaller height enable it to withstand the gales which frequently destroy plantations of larger bananas.

To the European palate bananas are slightly insipid, but a liking for them is readily acquired. Among the immense number of varieties, some acquire by cultivation an exquisite flavour, said to surpass that of the finest pear. The flesh of the finer kinds is no harder than butter in winter, and has much the colour of the finest yellow butter. It would be as difficult to point out all the kinds cultivated in the East Indies as to describe the varieties of apples and pears grown in Europe. The Indian Archipelago and the Philippine Islands are the richest regions in cultivated varieties, and produce the finest and most delicately flavoured fruits.

The coarser varieties found in Central Africa attain a great size. Stanley, in his *Darkest Africa*, mentions specimens of plantains found beyond Yambuya, twenty-two inches long and eight inches round, 'large enough to furnish even Saat Tato, the hunter, with his long-desired full meal.' Every stalk bore an enormous bunch of from fifty to one hundred of these big fruits.

Bananas require a moist and uniform heat. They flourish in deep rich soil, newly cleared forest-land containing plenty of vegetable mould being especially adapted for them. Their luxuriant growth rapidly exhausts the soil; but by proper cultivation and liberal manuring, land may be made to grow them for a considerable time. Contrary to general belief, they require much careful and laborious attention to produce

marketable crops for export. For example, it is stated that in Jamaica the land requires to be weeded, ploughed, and harrowed seven times during the year, and forked round the roots once a year. The profits are large, and there is no long waiting until the plants bear. From the planting of the sucker until the bunch is reaped, the average time is twelve months, and then the planter may expect two or more bunches from fresh shoots during the next nine months.

Bananas are largely grown in England under glass, but more for the sake of their handsome foliage than for fruit. In Kew, however, and other establishments with large 'palm'-houses, large-sized plants are grown, which fruit freely, and travellers have pronounced the best specimens superior in flavour to those obtainable in the tropics. In 1877, a bunch of Chinese bananas which weighed ninety-eight pounds, grown by Sir Henry Peek, was exhibited at a meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society; and the *Gardener's Chronicle* states that there were growing in 1894 at Parkfield, Worcester, two plants of the Chinese banana carrying clusters of fruit of eighty and one hundred pounds-weight respectively.

Of late, the taste for ripe bananas has spread to temperate countries, but the merits of plantains as a cooked fruit are not yet recognised outside of the tropics. The trade in the fresh fruit between the United States and the West Indies and Central America is enormous. In 1893, thirteen million bunches were received at ports in the States, valued at the wharf at nearly four million pounds sterling. The consumption in this country and on the Continent is as yet small, and is supplied from Madeira and the Canary Islands. The fruit imported is not of very good quality, which may account for the trifling demand. It is the produce mainly of the Chinese or dwarf banana—an excellent fruit when well grown and fully ripe; but the imported fruits appear to have been cut down before they are fully grown, and the pulp is dry and mealy, with but little flavour. A few bunches occasionally arrive from Jamaica, but the fine qualities do not stand long sea-voyages.

The Canary banana, as it is called at Covent Garden, is imported in tall narrow baskets, made of the split stems of a reed specially grown in the island for this and similar purposes. Each basket contains one bunch, which stands on end in it, and is carefully packed with dry banana leaves. The base of the fruit-stalk projects beyond the sacking which covers the mouth of the basket, and affords a convenient handle for lifting the package.

In the green state, and cooked in various ways, the plantain forms the staple food of millions in tropical America, where it almost takes the place of cereals. About six and a half pounds of fruit, or two pounds of dry plantain meal, with a quarter of a pound of salt meat or fish, is the daily allowance for a labourer in the West Indies. In Jamaica, the working negroes prefer plantains to bread, boil or roast them in the ashes, and eat them quite warm. The ripe fruit sliced, and fried or baked, much resembles baked apples.

Speke, in his *Nile Journal*, thus enumerates the uses of the plantain in Central Africa: 'A chip from the stem washes the hands, and makes the wet flesh-rubber of the Waganda; threads and lashings for loads are also taken from the stem; rain is collected in the green leaves, which can be made into an ingenious temporary pipe; the dry leaves make screen-fences and sacks to hold grain or provisions: the fruit dried is like a Normandy pippin; a variety, when green and boiled, is an excellent vegetable; while another yields a wine resembling hock in flavour.'

The inner undeveloped leaves, when quite white and tender, as well as the flower-buds, are often eaten in the East Indies, while in many places the young flower-heads are cooked and eaten in curries.

In the West Indies, the dried leaves and prepared portions of the stem are used as packing materials. Fresh leaves are used to shade young coffee or cacao seedlings in nursery beds, and to cover cacao beans during fermentation. The young unopened leaves are so smooth and soft that they are used as 'dressing' for blisters. In India, the dried stalk of the plantain leaf is used as a rough kind of twine, and the larger parts are made into small boxes for holding snuff, drugs, &c.

In the Malay Peninsula, the ash of the leaf and leaf-stalk is used instead of soap or fuller's earth in washing clothes, and a solution of the ash is often used as salt in cooking. In the Dutch Indies, the skin of the plantain is used for blackening shoes. The juice which flows from all cut parts of the banana is rich in tannin, and of so blackening a nature that it may be used as an indelible marking-ink. In Java, the leaves of the 'wax banana' are covered on the under-side with a white powder, which yields a valuable wax, clear, hard, and whitish, forming an important article of trade. The ashes of the leaves, stem, and fruit-rind are employed in Bengal in many dyeing processes. In Siam, a cigarette wrapper is made from the leaves.

Fibre is got from the stems of many kinds of bananas. The most valuable is the 'Manila hemp' of commerce, which holds the chief place for making white ropes and cordage. Old ropes made of it form an excellent paper-making material, much used in the United States for stout packing papers. The Manila hemp industry is a large one. About fifty thousand tons of fibre, valued at three millions sterling, are annually exported from the Philippine Islands. The Manila hemp plant is grown exclusively in the south-eastern part of the Philippines, and all attempts to grow it elsewhere have failed. Many articles are made from Manila hemp—mats, cords, hats, plaited work, lace handkerchiefs of the finest texture, and various qualities of paper. At Wohlau in Switzerland an industry has been started for making lace and materials for ladies' hats from it. By a simple process it is made into straw exactly resembling the finest wheat straw for plaiting.

From remote times the practice has existed in Central Africa and Polynesia of making a palatable drink from bananas by quite simple processes, and the proposal has lately been made to

import the bananas in pulp to Europe for the purpose of making wine.

A process of preserving bananas by drying, either in the sun or by hot-air fruit-drying machines, has been tried with some success, and bids fair to extend. If carried out so as to preserve the flavour of the fruit, the product might become as popular as the familiar dried fruits of commerce.

The frequent mention made of plantain meal in Stanley's *Darkest Africa* and Dr Parkes's *Personal Experiences*, aroused interest in the possible use of this material for food purposes in temperate climates. These travellers speak very highly of its excellent digestive and nutritious qualities. Indeed, but for the plantain, either fresh or made into meal, the expedition would have ended in complete disaster. The meal had the advantage of portability over the fresh fruit.

The best banana meal is made from the unripe fruit by stripping off the husk, slicing the core, drying in the sun, reducing to powder, and finally sifting. The fresh core yields forty per cent. of meal, and an acre of ground planted with bananas yields a ton. There is in tropical America a vast amount of waste in connection with the cultivation of bananas for export. Only the finest bunches have a marketable value, and the rejected fruit might easily be turned to profitable account for drying and making into meal, once the proper methods were recognised.

## THE BOMBARDIER.

### CHAPTER IV.

AT six o'clock that evening the sergeant sat in his room, writing with laborious fingers. At last the document was finished. He rose, filled and lighted his pipe with caressing slowness, his eyes still on the manuscript. When the pipe was going well, he picked up the letter and read it aloud to an imaginary audience, pausing occasionally to grunt: 'That'll go, Quackenbush, J.P.'

'To Matthew Shewell, Bombardier.

'SIR—I desire to begin this letter by assuring you of my great respect, the same being due, and likewise honour, from me to a non-commissioned officer who was fighting for his country when I was a boy—though no blame to me for that. I pen these lines, the which are to convey to you my regret for the occurrence in court this afternoon, and for other occurrences, the same being unfortunate in their nature. I am a man, sir, that aspires to live at peace with my fellow-men—when not on the field of battle where duty calls, and it's fight whether you like it or no—and I want to be friendly to one who has served under the Flag. Circumstances have hitherto—and I admit it with pain, the which is a confounded nuisance—prevented us from being allies. If you but say the word, there being no necessity for compromise on your part, the same being made by me, we shall drive circumstances out of the field, bag and baggage; and the campaign shall end, and peace shall follow, and join occupation of territory. In a word, sir, I seek peace;

you grant it, and we've got circumstances by the scruff of the neck—and there you are!

'All of which being my wish, according to these presents, it is my hope, sir, that you will regard this communication as not coming from Brigg Quackenbush, J.P., but from him who subscribes himself with substantial respect, yours to command,

BRIGG QUACKENBUSH, Sergeant.'

At this moment the Bombardier was walking up and down among the pines in front of the sergeant's house. A few hundreds of yards away was the graveyard, and, even at this distance, and in the growing dusk, the dim outlines of the monument over Anthony's grave could be seen. But the old man's eyes were for the house, not for the graveyard. A wild fire was in his eye, telling of a mind strained to the point where reason trembles. Anger, hatred, were wrenching judgment from its moorings. Once the old man came within the light of the window. Something flashed. Under his arm were two long artillery sabres!

He retreated again into the shadows, and it grew darker. After a time the light was lowered in the house, the door opened, and the sergeant appeared, a letter in his hand. He stepped briskly forward into the shadows of the pines, where he was stopped by a sharp 'Halt!'

The old soldier barred his path.

'What, Bombardier!' said the sergeant, and stopped abruptly as he saw the sabres.

'No words, sir, no words,' was the hoarse rejoinder: 'we had words and insults, sir, this afternoon. To-night we shall have acts and *satisfaction*—satisfaction, you understand!'

'But, my God! Bombardier, you must surely see'

The other interrupted: 'Silence, sir! There is a sabre'—throwing it at the sergeant's feet—'here is one for me. We settle our differences upon the spot.' He threw his coat aside.

'Bombardier, this is madness,' was the reply. 'I can't fight with you. This isn't France. Men in the army don't fight duels.'

'No!' scornfully exclaimed the other: 'soldiers don't fight duels now, but they did in my day when they were men, and not braggarts and cowards.'

'You go too far. I want to be friends with you, Bombardier. I'd written you a letter. I've got it in my pocket—a letter of peace'

Again the sergeant's speech was cut short. 'You wrote it because you're a coward; but you shall see what the men were that fought at Alma. There is your sabre. Now, sir, ready.'

But the sergeant did not stir.

'I will give you till I count twenty, and if you are not ready then, I shall kill you as you stand, so help me God!' cried the old man.

The sergeant's face suddenly became set and stern. He stooped swiftly, caught up the sabre, and unsheathed it.

'I shall defend myself, Bombardier Shewell, but my blood shall not be on your head, I warn you.'

The old man made no reply, but clutched his sabre tightly, and changed his position. He now faced the graveyard. All at once, something seemed to paralyse him. His eyes dilated, his body became transfixed, and the raised sabre tremblingly pointed towards a mysterious thing. The sergeant turned to see, and there behind the church, at the spot where Anthony's grave should be, there rose slowly a round white light. It stayed a moment steady, and then came slowly towards them. The sabre dropped from the Bombardier's hand. He shuddered, and covered his face with his arm. A moan broke from his lips. 'From—Anthony's—grave!' he moaned.

The sergeant came quickly forward, and took the old man's arm. 'Come away, come away!' he whispered.

But the Bombardier fell on his knees: 'God forgive me,' he cried. He dared to look again. The light rose and fell, and then disappeared.

'It's a warning, Bombardier,' the sergeant said: 'Come home, come home!'

Rising slowly, feebly, to his feet, the other said: 'Your life is spared, sir. I shall go home—alone—sir—alone.'

He drew himself up with an attempt at dignity; but this was lost upon the sergeant; it was the very shreds of deportment. The sergeant sighed, picked up the sabres and handed them to his foe, who mechanically put them under his arm, and, with one troubled glance to the graveyard, walked away down the hill through the pines and junipers. As he did so, the sergeant heard footsteps behind him, and turning, he saw Sophie Warner cross the path, going towards the main road. She had been visiting Anthony's grave. She was carrying a lantern, but its light was out.

It occurred to the sergeant that he ought to follow the Bombardier, for the unfrequented path which he had taken was crossed by streams, and interrupted by culverts and ditches. So, keeping well behind the Bombardier, he came down the hill, into a by-road, then along a lane parallel to the Cascarada, now swollen by reason of dams let loose above, to float a late drive of logs. The lane emerged upon the main street, beside Tinsley's Tavern, and near the bridge. At the left of the approach to the bridge was an open space of sheer bank, unprotected by railing of any kind. As if with an instinct of danger at hand, the sergeant quickened his footsteps, only to see the Bombardier, in his abstraction, walk over the bank. He heard the splash, the rattle of the sabres; but not a cry, not a human sound.

With a loud call of 'Help!' he pulled off his boots and coat, and jumped into the swift-running river. He saw a hand thrust up from the stream, some distance below him.

He swam boldly, and passed under the bridge, following the hand. A moment later, he dived and caught a body in his arms. As he rose he was struck by passing logs. To his right was the stable of the hotel. Its foundations were timbers, sunk into the bed of the river. With head scarcely above the swirling current, he struck out for them, and by splendid efforts was at last able to throw one arm round a steadfast post, and so hold the Bom-

bardier's body to him. His head was bleeding, and blood was blinding his eyes; the Bombardier's unconscious face was swollen from a blow. When he could get breath he called aloud. Presently he saw lanterns gleaming on the shore. Then a boat was launched. It came quickly towards them, and, at the same time, planks were loosened and lifted overhead.

CHAPTER V.—CONCLUSION.

A week later, on the stroke of midnight, the Bombardier waked to consciousness. He put up his fingers to his head, moved it across his brow dazedly, and then looked at his white wrinkled hand. He opened and closed it feebly, shook his head wonderingly at first, and then understandingly. Presently, voices in the other room attracted his attention.

'Well, anyway, he's had a tough campaign, sergeant. It's been a close call.'

'An old soldier isn't to be juggled from the world without a struggle, fiddler.'

'But the struggle was chiefly yourn, sergeant. Picture isn't the name for the way you looked as you hung there to the post with your arm round him, and our lanterns in your face, blood all over it: and only that day he'd given you the lie in court!'

'Pass that Ten-year-old, fiddler.'

The fiddler continued: 'I hain't anything particular agen the Bombardier, if it wasn't for his 'me-and-the-Almighty-done-it' kind of manner, and I'd do anything I could for him.'

'I believe you, fiddler—not so much water—hang it, man, don't drown it!'

'But, sergeant, he don't know everything, no way you can put it, even if he was with Raglan at the Alma.'

The sergeant sat up straight in his chair, and said severely: 'Fiddler, I want to say here, as I've said before, that Bombardier Shewell has a right to be proud. He's got more brains, and he's *had* five times more brains, than any non-commissioned officer I ever knew. He's one of a race of veterans that's almost gone. He's a V.C-er without the V.C. When he gets well, I don't suppose he'll like me any better than he did before, but I've laid out my scheme for a peace campaign, and I'll have it if I can. And here's to it, and the day the Bombardier is on his feet again, say I—and there you are!'

The two touched glasses.

The old man in the bedroom had raised himself on his elbow, listening with strained attention, and, when the speech ended, he said in a broken whisper: 'A peace campaign, so help me God!'

A year later, as the two soldiers marched down the street together, arms locked, the older man said:

'Sergeant, there's never been love lost between the Army and the Church, but the curate of that barracks there has bone in his back.' He tapped the side-walk gently.

'Sound in your head, Bombardier.'

'But he needs a wife. Soldiers can get on without wives, but not parsons, sergeant.'

'That's gospel, Bombardier.'

'Then, sir—then, sir, he must marry.'

'Clear, when you put it that way, Bombardier.'

'As officers of the vestry we might bring the matter before him—informally, quite informally, eh?'

'But the petticoat, the woman—who, sir, who? There you are!'

'Tut, tut, I've better eyes than you, sergeant. There's but one woman for the lad.'

'Bombardier, I'll conjecture'—

But the Bombardier interrupted: 'No conjectures, no conjectures, sir.' He withdrew his hand from the arm of the other, and struck his stick triumphantly on the ground, saying: 'Sergeant, Sophie is the woman.'

Though the sergeant had known this for a long time, he seemed delighted at the Bombardier's acuteness, and boisterously complimented him.

After a moment's silence, the Bombardier, with a far-away look in his eyes, said gravely: 'The light from the grave, sergeant—the light from the grave—won't rise to forbid *that*.'

And the sergeant never undeceived him about the mystical light.

DRAMATIC ART IN THE FAR EAST.

By R. W. EGERTON EASTWICK.

DRAMATIC entertainments are very popular in the East, and although no great advance has as yet been made in acting or in the production of scenic and spectacular effect, the points of the plot are often well worked out and consecutively set forth. Large troops of actors are engaged in the principal towns, and move about the country districts amongst the Japanese, Chinese, Siamese, and Malays. The acting of the Japanese and Chinese is superior to that of the Siamese and Malays. Japanese and Chinese players are invariably men or boys, as no woman is permitted to take part in performances purely dramatic. It is, indeed, customary for the students who are desirous of assuming female characters to reside for months in the houses where the women congregate, and there to study the various habits, traits of character, and little mannerisms of the other sex. Now in Siam, both men and women are trained for the profession, and consequently the performances of Siamese companies are more attractive.

Amongst the Japanese and Chinese, the composition of poetry and of novel literature has existed for centuries; the poetry has been chiefly lyrical, while the novels have been merely a bald narration of facts. Gradually, written directions and notes for the performance of plays were introduced both in Japan and China; in time these writings became fuller and more complete, and eventually dramatic works were compiled and issued. In each sort of literature the Japanese have displayed more skill and greater powers of imagination.

Short stories and little poems have been from

an early date popular amongst the Siamese and Malays; but, until quite recently, they were handed down traditionally. The same may be said of dramatic performances in Siam and Malaya, where even now the play-books are unsatisfactory, and leave much of the dialogue to be produced by the actors extempore. In acting, there is not much to choose between the Siamese and Malays; the Malay language—called the Italian of the East—is very much softer and more musical than the Siamese, and therefore more pleasing. The Japanese are a long way the best actors; the Siamese are the most artistic in costume; and the Malays are most attractive in speaking.

A Japanese theatre consists of a stage with a large area in front of it; and some theatres are supplied with one or more galleries running along three sides. The area and the galleries are divided into small chambers capable of holding from six to eight persons. The partitions are very low, so that the occupants, who are seated on mats or cushions on the floor, are able to see and hear everything easily. There is no 'green-room' at the back or side of the stage; but accommodation for the actors who are off the boards is provided in the area behind the audience, and the entrance to the stage is along a wooden platform, narrow and often rickety, that reaches over the heads of the persons seated in the area. As a rule, the public are not admitted to the stage: in this respect they differ from the Chinese, who still follow the custom, prevalent in Europe not many years ago, of providing seats there for the more distinguished visitors.

The plot of the Japanese play which I will now describe was in some points similar to that disclosed in *L'Assommoir*, and although the details were by no means so exciting, it most assuredly possessed merit from a dramatic point of view. There was only one scene, and that was the empty room of the 'Drunkard,' who was supposed, shortly before the commencement of the piece, to have hurried away from his home to the pawnbroker with the remnant of his goods, madly resolved to spend the money so obtained in one last debauch, and then destroy himself.

As we took our seats, the absent man's wife and only child, a girl of fourteen, entered upon the stage. They seated themselves upon the bare floor, and in a lengthy conversation informed the audience of the whole history of their past happiness, and of their now almost complete ruin. Each had managed to retain her personal ornaments and wearing apparel; but beyond that property she was destitute. Both women very naturally dwelt upon the prosperity of bygone days; after this, they described the admission into the family circle of a dissolute acquaintance, who succeeded in gradually corrupting the master of the house.

A loud knocking was now heard at the door, accompanied by shouts and cries, as of a crowd outside demanding admission to the house. A mob of creditors and other persons rushed

into the room and surrounded the women, each creditor holding up and waving his bill about excitedly, and vociferating the amount due to him. The tumult lasted for some time, but eventually died away, and the creditors became seated in a large circle. The loafers and persons having no claim against the Drunkard retired, and the door was closed.

After a pause, the mother drew the attention of those present to the total absence of food, furniture, and goods throughout the house, and described in forcible language the ruin that had at last overwhelmed herself and her child, and the wicked conduct of the dissolute acquaintance, upon whom she cast all the blame. She continued her speech by reminding them of the goodness in happier times of the victim, as a husband, a father, a friend, a citizen, and as a customer, and how he always treated everybody with consideration, and paid his way like an honest man. She concluded by addressing a heart-rending appeal to them all on behalf of her unfortunate husband.

Hereupon a discussion ensued amongst the creditors, some of whom seemed to have been won over by this appeal. Then the daughter, in an attitude of most becoming humility, in her turn addressed them, and assured them, that to save, if possible, the reputation of her misguided parent from becoming altogether too unspeakably infamous, she was willing and ready to pay some portion of his debts by sacrificing all her own property, and by selling herself to the man who should be willing to pay the highest price for her to become his wife. She forthwith divested herself of her jewellery and of all her clothing except one small under-garment, and made a heap of the property on the floor.

This act of filial piety apparently overcame the objections of those creditors who were, before this appeal, opposed to the idea of showing mercy, and now the whole body united in requesting her to take back her things, as such an arrangement could not be permitted. Each creditor then delivered a long speech in praise of the love and self-denial shown by the mother and daughter, and proclaimed his intention of rewarding such conduct. When the speeches had come to an end, the men destroyed their bills, and took off their clothes; these, with any money that they happened to have about them, they handed over to the women, begging them to accept the property as a peace-offering, and as a help to the Drunkard and his family to make a fresh start in life.

The girl, in a few well-chosen sentences, expressed her modest thanks. The mother then despatched a creditor to hunt up her husband and to bring him home, whither, she assured the others, he would soon return, would settle down, and give over his evil habit at once and for ever; and, besides this, he would erelong—a very important point, and not unexpected by the creditors—pay in full every one of his debts.

Such was the plot of the play, which lasted some five hours, and during this time the Japanese audience either listened and smoked, or relieved the strain upon their mind by eating or sleeping. Any one who knows the



Japanese character will readily understand how elaborately each actor performed his part. There was no hurry or attempt to slur. Information or a suggestion which would have been conveyed in a few sentences on the European stage, afforded an opportunity to the Japanese author of giving a speech that lasted over a quarter of an hour. In such entertainments, as in their daily life, the Japanese have always shown themselves the slaves of detail, giving to the smallest minutæ an altogether unnecessary prominence. Besides this, all the little social politenesses which have to be observed between even the nearest relatives have been always reproduced with most careful exactitude, much time being consumed thereby. In these respects they are more particular than the Chinese; but the latter lose any advantage as to time which they might thus gain, by permitting no more than two actors simultaneously to be upon the stage during the dialogue of the play.

I will now turn to Siam. A short time ago, while I was living in Penang, in the Straits Settlements, I had the good fortune to be present at the performance of one of the stock pieces of the Siamese drama. The players were members of the best trained company ever despatched from Bangkok. The dramatic entertainment happened to be a mere adjunct to a ceremony that had taken place in the early part of the day, at which I was also present, and of which I may here give a short description.

On the occasion of the ceremony about which I am writing, a son of a deceased Rajah, having attained the age of puberty, had reached the time of life when it was necessary for the solitary lock of hair to be removed by the razor from his otherwise clean-shaven head. Invitations had been sent to all the principal persons living in the neighbourhood, both European and native.

At eight o'clock in the morning, the youth, clothed in gorgeous raiment, and covered with all the valuable family jewellery, was conducted to a seat under a handsome silk canopy, erected in the courtyard in front of the house. When all the relations and guests had assembled, two Buddhist priests appeared, and one of them extracted the plug from a funnel-shaped receptacle fixed in the canopy above the youth's head. A slender stream of water at once descended upon him, and was permitted to flow all over his beautiful clothes. The second priest then produced a razor, and forthwith shaved off the lock, or top-knot as it might be called. Some prayers were said by the priests in the Pâli language, which is not understood of the people; and the youth, having taken the vow of poverty, was then, without any more ado, received into the priestly body according to the Siamese custom, which requires every youth, after the age of puberty has been reached, to serve a sort of lay apprenticeship for at least twelve months; a period curtailed, however, in the case of the king and other exalted personages to a few days or hours.

The priests then withdrew, the guests offered their congratulations to the youth and his family, and the ceremony concluded with cakes,

cooling drinks, and sweetmeats being handed round. In the evening, I joined a numerous company of relatives and friends who were entertained at a sumptuous banquet, served *à la Française*, when no ladies were present, although from time to time their smiling faces were to be seen at the side of a large screen placed across one end of the dining-hall. At eight o'clock we left the table and betook ourselves to the Siamese theatre.

Within fifty yards from the house we found a large wooden platform, covered by a roof of *atâp* (leaves of a palm, and similar to those of the coco-nut tree), and resting, at about four feet distance above the ground, upon strong piles, that had been driven into the soft soil of the plantation which encircled the residence. One-third of the platform was partitioned off as a 'green-room,' and the remaining space had been left for the orchestra, who occupied one side, for the seats of distinguished visitors on the other side, and for the performance of the play in the centre. The musical instruments consisted of drums, flutes, and wooden staves. The last named contributed very much to the din, if not to the harmony, of the evening's entertainment, when they were struck either against each other or upon the platform. Two members of the band held books of the play, which they consulted from time to time; and when required, they assumed the duties of prompter. At certain intervals, the music ceased, when the prompters—a middle-aged man, probably the proprietor of the 'show,' and a very pretty young woman—laid aside their musical instruments and delivered harangues in a shrill monotonous key. These harangues, I was given to understand, were necessary, and were always looked for by the audience with much eagerness, as through them alone were divulged many points of the plot which the author had purposely or unavoidably excluded from the speeches and play of the actors. In fact, the author sought to atone for his deficiencies either by introducing the character of 'Rumour,' as is the case in some of Shakespeare's plays, or by calling in the assistance of a 'Chorus,' as was customary in the Greek drama.

The space intervening between the stage and the house was occupied by a large crowd of natives—men, women, and children.

There were eight players; of these, two were men, and the others were pretty plump young women. The dress of the latter consisted of a close-fitting tunic, which left the arms bare from the shoulder, and of a very short skirt scarcely reaching to the knee. Handsome ornaments were worn upon the head; and the neck, arms, wrists, and fingers were ablaze with all sorts of gems and jewellery. Only one of the actresses spoke during the piece, and she took the part of the Queen. The five others appeared as ladies of the court, and their duty was to move silently and gracefully about the stage, and occasionally to pose in various attitudes, which were sometimes elegant, but more often seemed to be laboured and unpleasant contortions of the body. When our party had taken the seats arranged for us upon the platform, the play commenced, and absolute

silence reigned amongst the hundreds of spectators. I may say that no attempt whatever had been made to produce any scenic effect upon the stage.

The two men were the first to appear. One represented the King of some Siamese country; and the other a Buddhist priest despatched from the temple to the palace to warn the sovereign against the evil designs of a 'malignant being,' who intended to interfere at the birth of the son of his majesty. The monarch, however, being a keen sportsman, declined to stay at home and guard his consort, as such a course would entail the loss of a day's hunting.

In the next scene, the Queen advanced from the green-room, attended by the court ladies; hereupon, while the latter went through several postures, the Chorus explained to the audience that the birth of the son and heir had taken place during the absence of the King, whose immediate return was looked for by the ladies with no little trepidation, as the child had disappeared immediately after its birth. The Queen then made a long and despairing speech.

The third scene showed us the King on his return from the chase. He eagerly demanded news from the Chorus, who declined to give any intelligence beyond simply stating that a disaster had taken place, and that the priest alone could give the required information. Great amusement was then caused by the repeated and unsuccessful attempts of the King to enter the Queen's apartment, the green-room, in which he was always foiled by the united efforts of the court ladies. At last, wearied out, the King sank upon the stage, and fell asleep.

This seemed to be a favourable time for the interlude, and there was a general movement amongst the orchestra and spectators. The actresses quitted the green-room, and gathered round the prostrate but no longer sleeping monarch, chattering merrily with their mouths full of betel-nut. The petty vendors of tobacco, betel-nut, *seri* leaves, sweetmeats, and cooling drinks, hawked about their wares in every direction. After ten minutes had elapsed, the orchestra returned to their places, the actresses retired, the King resumed his sleep, and the priest appeared. He awakened the King, and informed him that the son and heir had been born during his improper absence from the palace, and that the child had been lost. Hereupon the King became distracted, and raved loudly at the Chorus. The priest, having withdrawn, reappeared in the character of the 'malignant being.' He had effected the change by simply casting a splendid bear-skin over his shoulders, and by holding the bear's head in front of his face. King and beast at once flew at one another, and a violent 'set-to' followed; each of them being armed with a *blong*, the Malay hatchet. The blows were dexterously given, and were skilfully warded off by means of wooden clubs; ultimately, the King won, and forced the beast to disclose his unrighteous machinations.

In the last scene we were again introduced to the Queen and her ladies, who re-entered dressed in fresh and more brilliant costumes. The Chorus then explained that the Queen had

found beneath her sleeping mat her lost babe, transformed into a piece of stick. The Queen walked about crying out and weeping, and holding the stick aloft for all to see. The ladies went through numberless attitudes and contortions. The priest reappeared, and told the Queen that the beast, who had escaped, had been recaptured by the King. Whereupon, the Chorus brought the play to an end by observing that the King had suffered enough for his imprudence, and would soon return to the palace with the beast, who would be compelled to restore the child to its human shape.

Two of the most noticeable features in this performance were the rapidity of the action and the subservience of detail, except so far as regarded the posturing of the court ladies, to which was allotted quite an undue proportion of the two hours occupied by the whole play. In these particulars the Siamese entertainment afforded a marked contrast to the excessive elaboration observed in the Japanese play.

It is unnecessary for me to give examples of Chinese and Malay drama, as the former very much resembles the Japanese, and the latter the Siamese. I will therefore conclude by inserting a true copy of the programme that was handed to me on entering the Malay theatre at Singapore one evening:

'GRAND GALA NIGHT.—Come and see, Come and see. The Empress Victoria Jawi Pranukan Theatrical Company will perform on Tuesday, 24th November 1892, Ever Fresh, Ever New, the most Simple, Attractive, and the Best Opera in the Malay Language—Sha-Hirjan.

'*Argument of the Opera.*—There were four Kings in Deva Logam; each of them had a son. When these four children were playing together, four fairies appeared, and said they would marry one who would defeat them in science. One of the children defeated them, and selected one fairy for himself, and ordered the other three children to select for themselves. They all wanted the same fairy selected by the first one. Then the fairies were annoyed, and threw them away to different places. At last, by the help of four Rishi Sha-Hirjan, the four children were married to four fairies.'

## A DEPARTURE FROM TRADITION.

A STORY OF THE YEAR '95.

By ROSALINE MASSON.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

'My good fellow,' I said, a trifle patronisingly, 'a man wants something more nowadays than a mere doll—a plaything. He expects his wife to be his companion.'

'I am sure I have heard that before,' said George reflectively. 'It has a familiar ring. Is it from *Hamlet*, by any chance?'

'His intellectual equal,' I went on, unheedingly.

'Oh, come now, old chap, draw it mild. Your *fiancée* mayn't be anything special, but she is no idiot!'

'Capable of sharing his'—

'She'll probably take it all, my boy, and allow you a pound a week—on account.'

'And any one who knows Edith,' I went on, leaning forward and taking my pipe out of my mouth as I warmed to my subject, 'knows that she'—

'Oh, good heavens! yes; and so does any one who knows *you*! Has it all by heart.'

I resumed my pipe with dignity, and leaned back.

George Seton was my oldest friend; and as such was licensed. I had been engaged for two months, and I daresay I had talked to him a good deal about Edith during that period; but I was going to be married to her to-morrow. I wouldn't quarrel with old George this last night.

'George,' I said presently, 'you'll have to come and stay with us occasionally.'

'Yes, poor old chap,' he said feelingly. 'Just send me a wire any time you are in a difficulty.'

I glared at him. 'I don't anticipate being in any difficulty,' I said stiffly, getting up and knocking the ashes out of my pipe.

'Ah well,' said George, 'before six months are over, you will probably remember my words, and fly to my faithful friendship as to a'—

But I never heard his simile, for I left the room.

Six months! It was, as it turned out, barely two and a half! But George is a gentleman and a good fellow: he never reminded me.

Next day, George was 'best-man.' He saw us off at the station, and handed a bundle of papers and magazines in at the carriage window (as if we were going to read papers and magazines!); and the last I saw of my old friend was his tall lithe figure on the platform, where he stood waving an ironical adieu. As the train moved slowly out of the station, I turned to my wife, who was busy getting the rice out of the lace of her dress.

'I like Mr Seton,' she said.

'He is a trifle cynical,' I remarked.

'Clever young men usually are,' replied Edith.

'I am not, dear,' I said reproachfully.

'You dear goose, who ever supposed you were?' she answered.

We went up the Rhine, and across Switzerland into Italy; and we came back by Paris. I couldn't speak any of their outlandish lingos; but my wife was rather a good hand at them all.

'I didn't know they taught you modern stuff at Newnham,' I said to her once. 'I thought it was all dead languages.'

'Oh, I've always known French,' she said carelessly.

'And German?'

'Ah well, German is absolutely necessary if you are to go at all into the modern school of philosophy, or if you want to keep in touch with Science.'

'Oh!' I said.

'And of course Italian comes very easy to any one who knows Latin.'

'Very,' I replied.

During the week we spent in Florence, my

wife quoted enough of Browning to have filled two sides of the *Pink 'un*. I learned to be very sharp about it, after one or two awkward slips. You see, Browning doesn't seem to be like any ordinary poet, where you can tell that it is poetry because it couldn't possibly be prose. Sometimes the things that Edith said sounded so natural that I answered them, and that made me feel foolish. I didn't like Florence.

We came home at the beginning of October, and I made up my mind to read French and German a good deal, and—other things. That is the good of marrying a girl who isn't just merely pretty: she keeps you up. And Edith was pretty; but it was rather a severe type.

'I wonder if you are a good housekeeper, dear,' I said fondly, as we got into the train at Dover.

'Oh, I *hate* housekeeping,' she answered.

'What will you do, then?—have a house-keeper?'

'Well, I have a plan of that sort. But I'll tell you all about it very soon.'

And she did.

It was in a quiet corner of the Park, down by the Serpentine, the day before we left London, that Edith propounded her scheme to me. She had on a very smart new frock that I hadn't seen before, and something pink in her bonnet, and her little nose was tilted up into the air, and her gray eyes were surveying the world with an air of calm and judicial consideration which was habitual to them.

'Harry,' she said to me presently, 'we go home to-morrow.'

I said something foolish.

'And I have been thinking,' she went on, 'that it would be better to begin as we mean to continue.'

I assented.

'Now, dear, you are not clever.'

'And you are.'

'Oh, not really!—no. But compared with you, I am, of course.'

'But my dear girl, I *have* been to Oxford, and I'—

'But my dear boy, I *have* been to Cambridge, and I'—

'Oh yes, you took your degree, and I never did. But you hadn't the calls upon your time that I had. A man can't read if he—well, if he does other things, you know. That is why a girl goes to college; I've heard you say so. She couldn't read at home.'

'Precisely so. Now, I want to continue reading.'

I looked down at my placid and calm little helpmate, and a chilly horror came over me. 'Decidedly, Edith!' I said, with forced heartiness. 'We have an excellent library at Oakhurst.'

'It wasn't space, it was time I thought of claiming.'

'Yes?' I queried vaguely.

There was a pause.

'Shall we sit down on this seat?' she asked.

'Certainly.'

We sat down, and my wife unfurled a pale green silk parasol, and then she unfolded her plan.

'You see, Harry, you aren't clever,' she said, in even, unimpassioned tones. 'You are a dear, good, manly, chivalrous boy—that is why I liked you. I am so tired of the young man with brains who hails us as brothers. You have some of the old feeling about women left: it is such a rest.'

'I'—

'Don't interrupt.—Now, you have absolutely nothing to do. You have no profession—no pursuits. I mean, no serious pursuits. I don't count hunting and billiards. Now I am translating the *Allegoriæ Homeri* of Heraclides; and I am getting up Political Economy, so as to be able to take an intelligent interest in the questions of the day; and I contribute the articles on social and religious reform to the *Monthly Investigator*; and I am bringing out some critical essays on the Correlation of Inconceivables in Transcendental Apperception; and, when they have gone to press, I have it in my mind to take up a subject that has long had a curious fascination for me—"The Ontogenesis of the Ego, considered in Relation to the Evolution of the Indeterminate." Now all this takes time.'

'It must indeed,' I answered faintly.

'I was *sure* you would own that, Harry! Now it seems to me that, looking at it from a perfectly unprejudiced point of view, given two people setting up housekeeping—one easy-natured, idle, but very sensible about practical matters; the other intellectual, nervous, overstrained, and pressed for time—there is but one conclusion.'

'Good Lord! Edith. What *are* you driving at?'

My wife shut up her parasol. 'You must do the housekeeping, Harry,' she said decidedly.

'I do the housekeeping! What the dickens do you mean?'

'That is the second time you have sworn, dear.'

'I beg your pardon. But—see the cook, and that sort of thing?' I looked at her anxiously.

'Why not?' she asked coldly.

'But—it's generally the wife who does all that!'

'It is generally the wife who has nothing else to do.'

Well, I argued for some time, for I felt my fate was trembling on the balance; but Edith was very firm, and I knew from the first it was a foregone conclusion; so at last I made a virtue of a necessity, and said I would try it for a month or two, and see how I got on. My wife was very pleased when I consented, and was charming to me all the way home; but I'm afraid I didn't respond: I was sulky. I couldn't help looking at all the other men I passed, and wondering if any of them did the housekeeping.

Since the death of my mother, four years previous to my marriage, I had not been very much at Oakhurst. An old housekeeper—a former nurse of the family—was in charge, and she and my groom managed very nicely for me when I was alone, or, as was frequently the case, had George Seton with me. When I had a larger party, at Christmas or in autumn,

my married sister, Mrs Jack Preston, used to come and act hostess for me, and bring her servants. She was a very managing little person, and it was she who had seen to pensioning off my old housekeeper and engaging the proper staff for Edith and me. I could not help wondering, during those first few days, what Polly would think of Edith's and my arrangement, for Polly would no more have thought of allowing Captain Jack to interfere in her domestic management than—ah well!—I wouldn't have cared for sister Poll as a wife.

The first evening at home, Edith and I didn't say much to one another about the housekeeping. It hung over us like a cloud, and made our conversation a little strained. While we dined, I cast furtive glances at the servants with an interest they would never, under ordinary circumstances, have inspired me with. Our establishment was small. I am not a rich man, though I have enough to live on comfortably. A sleek youth waited at dinner, and a very smart maid. I loathed the former, and feared the latter. I discovered next day that besides this there was a blunt-featured, strong-armed housemaid, and a stout and awe-inspiring cook, with an attendant satellite whom it appeared the cook took charge of, and with whom I was not expected to interfere.

My trials began next morning. I stood about aimlessly after breakfast, warming myself, and scanning the newspaper. My wife had another copy of the same newspaper, and she sat reading it with exasperating quiet. Presently the smart maid came in, and, going up to my wife, said in a soft murmur: 'The cook bade me ask you, ma'am'—

'My husband attends to all that!' said my wife, slightly waving her hand in my direction, but not looking up from her paper.

The maid stared for a moment, dumfounded. She made a step towards me, but thought better of it, and fled. Presently the sleek youth came in. I imagined he was smiling.

'William!' I said to him sharply—it was the first name I could think of—'let Charles know at the stables that I shall want my horse round at once.'

'Yessir!' and he vanished.

Still my wife never moved. My heart began to beat. I had never known it do such a thing before. I am not a nervous man—I am a bit of an athlete, and am used to feeling myself, even in men's society, muscularly superior: but the dentist's waiting-room in our tender childhood was as nothing to this.

My wife got up. 'I am now going to my study, dear,' she said sweetly. 'I must ask you to see that I am not interrupted till luncheon.' At the door she turned and gave me one look.

I got up and walked right across the hall and down the passage and into the kitchen, and found myself standing face to face with the cook before I had given myself time to think. The cook wasn't the worst—she suggested all the dinner, and looked at me in a pitying, patronising kind of way. But she *would* tell me a long yarn about the saucepans being all burnt, and she took me into a place behind

the kitchen and insisted on my looking at them for myself. There we surprised the attendant satellite, who was doing something horrid with her fingers and a greasy dish that had held bacon. She gave an hysterical giggle, and received a stern reprimand from the cook in consequence. This upset me so that I dropped my eyeglass into a saucepan I was peering into.

I took down a list of all the things the cook wanted, and promised to telegraph to London for them. I told her there was a man there who got my cigars and everything for me, and he would see to it; but still I left her looking unsatisfied.

But the cook was not all. The housemaid waylaid me in the passage. She wanted to know about the thorough-cleaning, and if James (so his name wasn't William) was to blacken the boots. I said that certainly James was to blacken the boots: he seemed an idle fellow; and I told her I strongly objected to the process of thorough-cleaning, and would never sanction it. She might get up in the night, if she liked, and 'thorough-clean;' but the rooms were always to present their normal aspect during the day. Then I tried to escape; but the smart tablemaid was waiting for me at the front door. She wanted to know about 'Sundays out,' and if James was to carry up her coals for her. I told her that I was sure James would carry anything she wanted, and that she must settle about her Sundays herself: I never interfered with people's religious observances. She was the only one who looked pleased.

Then I seized my hat and crop and bolted. Charles, my own old groom, was leading Silver. He put two fingers up to his ruddy locks, and then suddenly he guffawed. So he had heard too. I rode off at an evil pace, and took to the open as soon as possible.

I was rather proud of my little dinner that evening. The curry was excellent—it was cook's idea, but there was no need to tell Edith that. But some sort of pudding came up instead of a fruit tart. I remembered ordering a fruit tart—at least cook had suggested it, and I had thanked her. I was a little put out by the pudding; it was taking a liberty to alter my orders. After dinner I was still more put out. I was naturally aggrieved that my wife said nothing in praise of the repast: a man likes to be praised when he has taken trouble about the dinner. And then, while we were having our coffee, I rang and told James to put the whisky and soda into the library at ten, and he stood grinning in the doorway like that dog in the Psalms, and observed: 'Yessir, please, sir, the missis said, sir'— And then looked at my wife.

Edith glanced hastily up, and had the grace to get a little pink and confused.

'Oh Harry, yes! I said—I thought you wouldn't mind—you see—the library—my papers!' I told them to put the tray in here.

'Put the tray in here, James,' I said, withering him with my eye.

When we were alone, my wife apologised, and I said it did not matter this once, but I

could not maintain any authority with the servants if she interfered in my department. I would as soon think of writing her articles on religious and social reform for the *Monthly Investigator*.

Edith was very contrite, and my sense of unanswerable rectitude lasted me until I faced the cook next morning, and, with the first glance, remembered with a shock that I had utterly forgotten to telegraph for her utensils.

I think I apologised too much: it is bad policy. I lost my power over the cook from that day—the second day.

## POSY RINGS AND MARRIAGE.

WHEN posies inside wedding rings were first introduced does not seem to be known. Time has covered that, as he does so many things, with the mosses of oblivion; but we know that from the sixteenth century until the middle of the eighteenth it was customary to have them engraved on rings. These posies or mottoes are seldom to be found with more than two lines of verse, and often with only one, but there are a few instances known where three lines are used. Some of these posies are very quaint and curious, and a few reach a high standard of poetic beauty. In 1642, a small collection of rhymes was published with the title of *Love's Garland; or Posies for Rings, Handkerchiefs, and Gloves, and such pretty Tokens that Lovers send their Loves*. It contains some posies that are not to be met with elsewhere, and is a very interesting work, though but few people seem to have heard of it. The South Kensington Museum has a good collection of posy rings, and amongst them we find the following: 'United hearts, death only parts;' 'Let us share in joy and care;' 'Love and live happily.' There is a story to the effect that Dr John Thomas, who was Bishop of Lincoln in 1753, caused to be inscribed inside his fourth wife's wedding ring:

If I survive,  
I'll make them five.

If this be true, and not the fable it appears, we can only judge that the lady who wore the ring meant to outlive her spouse. How the story arose is not known, but most likely it is all imagination, for we find the same thing said about Lady Cathcart and her fourth husband in 1713.

Many posies are in Latin, and some few in French; but the majority of them are in English. A writer in *Notes and Queries* in 1856 mentions a heavy gold ring that had engraved inside it a piece of advice useful not only in the married state but throughout life generally: 'Beare and Forbeare.'

The following motto might be either on a wedding ring, or inscribed inside one given to a friend, for these posy rings were by no means exclusively used for the former:

Thy friend am I,  
And so will dye.

It was a usual thing at this time to give a ring with a motto on it to a friend whom you greatly valued. To men it generally took the

form of a seal ring; but if to a woman, a simple gold ring, or one set with stones, was more usually presented. A very beautiful posy is, 'A friend to one, as like to none' (other)—and perhaps could only be intended for a wedding ring: it seems as though it were meant to show that in marriage there should be true friendship, whatever else besides, a truth that is very often forgotten; but those who had it engraved on a wedding ring must have fully realised it. Our ancestors, in the days when posy rings flourished, held different views of marriage from ours, and no doubt they would be much astonished could they see 'marriage à la mode' at the close of the nineteenth century. They seemed to have viewed it from two stand-points—one, that it was an affair of business, to be arranged by parents and guardians solely, as is now the French custom; the other, that it should be by the mutual wish of the parties concerned. In the arranged marriages, parents who were sincerely anxious for the happiness of their children were not entirely actuated by questions of wealth or rank, though no doubt these were duly considered; but the character, disposition, and temper of the prospective bride and bridegroom were carefully inquired about before any definite overtures took place; and even where all things were satisfactory, if the principals expressed a strong dislike to the proposed union, it was usually allowed to break off negotiations.

In the cases of marriages of mutual affection, the young couple were expected to have had a sufficiently long acquaintanceship with each other to have been able to form, if they were endowed with common-sense at all, at any rate some slight idea as to the tastes, habits, and feelings of each other. That people could be found with so little common-sense as to engage or betroth themselves after having only known each other a fortnight or three weeks would have seemed to our ancestors the very climax of folly. Yet in the present day it is no uncommon thing to find persons entering upon an engagement for what—view it in whatever light one will—is the most serious event of life, with less consideration and forethought than it is wise to give to the ordinary affairs of life. How can such marriages turn out well? In the higher sense, it is impossible that they should; but the wonder is that they do not fail even more openly than they appear to do. The idea that a woman should respect and look up to the man she marries—that she should be willing to give up her own will and wishes for his, seems to be an unknown thing amongst many people. No woman with any intellect or force of character could cease to hold her own views on different points, and no man worthy of being looked up to would wish, or even endure, that his wife should be a mere reflex of himself; but unless a woman, on all questions of importance, can turn to her husband as her dearest friend and truest adviser, and unless she can submit to be guided by him, she has no right to marry him. And unless a man can feel that he is certain of his wife's sympathy, even on points where they differ—unless he can thoroughly trust her, and feel that she is not only his wife but his

friend—the marriage is not what marriage should be.

Some ring posies have symbols in the place of words, as in the following:

As God hath made my choyce in thee,  
So move thy heart to comfort me.

The word 'heart' here is represented by a tiny heart engraved in the gold. The same thing occurs on a wedding ring of the sixteenth or seventeenth century; the heart in this case is rudely cut: 'Noe (heart) more true than mine to you.'

IOU has for so long had only one meaning attached to it, that it seems strange to find it on a seventeenth-century ring in far other relation, 'The love is true that IOU.'

Surely the Monmouthshire man who caused his wife's wedding ring to be inscribed, 'If thee doesn't work, thee shasn't eat,' was determined that there should be no mistake in what he required in a wife: the only wonder is how any woman could be induced to marry him with such a threat before her eyes. The exact date of this ring is not known, but it is previous to the eighteenth century.

One of the most beautiful of all ring mottoes is to be found in a list of posies given in *The Mystries of Love and Eloquence* (London, 1658), 'More faithful than fortunate.' It has evidently been the gift of one whose love had been rejected. In the same list is to be found, 'A heart content cannot repent.'

It is again becoming fashionable to have wedding rings with posies; and no doubt the fact that the Duchess of York had one engraved upon hers will do much to revive the old custom.

#### RECONCILED.

We parted where the shadows crept  
Along the valley, damp and chill,  
And low the wailing breezes swept  
Around the solitary hill;  
And Love was beaten back by Pride  
With angry word and bitter speech,  
Till, pausing where the paths divide,  
We turned in silence, each from each.

Have we been happy? Was the thing  
We strove for really worth the strife?  
What gifts could Scorn and Anger bring  
Save broken vows and severed life?  
Oh, sweet blue eyes with trouble dim!  
Oh, tender glance, half frank, half shy!  
Love's cup runs over at the brim,  
And shall we lightly put it by?

Dear, lay thine hand in mine once more,  
In perfect trust of heart and mind;  
Turn to the happier days before,  
Leave we the darker hours behind.  
From Life's dark Past new hopes are born,  
The jarring discords slowly cease;  
And through an ever-brightening morn  
Sweet Love walks hand in hand with Peace.

R. S. W.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,  
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

*Fifth Series*

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 608.—VOL. XII.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1895.

PRICE 1½d.

## CYCLING FOR HEALTH AND PLEASURE.

THE pastime of cycling, at first only patronised by athletic youth, has now spread to every class of the community. The vast improvement in machines, and the health and exhilaration to be gained by the exercise, have had much to do with its popularity alike with aristocracy and democracy. Like golf, it has come to stay, although many who take cycling up for amusement will drop it again as they would do anything else. But there will always remain a strong and increasing contingent, fully aware, by practical experience, of its health and pleasure giving powers, who will place it second to no existing recreation. And so the cyclist awakens sleepy hamlets and moribund inns; listens to the musical monotony of many a hill burn and lowland stream; gets gleams and glances of beauty from many a nook and corner of the land, where railway, coach, or his unaided pedestrian powers would never carry him. It has widened a twenty-mile radius to a forty-mile radius, and increased his locomotive powers threefold. Let no one imagine that there is not a considerable amount of exertion and fatigue, and sometimes hardship. But it is of a wholesome kind, when kept within limits, and physically, morally, and socially, the benefits that cycling confers on the men of the present day are almost unbounded.

An enthusiastic journalist who had been burning the candle at both ends betook himself to the wheel, and found it of so much service to body and mind, that he straightway, in the columns of his newspaper, began to advise the whole world to learn the bicycle. He could hardly tell the difference it had made to his feelings and general health, and he knew of no exercise which brought so easily such a universal return in good health, good spirits, and amusement. Mr G. Lacy Hillier, of the Badminton volume on Cycling, confirms

this. The cyclist seems to enter into the spirit of Emerson's saying as thoroughly as Thoreau might have done: 'Give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of empires ridiculous.' Many overdo the exercise, then renounce it, or give it a bad name; others, by over-rapid riding in towns, make themselves public nuisances, and vastly increase the dangers of overcrowded streets. The sensible cyclist rides for health, increase of knowledge, and amusement.

Though Mr Ruskin was prepared once to spend all his best bad language in abusing the wheel, the world has gone its own mad way, and the careering multitudes in Battersea Park and elsewhere, on country and suburban roads, in crowded towns, have been the means of creating new manufactures, which have vastly benefited our home industries. Mr H. J. Lawson, inventor of the rear-driving safety, lately estimated the annual output of cycles at over a million, and the money spent at over ten millions. But in the absence of statistics this is only guess-work. The bicycle tax in France is said to yield not less than £80,000 a year. In the United States, where cycling has become a greater craze than with us, two hundred and fifty thousand cycles at least were purchased last year; this year more than four hundred thousand have changed hands. When the proposal was made some time ago to impose a tax on cycles, it was calculated that there were at least eight hundred thousand riders in the United Kingdom. The present season has witnessed quite a 'boom' in cycling and a great increase in the number of riders. Ladies have taken more rapidly to the pastime in America and France than in England. The rubber and then the pneumatic or inflated tyre have wrought a marvellous revolution; the high 'ordinary,' the tricycle, and the heavy 'solid,' and even the 'cushion,' have in most cases been relegated to the region of old iron. The Pneumatic Tyre Company, with a capital of between one and a half and two millions



sterling, when in full swing, employs nearly one thousand hands, and can turn out twelve thousand tyres per week. Coventry, Birmingham, Wolverhampton, London, and other towns have largely benefited by the cycle trade.

Sir B. W. Richardson has often called attention to the benefit of cycling in the case of dwellers in towns. Dr Turner finds that nothing neutralises better the poison introduced into the blood through faulty digestion than gentle and continued exercise on the wheel. Mr A. J. Watson, the English amateur one-mile and five-mile champion in 1895, confessed that he never suffered from any ill effects, save perhaps during the hard days in winter, when prevented from riding. Dr Andrew Wilson once quoted a budget of correspondence from ladies who had tried the wheel, all of which was in the same direction, provided that overstrain was avoided. Where the heart is weak, cycling should be left alone. The muscles of the legs are developed and the circumference of the chest increased in the case of healthy riders.

Here are a few hints by a medical man: 'Never ride within half-an-hour of a meal, which means either before or after. Wheel the machine up any hill the mounting of which on the wheel causes any real effort. See that the clothing round the stomach, neck, and chest is loose. Have the handle-bar sufficiently raised to prevent stooping. Be as sparing as possible of taking fluids during a long ride. Except the wind, road, &c., be favourable, never ride more than ten miles an hour, unless for very short distances, and never smoke while riding.'

The cycle as we know it did not burst upon the world in all its present completeness, but has been a gradual evolution, the work of many a busy hand and brain, guided by experience. As far back as 1767 we find that Richard Lovell Edgeworth had something of the nature of a velocipede; and about the same date, William Murdoch, inventor of gas for illuminating purposes, had a wooden horse of his own invention upon which he rode to school at Cumnock. The Dandy Horse of 1818, the two wheels on which the rider sat astride, tipping the ground with his feet in order to propel the machine, was laughed out of existence.

In 1840, a blacksmith named Kirkpatrick Macmillan, of Courthill, parish of Keir, Dumfriesshire, made a cycle on which he rode to Glasgow, and caused a big sensation on the way. The notable fact regarding Macmillan's cycle is, that he had adapted cranks and levers on the old dandy or hobby-horse. Gavin Dalziel, of Lesmahagow, Lanarkshire, had a bicycle of his own invention in daily use in 1846. There was a revival of cycling between 1867-69. An ingenious Frenchman, M. Michaux, had some years before fitted pedals and a transverse handle to the front wheel of what came to be irreverently known as the 'bone-shaker.' This embryo bicycle had a considerable vogue, and was introduced to Mr Charles Spencer's gymnasium in London in 1868. Yet the bone-shaker craze might have died a natural death but for the introduction of the rubber tyre and other improvements. Mr James Starley, of Coventry, through whose inventive genius the tricycle was evolved from the bicycle, was also

an improver and pioneer. In the 'Rover' bicycle he gave an impetus to the early history of the machine, which has been crowned in the pneumatic tyre, the invention of John Boyd Dunlop, born at Dregghorn, Ayrshire, in 1840. Mr Dunlop was engaged as a veterinary surgeon near Belfast, where he built himself an air-wheel from ordinary thin rubber sheets, with rubber valve and plug. Mr C. K. Welch followed with the detachable tyre.

Now there are hundreds of first-class machines from which to choose, and every important town has one or more agent. One sentiment will be echoed by every cyclist of experience, that an inferior bicycle is a costly investment—it costs much in trouble, annoyance, and repairs.

A cycling tour is health-giving and enjoyable when gone about rationally and prudently. It is pleasant to plan, and no less so to carry out, as it is always the unexpected which happens. There are halts by the wayside, conversations with rustics, fine views; and every part of the brain and blood is oxygenated, giving that kind of wholesome intoxication which Thoreau said he gained by living in the open air. One's own country is explored as it has never been explored before. Some wheelmen have been credited with seven and eight thousand miles in a single season. Others, more ambitious, have made a track round the globe. Mr Thomas Stevens, starting from San Francisco in April 1884, occupied three years in going round the world. Mr T. Allen and Mr L. Sachtleben, two American students, as a practical finish to a theoretical education, also occupied three years in riding round the world—15,044 miles on the wheel. They climbed Mount Ararat by the way, and interviewed Li Hung Chang, the Chinese viceroy. The wheel ridden by these 'foreign devils' was described by one Chinaman as 'a little mule that you drive by the ears, and kick in the sides to make him go.'

Mr Frank G. Lenz, who started from America in June 1892 to ride round the world, was unfortunately killed by six Kurds, sixty-five miles from Erzeroum, between the villages of Kurtali and Dahar, on May 10, 1894. There have been many interesting shorter rides. Mr Walter Goddard of Leeds, and Mr James Edmund of Brixton, started from London and rode entirely round Europe on wheels; Mr Hugh Callan rode from Glasgow to the river Jordan; Mr R. L. Jefferson, in 1894, rode from London to Constantinople, between March 10 and May 19. This year the same gentleman rode from London to Moscow, 4281 miles, and had nothing good to say of Russian inns or roads. A lady of sixty has done seventy miles in one day; while Miss Bacon, of the *Review of Reviews*, did twelve hundred miles in her various ups and downs between London and Glasgow during one holiday.

The lighter machine, the more expensive it is. Racing-machines are built as light as twenty pounds in weight. Some of the swiftest road-riders patronise machines of twenty-six or twenty-seven pounds; but for all-round work, one of thirty-three pounds, without lamp or bell, is a good average machine. As to speed, we have

had 460 miles in the twenty-four hours on the racing-track, and 377 miles on the road. Huret, a French rider, has done 515 miles between one midnight and another; the Swiss cyclist Lesna has done 28 miles an hour, while Mr Mills and Mr T. A. Edge, in their recent ride from Land's End to John o' Groats on a tandem, beat all previous records, doing the journey in three days, four hours, and forty-six minutes.

A very sensible American rider, when on tour, starts shortly after breakfast, and with a brief rest for lunch, has his day's work of about fifty miles over by four P.M. Then he changes underclothing—a most important and never-to-be-forgotten matter—has dinner, and an enjoyable ramble over the town or village where he stays over-night. But he is a luxurious dog, and not many will carry such an abundant kit in the triangular bag below the handle bar. Imagine three light outing shirts, three suits gauze underclothing, a dark flannel bicycle suit, laced tanned gaiters, light-weight rubber coat, comb; clothes, hair, and tooth brushes; soap and towel, writing-pad and pencil, map and matches, and tool bag! Many a cyclist carries a hand camera, and brings home a permanent record of his journeys.

It has been well said that many a boy will start in life with a more vigorous constitution because of the bicycle, and many a man who is growing old too fast by neglect of active exercise will find himself rejuvenated by the same agency. The doctors tell us that as long as one can ride with the mouth shut, the heart is all right. A fillip should be given to the appetite; whenever this is destroyed, and sleeplessness ensues, cycling is being overdone.

A word in closing about accidents, which are often due to carelessness and recklessness. A cyclist has no right to ride at ten or fourteen miles an hour in a crowded thoroughfare. He takes his life—and other people's!—in his hands if he does so. No less is caution needed on hills, the twists and turns in which are unseen or unfamiliar, and where the bottom of the incline cannot be seen. As the saying goes, 'Better be a coward for half-an-hour than a corpse for the rest of your lifetime.' But experience is the best guide, and no hard and fast rules can be laid down for exceptional circumstances.

## AN ELECTRIC SPARK.\*

### CHAPTER XVIII.—THE SPREADING OF A NET.

'MY DEAR MR WYNAN—Papa asks me to write and say that he is afraid you did not take his invitation seriously, for you have let three weeks pass since you were here last. He would so like a little informal chat with you. We are at home on Tuesdays, and we shall be so pleased to see you.—Very sincerely yours,  
ISABEL ENDOZA.'

It had been a very cheerless time, and one hour Wynnan looked back upon the events connected with Robert Dalton's death as having taken place years ago; at another, they seemed to be as fresh as if they had only happened

a day or two before. He had been quite a hermit ever since leaving the office, and it was only through Dr Kilpatrick that he knew anything about what had been going on in his little world.

His one way to smother the terrible feeling of disappointment from which he suffered was fighting a new battle in invention, and trying out of divers old nebulous notions to evolve something fresh and substantial. He had at last hit upon an idea which promised to become of value; but it was far yet from perfection; and the great difficulty was how to bring it to completion without placing himself under an obligation.

'Absurd!' cried the doctor one evening in the course of conversation. 'I've offered to advance what money you require as a friend.'

'But I wish to be independent, doctor.'  
'Yes; you've grown into a curious fellow, Wynnan,' said Kilpatrick. 'When you are as old as I am, you will wake up to the fact that there is no such thing as independence. We are all depending upon each other more or less. Bah! I haven't patience with a man who lets a disappointment or two ruin his whole life. Why don't you call at South Audley Street?'

Wynnan started, and then said abruptly: 'Because I have no right to be there. I am only Robert Dalton's discharged servant.'

'Well, isn't a discharged servant a man, just the same as he was before he was discharged? Wynnan, I haven't patience with you. I'm sure Renée likes you, and yet you stop away and leave her to the mercy of that fellow Brant. A man ought to be brave and strong and persistent in his love affairs. Look at animals, how they fight for the one they choose—look at gamecocks and stags and cattle, and—and—and—'

'Doctors!' suggested Wynnan dryly.

Dr Kilpatrick brought his fist down upon the table with a heavy bang, and his eyes flashed beneath his heavy brows.

'Confound you, sir!' he cried; 'that's a cowardly blow beneath the guard.'

'Nothing of the kind, doctor. Those who play at bowls— You know the rest.—How is Miss Bryne?'

The doctor's angry look became piteous, and he sighed and became the weak man at once.

'Don't ask me,' he said with a groan. 'Poor woman: it's very terrible.'

'Infatuated as ever?'

'Worse my boy, worse. It makes my life a misery.'

'Time cures many troubles,' said Wynnan.

'Yes, my boy, it does, and everything comes to the man who waits. That's right enough when you're the right side of thirty; but when you're the wrong side of fifty, and the lady is—well, never mind—I don't exactly know her age; but it seems to me that if one has to wait very long—eh? You understand?'

'Yes, I understand,' said Wynnan.—'By the way, I have had a very warm invitation from the Count to visit there—to attend one of his friendly evenings.'

'Can you play a good game of chess? Because if so, go.'

'Chess? I've no time for chess,' cried Wynyan impatiently.

'I meant life's chess, boy,' said the doctor, becoming strong again as soon as his *amour* was shelved. 'If you can, go and see them, and make the best of it. He wants you to do something for his confounded country.'

'Yes; he seems very patriotic.'

'Bah! There is hardly such a thing as a patriot. It generally means pelf, power, or place. Yes, go and see him. Make some money out of him if you can. Hay while the sun shines. He'll pitch you over as soon as he has got all he wants.'

'Then you'd go?'

'Certainly,' said the doctor, as a thought occurred to him. 'A man like you has no business to shut himself up.'

The doctor said no more, but his few words had weight enough to send his visitor to the Count's on the appointed night, for Wynyan's mind was in the balance.

There were only three or four people in Villar Endoza's *salon*, and upon Wynyan's name being announced, his reception from father and daughter was paternal and affectionate.

'So very glad, my dear Wynyan,' said the Count.

'At last,' said Isabel with a reproachful look. 'I have been trying so hard to think out what we could have done to offend you.'

'What nonsense!' said Wynyan, as he sat down upon the *vis-à-vis* near his young hostess. 'You forget that I am a busy man, and not much given to society.'

'But you need not neglect your friends,' she said with a slight pout, and a look that would have made some men's pulses stir.

At that moment Endoza came up, and gave his daughter a hint to go and talk to one of their guests.

'He fancies he is being neglected,' said the Count apologetically to Wynyan; 'and he is very old.'

'I shall soon be back, Mr Wynyan,' said Isabel with another smile and look, before she glided off, with the Count watching her pensively, his hand upon Wynyan's arm, and his head on one side.

'I ought to be a happy man, Wynyan, with such a child. She makes my life here bearable amidst all my troubles and anxieties.'

'I suppose you do have a very busy time,' said Wynyan.

'Hardly an hour to call my own. You see I am heart and soul with the President in his intense love of our country. Almost his last words to me were: "Endoza, our land is small, but we will make it great. Work with me, and we will have the republic honoured among nations!"'

'A most worthy desire.'

'Is it not, sir? Well, we have done much, but we will do more—I say *we*, because I fancy that I can claim to have done a little.'

'Of course,' said Wynyan. 'I remember how you worked about the arrangements for the electric lighting of your capital.'

'Yes. Add to it my troubles of the line of mountain railway.'

'And that has succeeded?'

'It is a triumph, sir,' cried the Count enthusiastically. 'Then the docks at our principal port are rapidly being completed: good roads are opening up the country; our postal service is still wanting, but wonderfully improved, and the telegraph is gradually spreading to the extreme point. Now we are striving hard to raise the status of our navy.'

'You must be spending large sums!'

'Yes; but what matter? As our President says, our credit is good; there is no difficulty about a loan, and the riches of the country are being developed. It is a wonderful country, Mr Wynyan. The mining wealth is prodigious, and the capitalists are coming in to assist in its development. Several English companies have been formed and are doing marvellously well. Ah! it is a glorious country, my dear Wynyan: eternal sunshine, a delicious climate, a smiling land. All we want is enterprise and brains. We want young men of genius to come to our help. We can give them the heartiest welcome, the highest rewards and positions, such as they can never win amongst your fogs. You, of course, are settled and prosperous here, otherwise what a position I could offer you as an engineer. For instance, there is our navy.'

'But I am not a shipbuilder, sir,' said the young man, smiling.

'No,' said the Count, taking his visitor by the coat lapel, 'we have shipbuilders; but ships must have motive power.'

Wynyan started slightly.

'It seems to me, my dear sir, that the days of steam are numbered. We are ambitious—we desire that our vessels shall surpass those of the rest of the world, and we would give to the man who could come and endow the great monsters we build with life and power, everything he liked to demand. It would be a grand future, sir, for such an individual. Do you know any such man with the requisite brains?'

Wynyan was silent.

'Ah! you think. Do so, my dear Wynyan: you would be helping me greatly; but he must be what you call clever—very clever.'

'Yes, he must have brains, sir,' said Wynyan, with his brow growing knotty.

'And for reward, wealth, honour, and a home in a lovely country, the adoration of our people, and perhaps the smiles of a high-born, beautiful wife. My dear Wynyan, is not that a prospect for a clever, ambitious young man?'

'Yes, a grand prospect, sir.'

'Ah! if you had been free, and I could have tempted you to join heart and soul with us!'

He ceased speaking, and Wynyan stood gazing into the past, where all was black, and then into the future, where all might be bright. Why should he not seize the bait? It could not, he knew, be all that the Count had said; but it was an opportunity such as might never occur again. Here there seemed to be no chance whatever; there he could for certain make his way. And what did he say—a motor for their navy? Then, too, what home had he? Why should he stay in England, eating out his heart in despair, while Brant rose to affluence? The temptation was strong, and just

then he found Isabel's eyes fixed upon him, and her face lit up as she caught his glance.

'Take the good the gods provide you,' he involuntarily quoted, and at the moment the door opened, and the servant announced: 'Miss Bryne, Miss Dalton, and Mr Brant Dalton.'

### THE CARRYING-TRADE OF THE WORLD.

OF all the industries of the world, that which is concerned with the interchange of the products of nations is suffused with the most interest for the largest number of people. Not only is the number of those who go down into the sea in ships, and who do business on the great waters, legion, but three-fourths of the population of the globe are more or less dependent on their enterprise. The ocean-carrying trade we are accustomed to date from the time of the Phœnicians; and certainly the Phœnicians were daring mariners, if not exactly scientific navigators, and their ships were pretty well acquainted with the waters of Europe and the coasts of Africa. But the Phœnicians were rather merchant-adventurers on their own account than ocean-carriers, as, for instance, the Arabians were on the other side of Africa, acting as the intermediaries of the trade between Egypt and East Africa and India. In the early days, too, there is reason to believe that the Chinese were extensive ocean-carriers, sending their junks both to the Arabian Gulf and to the ports of Hindustan, long before Alexander the Great invaded India. But there is nothing more remarkable in the history of maritime commerce than the manner in which it has changed hands.

Even down to the beginning of the present century, almost the whole of the carrying-trade of the Baltic and the Mediterranean was in the hands of the Danes, Norwegians, and Germans, while our own harbours were crowded with foreign ships. This was one of the effects of our peculiar Navigation Laws, under which they were so protected that there was hardly a trade open to British vessels. It is, indeed, just ninety years since British ship-owners made a formal and earnest appeal to the Government to remove the existing shackles on the foreign trade of the country, and to promote the development of commerce with the American and West Indian colonies. One argument of the time was the necessity for recovering and developing the Mediterranean trade, as affording one of the best avenues for the employment of shipping and the promotion of international commerce. It was a trade of which England had a very considerable share in the time of Henry VII., who may very fairly be regarded as the founder of British merchant shipping. He not only built ships for himself for trading purposes, but encouraged others to

do so, and even lent them money for the purpose. And it was to the Mediterranean that he chiefly directed his attention, in eager competition with the argosies of Venice and Genoa. There resulted a perfect fleet of what were called 'tall ships' engaged in carrying woollen fabrics and other British products to Italy, Sicily, Syria, and the Levant, and in bringing home cargoes of silk, cotton, wool, carpets, oil, spices, and wine.

Steam has worked a change in favour of this country nowhere more remarkably than in the Mediterranean trade. When the trade began to revive for sailing-vessels, by a removal of some of the irksome restrictions, Lisbon was the most important port on the Iberian Peninsula for British shipping. There was a weekly mail service by sailing-packets between Falmouth and Lisbon, until the Admiralty put on a steamer. Some time in the 'thirties,' two young Scotchmen named Brodie Willcox and Arthur Anderson, had a small fleet of sailing-vessels engaged in the Peninsular trade, and about the year 1834 they chartered the steamer *Royal Tar* from the Dublin and London Steam-packet Company. This was the beginning of the great Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, destined to revolutionise the carrying-trade both of the Mediterranean and the East. When the Spanish Government negotiated for a line of steamers to be established between England and Spain, Willcox and Anderson took up the project, organised a small company, and acquired some steamers, which at first did not pay. They persevered, however, until shippers saw the superiority of the new vessels to the old sailers, and at last the Peninsular Company obtained the first mail-contract ever entered into by the English Government. This was in 1837; and the Cunard and Royal Mail (West Indian) lines were not established until 1840. In a couple of years the Peninsular Company extended their line through the Straits to Malta and Alexandria, and again to Corfu and the Levant. In 1840 they applied for and obtained a charter as the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, with the object of establishing a line of steamers on the other side of the Isthmus of Suez, from which have developed the great ramifications to India, China, Japan, the Straits Settlements, and Australia. It was, indeed, through the Mediterranean that we obtained our first hold on the Eastern carrying-trade.

In considering the development of maritime commerce, it is always to be remembered that the design of Columbus and the early navigators in sailing westwards was not to find America, but to find a new way to India and Far Cathay. Mighty as America has become in the world's economy, its first occupation was only an incident in the struggle for the trade of the Far East. But with the occupation of America came two new developments in this carrying-trade—namely, one across the Atlantic, and one upon and across the Pacific. To the eventful year in which so many great enterprises were founded—namely, 1840—we trace the beginning of steam-carrying on the Pacific, for in that year William Wheelwright took or sent

the first steamer round Cape Horn, as the pioneer of the great Pacific Steam Navigation Company. Within about a dozen years thereafter, the Americans had some fifty steamers constantly engaged on the Pacific coasts of the two Continents besides those of the English company. Out of one of those Pacific lines grew Commodore Vanderbilt's Nicaragua Transit Company, a double service of two lines of steamers, one on each side of the Continent, with an overland connection through Nicaragua. Out of another grew the New York and San Francisco line, connecting overland across the Isthmus of Panama—where M. de Lesseps did *not* succeed in cutting a Canal. And out of yet another of these Pacific enterprises, all stimulated by Wheelwright's success, grew in the course of years a line between San Francisco and Hawaii, and another between San Francisco and Australia. Some forty years ago the boats of this last-named line used to run down to Panama to pick up passengers and traffic from Europe, and it is interesting to recall that at that period the design was greatly favoured of a regular steam service between England and Australia *via* Panama. A company was projected for the purpose; but it came to nothing, for various reasons not necessary to enter upon here. But as long ago as the early fifties, when the Panama Railway was in course of construction, there were eight separate lines of steamers on the Atlantic meeting at Aspinwall, and five on the Pacific meeting at Panama. Later on, when the Americans had completed their iron-roads from ocean to ocean across their own dominions, they started lines of steamers from San Francisco to China and Japan. And later still, when the Canadian Pacific Railway was completed across Canada, a British line of ships was started across the Pacific to Far Cathay. So that the dream of the old navigators has, after all, been practically realised.

The repeal of the corn-laws gave an immense impetus to British shipping, by opening up new lines of traffic in grain with the ports of the Baltic, the Black Sea, and Egypt; and the extension of steamer communication created another new carrying-business in the transport of coals abroad to innumerable coaling-stations. Thus demand goes on creating supply, and supply in turn creating new demand.

From the old fruit and grain sailers of the Mediterranean trade have developed such extensive concerns as the Cunard line (one of whose beginnings was a service of steamers between Liverpool and Havre), which now covers the whole Mediterranean, and extends across the Atlantic to New York and Boston; the Anchor line, which began with a couple of boats running between the Clyde and the Peninsula, and now covers all the Mediterranean and Adriatic, and extends from India to America; the Bibby line, which began with a steamer between Liverpool and Marseilles, and now covers every part of the Mediterranean (Leyland line), and spreads out to Burma and the Straits. These are but a few of many examples of how the great carrying-lines of the world, east and west, have developed from modest enterprises in mid-Europe. And even now the goods traffic between the Mediterranean and the United Kingdom,

North Europe and America, is less in the hands of these great lines than in that of the vast fleets of ocean tramps, both sail and steam.

One of the most wonderful developments in the carrying-trade of the world is the concern known as the Messageries Maritimes of France—now probably the largest steamer-owning co-partnership in the world. Prior to the Crimean War, there was an enterprise called the Messageries Impériales, which was engaged in the land-carriage of mails through France. In 1851 this company entered into a contract with the French Government for the conveyance of mails to Italy, Egypt, Greece, and the Levant; and as years went on, the mail subsidies became so heavy that the enterprise was practically a national one. During the war, the Messageries Company's vessels were in such demand as transports, &c., that the company had to rapidly create a new fleet for mail purposes. With peace came the difficulty of employing the enormously augmented fleet. New lines of mail and cargo boats were therefore successively established between France and the Danube and Black Sea; Bordeaux and Brazil and the River Plate; Marseilles and India and China, &c. In fact, the Messageries Company's ramifications now extend from France to Great Britain, South America, the whole of the Mediterranean, the Levant, the Black Sea, the Red Sea, the Indian Ocean and the China Seas, and the South Pacific.

Few people, perhaps, have any conception of the numbers of regular and highly organised lines of steamers now connecting Europe and America. Besides the Messageries, the Austro-Hungarian Lloyd's and the Italian mail lines run between the Mediterranean and the River Plate. Argentina and Brazil are connected with different parts of Europe by about a dozen lines. Between the United States and Europe there are now about thirty distinct regular lines of steamers carrying goods and passengers; and about a dozen more carrying goods only. Four of these lines are direct with Germany, two with France, two with Holland, two with Belgium, one with Denmark, and two with Italy, one of which is under the British flag. All the rest of the passenger lines and most of the cargo lines run between the United Kingdom and the United States. As for the 'tramps' steaming and sailing between North America and Europe, they are of all nations; but again the majority fly the British flag, though once upon a time the American-built clippers, of graceful lines and 'sky-scraping' masts, used to monopolise the Atlantic carrying-trade under the stars and stripes. Once upon a time, too, these beautiful American clippers had the bulk of the China tea-trade, and of the Anglo-Australian general trade. But they were run off the face of the waters by the Navigation Laws of America and the shipping enterprise of Britain. The great and growing trade between the United States and India, too, is now nearly all carried in British vessels; and a large part of the regular steam service between New York and the West Indies is under the British flag. That a change will take place when America follows the advice of President Cleveland, and repeals the laws which forbid

Americans to own vessels built abroad or manned by foreigners, is pretty certain.

With regard to India, the growth in the carrying-trade has been enormous since Vasco da Gama, four hundred years ago, found his way round the Cape of Good Hope to Calicut. For an entire century, down to 1600, the Portuguese monopolised the trade of the East, and as many as two and three hundred of their ships would often be gathered together in the port of Goa, taking in cargo for different Eastern and European ports. To-day, Goa is a deserted port, and the Portuguese flag is rarely seen—a ship or two per annum now being sufficient for all the trade between Portugal and India. In the century of Portuguese prosperity the English flag was hardly known in Eastern waters. It was the Dutch who drove out the Portuguese; and the reason why the Dutch were tempted out to India was because the rich cargoes brought home by the Portuguese could not be disposed of in Portugal, and had to be taken to Amsterdam, or Rotterdam, or Antwerp, where the opulent Dutch merchants purchased them for re-distribution throughout Europe. This is how the Dutch came into direct relations with the Indian trade before the English, and why Barentz and others tried to find a near way to India for the Dutch vessels by way of the north of Europe and Asia. Failing in the north, the Dutch followed the Portuguese round the Cape, and reaching Sumatra, founded the wide dominion of Netherlands-India. This occupation was effected before 1600; and between that year and 1670 they expelled the Portuguese from every part of the Eastern Archipelago, from Malacca, from Ceylon, from the Malabar Coast, and from Macassar.

The Dutch in turn enjoyed a monopoly of the Indian trade for about a hundred years. Then with the rise of Clive came the downfall of the Dutch, and by 1811 they were stripped of every possession they had in the East. Later, we gave them back Java and Sumatra, with which Holland now does a large trade, reserved exclusively to Dutch vessels. But in Hindustan the Dutch have not a single possession, and it is doubtful if in all the Indian Peninsula there are now a hundred Dutchmen resident.

Two immense streams of trade are constantly setting to and from India and Europe through the Suez Canal and round the Cape. Not only is the bulk of that trade conducted by the well-known Peninsular and Oriental, British India, City, Clan, Anchor, and other lines (though the Messageries Maritimes, North German Lloyd's, and other foreign lines have no mean share), but the whole coast-line of India is served by the steamers of the British-India and Asiatic lines; and British vessels conduct the most of the carrying-trade between India and Australia, China, Japan, the Straits, Mauritius, &c.

A new carrying-trade was created when the Australasian colonies were founded one after the other—in the taking out of home manufactures, implements, machinery, &c., and bringing back wool and tallow; and then gold, wheat, fruit, and frozen meat. This colonial trade is now divided between sailers and steamers, and

in the steamer traffic some of the foreign lines are eagerly bidding for a share. Similarly, a new carrying-trade has been of quite recent years developed by the opening up of South Africa, and this is practically all in British hands.

An important item of international carriage of recent development is the mineral oil of America and Russia. The carriage of these oils is a trade of itself. Another special branch of the world's carrying-trade is connected with the sea-fisheries. All the fishing-grounds of the Atlantic and North Sea may be said to be now connected with the consuming markets by services of steamers. The cod-fishers off the Banks of Newfoundland transfer their dried and salted fish to vessels which speed them to the good Catholics of Spain and France and Italy, just as the steam auxiliaries bring to London the harvests gathered by the boats on the Dogger Bank.

It is computed that on the great ocean highways there are not fewer than ten thousand large and high-powered steamers constantly employed. If it be wondered how sailing-vessels can maintain a place at all in the race of competition in the world's carrying-trade, a word of explanation may be offered. Do not suppose that only rough and low-valued cargo is left for the sailers. They still have the bulk of the cotton and wheat and other valuable products, not only because they can carry more cheaply, but because transport by sailing-vessels gives the merchant a wider choice of market. Cargoes of staple products can always be sold 'to arrive' at some given port, and it is cheaper to put them afloat than to warehouse them ashore and wait for an order.

What, then, are the proportions borne by the several maritime nations in this great international carrying-trade? The question is not one which can be answered with absolute precision, but the tables of the Marine Department of the Board of Trade enable one to find an approximate answer. The latest return, published in 1894, contains the statistics (for the most part) down to 1893, which is sufficiently recent. In that year the tonnage of steam and sailing vessels of all nationalities in the foreign trade entering and clearing at ports in the United Kingdom was 74,632,847, of which 54,148,664 tons were British, and 20,484,183 tons were foreign. In the foreign total, the largest proportions were Norwegian, 5,013,533 tons; German, 3,789,702 tons; Dutch, 2,155,707 tons; Swedish, 1,848,856 tons; Danish, 1,772,837 tons; and French, 1,787,538 tons. The Teutonic races have thus the most of the ocean-carrying; the United States proportion of the above total was only 464,468 tons.

So far the United Kingdom. Now let us see what part British shipping plays in the foreign trade of other countries. In Russia-in-Europe the entrances and clearances were 9,319,806 tons—of which 48·2 per cent. was British; Norway, total 5,775,203 tons—British proportion, 12·7 per cent.; Sweden, 11,446,173 tons—British proportion, 19·1 per cent.; Germany, 22,405,872 tons—British proportion, 36·4 per cent.; Holland, 11,845,875 tons—British proportion, 50·2 per

cent.; France, 28,120,524 tons—British proportion, 44·6 per cent.; Portugal, 11,082,049 tons—British proportion, 51·0 per cent.; Italy, 13,943,927 tons—British proportion, 43·6 per cent.; United States, 33,504,271 tons—British proportion, 51·6 per cent. (Some of the above figures refer to 1892, but are the latest available.)

Not to multiply dry statistics, however, we will give the total tonnage of merchant vessels (steam and sail) belonging to the British Empire in 1893, the figures being the net tonnage of the Board of Trade, not the gross tonnage of Lloyd's Register, which comes out considerably more:

	Tons.
United Kingdom .....	8,778,503
Canada and Newfoundland.....	985,759
Australasia.....	365,068
British India and Ceylon.....	65,413
Other British Possessions.....	170,834

Total tonnage of British Empire..10,365,567

Let us now, for comparison, give the total tonnage of the merchant navies (steam and sail) of the principal maritime countries of the world:

	Tons.
Russia (estimate).....	500,000
Finland.....	257,854
Norway.....	1,744,993
Sweden.....	548,711
Denmark.....	318,837
Germany.....	1,511,579
Holland.....	292,763
Belgium.....	70,395
France.....	905,606
Italy.....	811,264
Austria-Hungary.....	196,647
Greece.....	311,550
United States (oversea trade).....	899,803
" " (lake and river trade)...	3,925,268
Total.....	12,295,270

Roughly speaking, then, the British Empire owns about five-elevenths of the entire shipping of the world. Even so recently as thirty years ago, about two-thirds of the ocean-carrying trade was performed by sailing-vessels; to-day, about four-fifths of it is performed by steamers.

## A DEPARTURE FROM TRADITION.

### CHAPTER II.

I SHALL never forget the graphic descriptive power my cook betrayed when she told me about the black beetles. The very simplicity of her language and the directness of her thought made me feel as if the horrid things were crawling slowly up my back. I am not interested in zoology, and I flew out and consulted Charles, the groom, who prides himself on his veterinary arts. I don't know what was done. I thought it safer not to ask. Then, no sooner did the beetles sink into oblivion, than it appeared that the kitchen swarmed with mice, and that a particularly powerful-looking one had sent the kitchen-maid into hysterics. I again consulted Charles, and he suggested a cat; so, when I was passing through the village, I told the postmistress that I would give any

child a shilling who would bring me a fine healthy kitten. The following day was Saturday, and there was a meet at Sir Patrick Christie's. The weather was perfect, and we found almost immediately, and had a glorious run. On the way home, spattered and weary and hungry, I suddenly nearly jumped out of my saddle, and an emphatic expression rose to my lips. I had completely forgotten to order the dinner!

All the way back I was hot and cold with misery and anxiety. What might not have happened in my absence? Had that stout cook been kind, and risen to the occasion? Or had she—horrors!—sent up to my wife? Or had she simply taken no steps whatever, and should we sit down to flowers and salt and dinner-rolls?

When I got home I slunk into the back premises, avoiding the half-opened drawing-room door. I found James in the pantry cleaning knives and whistling—happy dog! I would rather it had been one of the maids; but I was desperate.

'James,' I whispered, 'what has cook done, do you know?'

James grinned. 'She's eggsiting herself, sir.'

'Yes, yes, I daresay!—But she has managed somehow, I suppose?'

'She says, sir, she ain't agoing to give 'em nothink, not if they starves, sir!'

I squared my shoulders. 'You need not repeat what cook allowed herself to remark in the privacy of the kitchen,' I told him sternly. '—Has she actually cooked no food?'

James stared at me. 'Well, sir, we could 'ardly expect 'er for to cook anythink, sir, under the circumstances, sir; but Mary—she's a tender-'earted gal, Mary—she *did* make bold to ask a drop o' milk.'

'Milk!' I ejaculated.

'Yessir. Mary said, sir, says she, being so young, sir, says she, and none o' their fault, it go to 'er 'eart for to 'ear 'em squeak.'

'Enough of this, James!' I cried angrily. 'This is not the way to speak of your mistress and myself. I will see cook.'

'I don't rightly understand you, sir, axin' yer pardon, but I warn't speaking of the misus and you, sir. But I wouldn't go a-near cook, sir, not if I was you—no, I wouldn't! She says you've done it o' purpose to plague 'er. She's in a orful way along of them cats,' he added confidentially.

'Cats? What cats?'

'Why, sir, *that's* what I've been a-telling you of. I thought as you was axin'.'

'What cats?' I repeated, a growing disquiet creeping over me.

'Why, the cats as you sent in from the village, sir! Twenty-one 'as arrived, and they be still coming, all sizes. Ten tabbies, sir, nothink to speak of; two whites, sir, which I 'ear is generally deaf; five black as soot, sir; two sandy, and one tortoiseshell as is wuth keeping. Cook's eggsited.'

The dinner paled by comparison. Beetles, mice, cats! It was as bad as the plagues of Egypt. I went up and tubbed and changed. The dinner was excellent, and I gave orders that every child should be sent for, and given



another shilling to claim and take away its own animal. The whole transaction cost me two pounds nine. In the long-run I fancy it must have cost me considerably more, for the kitten we retained, though it was of a very tender age, regaled itself on beef and mutton, several roast ducks, bottled beer, ham and eggs, cold game, fresh butter, Stilton cheese, crystallised ginger, green tea, and cognac. Besides being so unblushingly omnivorous, it broke a good deal of crockery, a Venetian glass decanter, and a piece of valuable Sèvres; and it was also guilty of denting the silver urn by falling heavily against it.

The next plague that visited me was the monthly bills at the beginning of November. The cook had managed the orders to the tradespeople, and now they all sent in little account-books. I added up the totals on a bit of blotting-paper after I had made out the cheques. Then I multiplied that by twelve, and added what my horse and man cost me, and what my tailor cost me, and double what my tailor cost me for what my wife's dress would probably come to when her trousseau was worn out; and then I put down the servants' wages, and a good round sum for a holiday, and then I added it all up. It came to exactly a hundred pounds more than my annual income. I halved my wife's dress allowance, and was just going to add it all up again, when a host of other expenses crowded in on my memory—cabs, my club, theatre tickets, doctor's bill. I felt so depressed that Edith noticed my wan looks.

'I—I'm not sleeping very well, dear,' I said. This was perfectly true: I had so much to think of at night.

'Dear me!' she cried, opening her gray eyes. 'Neither am I! I have been working too hard, I think. We must both have a change soon.'

Alas, poor girl! She was all unconscious that ruin stared us in the face. I gazed at her sorrowfully. She was *not* looking well—dark rings encircled her eyes, and she was pale and thin.

'You are overworking yourself,' I said with sudden conviction.

She laughed nervously. 'Well, perhaps I am,' she owned.

That night, a fork dropped from my nerveless hand, and fell with a clang. Edith started and screamed.

'Your nerves are overwrought,' I told her.

Half an hour later, she dropped her coffee spoon into the fender. I bounded off my chair.

'Why, you have nerves too, Harry!' she exclaimed. 'Are you smoking too much?'

We had in the local man to see us both, and he spoke to me seriously about letting Edith work so hard.

'She is a delicate, highly strung organism,' he said sternly; 'and I warn you that if we don't take care, we shall have her on our hands with a nervous fever. She tells me she works six hours a day. That must be put a stop to at once. I shall prescribe a tonic; but she must have complete rest.'

I felt very dispirited. The medical man evidently blamed me, and I was too weak and crushed to complain.

My wife obeyed the doctor for some days; but the result was disastrous to me. She went about the house and noticed things. She had a way of touching furniture and books with her handkerchief, and of course the dust came off. Then she sighed and looked at me. I took no notice. It was most interfering.

It was about this time that my cook gave me warning. I ran up-stairs and told Edith.

'You'll have to get another,' she said calmly.

I felt sick and faint.

'And I think you had better dismiss Jane the housemaid too,' she went on. 'The house is getting very dirty.'

'I fancy you had better leave that to me, my dear,' I remarked with some asperity. 'And may I ask you how you come to know that the housemaid's name is Jane?'

About a week after this, Lady Christie sent a note to say that she heard we were looking for a cook, and that hers was leaving her, and that she could send her to be interviewed. Lady Christie wrote to my wife: people cling to these old-fashioned prejudices, and seem to think that it must necessarily be the lady of the house who looks after domestic matters.

That evening the cook came. My wife remained in the room, at my request, and busied herself with a newspaper. The woman brought her umbrella in with her, and stood in the middle of the floor.

'Oh—ah! Good-evening!' I said.

'Good-evening, sir.'

'Won't you take a seat?' I asked, wheeling forward an armchair.

My wife rustled a newspaper.

The woman preferred to stand, so I stood too—first on one foot and then on the other—for I couldn't think what the dickens I should say to her next.

Suddenly I had a brilliant inspiration. 'Do you wear pink cotton dresses in the morning?' I asked.

'Henry!' my wife exclaimed, looking over the top of her newspaper.

'Er—er—can you cook a steak without letting the gravy run out?' I hastily went on.

The woman seemed to think she could.

'Well, I think you will suit,' I told her.

'Wages, reason of leaving, age, church, length of character, parentage,' prompted a voice from behind the newspaper.

The woman said she did not think the situation would suit her, and she went away.

My wife was curiously put out, and audibly wondered what Lady Christie would think. I made up my mind to have a list of questions written out before I interviewed another, and to take down the answers in writing.

Next day the housemaid gave warning. I was terribly upset. I could scarcely eat a crumb all day, and I lay awake from two until ten. My wife noticed my pallid visage when I came down to breakfast. I had somehow run short of coals, and we had no fires in the house that day, and nothing could be cooked. We neither of us had much appetite, so it didn't really matter. Also Mary was ill, I was told; and Jane waited on us. Her boots

creaked; and, in the state Edith's and my nerves were in, we could not stand that. I wrote for coals, and sent James for the doctor, and then I went to my smoking-room and sat looking at the cigar ends lying in among yesterday's ashes in the fender; and thought over the position. Perhaps it was the cigar ends, or perhaps the odour of stale smoke, or perhaps it was the intervention of my good angel, but suddenly George Seton came into my mind, and hope entered my heart.

I found my wife walking up and down the library to keep warm. The dust had gathered on her books and papers since she had been idle.

'Edith,' I said, 'I find I shall have to run up to town this afternoon to see about servants.'

'Very well,' she replied listlessly.

Then I walked to the station and wired to George: 'In a difficulty. Dine with me at the club to-night.'

It wasn't till after the train had fairly started that I remembered I had wired the identical words George had used to me the night before my marriage. Ah, well! How strangely things come round!

George dined with me at the club. We had a cosy little dinner: it was quite like old times. Afterwards, we lit our pipes. It was difficult to tell George all about it—he would laugh. He laughed till I thought he would choke, and then he asked me to let him think it over, and he would breakfast with me next morning at my hotel, and give me the results of his reflections. George has a good strong chin; and, though he is not a married man, it is not always married men who understand women the best. In fact, I sometimes fancy that men who understand women the best remain unmarried. Anyway, after I had put my brief into George's hands, I somehow felt a great weight off my mind.

I returned home in the course of the morning.

'Have you found servants?' was my wife's first question.

'No,' I replied; 'I have not.'

'Then what are you going to do, Harry? You really must bestir yourself! It is only a fortnight now till they leave, and several people are asked to dine here on the 27th, and I'm sure'—Edith had grown a trifle irritable in these days. It was a good sign.

'My dear,' I said to her, 'I am not going to engage servants. I find that they are completely old-fashioned, and that we are behind the time in submitting to this obsolete custom. Now, whatever else people may say of us, they cannot say that we are behind the time, or that obsolete customs find consideration at our hands.'

'No,' my wife agreed. Did I detect a tinge of regret in her tone?

'I find that in London most up-to-date people live on the co-operative system. We can't manage this, living, as we do, in the country. Our houses are not adapted for modern ideas. There is a kitchen, several pantries—a whole suite of rooms dedicated to the service of pampered menials, who eat our bread and take our money, and whose slaves we are.'

Edith looked impressed. I felt I had done well—it was almost word for word what George had jotted down for me.

'And so,' I went on, gaining courage and dignity, 'I intend adopting another expedient, which many of my friends have had recourse to with infinite success. I am going to dismiss all our servants, and employ lady-helps.'

'Oh!' said my wife.

'I—I have seen one or two already,' I went on, blushing at the fib, for I am a truthful man.

My wife mistook my faltering tones. 'What were they like?' she asked.

'They were simply charming.'

'Oh!—But would they—do the work?'

'Ah, well,' I replied evasively, 'one leaves that to them, you know.'

'How do they dress?'

'I am not good at describing dress,' I replied, 'but I think they wear—well, the sort of thing you have got on.'

'Nonsense, Harry!' said my wife sharply; and, looking at her, I became aware she had on some sort of morning robe, with a profusion of lace and ribbons.

'Would they—dine with us?'

'Edith,' I said, with an assumption of sternness, 'if you for a moment suppose that I should permit any gently nurtured lady to feel herself slighted in this house, or to be shown even the negative discourtesy implied by'—

'Don't be silly!—how can a woman cook the dinner and eat it at one and the same time?'

'A clever woman is capable of anything. I am told it is wonderful how these lady-helps adapt themselves—how they get through their arduous domestic tasks, and yet appear always at leisure. The household matters move on oiled wheels, and one is never made aware of any haste or disquiet. It is a wonderful gift that some women have. The lady I saw seemed very well read, by the way. She told me she was a Brownigite. I thought it would be so companionable for you, dear. But she was very interested in cookery too, so I shan't be left quite out in the cold.'

My wife's gray eyes opened to their extreme limit. She played with her rings nervously. 'How many would you employ?' she asked presently.

'About six,' I said, at random.

My wife got up from the table and stood by me on the hearthrug. 'We—we should have no—no—time to ourselves,' she murmured, in a quivering voice.

'Neither do we under the old yoke of servants.'

'Six lady-helps!—Wouldn't they—wouldn't they rather wonder that I didn't—I mean—they might think that I ought'—

'So do the servants,' I said grimly.

There was a long pause, then I got up. 'I will telegraph to them all to-day,' I said, with a business-like promptness.

My wife flung herself into my arms. 'Harry!' she sobbed, 'Harry, Harry dear! I couldn't b—b—bear it! Give me the keys!'

When George Seton came to stay with us at Christinas, ours was the most charming house in all England, and my wife the best house-keeper in the world.

### CROWNS ANCIENT AND MODERN.

It may interest the studious in the art of heraldry to trace the gradual development of Crowns, from the crude and curious fillet of metals, and garlands made with branches or leaves of plants and trees, to be met with among the records of ancient history and the middle ages, to the gorgeous and costly 'state crowns,' resplendent in gold and precious jewels, worn by the kings and queens of modern times.

The first mention of such ornaments comes to us from Scripture, and their use seems to have been very common among the Hebrews. According to Holy Writ, the high-priest was accustomed, on occasions of great solemnity, to wear a 'crown' composed of a fillet or band of gold or silver placed upon the forehead, and tied with a ribbon of a hyacinth or azure-blue colour; and even private priests and common Israelites must have been in the habit of wearing, on certain days, some sort of ornamental head-work, since God commanded Ezekiel 'not to take off his crown, nor assume the marks of one in mourning.' The construction of these early crowns we read about appears to have been exceedingly simple—practically nothing more or less than bandlets drawn round the head and tied behind, as we still see it represented on medals and old coins round the heads of Jupiter, the Ptolemies, and kings of Syria. Afterwards, they consisted of two bandlets; and then, by degrees, branches of various kinds of trees were introduced; and woods and groves were ransacked for different sorts of wood and plants for decorating the statues and images of their gods, and for the service of kings and emperors, and the sacrifices of the priests.

Among the Greeks, the crowns given to those who carried off the prizes at the Isthmian Games were made of pinewood; at the Olympian festivities, of laurel; and at the Nemean celebrations, of smillage. The Roman emperors had four kinds of crowns, emblematic of their royal dignity and sovereign power—namely, a crown of laurels; a radial or radiating crown; a crown adorned with pearls and precious stones; and a kind of bonnet or cap something similar to the mortier. In Constantine's time, the fillet of pearls came into general use, which the later Byzantine emperors turned into a coronet. It was originally only a band of gold, and then transformed into a garland, and subsequently into stuff adorned with pearls. Manuel Palæologus, crowned in 1363, wore a close-fitting crown studded with pearls. The Romans had also various kinds of crowns which they distributed as rewards for martial exploits and extraordinary services on behalf of the Republic: (1) the Oval Crown, made of myrtle, and bestowed upon generals who were entitled to the honours of the 'lesser triumph,' called Ovation. (2) The Naval or Rostral

Crown, composed of a circle of gold with ornaments representing 'beaks' of ships, and given to the captain who first grappled, or the soldier who first boarded, an enemy's ship. (3) The crown known in Latin as 'Vallaris Castrensis,' a circle of gold raised with jewels or palisades, the reward of the general who first forced the enemy's intrenchments. (4) The Mural Crown, a circle of gold indented and embattled, given to the warrior who first mounted the wall of a besieged place, and successfully lodged a standard or flag thereon. (5) The Civic Crown (made of the branch of a green oak), a garland of oak leaves, bestowed upon a Roman soldier who had saved the life of a citizen. (6) The Triumphal Crown, consisting at first of wreaths of laurel, but afterwards, made of gold—the reward of such generals as had the good fortune to be successful in battle. (7) The crown called 'Obsidionalis' or 'Graminea,' made of the 'common grass' found growing on the scene of action, and bestowed only for the deliverance of an army when reduced to the last extremity. This was esteemed the highest military reward among the Roman soldiery. Athletic crowns and crowns of laurel, destined as rewards at public games, and many other kinds of crowns for use in various Roman sports, are frequently found mentioned in the annals of Roman history.

Examples of some of these crowns are constantly met with in modern achievements; for instance, the mural crown in the case of Lord Montford, which was conferred on Sir John Bromley, one of his lordship's ancestors, as an augmentation to his arms, for his great personal bravery at the battle of Le Crobey. Part of the crest of Lord Archer is also a mural crown, and there are no fewer than ten English baronets whose arms are ornamented with the same crown. Then, again, we have an instance of the 'Castrense' or 'Vallery' crown in the coat of arms of Sir Reginald Graham. The radiated crown appears also to have been placed over the arms of the kings of England till the time of Edward III. It is still used as a crest on the arms of some private families; for example, those borne by the name of Whitfield are ornamented with a radiated crown. The celestial crown is formed like the radiated, with the addition of a star on each ray; and it is only used upon tombstones, monuments, and the like.

The Pope or Bishop of Rome appropriates to himself a tiara or triple crown—similar to the lofty ornamental head-dress of the ancient Persians, and not unlike the mitre of the Jewish high-priest—a long cap of golden cloth, from which hang two pendants embroidered and fringed at the ends, semé of crosses of gold. This cap is enclosed by three marquises' coronets, having a mound of gold on its top, surmounted by a cross of the same precious metal, which cross is represented by engravers and painters pommetted, recrossed, flowery, or plain. It is a difficult matter to ascertain the time when these haughty prelates first assumed the three fore-mentioned coronets. An engraving published a few years ago, by order of Clement XIII., the late Pope—for the edification of his good subjects in Great Britain and

Ireland—represents Marcellus, who was chosen Bishop of Rome in the year 307, and all his successors, adorned with a crown of this description. But, according to some authorities, Boniface VIII., who was elected into the see of Rome in the year 1294, first compassed his cap with a coronet; Benedict XII. in 1335 adding a second to it; and John XXIII. in 1411 a third, with a view to indicate by them that the Pope is the sovereign priest, the supreme judge, and the sole legislator among Christians.

The celebrated and ancient Iron Crown of Lombardy—removed to Vienna in 1859, but restored to the king of Italy in 1866—consisting of a broad circle of gold set with large precious stones, takes its name from the 'sacred iron band' within it, which is about three-eighths of an inch broad, and one-tenth of an inch in thickness. This band is traditionally said to have been made out of one of the nails used at the Crucifixion, and given to Constantine by his mother, the Empress Helena. Afterwards, it was used at the coronation of the Lombard kings, primarily at that of Agilulphus, at Milan, in the year 591. The outer circlet of the crown is composed of six equal parts of beaten gold, joined together by hinges, and set with large rubies, emeralds, and sapphires, on a ground of blue gold enamel. Within the circlet is the 'iron band,' without a speck of rust upon it, although it has existed for more than fifteen hundred years.

When the Emperor Napoleon I. was crowned king of Italy at Milan, May 23, 1805, he placed the iron crown of Lombardy upon his head with his own hands, exclaiming: 'Dieu me l'a donné; gare à qui la touche' (God has given it to me; beware who touches it), which was the haughty motto attached to it by its ancient owners.

The Hungarian crown, worn at their accession by the Emperors of Austria as kings of Hungary, is the identical one worn by Stephen eight hundred years ago. It is of pure gold, and weighs nine marks six ounces (fourteen pounds), and is adorned with fifty-three sapphires, fifty rubies, one emerald, and three hundred and thirty-eight pearls.

The crown of the kings of France is a circle enamelled, adorned with precious stones, and heightened up with eight arched diadems, rising from as many fleurs-de-lis, that conjoin at the top under a double fleur-de-lis, all of gold.

The crowns of Spain, Portugal, and Poland are all three of the same form, and are described by Colonel Parsons, in his *Genealogical Tables of Europe*, as 'ducal coronets heightened up with eight arched diadems supporting a mound, ensigned with a plain gold cross.' The crowns of Denmark and Sweden are of almost similar shape, consisting of the eight arched diadems, rising from a marquis's coronet (a circle of gold bordered with ermine, set round with four strawberry leaves, and as many pearls on pyramidal points of equal height, alternate), which conjoin at the top under a mound ensigned with a cross-bottonnée. The kings of most other Continental countries are crowned with circles of gold adorned with precious stones, and heightened up with large 'trefoils,'

and closed by four, six, or eight diadems supporting a mound surmounted by a cross. The trefoil upon the crown is thought to be of Gothic introduction. We find it upon the coins of Clovis and his sons, which has induced antiquaries to call it the 'fleur-de-lis' (the lily of France, represented in gold on a blue ground); but the fact is these trefoils were used on Constantinopolitan crowns before the time of the Franks, and afterwards on those of German Princes in no way allied to Charlemagne. Aubrey, a celebrated authority upon heraldry, was of opinion that the fleur-de-lis is really nothing more than a spear-head adorned, no flower of the lily kind having the middle part solid. The Sultan of Turkey bears over his arms a turban enriched with pearls and diamonds, under two coronets, the first of which is made of pyramidal points heightened up with large pearls; and the uppermost is surmounted with crescents.

With regard to the crown used in our own country, a fillet diadem of pearls appears on several of the Saxon *scettles*. Similar diadems or fillets adorn the heads of many of the Heptarchic kings. Alfred's crown has two little bells attached; it is said to have been long preserved at Westminster, and may have been that described in the Parliamentary inventory taken in 1649. The circle, surmounted by three small projections, first occurs upon the coins of Athelstan; on some of Edred's coins the projections end in pearls. A radiated cap appears first on a coin of Ethelred II.; and the 'trefoil' ornament is noticeable upon a few of the coins of Canute. Several varieties of arched cap and crown appear upon the coins of Edward the Confessor. The close or arched crown, which appears on some of the Confessor's coins, is used on all the types of Harold, and was adopted by the earlier Norman kings. On the Confessor's and the 'Conqueror's' coins we see labels appended at each ear; these, as we learn from an anecdote related by William of Malmesbury, in wearing the crown, were fastened by a clasp or button beneath the chin.

William I. wore his crown on a cap adorned with points and leaves alternately, each point being tipped with three pearls; while the whole crown was surmounted by a cross. William Rufus discontinued the leaves. On the coins of Stephen and Henry II. the open crown with fleurs-de-lis appears. Henry III. was crowned with a plain circle of gold, in lieu of the crown, which had been lost with the other jewels and baggage of King John in passing the marshes of Lynn, on the Wash, near Wisbech. Edward III. wore his crown ornamented with points fleurs-de-lis alternately, and fleurs-de-lis and crosses, as at present. Selden had read that Henry V. was the first of them who wore the arched crown; and in a window of Ockholt Manor-house, in Berkshire, 1465, there certainly remained, till within a few years, the arms of Henry VI. and his queen, Margaret of Anjou, in separate coats, both surmounted by the arched barred crown. From Henry VII. downward, this arched crown, with the globe and cross, has been continued.

'St Edward's crown' was made in imitation of the ancient crown said to have been worn by

the Confessor, and kept in Westminster Abbey till the beginning of the Civil War in England, when, with the rest of the regalia, it was seized and sold. A new crown was prepared for Charles II. A magnificent crown was made for George IV. with the jewels of the old crown, and jewels borrowed of Rundell & Bridge, the Crown jewellers. This crown was fifteen inches in height; but the arches were not flat, as in the former crown, but rose almost to a point, and were surmounted by an orb of brilliants, upon which was placed a Maltese cross of brilliants with three fine pearls at its extremities. The arches were wreathed and fringed with diamonds, and four Maltese crosses of brilliants surrounded the crown, with four large diamond flowers intervening. On the centre of the back cross was the 'ancient ruby' which was worn at Crécy and Agincourt by the Black Prince and Henry V.; while the centre of the front cross was adorned with a splendid sapphire, more than two inches long and one inch broad; and a band of large diamonds, emeralds, sapphires, and rubies completed this magnificent diadem. It was estimated to be worth one hundred and fifty thousand pounds; and the expenses upon it, preparatory to the coronation of George IV., amounted to fifty or sixty thousand pounds, over and above the addition of the inestimable and unique sapphires.

The state crown of Queen Victoria was made for Her Majesty by Rundell & Bridge in 1838 with jewels taken from old crowns, and others furnished by the Queen's command. The following is a summary of jewels in the crown: 1 large ruby, 1 large broad sapphire, 16 sapphires, 11 emeralds, 4 rubies, 1363 brilliant diamonds, 1273 rose diamonds, 147 table diamonds, 4 drop-shaped pearls, and 273 pearls. Unlike most other princely crowns in Europe, all the jewels in the British crown are really precious stones; whereas, in other state crowns, valuable stones have been replaced with imitation stones of coloured glass.

#### HOW THE TOWN WAS SAVED.

HE was not romantic to look at; indeed, there was something almost comic in the short stout figure, clad in its washed-out blouse, and the wrinkled sunburnt face under the faded *bonnet-rouge*, and yet in the heart of Pierre Goblet there were thoughts and feelings that might have done honour to some knight of old. For he was a patriot, this old French miller, fired with an enthusiasm that threescore years and ten had been unable to quench. His father had been one of the *Grande Armée* in the great Emperor's time; and from his boyhood Pierre had held in loyal veneration the image of the little man in the gray coat, who had led his conquering armies across Europe, and had made France a power to be dreaded far and wide. But many changes had passed over France since those days, changes that Pierre Goblet had watched with a sad heart.

In the summer of 1870, when the Franco-German war was at its height, Pierre Goblet stood one evening at the threshold of his home,

smoking his pipe. The old mill, which had belonged to the Goblets for many generations, was built on the summit of some rising ground, and could be seen for many miles. The miller's little cottage was attached to the mill, but no other house was near. A few miles away lay the town of St André, the town to which the Goblets belonged. The whole scene was very fair to look upon in its summer beauty. Rich pasture-lands and vineyards, and on the summit of the hill the picturesque old mill, with the quaint little town plainly discernible in the distance. On the other side of the hill, away from the town, was a wood of old trees, which extended for many acres. Some of the trees, firs and others, were very ancient, and gave a dark, shadowy aspect to the whole.

The miller smoked thoughtfully as he gazed out before him along the white dusty road that led to the town. He was quite alone, for the few men he employed about the mill had gone to St André with a load of flour, and would not return with their empty wagons until the following day. It was a busy, anxious time for the inhabitants of St André, for they knew not when the Germans might be upon them, and they were preparing to hold their own against them, as St André was a fortified town, and, with proper care and precaution, they hoped to defend it at least against a sudden attack. For months past old Pierre had gone down to the village night after night to hear the last news, and to talk to the few men the war had left behind. The miller talked his heart out, trying to infect his neighbours with some of his own patriotic notions. But Pierre Goblet belonged to a bygone age, and the men, young and old, who gathered round him, although they listened respectfully enough, were too apathetic to understand him. They smoked and drank, while he, leaving the red wine untasted in his glass, talked and gesticulated, his dim eyes growing bright with the fire within him. But he did more than talk; he urged the townspeople on to some purpose in their preparations to sustain a siege, and in these preparations he himself gave substantial aid, for he kept his mill going early and late, until he had ground sufficient corn to keep the town in bread for many months to come.

Pierre Goblet had one child, a daughter, who was married to one of the chief shopkeepers of St André. Babetta was a young and pretty woman. She was very fond of her father, yet she sympathised with him as little as any one in the town. This young French matron rejoiced in the fact that her Jules, to whom she had been married but a few months, had been passed over by the conscription on account of a slight deafness. She and her father could not think alike on this, or indeed on any subject connected with the war. One day, when the preparations for fortifying the town were nearly completed, Babetta declared that, when all was done, her father must come and stay with her until the war troubles were at an end. Old Pierre could not endure the thought of leaving his mill, and he said: 'I suppose it must be so, little one, since I am too old to carry a gun.'

'My father,' the girl cried quickly, 'why regret that you cannot go out to be killed?'

If you were the youngest and the strongest, what difference could one man make?’

‘Ah! child, that is the spirit of the age, that would shirk all responsibility,’ the old man answered sadly. ‘But that was not what the soldiers in my young days were taught. Then each man who went to swell the numbers of those conquering armies felt that it rested with him, individually, whether the end should be victory or disaster!’

The only answer to this speech was a ringing laugh, and then Babette pressed her pretty lips caressingly on the miller's bald head, and so the father and daughter parted; the old man making his way back to the mill, from which, the next day, he despatched the last load of flour to the town.

The twilight deepened as Pierre Goblet stood by the solitary mill, gazing dreamily out before him. He was so lost in thought that his pipe had died out unheeded, and he did not hear the sound of approaching footsteps. It was only when a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder that he turned and found himself surrounded by some half-dozen big men in the Prussian uniform. Before Pierre had realised what had happened, he had drifted, with the soldiers, into the cottage, and the door was closed upon them. The man who had first accosted him still kept his hand upon his arm; and as the miller looked at him, he saw, from his dress and bearing, that he was an officer. He gave the old man a little impatient shake, as if to arrest his attention, and then addressed him in very fluent French.

‘Monsieur le Miller, we have come to intrude ourselves upon your hospitality,’ he said. ‘Remember that you cannot say us no; so take matters with a good grace, and bring out quickly all your larder boasts in the way of meat and drink.’

Pierre Goblet saw that resistance was useless, and without a word he turned to obey. As he moved about he could hear the officer and his men talking eagerly together, but their tongue was an unintelligible jargon to him—he could not understand a word.

The officer seated himself at the table, and the men waited upon him before satisfying their own hunger. Then meat, bread, and wine were placed in a basket, and two of the men left the cottage carrying it between them. From the window Pierre Goblet watched them making their way in the direction of the wood. They were evidently taking food to some other officers who were left in charge of men there. It was too dark for Pierre to distinguish anything, but he felt certain that a large body of men—perhaps many thousands—were concealed among the trees, only waiting until it was night that they might swoop down upon St André and take it by surprise.

The old miller's heart sank within him as he thought of the little town, whose fast approaching doom seemed inevitable. If only it were possible to warn the inhabitants of their danger! But he was a prisoner in his own home. An hour went by, and the daylight slowly faded. The officer who had taken possession of the cottage was joined by another, a younger man, and they sat together over the fire smoking

and talking. Above the chimney-piece was a coloured print of the first Napoleon. It was a poor little picture, and did but scant justice to the handsome face it was supposed to represent; but the cocked-hat, the gray coat, and the faded red ribbon across the breast, were all familiar to Pierre, and he had cherished the little portrait for many years. All at once the younger of the two Germans caught sight of it. He gave a derisive laugh, and snatching it from the wall, tossed it upon the fire. There was a bright flame for an instant; then a scrap of black charred paper floated upwards in the smoke. With set teeth, Pierre Goblet stood and watched. The expression of his face was inscrutable, but as his eyes followed that black atom, as it disappeared up the open chimney, a sudden moisture filled them that made the whole place swim. Then he went slowly from the room. He scarcely glanced at the outer door, where the soldiers were standing to prevent any one from passing out, but turned along a narrow passage to where a flight of wooden steps led up to the granary of the mill. He ascended them slowly and pushed open the trap-door. The soldiers made no effort to detain him, for they knew that it was impossible that he could escape through the mill.

Pierre Goblet emerged into the granary and closed the trap-door after him, and fastened it. He had no special object in going to the mill except that he might find solitude. He stood still and ruminated. On the whitened floor empty sacks and odds and ends were strewn about, and among them he noticed a large can that was filled with petroleum. He was always well supplied with this oil, for it was used for the many lamps about the mill, but having no further need for it at present, he had directed that this can should be taken in the last wagon and left in the town, as he thought his daughter might find it useful in the time of siege when necessaries ran short. However, his instructions had been forgotten, and the petroleum remained behind. At another time the carelessness of his men would have annoyed him, but his mind was too full of a large trouble now for a small one to give him a second thought.

A wooden ladder ran up the side of the mill to the little door-like window that opened just behind the wheel. Pierre Goblet mounted the ladder, opened the window, and leaned out. Only a foot or two from him the great sails were going steadily round and round—the four huge arms that had been familiar to him since his childhood; and to him each had an individuality of its own. He knew them by the way the little bits of canvas had been patched and mended by his dexterous fingers; a scrap of brown canvas, that he had put in only a few days ago, caught his eye, and as it passed him again and again, mechanically he counted the evolutions of the wheel, for his nerves were strained to such high tension that he scarcely knew what he did. On and on went the sails with their steady, monotonous motion, and the great wheel groaned and creaked in its socket.

Then Pierre Goblet turned his eyes away from the mill and looked straight before him, to where—a few miles distant—the little town lay; and he thought of its unconscious inhabit-

ants. They little knew what that night would bring them, that to many it might be their last on earth. Next the old man looked towards the wood. It was grim, dark, impenetrable. But in his fancy he could see men armed to the teeth, who watched and waited, ready at the first word of command to spring upon their prey. Then Pierre Goblet lifted his head and looked up into the clear cool sky, where a few pale stars were shining. His lips did not move, but from his heart went up an agonised cry that he might be shown a way to help his countrymen. If he were even then upon the road, he knew he should not have time to reach the town. Most likely, a German bullet would find him out, and he would fall lifeless by the road-side, his work undone. How could he warn St André? Their preparations to receive the enemy were so nearly completed, and a few hours would make so much difference!

All at once the light of inspiration came into the old man's face; his eyes glowed with a sudden eager hope. He did not hesitate for an instant. Carefully he clambered down the ladder back on to the granary floor. First he took a dark-lantern from a shelf and lighted it; next, he found a long thin stick, which he placed with the lantern, ready for his use. Then he uncorked the can of petroleum and carried it slowly and steadily up the ladder. He leaned from the little window as far as he was able, and tilted the can gently, so that a stream of oil fell upon the great sails as they passed. Again and again each arm in turn received its portion, until the wind-dried canvas was soaked through and through, and the ponderous wheel groaned and creaked more loudly under its increasing weight.

Pierre Goblet replaced the empty can, and taking up the lantern and the stick, he mounted the ladder once more. But before he proceeded with his operations, he glanced in the direction of the town, and there was a smile on his lips as he murmured: 'Ah! my little Babette, one man—and an old man too—may make a difference!' Then, pushing back the slide of the lantern, he lit the stick, and leaning from the window, he fired his beacon! He touched each arm as it passed, and in an instant a huge wheel of fire, that could be seen for many miles, was whirling round.

Pierre Goblet knew that in a very short space the whole mill would be on fire. Still, that blazing wheel must attract attention, and one moment was enough to give an alarm.

The smell of fire, the noise of burning wood, brought the Germans hurrying from the cottage. But Pierre Goblet heeded them not. He stood there gazing from the window, though he was almost blinded by the flames as they passed close to him. There was a look of breathless expectation on his face, which, after a moment, changed to one of intense relief. For a strange conviction had come to him that the alarm was taken! He knew, as surely as if he had been among them, that at the eleventh hour the people realised their danger, and would be prepared.

The old man's eyes glowed with a rapturous happiness as he gazed up into the starry

heavens with a mingled cry of gratitude and supplication. Then, as he felt that the fire and smoke were overpowering him, he roused himself for one last effort. Waving his hand towards the German soldiers, he shouted in a voice that rang out loud and clear, 'Vive la France!'

## NEW CALEDONIA.

THE official announcement recently made by the French Government to the effect that it had determined to cease transporting criminals to New Caledonia, has closed a period which to many interests of the South Seas was one of fear and friction. Negotiations towards some such result as that stated have been going on for many years, the Australian colonies more than once manifesting a desire to force the hand of British diplomacy, so real was the injury they sustained by the nearness of the penal settlement, and so great was the apprehension that that injury would grow in aggravating bitterness as the years went by. New Caledonia is seven hundred and thirty miles from the coast of Queensland, its capital, Noumea, being ten hundred and fifty miles from Sydney; and venturesome spirits, goaded by the system of control on the island, thought little of making a dash for freedom across these miles of sea. It looked, therefore, as if Australia, which resisted so stoutly the advent of criminals from England forty-six years ago, would in time find itself burdened with numbers of as bad, if not worse, ones from France.

A short while back, seven such escapes sighted Queensland after a perilous trip of eighteen days in an open boat. They had stolen the boat from a publican on the island, stored it with eighty pounds of rice, sixty coco-nuts, and a small bag of biscuits, and committed themselves to the waves. When they reached the Barrier, lying off the Queensland coast, the boat was capsized, and men and provisions were precipitated into the sea. The breakers which capsized the boat washed it over into smooth water, where the men again regained it, and, righting it, continued the voyage, but now without a mouthful of food in their possession. Five days later they arrived at Whitsunday Island, in the sorriest of plights, and were befriended by a tribe of black-fellows, until the Queensland police discovered and arrested them as escaped convicts. Persons arrested on this charge are tried by a special court, and if found guilty, are handed over to the New Caledonian authorities to be redelivered at the settlement. Escapes like that narrated are numerous, but arrests such as described are seldom so prompt or sure. Convicts have struck the mainland unobserved, and made their way into the bush, where they have become station hands, or fallen into the ways of the nomadic 'swagsman,' and no particular notice has been taken of them. Sometimes, too, they discover friends of their own nationality, and are helped to successfully disguise themselves and their objects; and usually, if they are found settled down, they are not interfered with. But when they are unlucky enough to put into any large



town, they mostly go to the bad, or are caught and sent back. During the Communist excitement of 1874, the well-known Rochefort, with five associates, escaped from New Caledonia, and landed at Newcastle, New South Wales, where their history became at once known, and friends and enemies were set in motion. The ordinary convict who reaches a large town is, however, either tamely caught, or he drops in among the dregs of the population, and applies himself industriously to some form of midnight law-breaking. He mostly takes up the line which originally caused his deportation from France, and often displays skill and presence of mind in his operations. Coining, burglary, safe-robbing, and waylaying the tipsy or belated, are favourite exploits with this class of criminal; and sometimes the work is done with such perfection of detail, that detectives know the nationality of the perpetrator before they lay hands on him. It may be that these escapes have not been at any time so numerous as the Australian public assert, but seeing that they so often come to light when gangs of thieves are captured, or a course of systematic crime is suddenly stopped, the general impression as to their numbers may not be far astray.

The French Government classifies its New Caledonian convicts as 'recidivistes,' 'condamnés,' and 'libérés,' the first meaning habitual criminals; the second, persons undergoing a sentence; and the third, what we would call 'ticket-of-leave men,' or persons sometimes who have fulfilled their term of punishment, but who are refused permission to return to France. The recidivistes and condamnés are ever on the watch for a chance to escape. They esteem almost any spot on earth as a better place to live than where they are. Some of the libérés are not very objectionable, and in the days when those of them who would not be permitted to return to France were allowed to go to America or Australia, they frequently behaved well, and adopted industrious and lawful occupations. Many of them drifted to the New Hebrides, and are now in independent circumstances there. But the privilege of leaving New Caledonia for America or Australia was withdrawn some years ago, and hence the convicts must now be kept on the island.

In 1882 a trading company was formed with the object of transferring some of this convict labour to the New Hebrides. As such a transfer would increase French power in the latter group of islands, as well as make room for fresh consignments of convicts in the old quarters, the French Government took up the idea with zest, and established as a preliminary two military posts in the neighbourhood. But England, vigorously prompted by Australia, protested against the scheme with such effect that it was abandoned; and in six years after, the military posts were abolished. M. Biard d'Aunet, the French Consul-general at present in New South Wales, visited New Caledonia about a year ago, and discussed with the Governor of the settlement various projects for the termination of transportation. M. Biard d'Aunet was fully possessed of the Australian sentiment on the matter, and the outcome of the conference was a series of recommendations

to the French Government, which culminated in the decree of the Chamber of Deputies directing that transportation to New Caledonia should cease, and that in future convicts should be sent to one of the French possessions in Africa.

The news of the cessation of transportation was received by the business portion of the New Caledonian community with undisguised ill-favour. The mineral resources of the island are very great, and are as yet but partially tapped. Chrome, cobalt, and nickel abound. The soil is fruitful; coco-nuts, bananas, and bread-fruits growing wild. Sugar-cane and coffee-planting, and other industries of a tropical character, promise to be profitable pursuits. With quick returns from these sources in mind, employers of labour naturally desired cheap workmen, and the convict system which obtained lent itself admirably to their needs. In 1879 the Government entered into a compact with Mr John Higginson, a naturalised Frenchman and old Noumean resident, whereby he was granted the services of three hundred convicts for twenty years, at the charge of one penny per day per man, the Government agreeing to feed and clothe them during that period. Three or four similar agreements were entered into with other employers. Seventy Chinese convicts lately landed at Noumea, were immediately hired out to applicants for their services. The sentences on these convicts ran from five to fifteen years, and the applicants paid the hiring bureau a trifling sum per year of sentence, and guaranteed to pay the convicts afterwards at the rate of twelve shillings per month. Consequently, it is not surprising that the news of the impending change produced a disquieting effect.

But the die is cast. New Caledonia enters the list of free countries. Though the immediate effect may be injurious to some businesses, general business is sure to be favourably affected, and social and political life to be improved. New South Wales ceased to be a convict settlement in 1839, Van Diemen's Land in 1853, and Western Australia in 1868; and in each case a new spirit appeared to breathe through the country when the convict flag was lowered. Progress, political, social, and industrial, has been the yearly record. There is no reason to fear a different record for New Caledonia.

#### A SUMMER NIGHT.

THE long bright sunny day is at an end;  
From out the western sky, the last faint ray  
Of crimson glory pales, and fades to gray;  
And silently o'er sea and land descend  
The quiet shadows of the summer night.  
The drowsy garden-flowers, responsive now  
To the soft pressure of the falling dew,  
Fill all the air with sweetness: cottage lights  
Flit out into the darkness, one by one:  
The plaintive wailing of the lone sea-bird  
Is hushed; and all is silent, save the sad,  
Low murmur of the summer waves, whose song,  
From yonder clear blue heaven, overhead,  
The silent, list'ning stars stoop down to hear.

M. C. C.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,  
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 609.—VOL. XII.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1895.

PRICE 1½d.

## 'M.P.'

### THE TRIBULATIONS AND ADVANTAGES OF LEGISLATORS.

THE hurlyburly of the General Election is over; the six hundred and seventy members who constitute the House of Commons have been duly returned; and now that the excitement and fever of the electoral campaign have abated, it may not, perhaps, be out of place to consider the pleasures and sorrows of a Member of Parliament.

Lord Macaulay has given us a graphic description of what he calls 'the tedious and exhaustive routine' of an M.P.'s political life during the sitting of Parliament. 'Waiting whole evenings to vote,' he says, 'and then walking half a mile at a foot's pace round and round the crowded lobbies; dining amidst clamour and confusion, with a division twenty minutes long between two of the mouthfuls; trudging home at three in the morning through the slush of a February thaw; and sitting behind Ministers in the centre of a closely-packed bench during the hottest week of the London summer.' If this were a complete picture of parliamentary life, if M.P.s were such slaves and martyrs to duty as Macaulay (who was himself in Parliament) would have us believe, it would indeed be difficult to understand why a seat in the House of Commons should be regarded as the highest object of ambition, and be sighed for, and schemed for, and fought for by thousands of able and wide-awake men. Above all, one would be at a loss to comprehend the action of men who, like Macaulay himself, having had experience of parliamentary life—of its hard and thankless work, of the mental strain it involves, and of its physical inconveniences and discomforts—labour unceasingly, night and day, during the three weeks or a month the General Election lasts, and spend thousands of pounds in inducing the electors to send them back again to the

weary and dreary round of routine tasks at Westminster. But the truth is that Macaulay has given only the dark features of parliamentary life. There is a bright side to the picture also. The work of an M.P. is hard, but, as we shall see presently, it has its compensations.

The tribulations of a Member of Parliament are undoubtedly many. Dark as is the picture drawn by Macaulay, it could easily be made more forbidding. In the first place, the initial cost of obtaining a seat in the House of Commons is always great. Candidates are obliged by the Corrupt Practices Act of 1883 (which has fixed a maximum scale of electioneering expenses, varying in amount according to the extent and character of the constituency) to furnish a return of their expenses; and according to a Blue-book on the subject—issued in connection with the General Election of 1892—it appears that close on a million of money was spent by the one thousand three hundred and seven candidates who fought for seats in the House of Commons in that electoral campaign. The average expenses of the six hundred and seventy successful candidates were about seven hundred pounds each. But that does not, as a rule, represent a third of the financial cost of the honour and dignity of the office of Member of Parliament. Before the contest takes place, the constituency has to be 'nursed,' with a view to securing the good-will and support of the electors. 'Nursing' is a very expensive process. Many a man has spent from one thousand to five thousand pounds a year, for two or even five years before the General Election, in the constituency he aspires to represent. A newspaper has often been run by a prospective candidate at a tremendous loss, ostensibly for the laudable object of supplying the electors with news, but really to keep prominently before them the virtues of the man who is wooing their suffrages, and the grandeur and magnificence of the political principles he supports.

And this process of 'nursing' does not end

with the election of the 'nurse' to the House of Commons. Gratitude, which is well defined, in electioneering matters at least, as a lively sense of favours to come, makes it incumbent on the M.P. to pay careful attention to the wants and wishes of his constituents. He cannot afford to ignore a request from even the humblest and obscurest of electors. His popularity depends, in a greater or less degree, on his mode of dealing with communications from constituents. And knowing the dependent and trammelled position, in that respect, of their member, his constituents make the most extravagant and unreasonable demands on his time and purse. Some idea of the enormous amount of correspondence which Members of Parliament have to deal with at the House of Commons itself, may be gathered from the statement that something like thirty-two thousand letters and nineteen thousand telegrams are received and despatched every week during the session. Begging letters predominate in this vast mass of correspondence. Time was when a Member of Parliament had some patronage to distribute in the way of posts in the Customs and Excise, if the party he supported were in power. But that time is gone and for ever; and the only patronage now at the disposal of an M.P., when his party is in office, is the nomination to any vacant sub-post-office in his constituency—an eventuality which seldom arises, greatly to the relief of our representatives, because for the one friend they make of the successful person in such transactions, they make twenty enemies among those who are disappointed.

It would seem, however, as if a large number of the electors are still under the impression that their representatives have abundance of nice, fat, comfortable posts at their disposal. Members of Parliament are consequently inundated with demands from supporters for posts for their sons and daughters as clerks and messengers to the House of Commons, typists in the different State departments, boatmen in the Customs service, private secretaries, and countless other positions outside Parliament and the Civil Service, which it is believed the influence of our legislators could easily secure.

Then there are the letters from constituents, half pathetic and half laughable—fathers of families who are visited with illness and distress, and require pecuniary assistance; tradesmen on the verge of bankruptcy, who could be restored to a sound financial position by a loan of fifty pounds; widows of electors who have been left with marriageable daughters, and want to know whether husbands for them cannot be found, if not among the members, at least among the policemen on duty about the House; tradesmen who send on samples of their goods—whiskies, walking-sticks, and even perambulators (if the announcement of an interesting event in the member's family has been published)—with requests for testimonials; ingenious persons who have invented mixtures, pellets, and appliances for transforming a hoarse voice into a voice silvery, ringing, and resonant, and making the dull and turgid speaker clear and eloquent. The trials and temptations of a Member of Parliament are also numerous and

exasperating. He is frequently insulted by being offered bribes if he will allow his name to be used in the floating of some Company, or in the advertising of some article of common use or patent medicine; if he will use his influence in obtaining a Government contract for a certain firm, or in securing for some person a post in the gift of one of the Ministers. In a recent debate in the House of Commons on the payment of members, Mr John Burns created much amusement by reading the reply to an offer of fifty pounds made to him by a person in Belfast if he succeeded in obtaining for him a vacant collectorship of taxes. 'Sir,' replied Mr Burns, 'you are a scoundrel. I wish you were within reach of my boot.'

Our legislators are also inundated with appeals in aid of funds for churches, chapels, mission halls, schools, working-men's institutes, political clubs, hospitals, asylums, and institutions of all kinds; and although many of them may never have played cricket or football, or run a race in their lives, and would not trust themselves on bicycles any more than on wild mustangs, they are expected to become patrons and presidents (paying substantial donations for the honour) of every athletic, cricket, football, and bicycle club in their constituencies. Then there are many local functions—religious, social, and political—to which they are invited. Whenever a meeting for any purpose is being organised in a constituency, the first thought is to try to get the member to attend. The more conspicuous he is in Parliament, and therefore the more likely to attract an audience, the greater is the volume of those invitations which pour in upon him week after week, and the more widespread is the disappointment and dissatisfaction among his constituents if he does not attend. He is expected to preside at smoking concerts and local political dinners, to attend picnics and fêtes of friendly societies, to visit local clubs, to open bazaars, and to say a few words at charity performances and mixed entertainments of a political character, at which he is sandwiched between sentimental and comic singers, and is forced to imbibe numberless cups of inferior tea.

There is no doubt that most of the men who aspire to seats in the House of Commons do so with an honest and genuine desire to serve the State, to benefit the community, to promote that primary object of good government—the greatest happiness of the greatest number. These they rightly consider to be the chief functions of a legislator; and in the first flush of their enthusiasm after election, many of them intrepidly and zealously set about informing themselves of the principles of constitutional government, and of the subjects that are likely to engage the attention of Parliament. They soon find, however, that to do this properly, would leave them very little time for anything else. Most of them, perhaps, give up the task in despair; and instead of attempting to arrive at independent conclusions by personal investigation and study, they largely rely on the speeches of their political leaders, and on the articles of the party newspapers, to direct them on the right path in regard to the public questions of the day.

Every M.P. finds his breakfast table heaped every morning during the session with an enormous pile of parliamentary papers, consisting of books, bills, reports, returns, and other documents. Blue-books are universally admitted to be not very exciting reading, and eighty volumes of these books—ominously ponderous and portentously dull—are on an average issued every year, all of them demanding the immediate attention of the conscientious legislator. The bills, or embryo Acts of Parliament, are more inviting, embodying, as they do, the fads and hobbies entertained by the six hundred and seventy members of the House of Commons. About three hundred of those bills are introduced every session, and are printed and circulated amongst members, who are expected to make themselves acquainted with their provisions.

One of the great disappointments in the life of an M.P. is that, though sessions come and sessions go, his little pet scheme of legislation, which he hoped to be able to place on the statute book, never advances beyond the initiatory stage of first reading. Another cruel disappointment is that, after devoting days and nights to taxing his brain for antitheses, epigrams, and other flowers of rhetoric for his speech in a great debate, he patiently sits night after night during the time allotted for the debate, on the pounce to 'catch the Speaker's eye,' but fails to fix the attention of that wandering orb; while he hears his arguments and his illustrations used by other men, who had probably gone to the same source for them, until at last the end comes without an opportunity having been afforded him to relieve his mind of the weighty unspoken speech which oppresses it. Then his constituents complain that he is a useless 'silent member,' if they do not see his name figuring in the newspaper reports. They are convinced he is neglecting his duty. And what consolation is it to him to think of the old saying that 'they are the wisest part of Parliament who use the greatest silence,' or of the opinion of the party leaders—especially the leaders of the party in office—that he is the most useful of members who never takes part in the debates, but is ever at hand to record his vote when the division bells ring out their alarm?

Other sore tribulations of the poor M.P. are that his opinions are dictated by his leaders—his movements controlled by the Whips. Party discipline is very strict, and violations of it, however slight, are rarely condoned. If a member is bold enough to take an independent stand in regard to any of the political questions of the day, his speech in the House, explaining his position, is received with scoffs and jeers by his colleagues, and, what is perhaps more uncomfortable, approving cheers by members on the other side. If he persists in this course, he is regarded as a crank and a faddist, and is severely 'cut' by his party. Again, strongly worded and heavily underscored communications, demanding his immediate attendance at Westminster, are frequently delivered to him at the most inopportune moments—when he is just sitting down to a delightful little dinner, or about to leave his house for a

pleasant night at the Gaiety Theatre—and if, yielding to the temptations of the flesh, he ignores this peremptory call of political duty, his past services are forgotten, he gets a solemn lecture from the Chief Whip, on the enormity of his offence, and, mayhap, his name is published in an official 'black list' of defaulters, or he comes across a nasty little paragraph exposing his neglect of duty in the local newspaper which most widely circulates amongst his constituents.

But, happily, when the litany of the tribulations of an M.P. is exhausted, there remain to be told many countervailing pleasures and advantages, which make a seat in the House of Commons well worth the physical labour and mental worry involved in winning it, and retaining it.

A member of the House of Commons is allowed to attach to his name the magic letters 'M.P.' which are a source of pride and gratification to himself, and secure for him the respect and deference of others. These initials undoubtedly contribute, too, to his social status. Doors of social circles, hitherto locked and barred, are open wide to him; and invitations to social functions in the houses of the great and wealthy members of his party reach him during the session. Then he is a member of 'the best club in London.' It is, indeed, frequently denied that the House of Commons still maintains that pre-eminence as a social haunt of men, which, it is universally acknowledged, once rightly belonged to it. But, as a matter of fact, the House is more of a club now than it has ever been in its centuried existence. It is provided with handsome dining-rooms, smoking-rooms, reading-rooms; and only this year it advanced another important stage in its continuous development and progress as a club, by having a suite of bath-rooms and dressing-rooms added to its *entourage*. In its smoking-room may be met, in the pleasant relaxation of a chat and gossip, not only some of the most distinguished men in the kingdom, but a far greater variety of types of men than can be encountered in the smoking-room of any club in London. Mr Labouchere, indeed, has said a couple of hours could be passed far more enjoyably in the smoking-room of the House of Commons than in the smoking-room of the Carlton or Reform Club. It was the member for Northampton also who declared that the House of Commons was not only one of the pleasantest, but one of the healthiest places in the world, and that he far preferred a month on its green benches to a month on the Promenade of Brighton.

There is a popular belief that members are paid five guineas per day for their attendance on Select Committees; but it is absolutely unfounded. Members of Committees do not get a penny; and indeed, with the exception of the Ministry, not a single M.P. gets any financial recompense from the State in return for his services in Parliament. But every member—and specially the young, and able, and ambitious—has a chance of an office in an Administration; and nice, fat salaries—though, indeed, in no case more than the work to be done warrants—are attached to these offices.

Let us see how the salaries, which are paid quarterly, work out in weekly instalments. The First Lord of the Treasury, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the five principal Secretaries of State, who deal with Foreign Affairs, the Home Office, India, the Colonies, and the Army, receive each the weekly sum of £96, 3s. The First Lord of the Admiralty receives £86, 10s. per week, and the Chief Secretary for Ireland, £85, 1s. per week. Next come the Postmaster-general and the Chairman of Committees, who each receive £48, 1s.; while the weekly salary of the Secretary for Scotland, the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, the President of the Board of Trade, and the President of the Local Government Board, is £38, 9s.

There are other pecuniary advantages attached to a seat in the House of Commons. The demand for M.P.s as directors of companies is always very brisk, though of late this means of adding to their income is discountenanced and looked upon with distrust and suspicion by the vast majority of the members. A barrister-at-law also finds that a seat in the House of Commons materially advances his position in his profession; and the great prize of a place on the Judicial Bench is always in the offing. Above all, however disappointed a member may be in his dreams of personal ambition and in his schemes of pet legislation, there is the ever-present and consoling thought that he exercises a potent voice—or perhaps we should say vote—in the Government of the greatest and mightiest Empire in the world.

## AN ELECTRIC SPARK.\*

### CHAPTER XIX.—AN ICE.

'A GLORIOUS land, no doubt; but what country, even with a man's hopes at zero, could compare with that she treads,' thought Wynyan, as he stood back looking on, while Endoza and his daughter hastened forward to welcome the new arrivals. Wynyan's pulses were now accelerated as he noted the change which had come over the graceful figure in her simple mourning robe. Rénée's face looked sad and careworn as she stood talking to Isabel, and with the emotion in his heart growing tumultuous, Wynyan was wondering how she would meet him—what she would say—whether, after all, there would be hope in the future, or whether it was the veriest madness on his part to harbour such ideas, when he became conscious of the fact that Brant was watching him with an unpleasant scowl on his countenance.

Then Brant was passed over and forgotten. How it all happened he never knew, for the Count's salon was transformed, and the whole scene became dreamy and strange. Wynyan knew that he spoke to Miss Bryne, who gently reproached him for not having been near them.

'I know,' she said, 'that you have had some quarrel with my nephew, and have left the offices, Mr Wynyan; but I have nothing to do with the business matters, and we shall be very pleased to see you again.'

'We shall be very pleased!' The words rang in Wynyan's ears, and a few minutes after he was seated near Rénée, talking of the past, her saddened gray eyes meeting his wistfully from time to time, as if asking for his sympathy. But there was no look of love therein; and the discourse was almost entirely about the dead.

'I ought not to be here, Mr Wynyan,' she said at last; 'but my aunt almost insisted upon my coming. You will not think me thoughtless—that it is too soon.'

That was the only hopeful sentence in their conversation; but it helped to fan the fire. She did value his opinion.

There was no time for more. Brant came up, and almost roughly began: 'Here, Rénée, I want to speak to you.'

But he in turn was interrupted by their young hostess, whom he had abruptly left when he could bear witnessing the *tête-à-tête* no longer.

'Really, Rénée dear, you must take your cousin and scold him well for his bad manners. I have been talking to him for five minutes, and he has not heard a word I said. He has been staring at you all the time, and longing to get to your side. But he is not going to monopolise you here. I mean to have a chat with you myself.—There, you two gentlemen can go and smoke a cigarette in the next room.'

This all in a playful spirit full of badinage; and as Isabel seated herself beside her guest, Brant turned off angrily, and made towards an open doorway draped by a heavy curtain, while the Count was bending impressively over Miss Bryne, who, poor lady, looked faint with pleasure; and as Wynyan strolled towards where a guest was standing alone, he thought of the doctor and then of the Count's offer.

'I thought I should hardly get a word with you, Rénée dearest,' began Isabel, leaning towards her friend affectionately, and gently agitating the half-mourning fan she carried, for the benefit of both.

'I'm afraid that you will find me rather a dull companion,' said Rénée sadly.

'Dull? For shame, dear! Do you think I am so hard-hearted and frivolous as not to feel for you intensely? Oh Rénée, dear, I do wish I could make you happy. You must—indeed you must—try and cease all this sorrowing, and come out a little more.'

Rénée shook her head.

'But you ought, dear, really. We mourn with you, but we want to see you happy.'

'I know you do, dear,' replied Rénée, who, while often feeling a kind of pity mingled with contempt for her friend, gladly listened to, and believed in the girl's eager offers of sympathy.

'She is not as we are,' Rénée would say to herself. 'This childish womanliness is her nature, and I believe that in her way she loves me.'

She felt this more than ever as, behind the great fan, Isabel's hand glided to hers, and gave it a long, warm pressure, while, when their eyes met, Isabel's were brimming and sad with pity, and she uttered a low sob.

\* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

Rénée's fingers closed more firmly upon those of her young hostess, and she looked her thanks.

And that evening her heart felt more attuned to sympathy. There was a warmer glow there, and a saddened feeling of satisfaction at meeting Paul Wynyan again. She had heard of the trouble between him and her cousin, but in her great sorrow she had tried not to think of him, perhaps vainly. Now they had met once more, and his grave sympathetic words had fallen pleasantly upon her ears, bringing with them dreamy thoughts which she shrank from, as if they were full of guilt.

And now as she sat there, with Isabel talking to her almost in whispers, she turned her eyes to see that Wynyan was looking towards them; and as she met his gaze, hers did not shrink away till she was conscious that her companion had caught the direction in which she was looking, and said quietly: 'Do you like Mr Wynyan, dear?'

'I?—Yes,' said Renée hurriedly. 'He was very much in my poor father's confidence.'

'Yes,' said Isabel, 'I know, dear. How I used to tease you about him—but you weren't hurt,' she added hastily.

'Hurt? No.'

'It was very thoughtless of me, I know. I am terribly thoughtless sometimes. I used to think that you cared for him, but of course I know better now. But do you like him?'

'Oh yes, I like him,' said Renée, looking at the bright, fragile little thing half wonderingly.

'I am so glad, because he is so—so—what you call bluff and frank; and you do like me to confide in you, Renée, don't you?'

'Of course, Isabel.'

Renée heard her own words faintly, for there was a strange singing in her ears, and a peculiar tremor ran through her.

'I am so glad, because it is so nice to have some one who feels like a sister, and to whom one can open one's very heart. Of course, I should not speak to any one else as I do to you, dear, because perhaps I am not justified in saying so much; but I cannot help feeling and thinking a great deal, though nothing has been said. These matters are instinctive, are they not?'

'I—I cannot tell,' said Renée, before whose eyes a mist had arisen, which blotted out Wynyan, and threatened to shut out the whole world, till she made a tremendous effort to maintain her composure.

'Oh, they are, dear, I am sure—quite sure,' whispered Isabel. 'I am in great trouble about it, though, for papa is so proud of his fine old Spanish descent; and though he likes Mr Wynyan very much, he may think it would be lowering me in my position as his child. I don't, for when one loves, one can only think that he is everything that is noble and great. You think Mr Wynyan is nice, don't you, dear?'

'I think Mr Wynyan is very gentlemanly,' said Renée faintly, and the mist seemed thicker than ever.

'Yes, dear, that is exactly what he is, and if it goes on, papa will have to introduce him

to the President, and he will be decorated, and they will make him a Count.'

'I thought you had no titles,' said Renée, growing calmer now, and forcing herself to be firm.

'We are supposed not to have, dear, but the people like them, and they think so much of a foreigner who is a Count or a Chevalier. He will go over to Deconagua, of course, and I shall go for a time; but I never will consent to live there, after being in dear old foggy England with its society. Some day when I come back to live here, we can be so much together again, and I suppose you will be Mrs—— Oh, how funny! Why, Renée dearest, you will not have changed your name.'

'No,' said Renée, after drawing a long deep breath, and looking firmly at her companion: 'I shall not have changed my name.'

'Yes, dear; what is it?' said Isabel, as her companion rose, just as Brant came back again, smoking his cigarette.

'I was going to join my aunt, dear,' said Renée in a strangely altered tone.

'Do, dear; I'm afraid I am neglecting other people, but it is so hard to remember every one.—Oh, here is your cousin. May I have a chat with him?'

'Of course,' said Renée coldly; and as she reached Miss Bryne, who was sitting alone, looking very stately and dreamy, Brant took the seat his cousin had vacated.

'Well, little one,' he said familiarly; 'why, you look prettier than ever.'

'What a rude remark!' said Isabel, pouting, and looking offended.

'It's the truth,' said Brant.—'I say, Isabel, why do you have that cad here?'

'Cad? What cad? Oh, for shame! You don't mean Mr Lisle, the great ironmaster?'

'Him! No. You know who I mean: that fellow who used to be with us—Wynyan.'

'For shame! You mustn't call him that. Papa says he is the cleverest man he knows, and he is sure that he will some day be great.'

'Him! Great! Bosh!'

'What a word! Besides, I like him. He isn't handsome, but he looks brave and strong.'

'What! You like him? You'd better not. If I thought you meant it, I'd lay wait for him and break his neck. I say'—

'No, I shall not listen to you, sir. I will not have such dreadful threats made in my presence.'

'Then you shouldn't have him here.'

'How can I help it? Papa asks whom he pleases.'

'Well, I know some one who wouldn't have been here if he had known. I don't consider him to be good enough company for my cousin.'

'You seem very jealous about the company your cousin keeps,' said Isabel with a toss of her head.

'Well, so I am,' retorted Brant; and then, after a furtive glance round: 'Ten times as jealous, though, about beautiful little Isabel. I say, beauty—don't have him here again.'

'Hush!'

'All right—but don't.'

'You need not mind, Brant.'

'I don't now,' he whispered. 'I say, this is real happiness. It makes me feel as if I should like it to be always so.'

'No,' said Isabel, 'you don't mean it. I can't believe you.'

'Yes, you do. I'm not much of a fellow, I know, but I've got eyes in my head, and—I have—can't we walk out on to the balcony or into the conservatory?'

'It's all sooty in the balcony, and nothing to see but street lamps.'

'Conservatory, then?'

'There isn't one. Ah, you should be in Deconacqua, where we have the loveliest of gardens, all orange and lemon trees and flowers.'

'Some day—some day,' whispered Brant.

'I shall get such a scolding, not some day, but to-night, when you are all gone,' said Isabel, rising; and though Brant sought for it, he did not enjoy another *l'été-à-tête* with his young hostess, so turned to Rénée.

'Like a beautiful icicle,' he muttered, as he went to seek some more refreshment. 'Why don't the old chap have some fizz? Coffee and ices! Hang it all! men are not girls.'

The evening wore on, and Wynyan was watching his opportunity for a few words with Rénée, but the opportunity did not seem to come; and when at last he saw her and Miss Bryne rise to go, the Count held him fast by the coat.

'You will think about what we discussed, Mr Wynyan?' he said in his ultra-friendly way. 'You understand the kind of man we require: brain, genius, an engineer *au fait* with regard to motive powers. You will try and help me?'

'If I can, sir,' said Wynyan.

'Thank you, so much. Ah, I must go and see that dear Miss Bryne to her carriage.'

Wynyan winced, for Brant had joined his cousin, evidently with the same intent, and the opportunity was gone.

'One word, Mr Wynyan,' said the Count, bending toward him: 'think of all I said—reward, position, the love of some beautiful woman; think, Mr Wynyan, the chance of a lifetime—why not you—on your own terms?'

He gave Wynyan a peculiar look through his half-closed eyes, and then crossed quickly to where Rénée was taking her leave of her young hostess. Then she laid her hand upon Brant's arm, there was the faint rustle of her dark dress over the rich carpet, and she was gone.

'Without one look,' said Wynyan to himself, as he stood there chilled and with a sensation akin to despair creeping over him.

Then he started back to the present, as a voice said: 'Don't they make a handsome pair, Mr Wynyan?'

For a few moments he made no reply, but stood gazing in the large, dark, malicious-looking eyes which gazed into his.

'I beg your pardon,' he faltered.

'There is no need. It was perhaps rude of me, but I saw you watching them go out. But do please take me to have an ice, Mr

Wynyan; I'm faint and hoarse, and quite fagged with trying to make people happy. In the next room. You'll have one too?'

But Paul Wynyan had already had his ice.

(To be continued.)

### THE GREAT FAIRS OF RUSSIA.

IN Russia, as in America, according to Sir Mackenzie Wallace, the traveller is always cross-questioned by new acquaintances as to what he thinks of the country; and after he has answered the question, he is tolerably sure to be asked whether he has seen the Great Fair of Nijni-Novgorod. Now, although Sir Mackenzie Wallace spent some years in Russia before he went to see that Fair, and then confessed himself disappointed with it, and with the absence of the Oriental colouring he expected, this particular Fair is but a type, though a leading one, of the manner in which the vast internal trade of the Russian Empire is conducted. Without some knowledge of these Fairs, it is impossible to understand the economic conditions of Russia.

It is now about twenty years since Mr (now Sir D. M.) Wallace recorded his disappointment with Nijni-Novgorod. In these twenty years Russia has developed enormously in many ways, and in no way more remarkably than in the extension of railways, and the completion of links of water-communication. Yet, Nijni-Novgorod increases rather than diminishes in commercial importance, and if not quite one of the seven wonders of the world, as it used to be regarded by patriotic Russians, is at least a prominent feature in Russian economy. And here it may be explained that the word 'Nijni' (better spelt 'Nizhni') means Lower; and thus Nijni-Novgorod is just Lower Novgorod. It is said to have been originally a colony planted on the Volga in the thirteenth century by the people of Great Novgorod, the vastly more ancient city which has been called 'the cradle of Russian history.'

But while the name of the Great Fair of Nijni-Novgorod is more or less familiar to every reader of books about Russia, and of the narratives of those who have pushed into Central Asia through the Russian lines, it is not so easy in Western Europe to understand how Fairs have retained an importance in the Empire of the Czar which they have lost almost everywhere else. According to an official investigation made some years ago, it seems that there are no fewer than 2825 Fairs held annually in Russia, at which the turn-over—although statistics could not be obtained from a considerable number of them—was valued at 577 million roubles. This was the computed value of the goods brought in for sale; and taking the rouble at three shillings, this gives an equivalent of 86½ millions sterling. In this enormous turn-over some 194,000 traders were engaged as principals.

It must not be supposed, however, that all of these 2825 Fairs rival in importance the Fair of Nijni-Novgorod. Probably about eighty per cent. of them are merely local or village Fairs, for the sale of produce by the peasants to the dealers, and of the purchase of stores, &c., from



the dealers by the peasants. Of the great Fairs, the larger number are in Little Russia and the eastern region; and, as might be expected, they become smaller and less numerous the nearer the western frontiers are approached. One reason why the Fair-trade has become so large and so firmly established, is because of the want, until quite recent times, of conveniences of communication. It was not possible for local dealers to supply themselves at the points of production of the goods they dealt in. Another reason was the smallness of the circulating capital in the provinces, so that traders had not the money in hand with which to go to distant markets. Thus it came about that half-way stations were established, at which producers and dealers could meet periodically for the exchange of goods. It has been said that the Fair system has enabled Russia to a large extent to dispense with middlemen—that the manufacturers and wholesale importers are brought into direct relations with the local tradesmen, and the farmers with the millers and exporters; but how far this may be true, we have no means of knowing.

Then, again, the Fair system has flourished because of the encouragement and protection extended to it by the Government since the days of Peter the Great, who paid great attention to the Fairs, and himself instituted some, for the purpose of drawing trade from neighbouring countries. Although not free from tolls, the recognised Fairs were not subjected to the heavy inland customs duties otherwise exacted. In the eighteenth century, a percentage tax was imposed on the traders at the Fairs; but it was found so hurtful in restricting business, that in 1814 trade at all the Fairs in the Empire was proclaimed free to everybody.

Owing to the deficiency of railways, of telegraphs, and of banking facilities, the Fairs grew in importance until the middle of the present century, when they may be said to have reached their highest point of development. Then they began to change their character as the manufacturing industries of Russia developed. The Fairs mainly concerned with foreign goods lost their importance, while those in more close connection with the great towns and industrial centres gained in importance. In Little Russia there is a regular succession of Fairs following close upon one another, so that goods left unsold at one are packed up by the trader for the next, and so on. In spite of these changes and charges, goods could still be sold at the most distant Fairs at very little more than Moscow prices. This was because of the exemption from duties enjoyed by the Fair-dealers. But as railways and banks extended, these special privileges were resented as a hardship by general traders, and in 1882 it was decreed that the Fairs should be classified and taxed.

The dealers have now to provide themselves with guild-tickets and licenses, the price of which varies with the importance of the Fair. The Fairs were classified according to duration—over a month, over twenty-one days, from fifteen to twenty days, from eight to fourteen days, and under seven days. According to a St Petersburg publication before us, there is only one Fair of the first class, that of Nijni-

Novgorod; but there are 47 of the second class, 59 of the third class, 291 of the fourth class, and 2500 of the fifth class, which last is exempt from taxation. The dues from the four classes bring in the Government a revenue averaging 332,000 roubles per annum. The return shows that while the revenue from the frontier Fairs has decreased since 1884, that from the others has increased. On the whole, however, it would seem that what may be called the open mercantile trade of Russia has increased during the last ten years at the expense of the Fairs.

So much as to the general system; and now let us take a look at the special features.

Although the Fair of Nijni-Novgorod has only been located there since 1816, it is one of the oldest Fairs in Russia. It was held formerly at Makariev, and previous to that, at Vassel-Sursk; and it originated at the time when Kazan was a kingdom, and merchants from Russia went there to trade. Some of these merchants were put to death at one of the Kazan Fairs early in the sixteenth century; and in 1524 the Grand-duke Vassili Ivanovich forbade the Moscow traders to go any more into Kazan. For their accommodation he established a Fair on the boundary of the kingdom of Moscow, at Vassel-Sursk, on the Volga; but it failed to attract trade from Kazan; and in the following century the Fair was removed to Makariev, which is some eighty versts below Nijni-Novgorod. It was after a fire at Makariev in 1816 that the Fair was removed to Nijni-Novgorod; but it is still known in Russia as the Makariev Fair.

Nijni-Novgorod, however, is very favourably situated for an entrepôt—just at the junction of the Volga and the Oka, with easy water-communication with a large portion of the Empire. The Volga, and its affiliated water-ways, passes right through the industrial districts, and connects with St Petersburg, where is a great grain-market; and its lower courses give connection with the Urals and Siberia, with the Caspian Sea, the Caucasus, and Persia. The Oka, again, gives connection with the great wheat-growing area, and a railway gives connection with Moscow. Thus it is that Nijni-Novgorod occupies a unique geographical position, enabling it to do a large trade; and this is why this famous Fair occupies so important a place in the commercial economy of Russia. To quote the official document mentioned above: 'The central industrial governments send their manufactured goods to the Fair; the Urals, their metals; Siberia despatches furs, skins, wax, oil, and tallow; the Kama, salt; the Lower Volga, fish; the Caucasus, naphtha products (petroleum) and wine; Central Asia, cotton and lamb-skins; Persia, fruits; China, tea; the South-western region, sugar; Little Russia, tobacco; the middle Volga governments, corn, timber, and certain other goods; and Western Europe, manufactured and colonial goods, and wine. A vast number of people congregate at the Fair; on the average there are about two hundred thousand visitors.'

Here Asia and Europe meet; but Asia is not, as is often supposed, predominant. On the contrary, the Asiatic traders form but a small percentage, and the chief operations are in the

sales of manufactured goods to merchants for distribution among the smaller inland towns. In former days, Nijni-Novgorod used to supply the greater part of Russia with the leading articles of consumption; but the extension of railways has destroyed a good deal of the trade. The Asiatics who bring in their products usually take away manufactured goods in exchange; but they also take corn more frequently than they used to do. It will be a surprise to many to learn that the greater part of the operations at the Fair are done on credit, and that the bills granted run from six to twelve months, and sometimes longer. With some traders it is the practice to make the bills mature at the period of the Irbit Fair, at which they may realise their purchases in cash. The Nijni-Novgorod Fair opens on the 15th of July, and for wholesale transactions lasts until the 25th of August; so that, while it is in active operation, the results of the harvest—which have a great bearing upon the volume of trade—are known. The wholesale Fair is followed by a retail one, which lasts until September 10.

This great Fair is not only the largest in Russia, but probably the largest trading gathering in the world. Its operations affect the whole course of Russian internal trade for the succeeding twelve months, and therefore, as a sort of commercial barometer, it is every year carefully studied by economists and financiers. The turn-over in the first year of the transfer to Nijni-Novgorod was only twenty-five million roubles. Within thirty years the amount was doubled; and in each decade there was increase by leaps and bounds until, in 1881, the turn-over was no less than 246 millions. Since then, there has, with some ups and downs, been a decrease; and in 1891 the record was only 168 millions. The cause of this decline is said to be the completion of the Trans-Caspian Railway, by which trade can now be carried on with Central Asia through most of the year. The goods which in the last decade show increase, as compared with previous records of the Fair, are linen and flax, furs, skins and leather, metals and articles made from them, fish, tea, Bokharan and Khivan products, and Chinese goods. All other articles, especially the products of Western Europe, make a much smaller figure than formerly.

Next in importance is the Irbit Fair, which is held at Irbit, in the province of Perm, between the 1st of February and the 1st of March. This Fair is not on the great trading route between Russia and Siberia, and yet it is at Irbit that Siberia is supplied with manufactured goods for the year, and to which Siberia sends a large portion of her furs, skins, fish, honey, wax, hempseed, linseed, and even butter. Here, too, is a great market for Chinese tea and silk, and for many products of Central Asia. Most of the goods left unsold from the Nijni-Novgorod Fair are sent on to Irbit; and Siberian goods left unsold from the Irbit Fair are, in turn, sent on to Nijni-Novgorod. For Russian goods the traders enjoy some special privileges for carriage from Fair to Fair.

The Irbit Fair dates from 1643; but up to the beginning of the present century had not exceeded a turn-over of two million roubles per

annum. In 1863, however, it had grown to 50 millions; and in 1887 it reached 57 millions, which was the high-water mark. By 1892 the turn-over had declined to 34 million roubles; and this Fair is expected to suffer a good deal from the Trans-Siberian Railway, now in course of construction, which will take Siberian grain and furs and other products direct on to the Russian railway system. Irbit itself is but a small place of 5000 inhabitants; but during the Fair the population rises to 100,000, and many of the houses are open only while the Fair lasts.

Other important Fairs in Eastern Russia are those of Sbornaya, Menzelinsk, and Ivanovsk. The Sbornaya Fair is held at Simbirsk during the first and second weeks of Lent. It was here that, before the railways, the provinces of Orenburg, Ufa, and Samara obtained their supplies; now, however, its custom is more confined to the surrounding districts.

The chief manufactures disposed of at this Fair are cotton goods; but it is also a great grain-market, and its operations practically decide the price of grain upon the Volga as soon as the navigation opens. The turn-over is about six and a half million roubles per annum.

The Menzelinsk Fair is in Ufa, and is held between the 26th of December and the 11th of January. Its leading articles are cottons and skins; but the extension of the railway to Zlatoust has curtailed its importance, and the turn-over has within the last twenty years fallen from six and a half to four and a half million roubles.

What is known as the Ivanovsk Fair is held at Masliansk, in Perm, during the month of August. Here also cottons and skins are the chief objects of trade; but the Tartar and Kirghiz traders also bring in large quantities of Central-Asian goods. This Fair continues to hold its own, and the present turn-over, nearly six million roubles, is somewhat larger than it was twenty years ago.

There is also an important Siberian winter Fair held at Ishim in December, at which goods to the value of four and a half to five million roubles are disposed of. And there are great Fairs at Akmolinsk, to which cattle are brought from the provinces and the Khanates, and at which general goods are sold to the Kirghiz. In the far-away Transbaikal province there is also a considerable Fair; as also at Irkutsk, and even at remote Yakutsk, where as much as one and a half millions of roubles will be turned over in the short season. At Astrakhan is another Fair for the Kirghiz trade, principally for cattle, with a turn-over of about two and a half million roubles. And at Archangel is a Fair for fish, furs, and skins.

In the central portions of Russia there are a large number of small Fairs with a turn-over of from half a million to a million roubles. They are not individually important, but the aggregate trade is large. In Little Russia are what are called the Ukraine Fairs, survivals of the time before the region was absorbed in the Empire, when Poles, Russians, Greeks, and Germans used to meet annually for barter. At Kharkov are held four; at Romny, four; and at Poltava one, of these Fairs—following one after the other during the year. The trade at

them is now chiefly in manufactured goods, which are passed on from Fair to Fair until disposed of. The aggregate turn-over of these Ukraine Fairs appears to be about thirty million roubles per annum. The Troitsk Fair in June and the Ouspensk Fair in August—both held at Kharkov—are the chief wool Fairs of Little Russia.

At Kiev is held, from the 5th to the 26th of February, what is known as the Contract Fair, at which the agriculturists, sugar-manufacturers, and merchants of the district meet, and where the dealings are in sugar, corn, land, and building contracts.

In the Don province there are a number of cattle Fairs; and in Podolia are the principal horse Fairs. At Warsaw there is an important annual wool Fair, which is largely attended by foreigners; and in September there is at the same place a special Fair for hops.

To enumerate all the smaller Fairs is, of course, impossible. Our object has been merely to indicate the features of the more important of these centres of Russian internal trade, and to give an idea of the commerce they represent. In conclusion, we may repeat the inferences drawn in the official Report from which we have obtained our figures: 'That the growth of the Fair-trade in Russia was chiefly assisted by the absence of convenient ways of communication; that the closing of the river-ways during several months of the year was more favourable to the growth of a Fair-trade than a settled one; that the Fair-trade is generally in a transitional condition; and that certain Fairs are even on the decline; while the settled trade, taking advantage of the perfected ways of communication, and especially of the rail-ways, is gradually developing at the expense of the Fair-trade; but that the Nijni-Novgorod Fair can hardly lose its importance, although it has stopped in its growth, owing to the special position which it occupies in the economic life of Russia.'

## THE RISE AND FALL OF RELIGION AT DUXBURY SWAMP.

### A WESTERN EPISODE.

By WILLIAM ATKINSON.

THE Right Reverend Anthony Briggs, Doctor of Divinity and Bishop of the Western territorial diocese of Cheyenne, although a learned ecclesiastic, and an energetic up-builder of the church on the plains, would undoubtedly have ill-become a garden party at Lambeth, and would scarcely have 'adorned,' so far as personal appearance was concerned, the episcopal bench of the House of Lords; while in the chancel of some ancient minster he would surely have been deemed an irreconcilable anachronism. For no rich broadcloth draped the six feet two inches of scrawny frame which belonged to Dr Briggs; and the traditional hat, apron, and gaiters which help to lend antiquity, dignity, and prestige to an English Lord Bishop were conspicuous by their absence from the person of the Right Reverend Anthony Briggs.

To write more positively, the Bishop of Cheyenne usually attired himself in a dark-blue cheviot suit of stout texture, a broad-brimmed soft felt hat, and high boots, and spent most of his waking hours astride a Texas pony, athwart which faithful animal he also carried saddle-bags, in which were packed his canonical robes, and likewise a holster containing a pair of formidable-looking pistols.

For Bishop Briggs's diocese was on and beyond the 'frontier'—which is to say the frontier of railroads, schools, churches, and other evidences of modern, well-developed civilisation—and was co-extensive with a territory far larger than the entire province of Canterbury. Yet the good bishop's immense field of labour did not, as a whole, lie heavily upon his mind and heart. True, while the scattered harvest was plentiful, the labourers were few, and the means wherewith to pay these few labourers was exceedingly diminutive. But the bishop was not narrow-minded, and if he found none of his own clergy at work in a town or settlement, he usually discovered a Methodist preacher or a Baptist minister, or, perchance, a Roman Catholic priest covering the ground, which satisfied him that the people need not be or long remain entirely heathen.

Yes, the Right Reverend Anthony Briggs was fairly well satisfied with the condition of the broad diocese of Cheyenne, except that portion of it known as Duxbury Swamp; and that was—'another story!' Speaking from a strictly geographical standpoint, Duxbury Swamp, so called, was no swamp at all, being, as a matter of fact, an exceedingly fertile tract of land, surrounded, for the greater part of the year, by two arms (forming a loop) of a stream of clear water. Certainly, for a short period of each summer, ordinarily known as the dry season, the stream of clear water failed to materialise in the vicinity of Duxbury Swamp, and the bed of the Dux Creek became what, perhaps, originally gave the name to the land which it encircled—namely, a marsh or swamp. At any rate, whether ice or water or marsh, the immediate environment of Duxbury Swamp formed a natural boundary such as may have been utilised by bygone races of Indians for defensive purposes in troublous times. Indeed, Dux Creek still served such a purpose. For if Duxbury Swamp could not be correctly described by those words of the well-known hymn:

Where every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile,

it might at least be said that its nine or ten thousand fertile acres supported a population the male portion of which would not have very freely invited an investigation into the records of their lives prior to their arrival and settlement at Duxbury Swamp. To be more explicit, Duxbury Swamp had the reputation of being a rendezvous for all sorts and conditions of offenders against the laws of all and sundry of the United States of America.

Duxbury Swampers were 'dead leery' of all strangers, and especially took pains to discourage visits from officers of the law—and parsons; and to the few non-residents of Duxbury Swamp who had gained access to the place, its social life

was an unguessed conundrum. The fields were well tilled, the houses were substantially built and comfortable, the stores (of which there were three or four) seemed to do a fair business, and, notwithstanding the air of mystery which pervaded the settlement, prosperity seemed to reign in all directions. All the men drove good horses in the latest styles of buggies and wagons. They likewise drank good whisky, while the women folks seemed to be well supplied with everything that was going in the way of millinery, wraps, and other 'dry goods.' Notwithstanding which, there was neither school-house, newspaper, nor library to benefit the Swampers; and it is almost needless to add, therefore, that the 'church' had no foothold on Duxbury Swamp, which regrettable state of affairs greatly grieved our right reverend friend, the good bishop of the diocese.

We make the acquaintance of Dr Briggs on a bright fall day about a decade ago. With his own face and his horse's head held straight towards a westering sun, he was making his way to the mushroom city of Cheyenne, where was to be held the annual diocesan convention—at which periodical ecclesiastical gathering Bishop Briggs was privileged to meet the two or three score faithful men who formed the rank and file of his small army. As the good bishop jogs along the bridal path, upon which the title of *road* was conferred by brevet, we may divulge a little of his early history. It goes, of course, without saying that Bishop Briggs was not always a bishop, nor was he always a clergyman; more than that, when a young man at college, Anthony Briggs was not even designed to take holy orders. At his university, young Briggs was noted by the professors as an exceedingly bright and promising student—as proficient in his studies as his college chum and friend, David Morrisson, was in all athletic pursuits. During their term at college the expression 'Briggs and Morrisson' meant more to the undergraduates than the story of Damon and Pythias. The two young men were inseparable, and, while totally different in ideas and temperament, each was a great help to the other. Morrisson could never have graduated from the university without the persistent friendly aid of Briggs and, minus the encouragement of Morrisson, Briggs would scarcely ever have indulged in physical exercise, and certainly would never have attained the honour and distinction of pulling an oar with the 'varsity crew.

Yet, though their college lives were so closely interwoven, on-lookers wondered at the strange friendship. David Morrisson forced his way to the front in the various athletic clubs and societies by sheer animal strength, and he actually had few friends; while, on the other hand, young Briggs was really beloved by all who came in contact with him. His nature was open and trusting, and he could not believe ill of anybody, let alone a friend. It was on account of this good-nature, perhaps, that Anthony Briggs, having graduated from his college and also from the university law-school, finding himself engaged to a charming young lady, commended her to the attention and watchful care of his friend Morrisson,

while he went on a tour around the world before settling down to the active duties of life. It was a stunning blow to Anthony Briggs, on returning to his home one year later, to find that the chum and friend whom he had loved and trusted second only to the girl he would have married, had eloped with his *fiancée* a day or two before his arrival. As is often the case under such circumstances, a great revulsion of feeling came over the gentle nature of Anthony Briggs, and he swore a solemn and fearful oath that, should he ever overtake his false friend, he would visit swift and terrible revenge upon Morrisson for his baseness. But, strange to relate, as the weeks and months passed by, merging themselves into years and even into decades, not a word came to Anthony Briggs of the man and woman who had largely blighted his happiness. In the meantime, Briggs sought some relief by changing the plans for his life's work, and renounced the bar for the church. In church work he became an enthusiast, and after many years of efficient labour in various parishes of the Eastern cities, he was designated for missionary work in the far West, and was ultimately consecrated Bishop of Cheyenne.

But Anthony Briggs never married, because all his love for a woman had been lavished upon Eleanor Waldorf; and he never more cultivated warm and close friendship for a man, because he never forgot the faithlessness of David Morrisson.

This was the eighth or ninth annual convention that was now called to order in the little frame church which stood in the place of a cathedral to our right reverend friend—a church so small that the less than three-score clergyman now assembled therein pretty well taxed its seating capacity. After the opening prayers had been said, and some routine business transacted, the bishop made his annual address to his clergy, and closed it by an eloquent appeal for a volunteer to undertake the cure of souls at Duxbury Swamp. Before him the bishop saw in that little throng a variety of men: some were young, and some were old; some were vigorous, and some were becoming feeble; there were high-churchmen and low-churchmen; while others had very little churchmanship—but more than atoned for the deficiency by a great deal of common sense, and earnest love for the race. Yet it certainly surprised the bishop when a response to his call came from a clergyman who was perhaps, physically, the least fit to undertake any very arduous work. This was the Reverend John Caldecott, a young ritualistic enthusiast recently from one of the Oxford 'settlements' in East London; and, as young Caldecott was a new arrival in the diocese and unattached, he set forth immediately at the close of the convention to take charge of his new parish of Duxbury Swamp.

What Ratcliffe Highway is to London and the 'Tenderloin' district is to New York, Duxbury Swamp was to the territory which formed the diocese of Cheyenne; only, as that territory was, at its best, rough enough to induce all men to carry two or three weapons concealed upon their persons, the possibilities of the

Swampers, may better be imagined than described.

As a college student, John Caldecott had cast in his lot with that section of the Church of England which, however much we may differ on question of doctrine and churchmanship, we must admire on account of the enthusiasm with which its followers appear to be imbued. So thoroughly in earnest was John Caldecott, that nothing could turn him from his set purpose, when once his pathway seemed to him to be the path of duty. Three years before, he had refused a 'gilt-edged' Devonshire living to accept an arduous post in East London; and now, when the physicians had positively forbidden his longer remaining in the vitiated air of Whitechapel and Poplar, he had come out to the Far West, that in exchange for fresh air he might give the church still more energetic service.

Duxbury Swamp was a decidedly new experience for John Caldecott. Out by the London docks he had been met with utter indifference, or at most by jeers and sneers; but the Swampers offered active resistance to his settlement among them.

His approach had evidently been heralded, for when he crossed the creek in his rough buckboard wagon, and landed in Duxbury Swamp, a deputation of three determined-looking men met him.

'Su'thing to sell?' asked one.

'Not anything.'

'Wanter buy su'thing?' inquired another.

'Nothing.'

'Parson, I persume?' said the third.

'Exactly,' said Caldecott, with a pleasant smile.

'Well, we don't take kindly to sech, and they don't have no real and generwine love for we-uns. Fact is, stranger, we ain't got no use for no doggoned parsons!'

'That's keerect,' echoed one of the deputation, while the third, being of a still more practical disposition, turned the horse's head, and gave the animal a sharp slap with his open hand.

'Good-bye, parson,' they all shouted, with a grin.

'I shall come back,' called back Caldecott, nothing daunted.

'Don't you do it, not if you know what's good for a parson's pelt!' the chief spokesman called by way of a parting shot.

But bright and early the next morning the Reverend John Caldecott was found away up in the centre of Duxbury Swamp!

What was more to the purpose, Caldecott was away up in the good graces of the most important and influential inhabitant of the Swamp—a character known locally as Colonel Dixey.

The young clergyman, after his unceremonious ejection on the previous day, had re-entered Duxbury Swamp on foot, under cover of the night; and when the sun arose, bringing with it a hungry feeling within John Caldecott's stomach, that energetic pioneer of religion found himself outside a picket fence, which enclosed, together with many broad acres of rich farm land, a roomy, home-like, clap-boarded mansion—painted white, with green venetian shutters—that looked for all the world as if it had been

transported bodily from beneath the elms of some Massachusetts village.

John Caldecott fully realised the fact that he was at Duxbury Swamp for the explicit purpose of making the acquaintance of the Swampers; but his hungry feeling prompted him to attempt that work of introduction as quickly as possible—and he sincerely hoped for the best results.

Nor was he disappointed.

Before the clergyman had advanced half-way up the well-kept walk, the door of the house opened, and there stepped upon the low, broad porch a man who was a giant in size, and who appeared to be, from his erect carriage and the massiveness of his limbs, a veritable tower of strength. At first, Caldecott put him down for a man of forty years; but as he approached more closely, it was plain to see, by the crow's-feet, and the fast-whitening hair and moustache, that sixty years was nearer the mark.

'Good-morning, sir,' said Caldecott, who quickly arrived at the conclusion that this man was more worthy of respect than the three nondescripts who had driven him away the night before.

'Good-morning, sir, to you,' was the polite and even cordial response. 'This is a sight for sore eyes and an unexpected pleasure. More than thirty years have I made my home here, and you are the first parson who has graced my house. Come inside, sir.'

'The idea of a wolf appearing in sheep's clothing does not appear to cross your mind,' suggested Caldecott, to whom a civil greeting was a great surprise.

'No,' was the reply. 'The fact is that I have had such a wide experience with wolves of all sorts that I can identify them in all disguises. I can, *per contra*, sir, tell the genuine article when I see it, and I shall be glad, for a treat, to have a gentleman share my breakfast. It will be ready at six o'clock, which will be in just five minutes. Ha! ha!—Now excuse what seems rudeness, my dear sir,' said the big man, laughing heartily as John Caldecott handed him a relic of Oxford in the form of a calling-card, 'but I'll venture to lay odds that this is the first copperplate card which was ever handed out in Duxbury Swamp! Good! Er—"Reverend John Caldecott"—'Piscopal, I suppose, Mr Caldecott? So much the better, because I can take up religion where I dropped it nearly two-score years ago. Well, sir, my name is Dixey, David Dixey—and there's the breakfast bell, Mr Caldecott.'

The meal to which Caldecott sat down was as inviting as his host's house, and the parson did it justice. Afterwards they sat together upon the spacious veranda, and while Dixey smoked, our friend asked a number of questions relating to Duxbury Swamp and its people.

'Fact is, Mr Caldecott, they're a pretty tough lot hereabouts,' said Dixey. 'For myself, I don't want to sail under false colours. I'm here because public opinion would have driven me away from the East sooner or later, so I came "sooner." Don't be too fearful now, my dear sir; I never broke the law of the land, and am not "wanted" by the police. I came out here over thirty years ago with the sweetest

woman you ever saw—fact is, I stole her; but she didn't mind that, and we lived happily for just two years, when she and her new-born babe died. There's the grave, where you see yonder white headstone under that soft maple. I might have gone back to civilisation had she lived, Mr Caldecott, but after *that* happened I just stayed right here, and have remained hidden from all my friends, who, doubtless, have long since forgotten my existence. Now, most of these people around me are no better than they should be, and the rest are a great deal worse than the law permits. But what I say "goes," and although I hold no office whatever from the local government, I'm the only man in the Swamp who can maintain a semblance of order and decency. I'm not religious, Mr Caldecott, but I'll give religion its due. It's a fine thing to have, and it generally makes men and women live respectable lives. So for a good many months past it has been on my mind that I ought to get a parson out here on the Swamp, and build a bit of a church, so that these poor wretches, and especially their children who are growing up, may at least have a chance to learn something better than gambling, horse-stealing, and boozing. But I actually didn't know who to approach, and I got to reasoning that if the Lord really cared two straws about Duxbury Swamp, He'd most likely send a parson this way when He got good and ready. It certainly begins to look as if my theory was correct, for here we are, Mr Caldecott; and if you can get along with my house for a while, we'll put up a church of some kind as soon as it can be done.'

Caldecott was delighted, and the result of this chance acquaintance was that, it being Saturday, several placards were written by the clergyman in a bold hand which Dixey caused to be tacked upon sundry fences and trees throughout the settlement of Duxbury Swamp.

The notice itself announcing Sunday services was framed on a unique model, but excited no surprise at Duxbury Swamp—and it served its purpose.

There was a large crowd at John Caldecott's first service, but after the novelty wore off, only the women and children attended. The men did not take to this particular phase of civilisation. They looked upon the parson and his preaching as an unwelcome innovation thrust upon them against their will, though none of them cared to offend Dixey by telling him so, and only the very worst element of the Swamp population attempted by word or deed to make it unpleasant for the minister.

By-and-by a neat church was erected and suitably furnished; which, with Dixey's influential backing, satisfied, for the time being, John Caldecott, who was quite prepared and willing to exercise his soul in patience, feeling assured that in time the little leaven would leaven the whole lump.

It was not long, however, before the sheriff of the straggling county in which Duxbury Swamp is located heard about the church and its energetic pastor, and swore big oaths that if a 'darned parson' could get a foothold in that 'hell hole,' it wasn't decent for a sheriff to stay away longer; and further swore that

the next man in the Swamp that he 'wanted,' he proposed to take, dead or alive.

This announcement on the part of the sheriff soon reached the ears of the vagabond Swampers, and their feelings toward the church (and especially toward Dixey) became more pronounced and vindictive. The three ruffians who had endeavoured to frustrate Caldecott's missionary plans at the outset encouraged this feeling by the oft-repeated statement, 'We told you so!' and, in turn, the outlaws of Duxbury Swamp vowed that if the sheriff should ever make good his word, the church, together with Caldecott and his 'backer,' would suffer.

Sheriff Ryan *did*, shortly afterwards, raid the Swamp, and captured one Ned McCusker for circulating new silver dollars *not* manufactured at the United States Mints; and if Mr McCusker's friends, allies, and confederates did not at once carry out their programme, it was possibly because most of them found it convenient to hie them, temporarily, into quarters beyond the sheriff's jurisdiction.

The date of Sheriff Ryan's raid was of three-fold interest to the Reverend John Caldecott, now fairly established clergyman, for in addition to that startling occurrence, it was the anniversary of his arrival at Duxbury Swamp; and, chiefest of the three circumstances, he received by the tri-weekly mail a postal card from Bishop Briggs, with greetings, and also with a notice that he would make his episcopal visitation in three weeks, when he would be pleased to lay hands upon any candidates desiring the rite of confirmation whom Mr Caldecott might present.

Of course it was very good and kind of the bishop to remember such an outlying and unimportant parish as Duxbury Swamp, and of course John Caldecott and his rather indifferent flock would appreciate a visit from the chief pastor of the diocese; but as to a confirmation class—well, yes, the parson had one candidate in the person of 'Colonel' Dixey. So preparations were made for the bishop's visit.

Now it happened that the identical October morning which saw the Right Reverend Anthony Briggs, D.D., on his Texas pony approaching Duxbury Swamp from the north, saw also three or four hard-looking citizens tramping towards the same goal from the south. They were the men who had thought it discreet to hide for a time from the sheriff; and the first news they heard upon their arrival at their old haunts was that 'that doggoned Dixey was going to jine the church.'

'That settles it!' said Ned McCusker's former partner—the response to which remark was a deep and ominous growl.

The little church of St Chrysostom, notwithstanding that it was eight o'clock in the forenoon of a week-day, was crowded to the door—with women and children; the men of Duxbury Swamp were conspicuous by their absence—the tough element looking upon the candidate for confirmation as a traitor to all the time-honoured traditions of the Swamp, as well as the prime mover in a state of affairs that had brought the sheriff boldly into their midst: the rest of the adult males considered

the act of 'jining the church'—any church—as unbecoming any other than a woman or a lunatic; so none of them countenanced the proceedings of the day at St Chrysostom's by their presence.

But the church was crowded, and on one of the front benches sat 'Colonel' Dixey, his gray head bent and his broad shoulders conspicuous above the hats and bonnets of the women.

The bishop, who had arrived on the previous evening, and had spent the night with Caldecott at his lodgings, was tardy in his appearance, and when he did reach the church, he hastily donned his rather shabby robes, and, preceded by Caldecott, at once entered the tiny chancel.

The bishop, evidently tired after his long journey on horseback, sat with his head bowed, while Caldecott went through the order of morning prayer, and scarce changed his position when the rector presented, rather pathetically, his solitary candidate for confirmation.

Then this tall and angular dignitary of the church arose and faced the equally tall but much stouter postulant.

'Dost thou here, in the presence of God, and of this congregation, renew'—

Suddenly Bishop Briggs started, turned deathly pale, and paused.

For he recognised in the man before him his old college chum and only enemy, David Morrisson; and Morrisson, knowing that he was recognised, never flinched.

Dixey—or Morrisson, rather—had looked for this moment. He had expected it, had indeed sought it, and had hoped that the recognition would come. He had prepared himself to accept and shoulder the consequences, whatever they might be.

But with Anthony Briggs it was far different. He was momentarily overwhelmed by a flood of bitter memories, and not even his surroundings or the dignity and sacredness of his office could prevent the fearful conflict which almost impelled him to seize this man by the throat. The suppressed anger of over thirty years arose within him, and the wrong of a lifetime seemed to call for swift vengeance even at the very altar. But by a tremendous effort the bishop kept his hands clasped before him: he could not bring scandal upon the church, nor could he afford to spoil the work of John Caldecott in this new parish, or blur the record of his own thirty years' reproachless ministry. Wearing those priestly robes, he was a priest with a priestly mission to perform. Afterwards, when he should have disrobed—afterwards, beyond the walls of the sacred edifice—afterwards—

Mechanically, and as one in a dream, he proceeded with the confirmation office. Probably, measured by a watch, the pause had not lasted two seconds: measured by the two men who so strangely faced each other, a lifetime had been reviewed.

Morrisson knelt upon the altar step; the bishop raised his hands and brought them tremblingly together upon the head of his old enemy.

'Defend, O Lord, this thy servant with thy heavenly grace; that he may continue thine for ever; and'—

There was a crash of broken glass at one of the windows, followed by the rattle and bang of pistol-shots, and at the same instant there was a heavy thud as David Morrisson fell dead before the altar.

The outlaw neighbours of the 'Colonel' were avenged—and so was Anthony Briggs.

But the cause of religion received a set-back at Duxbury Swamp from which it has not yet recovered.

## THE MONTH:

### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE construction of a perfect railway-carriage window is a task which seems as yet to have baffled inventors. Some of them refuse to move when once raised or lowered, others give access to a cutting draught, and most of them rattle in a most noisy manner as the train proceeds. A simplified form of window, which seems to do away with these inconveniences, has been devised by Mr W. R. Pape of Newcastle, who is the inventor of the choke bore for sporting-guns. The Pape window has attached by arms to the lower part of the frame a couple of rollers, made of brass tube covered with india-rubber. As the window is drawn up or down, these rollers revolve against each other, and exclude all draughts and cold air. It is possible also by their aid to fix the window at any point required, the usual leather strap being altogether dispensed with. The only point about which we feel doubtful is the employment of india-rubber, for rubber will not stand such extremes of temperature as a railway carriage is exposed to. Possibly some preparation of cellulose would better answer the purpose.

It is not generally known that stone, like wood, requires a period of seasoning, if we are to expect the most lasting results from its use. Stone, as it comes from the living rock, is far from having the stability with which it is credited. It has recently been pointed out in the *Scientific American*, that while a cubic foot of compact granite will weigh about one hundred and sixty-four pounds, the same bulk of iron will weigh three hundred pounds more. This clearly shows that the particles composing this granite are separated by air-spaces in which moisture can collect. Every good architect knows that the seasoning of stone is necessary, and it may be that the quick deterioration of some of our modern buildings is due to neglect of this precaution.

The light-weight, rapid-fire Maxim gun, as recently improved, is a terrible instrument of destruction, and places in the hands of one man a means of wholesale slaughter which is positively awful to contemplate. The gun weighs complete, with all necessary fittings, only forty-five pounds—that is, one-fifth of the weight of a sack of coals—and can therefore be easily carried on a man's back. When in use, the gun is mounted upon a tripod stand, and it will fire from six to seven hundred shots per minute, at an effective range of nearly two miles. The long range of modern arms generally will, it is believed, render necessary



some modified regulations as to the treatment of the wounded on the field of battle. During the recent Chino-Japanese war, the casualties among medical men and others tending the wounded amounted to the extraordinary proportion of four per cent. of the entire total. It will be a difficult matter to convey wounded men farther to the rear than at present; but this must be done, or the doctors must run almost as much risk as the active combatants.

Mr Charles Davison of Birmingham is compiling a history of British Earthquakes during the nineteenth century, and is anxious for any items which may contribute to its completeness. Most persons in this country have, happily, but a vague idea what an earthquake shock is like, although plenty of minor disturbances of the kind have been recorded. The most remarkable event of the kind which has occurred within recent years was the earthquake which shook the eastern counties, and was distinctly felt in London in April 1884. This shock was powerful enough to bring down a church-steeple at Colchester, and to wreck hundreds of roofs and chimneys. In 1868 there was a shock which was graphically described by Charles Dickens 'as if a big dog was under the bed, and trying to raise it with its back.' Going back to earlier times, we find that, in 1750, London was for some weeks in a state of panic owing to earthquake alarms. The year 1580 also stands out as being memorable for an earthquake which set all the metropolitan church bells ringing, and brought down masses of stone from some of their towers.

A curious exhibition has recently been given in London under the title 'Colour Music,' which is defined as a new art. Its promoter starts with the assumption that there is a complete analogy between sound and light; that as both are produced by vibrations, the spectrum can be split up, like the musical octave, into so many distinct parts, and that the colour of each of those parts may be associated with a particular note. Thus C will be red, and its octave, with double the number of vibrations, will be violet. By means of a keyed instrument, in which each key causes a certain colour to be projected upon a screen by a lantern, various tints are made to blend together, while at the same time a musical instrument furnishes the corresponding sounds. The theory is an ingenious one, but it will not bear scientific scrutiny.

According to the *Chemical Trade Journal*, the supply of gutta-percha promises to be far more certain than heretofore, owing to an improved method of extracting the gum. It has hitherto been the custom to cut down a tree in order to secure its valuable produce, a tree of from twenty-five to thirty years' growth yielding about one catty of gutta-percha. This procedure is equivalent to killing the goose which lays the golden eggs. M. Hourant, of Sarawak, has adopted the new plan of plucking the leaves and extracting the gum from them, in which case the product is purer and more plentiful than under the old destructive system. It has also been found that saplings from the roots of trees already cut down are serviceable in yielding leaves for after treatment.

The Select Committee which has been inquiring into the question of our existing weights and measures, and any desirable changes which might be introduced into them, have issued their Report, in which they recommend the adoption of the metrical system; and they believe that this course would greatly tend to make that method universal. They recommend 'that the metrical system of weights and measures be at once legalised for all purposes; that after the lapse of two years the metrical system be rendered compulsory by Act of Parliament; that the metrical system be taught in all elementary schools as a necessary and integral part of arithmetic; and that decimals be introduced at an earlier period of the school curriculum than is the case at present.' The sooner these recommendations are carried into effect, the better for the commerce of this country; but experience teaches that the Report of a Select Committee, however valuable it may be, is not very quickly followed by parliamentary endorsement.

Most forms of incandescent gas-lamps, and nearly all jets used for heating or cooking, depend primarily upon the Bunsen form of burner which utilises a mixture of gas and air, and gives the familiar blue flame. A great improvement in such burners has recently been patented by M. Denayrouze, the new method consisting in providing a means of mixing more intimately the particles of gas and air before they come to the point of combustion. In the first form of Denayrouze lamp this was brought about by means of a fan worked by clockwork or electricity; but now the device has been simplified by inserting in the lower part of the lamp an Archimedean screw which churns up the mixture of gas and air, and is worked by a fan set in motion by the heated air which proceeds from the lamp itself. The light and heat are said to be almost doubled by this device, and sanguine hopes are entertained regarding its importance to gas consumers.

Another great improvement is indicated in Duke's method of automatically lighting gas-burners, which will be welcomed by all—except, perhaps, the manufacturers of matches. Many ways of lighting gas have been devised, most of them being based upon the possibility of causing an electric spark to pass or a wire to become heated by electricity in the neighbourhood of the issuing gas; but this is a purely chemical method, and the sole apparatus required is a small attachment to the ordinary burner. This consists of a tube about one inch in length, carrying at its top a plug of porous material, in the interstices of which finely divided platinum (platinum black) has been deposited. From the centre of the cap projects a thin platinum wire which is bent over towards the orifice in the burner. Directly the gas-tap is turned on, the platinum black begins to glow, its incandescence being aided by the draught of air created in its tube. The attached wire becomes white hot, and the gas ignites. The invention has been cleverly thought out, and is sure to meet with universal recognition. It will not only do away with the employment of matches for gas-lighting, but will obviate the use of pilot-lights and bye-passes.

A curious and historic ceremony took place recently at Fécamp, a well-known watering-place in Normandy. Here once stood the abbey at which the widely celebrated liqueur *Bénédictine* was first manufactured in 1510 by the Monte Vincelli. At first, the cordial, which has since become so famous, was used by the monks as a restorative when over-fatigued, and they carried it on their visits to the sick as a valuable medicine. In this way it soon became popular, and the virtues of the delicious liqueur were extolled far and wide. At the outbreak of the French Revolution the unfortunate monks were forced to leave their beloved abbey, which was destroyed by the mob, all but the noble church. In this way the manufacture of *Bénédictine*, after a reputation extending over three centuries, came to an abrupt end. But in 1862 M. A. Le Grand became possessed of the archives of the late abbey, and found among them a paper yellowed with age upon which was some faint writing. This proved to be the secret recipe, which had been so jealously and successfully guarded by the monks in past times, by which *Bénédictine* was compounded. A company was immediately formed by the energetic discoverer of the secret, and the manufacture of *Bénédictine* once more started on a sound commercial basis. The distillery was destroyed by fire three years ago, and Fécamp has just been inaugurating the new buildings raised above its ashes.

It has been jokingly said that if a railway director were carried in front of every engine, there would be no more collisions. In the same way it might be asserted that, if a yacht with seven members of the House of Commons on board were steered direct for a floating derelict, something would quickly be done by Parliament to remove or destroy those perils of the sea. And this object lesson in derelicts has actually been given to seven members of our legislature, one of whom, writing to the *Times*, described how 'we came upon a wooden derelict of about two hundred and fifty tons right in our track. Had we come upon this great danger of the deep but a few hours sooner (the incident occurred at nine o'clock in the morning), in all probability none of us would have been alive to tell the tale.' Curiously enough, the object lesson was given to those best qualified to measure the great danger incurred, for of the seven members of Parliament on board the yacht, three were shipowners, and two were shipbuilders, whilst among the remainder of the party was an admiral.

At the Dairy Conference held lately in Lancashire, an important paper on the milk-supply of towns was read by Mr C. Middleton, a well-known dairy-farmer. He tells us that hitherto the dairy-farmer has not suffered like his brethren the corn-growers or the cattle-raisers, for the price of milk has not fallen like that of other farm-produce. But there are indications that this will not last. Unscrupulous traders are selling separated milk as whole milk; and in London alone, it is stated upon good authority, thousands of gallons are thus disposed of daily to the injury of the honest dealers. Margarine and similar mixtures are largely sold as butter, so reducing the selling

value of the genuine article. Frozen milk is being imported from Sweden, and fresh milk from Holland; other countries are preparing to follow suit, and this trade may at any moment assume enormous dimensions. There is no examination of this foreign milk, and the consumer has no means of knowing whether it is free from the germs of disease. The railway companies, it is complained, give the same preferential treatment to the carriage of this milk as they do to every other commodity sent by the foreign farmer. It is reasonably contended that milk of foreign origin should be so labelled, in order that the consumer may know what he is buying.

A New York journal sings the praises of paper pulp as a most useful article, which should be within reach of every householder; and it would certainly seem from this list of virtues with which it is credited that it would be well to be able to obtain it retail. Mixed with glue and plaster of Paris, or Portland cement, it is the best thing to stop cracks and breaks in wood. The pulp should be kept in a closely stoppered bottle, and should be thinned to the consistency of thin gruel with hot water just before use, when the plaster or other material is added to bring it into a pasty condition. A water-pipe broken by the frost can be readily mended by wrapping round the fracture with cheese-cloth, and dressing the joint outside the cloth with the pulp compound. When once thoroughly hardened, the strength of this cement is enormous. Sawdust boiled with paper pulp, with glue and linseed-oil added, makes a good fitting for cracks in floors, and there are many other uses for which pulp in some form or other would be found valuable in the household.

A new industry seems to be foreshadowed in the production of artificial cotton yarn from wood pulp, the finished article imitating the genuine product closely with regard to softness, lustre, and strength. The wood of the spruce or the pine is preferred for the purpose, and after being defibred, it is bleached in the usual manner. The product is next treated with a mixture of zinc chloride, castor-oil, and gelatine, and is reduced to strands and rubbed into threads, when it assumes much the appearance of cotton yarn.

With the advent of rapid-fire guns for naval use, it became evident that something more than water-tight compartments was required to protect a ship's side against shot-holes; and the plan generally adopted is that of the copper dam, or double skin, packed with some material which, after passage of a projectile, would expand and seal the wound against intrusion of water. The material adopted in the British navy has been a mixture of cork and oakum, and in the case of H.M.S. *Inflectible*, the total amount of packing aggregates in weight no less than one hundred and forty-three tons. In the United States navy, the same duty has been fulfilled by the use of cellulose obtained from the husks of cocoa-nuts. Recently, however, a better material has been found in the pith of corn-stalks, which has been granulated by machinery. In recent trials it was shown that this material kept the water out after

passage of a shot most efficiently. The pith is about one-sixth the weight, bulk for bulk, of the mixture of oakum and cork.

### THE PROSPECTS OF OUR DESCENDANTS IN REGARD TO STATURE.

THE question whether men of the present time are in general taller or shorter than their predecessors has been answered by different people in diametrically opposite ways. The followers of the theory of degeneration—the ancient theory, as it may be termed—maintain that in the far distant past men were of a stature greatly exceeding what is usual nowadays. In corroboration of their theory they appeal to the writings of old authors of various nationalities, and undoubtedly they receive strong support from such writings. In the Bible we read of the sons of Anak, of the Emims, and of others of gigantic proportions; Homer, Hesiod, Herodotus, and other Greeks of note tell us that the heroes of old far excelled later generations in size and strength; and Virgil was convinced that the men of his time were but pigmies compared with their ancestors. It will be sufficient to give these instances, but examples might be multiplied to any extent, for in the legends, traditions, and early writings of all, or nearly all, the races of mankind figure heroes or demi-gods of a stature far beyond that of any men at present in existence. The followers of the theory of increase—which may be called the modern theory—contend, on the other hand, that the average height of mankind has been slowly but steadily rising; and as one of the evidences of the truth of their contention they point to the armour of the middle ages, of which a great quantity is preserved in different places, and certainly appears small to modern eyes.

In this conflict of opinion it is fortunate that there now exists in regard to one country, namely France, information which removes this matter from the region of mere speculation, and enables us to arrive at conclusions which we may feel assured are accurate. This information is as follows:

(a) The measurements made by Dr Rahon of the bones of various ancient peoples collected from all parts of France. The following are the results arrived at by him:

#### I. QUATERNARY PERIOD.

5 males, average height, 1·629 mètres.

#### II. NEOLITHIC PERIOD.

429 males, average height, 1·625 mètres.

189 females, " " 1·506 "

#### III. EARLY HISTORIC PERIOD. (*Gauls, Franks, &c.*)

215 males, average height, 1·662 mètres.

39 females, " " 1·539 "

#### IV. PARISIANS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

434 males, average height, 1·656 mètres.

147 females, " " 1·555 "

(b) The measurements made by Dr Manouvrier. This scientist, after examining the bones of 205 men and 119 women dissected in the Paris School of Medicine, found that the average height of the men was 1·650 mètres, and of the women, 1·528 mètres.

(c) The average heights of men and women,

as ascertained by the Criminal Investigation Department. These are respectively 1·648 mètres and 1·545 mètres.

(d) The average height of men, as ascertained in recruiting for the army. This is 1·648 mètres.

Assuming, as we have every right to do, that this information is correct, we arrive at the conclusions set out below. These, it must be carefully remembered, are only directly applicable to France; but inasmuch as there seems to be no reason to suppose that the people of France are exceptional in this respect, we may apply them provisionally to other nations. The following are the conclusions:

(i.) The prehistoric peoples were not of vast proportions, but were, on the contrary, somewhat shorter than the men and women of the present day.

(ii.) Modern men and women are slightly, but only slightly, inferior in height to their forerunners of early historic times and the middle ages.

(iii.) During three thousand years the stature of mankind has not greatly altered, and it stands at present nearly half-way between the highest and lowest points which it has touched during that long period. The average French recruit is 5 feet 4½ inches in height; the man of the early historic period (the tallest period) was not quite 5 feet 5½ inches.

What, then, are the prospects of our descendants? If we may judge of the future by the experience of the past, it is clearly probable that they will not differ materially from us in height. At one period they may be somewhat taller, at another somewhat shorter, but it is unlikely that any radical change in the stature of mankind will ever take place.

### A SONNET.

WITH love's uncertain strife my heart is torn,  
Yet would I not be spared one hour of pain,  
Still knowing that my suffering is gain,  
Nor shall the years leave me at last forlorn.  
There is a joy known but to those who mourn;  
Silence and tears and partings are not vain;  
Love's selfishness by love's delay is slain,  
And patient strength of patient love is born.  
'Tis in the lonely darkness of the night  
That dewdrops gather on the sleeping flower,  
That knoweth not their virtue till the hour  
When o'er the earth there streams the morning light;  
So love in shadowed silence gathers power  
For worthier service when the sky is bright.

PERCY GALLARD.

### \* \* \* TO CONTRIBUTORS.

1st. All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

2d. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.

3d. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.

4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,  
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

*Fifth Series*

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 610.—VOL. XII.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 7, 1895.

PRICE 1½d.

## THE MYSTERY OF THE GOLDEN LLAMA.

By E. J. ROCKE SURRAGE.

*A TALE IN FOUR CHAPTERS.*

### CHAPTER I.—THE GOLDEN LLAMA.

WHEN Mrs Placer first told me that a foreign gentleman had been to see her first-floor set and was coming in on the Tuesday night, I simply nodded my head and said that I was very glad to hear it, and hoped he would be a decent sort of man. I can truthfully declare that, so far from feeling any symptoms of that mysterious presentiment which, we are told, usually heralds a coming evil of supernatural agency, my only sensation was one of pleasure at the prospect of having a companion to share the solitude of my lodgings.

I was very solitary at that period of my life. It was more than six months since I had left my Berwickshire home, a lad fresh from the enthusiasms of college life, to follow the uncertain calling of a man of letters in London; and if I had found any one thing more difficult of attainment than the production of remunerative work, that thing was the friendship of men of my own position. It may have been due to my Northern cautiousness, or to my Northern roughness of exterior, or perhaps merely to my own feeling of strangeness and reserve; but the fact remains that at that time I could not count one friend in the whole great crowded wilderness in which I lived, and that the evenings which succeeded my laborious days were usually spent in the unrelieved solitude of my own room. True, I was on excellent terms with the buxom Mrs Placer—a model landlady, honest, hard-working, and conscientious beyond one's conceptions of her class; but Mrs Placer's conversation, consisting wholly as it did of elegiac dissertations on her late husband's virtues and of such portion of the vapid gossip of the street as had been filtered over

the neighbours' door-steps or distilled through the taciturn lips of the milkman, left much to be desired as an intellectual relaxation. Moreover, the modest street itself in which I lived—a sort of poor relation of Bloomsbury, through which could be traced a quite unacknowledged connection with the purlieus of Gray's Inn Road—was not conducive to the supply of much variety to a monotonous life such as mine. So that I was unfeignedly pleased to hear that the first-floor rooms, which had been so long unlet, were at last to have a tenant, even if that tenant were, as Mrs Placer stated, a 'foreign gentleman.'

It was on one Sunday morning that Mrs Placer, pausing for an instant in her interesting description of 'No. 27's' funeral on the previous day, announced the imminence of the stranger's arrival. On Tuesday evening he came.

I did not see him for several days; but I heard of him through Mrs Placer. Her daily gossip became intermixed with scraps of information relative to her lodger. His name, I learnt, was Señor Juan Almiraz. He was a Spaniard, Mrs Placer thought, or he might be a Portuguese; but he spoke English 'just like you or me.' As to the luggage he brought, the landlady had never seen such a lot of trumpery. Books of dried flowers, boxes of dried beetles, outlandish weapons that made you tremble to look at them, and grinning heathen images that brought the heart into your mouth; things dead and things alive, things in bottles and things in drawers, stuffed things and things mummified; things on the walls, and things on the mantelpiece, and things piled up in every corner of the room. 'You never see such a nasty mess

in all your life, sir; you never did, indeed,' was Mrs Placer's discontented summary of the lodger's belongings. For all that, she admitted, he was a nice-spoken gentleman and very quiet; and, if it wasn't for the nasty lot of rubbish he brought with him, she wouldn't have a word to speak against him. He went to the Museum every day and stopped until it closed. No one ever visited him; he seemed very lonely; and he smoked incessantly. Such was Mrs Placer's description of my fellow-lodger.

One night, a week or two after his arrival, he presented himself in my room. My natural reserve had withheld me somehow from appearing to seek his acquaintance, but I was none the less anxious to make it. On the night in question I had heard a knock at the door, and expected the entrance of my landlady. Not hearing the sound of her shuffling footfall and somewhat laboured breathing, I looked up and saw Almirez standing in the doorway. I can picture him to myself now as he stood there against the dark background of the passage, with the light from my lamp shining on his face. A man under middle height, spare, lithe, and muscular, dusky of face and long of arm, with a mass of very slightly grizzled hair brushed back off his broad, protruding forehead. He might from his appearance have been almost any age from twenty-five to fifty; but he was, in fact, I believe, at this time about thirty-eight. He was smiling as he stood in the doorway, with a smile that I never saw absent from his face throughout the five months that I knew him—never but once, and that was the last time that ever I saw the face of Juan Almirez—a smile that lifted the tips of his neatly-trimmed black moustache, and slightly bared the white teeth behind it. A smile that had in it everything that was soft and courteous and gracefully deferential. A smile that was somehow unaccountably at variance with the stern, unyielding scrutiny of his gray eyes. Evidently a man of great mental power, evidently a gentleman in the world's sense of the word, evidently one who had passed long years of his life under a tropical sun. Such was Juan Almirez as I then saw him. He advanced into the room as I rose from my chair, and spoke in a singularly soft voice, that had in it ever so little of a foreign accent.

'The good Mrs Placer has suggested to me that you would not consider it an intrusion if I ask you to allow me to smoke my evening cigar in your company,' he said. 'My name is Almirez. I am lonely here in London, and know no one. It would be a great treat to me—if I do not incommode you—to enjoy a half-hour of your pleasant society.' Nothing could possibly have been said more gracefully; and it was with the utmost cordiality that I invited him to come in and draw his chair towards the fire.

I will say here frankly, once and for all, that I took a great fancy to Juan Almirez. Whatever occurred afterwards to make me doubt my first opinion of him, whatever I may know (or guess) now as to his diabolical designs upon myself, I must yet confess that there was a charm in the man's manner and conversation, a fascination in his quickness of thought, his brightness of intellect, his fantastic humour, his great knowledge of men and countries, above all, in the happiness of his expressions and the variety of his constantly changing moods, such as I have rarely seen in any other man. Throughout the hour that we spent together that evening I felt the charm of his company growing stronger and stronger upon me, until at last I was listening almost spell-bound to the recital of his anecdotes; and it was with very sincere pleasure that I accepted his invitation to return his visit on the following evening.

In that brief hour Almirez seemed to have imparted to me the history of his whole life. The only son of a somewhat wealthy landowner in Ecuador, he had been educated in Europe and brought up to the profession of medicine. But the regularity and responsibilities of a profession were irksome to him; and when his father died and left him an orphan, so comfortably provided for as to be free to follow the promptings of his own inclination, he had elected to renounce his professional career and pursue the life of adventure and research for which he believed Nature had designed him. He was at that time barely twenty-four years old; and during the fourteen years that had elapsed since then, he had travelled in many countries, studied nature from many aspects, written several scientific treatises, and accumulated that collection of curiosities which had struck Mrs Placer with so much horror. In the pursuit of his objects nothing had turned or daunted him. For weeks he had camped on the rigorous slopes of an unexplored peak of snow, till the day should break that gave him opportunity for its ascent; for months he had sought a specimen of some all-but unknown plant, nor relinquished his quest until it was rewarded. It was in the spirit of triumph, and not in that of boasting, that he assured me he had never failed. The greater part of his fourteen years of travel had been spent in the continent of his birth—in the sunless forests of the Amazon, on the wind-swept cordilleras of the Andes, in the desolation of the Patagonian pampas. Finally he had come to London, to study, to develop fresh plans, and classify his collections. When he had had enough of civilisation, he would resume his life of vagabondage. This, in brief, was the history of Juan Almirez, as he told it to me that night in snatches of anecdote and narrative and grave retrospect.

I was punctual in my appointment to visit his rooms on the following evening.

It was a good-sized room, the first-floor parlour; and Mrs Placer had not exaggerated

the untidiness of its contents. Each of the chairs was cumbered with its individual pile of books and papers and wooden collecting-boxes; the mantelpiece had been stripped of all Mrs Placer's treasured prettinesses, and their place usurped by two goodly rows of bottles and jars of spirit, in each of which reposed some gruesome specimen of insect or reptile, or vegetable growth; a heap of oilskin-covered instruments occupied one corner of the room; the opposite side, beneath the windows, was still blocked up with packing-cases, some as yet unopened, some half-emptied of their contents; the air itself tasted dry and heavy and pungent, like the atmosphere of a museum. Almirez was seated at a writing-table, drawn under the chandelier in the middle of the room. As my eyes travelled towards his face, they fell upon something that stood on the table in front of him, something that glittered in the gaslight with the glitter of polished gold. I was too short-sighted to be able to see clearly what it was; but somehow—whether (as I have thought at times) by some sort of instinctive premonition, or whether merely because it was the first distinct object that had caught my eye amid all the confused crowd of articles with which the room was littered—I felt as if I could not take my eyes off it. Even when Almirez had cleared the easiest chair of its haphazard burden, and had drawn his own seat towards the fire, I was still peering curiously at the glittering thing upon the writing-table. He had noticed my attention; and it seemed to amuse him, for his smile became something more natural and more involuntary than was usually the case—a quiet, inscrutable smile, reflecting some humorous thought that would seem to have crossed his brain. Then he took up the glittering thing and placed it in my hands.

It was a rudely moulded image of some shaggy animal—a camel, as it seemed to me—standing about three inches high, and moulded, to all appearance, out of solid gold. On the left flank, the figure of a noon-day sun, circling a human face, and girt with many radiating beams of light, was deeply carved into the metal. The whole was very brightly polished; but the roughness of the workmanship and the redness of the gold made it appear to be of great age.

'I deem that to be the greatest of my curiosities,' Almirez was saying in his soft voice. 'Not on account of its actual value, you understand, but because of its associations and of the great difficulty which I experienced in obtaining it—and find in keeping it. There is a story—but we need not trouble about that.' There was still the same inscrutable smile on his face, as if the humorous thought had not yet quite passed away. 'It is of gold, as you will guess,' he continued; 'and it represents a llama—an animal which we are well acquainted with in the land of my birth. It is of ancient Peruvian workmanship. Very quaint, is it not? Very quaint indeed. It is useful to me as a letter-weight; but I value it beyond that.—But you must see some other of my curiosities.'

And in a few minutes my friend was deeply immersed in the exhibition and explanation of

the alcoholised treasures on the mantelpiece; while I, for my part, listening to his conversation, had almost forgotten the existence of the golden llama.

### HORSELESS CARRIAGES.

THE present century, now drawing to a close, has been one of beneficial innovations and changes, and probably the greatest revolutioniser of all—the one which has had most influence on every department of our national life—exists in the marvellous systems of locomotion and conveyance, with which we are now so familiar.

It is not perhaps too much to say that our successors in the not distant future will wonder at our want of enterprise or forethought in allowing so many years to pass away before we discovered that our railways, even at first so successful, ought to have been supplemented long ago by what are termed 'light railways,' to serve as feeders to the great main lines, and that locomotives to run on the common or public roads would have added greatly to our convenience and prosperity. Very recently, however, the principal hindrance to the use and extension of the latter has been recognised as an intolerable obstacle. There has long been a real and serious demand for the abolition of the penalties which now attach to the running of locomotives on public roads, and one of the last acts of the late Government was to introduce to the House of Commons a Bill of a single clause, it is stated; its purpose being to exempt vehicles propelled by mechanical means from the operation of the Locomotives or Highways Act. At the present time, not even a bicycle driven by steam, or any other similar motor, would be allowed to run on our public roads without two men with red flags, each sixty yards distant, and restricted to a speed of four miles an hour in the country, and two miles in the towns. It is quite conceivable that but for this legislative hindrance, this country, as the pioneer of railways, steam-navigation, and cycles, would have now occupied a more prominent position as regards this movement, which bids fair to become soon a new industry, as well as a new force in civilisation.

It has been the good fortune of our neighbours across 'the silver streak,' that they have had no such preposterous obstacles to hold them back, and so they have been enabled to lead the way in introducing one of the most useful and valuable innovations of modern times. New and great inventions often require time to develop and find their way into general adoption; but in the great trials of road locomotives, recently held in France, the value of the results obtained were so patent and satisfactory as to convince every one that the petroleum motor has a wonderful future before it, and promises to make locomotion on roads both easier, safer, and quicker. For a considerable number of years, French engineers have been actively engaged experimenting on road locomotives, which have apparently reached such a degree of efficiency, that in July 1894 it was resolved to have a competitive trial of

locomotives on the public roads. The run was from Paris to Rouen and back, a distance of eighty miles; and so much interest and enthusiasm were aroused, that it was resolved to carry out this year a similar trial, but on a much more extensive scale.

The route selected was peculiarly difficult and trying. The conditions, as will be seen, were very severe, so much so that many leading experts predicted failure for the whole scheme; and in order to induce competitors to come forward, a sum of three thousand pounds was collected for distribution among a few of the most successful. On the 4th of June last, many thousands of interested spectators had gathered together at the Arc de Triomphe to see the machines start. The route lay through Versailles, Etampes, Orleans, Blois, Tours, Poitiers, and Angoulême to Bordeaux, and back to Paris, a running distance of seven hundred and forty-four miles, certainly a much more serious trial than that of 1894. The route lay through a hilly and difficult country for this kind of travelling. During the first portion of the journey there was an abrupt rise, roughly of over five hundred feet, the highest point at Limours being one hundred and sixty-eight metres above the sea-level; and altogether the route in its course presented every variety of obstacle and difficulty.

The conditions imposed were also of such a character as gave an opportunity of really testing the machines to their utmost capabilities of sustained endurance in the exertion of power. There were to be two or more conductors for each vehicle, and in the event of accident or break-down, no outside assistance was to be allowed. The conductors were to carry with them all necessary materials and tools for repairs, and if the repairs or renewal of any part proved to be beyond the power of the conductors to execute, the machine was held to have retired from the trial as a competitor, and to have failed.

There were twenty-seven locomotives entered for trial—namely, sixteen driven by petroleum, seven by steam, two by electricity, and two bicycles propelled by petroleum. Of the total number, about one-half of the competing carriages ran the complete round, arriving at Paris in good condition. The start was made on the 11th of June last, a petroleum-driven carriage leading the way, the others following, one every three minutes. On the whole, and taking the twenty-seven cars that started, the mishaps were extremely few. Some of these were from what might be called preventable accidents, and none from absolute failure. One of the steam-carriages 'ran over a large dog,' and broke a hind wheel. One broke a piston, while the wheels of another failed shortly after it started. Such are a few of the accidents, and these give a fair representation of the mishaps which occurred throughout the trial. The first prize of fourteen hundred pounds was won by MM. Panhard and Levassor's petroleum locomotive, carrying four passengers. It completed the round journey in fifty-nine and three-quarter hours, giving an average speed of twelve and a half miles an hour. Last year the first prize was divided between the same firm and M. Pengeot.

In summing up the leading features of this most important and valuable experiment, we are met by some very unexpected results. It is somewhat strange to find that electricity, which has been looked on as the motor of the future, makes no show worth mentioning, while steam is quite in the shade; and so far as efficiency, convenience, and cheapness are concerned, the petroleum motor ('Système Daimler') is far ahead of all the others. The only objection raised against petroleum is that it smells disagreeably. In comparison, the objections to steam are manifold—namely, carrying of fuel and water, the noise of steam escaping from the safety-valve, and which cannot be avoided when standing; when in motion, the exhaust steam and occasional discharges of mixed vapour and hot water are annoying, while the cleaning of the fire is disagreeable from the dust and ashes, which are unavoidable.

The petroleum motor is not a complicated combination of mechanical intricacies. It has the merit, at least, of simplicity; it is clean, easy to examine and manage; and a lighted match sets it off on its noiseless career. It has been aptly named a 'horseless carriage,' and being reduced in size, is handy and portable. It will do all that horses can do, and something more; as, for instance, running backwards; but—which is probably an advantage—it cannot move sideways, as horses will at times do. Its speed is, if necessary, beyond that of a horse: twelve and a half miles an hour, and even more if wanted, is good work continued for three hours without stoppage for examination. The carriage has a supply of petroleum for four hours' running, which can be increased to serve for twelve hours' work. Every thirty miles run, a small supply of cold water is required to be used for keeping the working parts cool. Since 1890 these petroleum carriages have been constantly experimented on, and so have made great progress in France. In appearance they are similar to the dogcart or wagonette; but being without horses, are only about half the length. They have two brakes, one for general use, worked by pressure from the foot, for rapid control; the other a powerful combination, with certain and instantaneous action.

There are said to be over two hundred automatic vehicles at work in the streets of Paris alone at the present time. It is also reported that since the trial of road locomotives, the Abeille Hackney Cab Company have ordered two hundred of these carriages for service next year. On the whole, it is generally believed that the petroleum motor is not at all in danger of being superseded by any other motor likely to appear in the future. It is not a costly machine to begin with, considering its general fitness for the purpose intended. It can be kept at work with an expenditure of from one and a half to two francs per day, and about one-third of the cost by any other system, either by horses or automatic machines. The price of a petroleum locomotive ranges from one hundred and sixty-eight pounds to two hundred and forty pounds sterling according to the purpose for which it is intended.

The first journey made in this country in a



petroleum motor carriage was that of Mr Evelyn Ellis, and Mr Simms of the Daimler Motor Syndicate, 49 Leadenhall Street, London, on July 5th. A distance of 56 miles was run between Micheldever, near Winchester, and Datchet, in 5 hours 32 minutes, exclusive of stoppages. The average speed was 9·84 miles an hour, the usual travelling speed being from 8 to 12 miles an hour. Out of 133 horses passed on the way, only two little ponies seem to have been frightened. This car is similar to the one which gained the first prize in the French carriage race, and is a neat, compact four-wheeled dogcart, with accommodation for four persons and two portmanteaus. The consumption of petroleum was little over one halfpenny per mile, and there was no smoke, heat, or smell. The steering is simple, and the car could be brought to a standstill within little more than a yard.

So much has been accomplished in this direction within the last few years, that it is believed by many the time is not far distant when horses, except for riding, will be superseded by mechanical power for farm-work and many other purposes, such as moving and carriage of heavy loads, locomotion, &c. Very recently we have heard of 'light railways,' as supplementary to the great main lines, with considerable anxiety as to their cost. There is a reasonable possibility that the petroleum motor may yet solve this question on public highways, if these are thoroughly prepared for the purpose. It is also possible that, after a few years' experience, the world may be brought to wonder how it existed so long without what may prove in the course of time to be an indispensable necessity.

## AN ELECTRIC SPARK.\*

By G. MANVILLE FENN.

### CHAPTER XX.—HUMBLE PIE.

'THERE is no hope, and I was mad,' said Wynyan, after a sleepless night. 'Saw through *coulour de rose* spectacles? No,' he cried bitterly; 'I looked at my future through some great magnifying lens, and now I can see the reality with the naked eye. But I am awake now. It has been all a dream, and it is time to be stirring. Well, why not? It is often so: Fate's compensation. She gives us the bitter in one cup, the sweet in the other. Why should not I be up and doing instead of wasting my life here like a drivelling, love-sick idiot? The new land invites me. What did he say—a motive-power for their little navy? How strange! He could not know. And yet he offers it to me. It is Fate again. I am under no tie. I am bound in no way to our Government, and Deconcagua can never be our enemy. A pitiful little South American state. It would only be the frog trying to imitate the ox. I could feel innocent of being a renegade. Pshaw! that is being too thin skinned. What of our great firms who have built ships, made engines, rifles,

bayonets, powder for other nations? There is no reason why, when the tide is at its height for the second time for me—no reason why I should not take the chance which leads to fortune. A boyish idea—a mistake—bitter, but I must forget it. Some day I can laugh at my folly.

'Yes, I should be again mad to cast away such a chance. What did he say—my own terms? Well, I must be the man of the world now, and make my own terms fast this time in black and white, and endorsed by stamps—to be valueless if I felt that I was wronged. Poor old Dalton! he meant well by me; but all our thoughts were on our motor, and we put off the business part. But never mind that. Shall I be doing right in making a bargain with our smooth, flattering Mephisto? Yes: I have no ties whatever, and it is time to study self. A bright tropical country, a high position, wealth, and perhaps—a beautiful wife! Does he mean to give me that dark-eyed, soulless toy? No: only a bait. Well, that is one side of the question. Let's see the reverse: Years of struggling, disappointment, and possibly failure, while I hear of Brant's good fortune, and sit in my den, biting my nails with envy, heart-sick at his successes; for it would come to that—it would come to that.—Not one look last night, after what was at best but a friendly chat!'

'Yes: these are both sides of the question,' cried Wynyan excitedly. 'Now, what shall I do? Spin up a coin,' he added, with a reckless laugh, 'and let that decide? No: I'll be the calm business man now,' he said quietly. 'There is no need of hesitation: I am free now; and it shall be—yes: I'll go.'

A sharp *rat-tat* upon the iron-clamped oak door.

'Post,' he muttered; but no letter fell into the box. 'Knock again.'

He glanced at his watch. Mid-day; and as he replaced it, there was another knock.

'Just as I was going out,' he muttered pettishly; and he strode to the door, meaning to be brief with his visitor, and then take a cab at once to Victoria Street. But little matters change great causes; and, as he threw open the doors, he started in surprise.

'Hamber!' he cried. 'My dear old fellow, I am glad to see you. Come in.'

'Thank you, Mr Wynyan, thank you, my dear sir,' cried the old man, smiling his satisfaction at the warm greeting. 'This is very good of you—very, very friendly.'

'Why, of course.—Sit down, old fellow. I'm so glad to see you. Just in time, though. Five minutes later, and should have been off on important business.'

'Then, sir, I'm very glad I've caught you. I've come too—on important business.'

'Not so important as mine, Hamber. I've had a splendid offer made to me which I shall accept.'

'Indeed, sir!'

'Yes: to go abroad and take a leading position as engineer for a foreign Government.'

'For—a—for—a—foreign Government, sir?' faltered Hamber.

\* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

'Yes: congratulate me.'

'No, no, no, sir: impossible. No, no, Mr Wynyan; you must not think of such a thing. You are too great a man. We want you here.'

'Great a man!' cried Wynyan mockingly, as he stood resting one foot upon the chair opposite to where the old clerk was seated, wiping his dewy forehead—'great a man! Great enough to be kicked out of his position at the caprice of an insolent jackanapes.'

'Yes, sir! That was so; and jackanapes is the very word to use; but then, you see, he was master—at least he thought he was.'

'What do you mean?' said Wynyan sharply.

'I mean, sir, of course he is master, and yet he isn't. Position gives him the master-ship; but he is as ignorant as a child of our great business.'

'Yes, of course. Well, that is all nothing to me.'

'I—I—but—but—excuse me, Mr Wynyan, sir, it is a great deal to you.'

'No, Hamber, nothing at all. I was soft metal: now I am hardened steel.—Well, how are you getting on?'

'Badly, sir. Worried to death.'

'By Brant?'

'No, sir; by the way things are going.—Mr Wynyan, sir,' cried the old man, rising excitedly, and catching hold of Wynyan's arm, 'you mustn't talk of going abroad, sir: we want you at Great George Street.'

'So badly that you drove me away.'

'A madman did, sir; but he has repented. Mr Wynyan, sir—he'—

'What?' cried Wynyan, excited now in his turn. 'Brant Dalton repented?'

'Yes, sir; he is quite broken down. He can't get on, and it is like ruin without you. Pray—pray, sir, don't be hard with us, for the sake of my dear old employer and Miss Renée. Forget all the past, sir, and come back and take the helm before the grand old ship goes on the rocks.'

'Then Brant Dalton has sent you?' cried Wynyan, excitedly seizing his visitor by the shoulders.

'Don't—please don't be angry with me, sir. I love the old business, and it would break my heart if it went wrong.'

'Tell me this instant: Brant Dalton sent you?'

'Yes, sir; but please, sir, I am only doing my duty.'

'Yes, I know,' cried Wynyan, thrusting the old man back in his chair. 'Go and tell Brant Dalton'—

'Mr Wynyan, sir, you are angry. Pray, pray don't send me with any rash message which you might repent having said.'

'Repent!' said Wynyan scornfully. 'I repent!—But stop: this is impossible. I met Brant Dalton last night, and he was more insufferably insolent than ever. You say he sent you. When did you see him?'

'Not an hour ago, sir. Mr Wynyan, sir, it's a great triumph for you. You have humbled him to the dust, and he begs of you to come back on your own terms, sir. Think what

that means: what a chance it is for you to be what you always were—a gentleman. Be magnanimous, sir, for Miss Renée's sake.'

'Silence, man!' cried Wynyan sternly.

'Don't, don't be angry with me, sir.'

'I am not, Hamber. Go on. You are, of course, only doing your duty to your employer.'

Wynyan had ceased striding excitedly up and down the room, and stopped opposite to the old man.

'Quick!' he said; 'tell me how matters stand with Dalton and Company. You have that contract from Government to work out the motor?'

'Yes, sir, our—your great patent?'

'Your great patent,' said Wynyan bitterly.

'Yes, sir; and there has been a great deal of correspondence with Whitehall. They are pressing us to get on with it, and to show them some results, as they have paid down heavily.'

'Well, get on with it, and show them some results.'

'But we cannot, sir. It is impossible,' cried the old man dismally. 'We shall be ruined. Money has been spent in materials and wages to a great extent, Mr Brant being so rash; extra steam-power laid on.'

'There was plenty,' said Wynyan decisively.

'There you are, sir,' cried Hamber; 'you know: we don't. All this has been done, but we get no further. We can draw up estimates, and make drawings, and the works are over yonder; but poor Mr Dalton is dead, you have left us, and there is no master mind, no master key to set all going.'

'Mr Brant,' said Wynyan sarcastically.

'Bah!' cried old Hamber fiercely. 'He knows the odds for the Derby and Oaks; but what does he know about our business? I've been there all these years, sir, and I couldn't do it. Without a leading man at the helm, we are all hopelessly on the rocks.'

'But you threw the pilot overboard to drown, Hamber.'

'Oh yes, sir, I know—I know,' groaned the old man; 'and I'm not fighting for Mr Brant: it's our grand old business—Miss Renée—my dear old master's grand invention—his and yours, sir. Only a few days before he went down to Brighton, he laid his hand on my shoulder. "Hamber," he said, "Mr Wynyan's a genius. We've worked out the grandest idea that ever came to an engineer;" and now this great work is going to wreck unless you will come and help us.'

Wynyan stood gazing straight before him.

'Government will stand no nonsense, sir. They paid up, and they'll have it all back or their pound of flesh.—Mr Wynyan, do you hear me, sir?'

There was no reply for a few moments, while Wynyan gazed in the troubled features before him, and then he spoke in a cool, cynical tone.

'My good old friend, let's look the matter in the face. Suppose I come back, what is it for?'

'Why, sir, to'—

'Stop! Hear me out. I know, and I'll tell you: it is to drag Brant Dalton from among

the rocks, and thrust him out into the tideway—to float into the harbour of success.'

'Yes, sir, it does mean that, of course.'

'And as soon as I have done this, he will pitch me over again.'

'No, no, sir: you must have a thorough agreement with him and insist upon your rights—I'd have a partnership and half share. You would deserve more.'

'Exactly, Hamber,' said Wynyan: 'come back at this man's call for the sake of pounds, shillings, and pence. I do not despise money, but I'm not going to buy it at such a cost. If I came back, it would be as an enemy, not as a friend.'

'Oh, Mr Wynyan, sir, I know how you were insulted, but it isn't Christian-like to talk in that way. You don't want to take revenge upon a man like that.'

'But I do, Hamber; I want to humble him. Time back I only despised the cur's snarlings; but he has bitten me with his vile, poisonous fangs; and if I returned, it would be to see him writhe in his impotence and bitterness at being dependent upon the man he hates.'

'Yes, sir, it would indeed be heaping coals of fire upon your enemy's head; and I'm afraid I should enjoy seeing him wince.'

'So should I, Hamber,' cried Wynyan; 'but no: I can't stoop to come back, even in triumph, and he has raised up such a devil in me by all he has done that I dare not trust myself to come. I should glory in his abasement. Things are best as they are.'

'But the grand old business, sir—the disgrace of failure—the tremendous loss—the old name of Dalton, so honoured all these years—that has been such a power.'

'It is sad, Hamber, but it does not move me. Brant only turns to me as a last resource.'

'Yes, sir, of course; but think of our contract.'

'Well, I had the plans and drawings in my hands, but I gave them up to him honourably.'

'But they are worthless without your guiding brain, sir.'

Wynyan could not help feeling a thrill of satisfaction, but he spoke calmly enough.

'There are plenty of clever men bringing their brains to market: let him buy them.'

'Mr Wynyan!' cried the old clerk piteously; 'don't talk like that. You know that there is not a man living who can bring the invention to perfection.'

'What? I tell you honestly, Hamber, that I believe everything was noted down in the drawings and calculations.'

'Yes, sir, no doubt; but there are parts where it is like an unknown tongue to every one but you. With you to carry it through, it will be a grand success. Without you, a dismal failure.'

'Then,' said Wynyan sternly, 'it cannot harm my poor old friend. He is beyond all our petty ambitions and weak inventions. It must fail: Dalton and Company is only a name to me now.'

The old clerk groaned.

'I have another name to make: not Brant Dalton's—my own. I tell you I am going abroad.'

'But we cannot work for ourselves alone in this world, Mr Wynyan,' pleaded Hamber. 'I am a very old man, sir, now—on the brink of the grave, and nearly ready to pass beyond the dark veil which hides the future. I know all this—how helpless we are, and how, when we would be selfish, we keep on waking to the fact that we cannot fight only for self. Mr Wynyan, my dear boy, you of whom I have always been so proud, and wished that I had married that I might have had such a son—be merciful.'

Wynyan's stern, hard face softened as he saw the tears slowly trickling down the furrows of the old man's face, and he placed his hand in those outstretched pleadingly toward him.

'Do come back, sir. Life is so short. I can say it to you, for I know. My seventy years—what are they? Little more to look back on than a few days. Don't be hard upon us, sir, and raise up a cloud that will cling to you to the very last.'

'I cannot come back, Hamber. I have shown no enmity; I have left Brant Dalton in peaceful possession of that to which I had the major claim.'

'Yes, sir, and if you wanted revenge, you have had it. He has robbed you, and his prize is worthless.'

'Then let him suffer. I was content to lose all.'

'But there are others, sir, as I tried to show you. I did not like to speak, but you force me to. Think of Miss *Rénée*.'

Wynyan snatched away his hand as if he had received a stab, and the scene on the previous night came back—*Rénée* passing out resting upon Brant's arm, without once turning to give him a look; and now his face was hard and stern once more.

'Mr Wynyan—you will come,' whispered the old man.

'To fight for Brant Dalton when he is helpless, for the sake of the woman who will be his wife. You ask too much, Hamber. I am only human. No.'

Hamber took out his handkerchief and wiped his eyes, dabbed the drops from his dewy brow, and then in a hopeless way he stood looking at Wynyan, as he wiped his cold damp hands.

'But this can't be you speaking, Mr Wynyan. You can't hold to that, sir,' cried the old man passionately, as a fresh access of power seemed to come to him. 'Oh sir, this is not you.'

'No,' cried Wynyan fiercely, 'it is not my natural self, but the man that Brant Dalton's cowardly persecution has made out of my worse part. From the first day I entered Dalton's office he took a dislike to me, because my tastes were not his and I would not join him in his habits. Then he found a fresh and greater cause for his dislike, and never let slip an opportunity for maligning me to his uncle.'

'Who trusted you as his second self, sir.'

'And increased Brant's hatred. Yes: Robert Dalton fully trusted me, and there was nothing I would not have done to serve him in return.'

'Except come forward now to save his

business from ruin, and his child from suffering, as she must.'

Wynyan gazed wildly at the speaker, who went on.

'That is so, sir,' said the old man sternly. 'I should like to see you stand over Brant Dalton, and lash the scoundrel till he begged for mercy; but you can't do it, sir: it is not your work, and you must come back.'

'Not even if Brant came and humbled himself to me, and begged me.'

'Pshaw!' ejaculated the old man. 'What if he did? He would, if I took that back as your ultimatum; but you don't want that, Mr Wynyan—you couldn't stoop to see him grovel before you, snivelling out his contemptible apology; for what would it mean? Mr Wynyan, I'm going back to Great George Street directly, to tell Brant Dalton that you are coming to the office to take the lead at once—as if nothing had happened.'

'Hamber, I am going to conclude my negotiations, and possibly in a few days I shall be off abroad.'

'No, sir, you are not. You come back to us.'

'What?'

Old Hamber clapped his hands upon Wynyan's shoulders, and stood gazing at him for a few moments in silence.

'That's right: look me straight in the eyes, my boy, and tell me that, knowing all you do, you will deliberately throw us over, and leave us to go to wreck. Now then, Paul Wynyan, tell me that.'

There was silence for a full minute; and then the old man uttered an exultant cry.

'He can't! He can't,' he said, as he let one hand slip down to Wynyan's breast. 'It's pure gold—the heart of a true man—and—and—God bless you, my dear boy! I thank Him—that I have lived to see this day.'

'Hamber! What is it?' cried Wynyan, catching the old man tightly to prevent his falling, for he had ended by grasping the young man's hand in his to raise it to his lips, and then changed colour, reeled, and his head fell sideways upon his shoulder.

'Nothing, sir, nothing,' he said, after a minute or two. 'A little weak: that's all. Not so young as I was. Let me sit here for a few moments.—A glass of water.—Thank you. I'm coming round. I have had a deal of worry; and all this upset me a little. But there—there, I'm quite right now: only a touch of my complaint.'

'Your complaint? I did not know you suffered.'

'No, sir? Thought I showed it pretty plainly now. Anno Domini, Mr Wynyan. That's all.—Now, good-bye, sir. I must get back. The walk will do me good. Do you know, sir, I hardly like getting outside the 'buses now. A bit nervous—from my complaint—What, sir? You will?'

The old man's eyes filled with the weak tears.

'Yes, you are not well enough to go alone. I'll come back with you to the office now.'

Old Hamber's hand closed upon Wynyan's strong arm, and he hardly quitted his grasp till

they were back in the great marble-paved hall.

'In triumph, Mr Wynyan,' the old man whispered; 'but you are too great a ruler to trample on your foes.'

Brant was out.

### A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY SCOT IN THE FAR EAST.

THERE is in these days no career open to the adventurous comparable in excitement, danger, interest, and possible profit, to that of the merchant adventurer of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. From the day he dropped his pilot in the Channel, to the time—often years distant—when he again entered an English port, he was an Ishmaelite, whose own hand must keep his head, for every man's hand was against him. There was no chain of British possessions round the world, and at the embryo 'factories' of the East India Company the 'interloper' was apt to meet with an exceedingly cool reception, if not worse. Dutch, French, Spanish, and Portuguese were of course no fonder of him, and the former in particular were not over-scrupulous as to war or peace time when an opportunity presented itself for securing a valuable cargo at the expense of the 'verdon'd Englander.' Besides, for many months he would be as completely cut off from European news as if he were in another planet, so that the adventurer's first intimation of a 'complication' would come from a foreign privateer or man-of-war; and he would speedily find himself, minus ship, goods, and cash, in highly insanitary quarters at Batavia or Pondicherry. Piracy, too, in those days might almost be called a branch of recognised industry, so extensive were its operations, and so feeble the efforts to check it. The adventurer traded with his barbarous or semi-barbarous customers, literally, goods in one hand, and pistol in the other. Sometimes a petty tyrant would demand the help of the European's arms against enemies or rebels, as the price of allowing him to trade; and very likely the same arms had to be brought into requisition before the potentate could be induced to 'pay up.' Add to these the perils of storm and typhoon, to be encountered, perhaps, with three-quarters of the crew disabled with scurvy, of fever-stricken coasts, and uncharted seas, and the most exacting amateur of peril could find little more to desire.

However, Captain Alexander Hamilton, who published his *Account of the East Indies*, in two bulky volumes, at Edinburgh in 1727, does not seem to think that there was anything out of the way in leading this kind of life for five-and-thirty years; after which, as he says, 'having brought back a charm to keep the meagre devil [poverty] from entering his house,' he employed himself in the composition of his book. Though he commences with a formidable preface, he does not tell us much about himself, except that he went very young to travel, 'not for want, for there is enough of that in my own country; but having a rambling mind and a fortune too narrow to travel like a gentleman, I applied myself to study in Neptune's uni-

versity, and in time became a master of arts.' A Dugald Dalgetty, in fact, with a nautical and trading turn instead of a military one; but always ready for a fight, ashore or afloat, if it came in the way of business; shrewd, masterful, and daring; ever ready to do a good turn, or requite an ill one; of considerable education, and a strong sense of humour, though of somewhat too broad and seamanlike a sort for these more squeamish days. His humour, indeed, is alone sufficient to distinguish the Captain's book from the dreary itineraries produced by travellers of his day and long afterwards; but he also gives a curious and valuable account of the state of the East, and the relations to each other of the European powers who had established themselves there.

In Hamilton's time (1688-1723) the principal states of Asia were in transition; the old powers and dynasties were breaking up, and it was nowhere apparent what was to succeed them. Persia had fallen into anarchy, and, after the incapable Shah Hussein, last of the Sâfi dynasty (the 'Sophies of Persia'), some thirty years of murder and usurpation elapsed, till Nadir Shah for a few years made the name of Persia a terror to India and Central Asia. In India, the Mogul Empire was shaking, and even before the death of Aurungzebe, it began to break up, province by province. In China, the present Manchu dynasty was far from having established its rule, and the southern and western provinces were devastated by vast hordes of so-called 'rebels,' who were in fact simply those brigands and robbers who spring up as from dragons' teeth when an Oriental Government is overthrown, and, as we have found in Burma, give more trouble to the successors than the regular forces. The Indo-Chinese kingdoms were in a chronic state of war of the Chinese kind, in which no quarter is given to non-combatants; and Japan only kept the even tenor of her way. Among Europeans, the Dutch held the foremost place. Their powerful navy, and the possession of a strong *point d'appui* at Batavia, gave them a vast advantage over the English and French, whose scattered factories depended largely on Europe for supplies and assistance.

Our Scotch Ulysses has a very hearty dislike for 'our dear allies,' and indeed the hideous story of the murder of the English traders at Amboyna in 1622 would excuse it. A score of writers, from Tavernier to the unpleasantly realistic 'Perelaer,' assure us that the fault of the Dutch in India lies not only in giving too little and asking too much, but in treachery, cruelty, rapacity, and corruption. But meanwhile, they seemed on a fair way to become the foremost European power in the East. They had taken Malacca, Colombo, Galle, and Trincomalee from the Portuguese, of whose brilliant but short-lived colonial empire little remained but Goa, where, says Hamilton, 'thirty thousand church vermin live idly on the labour and sweat of the miserable laity.' The Muscat Arabs had deprived the Portuguese of much of their possessions on the African and Arabian coasts. Their famous port of Ormuz fell in the beginning of the seventeenth century to a combined attack from Shah Abbas and an English force.

'Tradition reports that there was so much ready-money found in the castle that it was measured by long-boats full, and one boat being pretty full, and an officer still throwing in more, the boatswain of the ship swore that he would throw it in the sea if they put in more, for he could not tell what would satisfy them if not a boat full of money.'

The latter half of the seventeenth century was the golden age of piracy. In 1695 one Captain Avery or Evory took a ship of the Moguls on her way to Jeddah, with the incredible booty of two and a half million rupees. It seems to have been accounted exceptional humanity in him to 'let the ship go without torturing any of the people.' In the same year, a 'syndicate' of pirates hoisted the 'Jolly Roger' on Perim, and began fortifications; but, from want of water, they removed to Île St Marie, the present French settlement of Port Louis. These were the famous 'Madagascar pirates,' so long the terror of the Indian seas. A deserved retribution overtook them in 1704. 'One Millar, with a cargo of strong ale and brandy, that he carried to sell them, killed above five hundred of them by carousing, though they took his ship and cargo as a present from him, and his crew joined the pirates.' What an incident for the late Mr Stevenson!

In such times the European adventurer found boundless scope. A man of Hamilton's stamp might have risen as did Constantine Phaulcon, the Levantine sailor, who became Prime Minister to the king of Siam (1683-88). Or he might have carved out a kingdom for himself, like George Thomas, the runaway man-o'-war's man, who was first a Malhratta general, and then an independent Rajah of the Punjab (1780-1801). But Hamilton would have none of such risky eminence; and when in 1703 the Rajah of Johore made him a present of the island of Singapore, he declined it with thanks 'as of no use to a private person, though a proper place for a company to settle a factory on.' The early history of the East India Company contains very little for an Englishman to be proud of. The instructions of the Governors and factors were, to get and send to Leadenhall Street as much money as possible, no matter how, and to preserve their monopoly by any means. The latter they had some reason to be jealous of, for the amount required for bribes and *dasturi* to the Court at home was prodigious, and they were always liable to be outbidden. Hamilton records that the Dutch paid one hundred thousand pounds to Charles II. to forbid the Company to retake Bantam, after they had fitted out a fleet at enormous expense.

The Governor of the East India Company at this time was that Sir Josiah Child who sent to his subordinates at Bombay the famous despatch, 'I expect that my will and orders shall be your rule, and not the laws of England, which are a heap of nonsense compiled by a few ignorant country gentlemen.' These instructions were certainly not needed by his namesake, 'General' John Child, Governor of Bombay, an official worthy of the Russian Tchin. The stories of this man's doings, which Hamilton gives at great length, rival anything that has been written of Russia, and

give one a very poor opinion of the European community which endured them.

At Madras, or Fort St George, the settlement was organised like an English borough, with mayor, aldermen, clerks, and solicitors complete; 'but I found it a mere farce, for a few pagodas [gold coins] could turn the scale of justice to which side the Governor pleased.' The Governor was only empowered to execute for piracy; but this was a word of curiously elastic meaning. Governor Yale had an English groom who left his service without notice, which act was, by the potentate's direction, brought in flat piracy as ever was committed; and the groom was hanged accordingly. Perhaps no great cities have ever risen under such natural disadvantages as Madras and Calcutta. The founders of the former pitched on a harbourless, surf-beaten strip of barren soil, neglecting the far better sites at Pulicat and Covelong, within a few miles. Calcutta is by no means a sanatorium to-day; but for many years after its foundation, 'the city chose by Charnock 'neath the palms,' was more of a white man's grave than even Sierra Leone. 'One year I was there, and there were reckoned in August about twelve hundred English; and before the beginning of January there were four hundred and sixty burials registered.' Job Charnock, its founder, who was one of the most singular characters in early Anglo-Indian annals, married a Hindu widow, rescued from suttee, and died Hindu himself in all but race.

It is curious to read how, two centuries ago, there were sportsmen who went out to India after big game. One would have thought it an exclusively modern idea; but it appears that in 1678, two gentlemen, Mr Limbourg and Mr Goring, came out from England, and spent three years tiger and buffalo hunting at Karwar, south of Goa, where the Company had a factory. It is much to be regretted that they left no account of their adventures. Would any *shikari* of the present day confront a tiger with such a 'fusil' as was used in the seventeenth century?

Hamilton's observations are of course confined to the coast districts of the countries he visited; but there is much shrewdness, as well as humour, in his accounts of his dealings with the rascally Governors and factors, though he writes of course from the 'interloper's' point of view in his descriptions of priest-ridden Goa; of the equally oppressive religion of Southern India—a bigoted Brahmanism, with ultra severity of caste, mixed with aboriginal devil-worship; the strange marriage, or no-marriage, customs of Malabar; the unique tenure by which the Samorin of Calicut held his throne, being obliged to hold a festival every twelve years, during which, any man who could break through his guards and slay him became his successor; the accurate description of Siam and Pegu, then lately annexed to Burma; and the dreadful glimpse into the 'private life of an Eastern king' of the worst sort, the then Rajah of Johore.

One of the oddest stories in the book is that of a cure performed by 'a noted Malaya doctor' at Malacca. One of the supercargoes of a Scotch ship was taken ill with very strange symptoms. The Dutch doctor whom he consulted advised

him to send for the native practitioner, or rather conjurer, who, when he came, 'told him that he was poisoned, and if he could not tell by what poison, his cure was very desperate.' I advised my friend to let old Beelzebub (for he was a man or walking shadow of a dismal aspect, near a hundred years old) take him into his care; and he complimented the doctor with fifty Dutch dollars. The suspected party was one Mistress Kennedy, a lady of undoubted character, who kept a boarding-house for seamen at Malacca. 'The doctor called for a teacup and some fresh limes. He turned all out of the room but myself and the patient, and filled the teacup with lime juice. He muttered some words, keeping his right hand moving over the cup for three or four minutes, and then shook his old head and looked dejected. He then muttered some other words with a higher voice, and in two minutes the juice in the cup began to boil. I put my finger in the juice, but it retained its coldness. He ordered the patient to send a servant to watch at Mistress Kennedy's door between ten and twelve, and took his leave. About eleven, the spy came and told us that Mistress Kennedy had run stark mad, making a hideous noise, and said she had seen the devil in the garden in a monstrous shape and terrible aspect. She soon after grew furiously mad, scratching and biting every one she could come at, so that they were forced to bind her. In this fit she continued till the morning, when the old conjurer came to visit her. At sight of him she grew calm and sensible. He assured her that this devil she saw should be her continual companion all her days if she did not declare whence she had the poison; which, when she did, the doctor sent for the old witch and threatened to torment her also if she did not declare what poison had been given; which she did; and he took away the devil, and the patient was well in eight or ten days; but Mistress Kennedy looked ever after disturbed, as if continually frightened.' Was this hypnotism 'suggestion' or what? It is certain that to this day there are men among these *pawangs*, as there are among Indian conjurers and witch doctors, who are able to do some very strange and inexplicable things.

Hamilton's descriptions of such plants and animals as came under his notice are very correct, and it is astonishing that with such sources of information, the naturalists of that day should have gone on copying from each other fables as old as Pliny and Arrian. The fact was that, except a few *virtuosi*, no one cared about the truth or otherwise of the descriptions of 'strange beasts,' as long as they were astonishing enough. We read, however, of one Mr Cunningham, head of the English factory at Banjarmassin, in Borneo, who, says Hamilton, almost in the very words of Stanley criticising Emin Pasha, 'would spend whole days contemplating the nature and qualities of a butterfly or shellfish, and left the management of the Company's affairs to others, so every one but he was master.' To Hamilton we are indebted for a couple of 'chestnuts,' which have preserved their vitality to the present day. One is the story of the tailor who pricked the elephant's trunk with his needle, &c; and the other is

that of the employé of the Company who accounted for certain missing rupees as eaten by white ants. This story really seems immortal, for in a 'globe-trotter's' book of 1890 it is related as happening in the present century. The actual fact is, that about 1680, one Potts, head of the Company's factory at Ayuthia, the former capital of Siam, accounted in this way for five hundred chests of Japanese copper which he had embezzled; and the statement seems to have passed current.

The English trade with Siam in those days was a large and profitable one. Many English were in the service of the king, even the *Shahbandar*, or collector of customs, being an Englishman; and there were also many independent European merchants. Unfortunately, the prosperity of these 'interlopers' so vexed the *dis-Honourable Company*, that they threatened Siam with war unless their rivals were expelled. Captain Weldon, who delivered this message, behaved with such insolence, that the Siamese attacked him when ashore; and on his escape, the mob made an indiscriminate massacre of all the English they could find, thus accomplishing the Company's design. Hamilton himself had a narrow escape from the machinations of Collet, the Governor of Madras, whose agent at Siam brought against him the charge of speaking treason against the king. The treason consisted in saying that the king was imposed upon—a capital offence; but, luckily for the worthy captain, the accuser was in such a hurry to bring the charge that he quite forgot his principal witness did not understand a word of Hindustani, in which the said treason was spoken; and the case was dismissed ignominiously.

There is a good deal of fine confused fighting in the book; but the war correspondent was not yet, and the particulars of battle and skirmish are curt enough, though, no doubt, the veteran adventurer in his well-earned retirement could tell stirring tales. At one time he actually blockaded the port of Acheen single-handed—it must be remembered that an East Indiaman was practically a man-o'-war in armament—and brought the rulers to terms; which is more than the Dutch have been able to do after twenty years of desultory war and expending over £25,000,000. Towards the end of his career, in 1721, he was at Bandar Abbas when it was attacked by some 4000 Baluchis. He landed thirty-six men to assist the English factory, and the garrison of about fifty beat off the looters, who, however, plundered the town of £200,000 worth of goods and carried off 14,000 captives.

The most noteworthy affair Hamilton was engaged in happened at Karwar in 1718. The Rajah of Vizapore attacked the Company's settlement with a force of some 7000 men, but was unable to take the factory. 'When our reinforcements came, we could muster in our fleet of seamen and soldiers 2250 men. When all was ready, we landed 1250 men.' With such a force, Clive or Forde would have scattered the Rajah's 7000 to the winds; 'but our fresh-water land officers were so long drawing up their men in a confounded hollow square, that the enemy, who were already in retreat, took

courage, and came running towards our men, which our commandant seeing, pulled off his red coat and vanished. Some other as valiant captains as he took example, and then the soldiers followed, and threw away their arms. We lost in this skirmish 250 men (pretty well for a "skirmish!"); but the fire of the ships would not suffer the enemy to pursue, and some sailors went on the field and gathered 200 muskets, most of them loaded.'

There was not much promise of an Indian Empire in this; but here is another anecdote showing still more strongly to what the national character had come under the later Stuarts. In 1700, Hamilton was at Amoy in company with a king's ship, the *Harwich*, of fifty guns, commanded by one Captain Cock. 'The seamen,' says Macaulay, speaking of that period, 'were not gentlemen, and the gentlemen were not seamen,' but this commander was neither one nor the other. There were three ships from England, and one from Surat, loading at Amoy, whose commanders at once went to the local mandarins, and, by a bribe of five hundred taels, and representing the man-o'-war's men as dangerous ruffians, persuaded him to forbid entrance to the *Harwich*. The only reason for this act was a bit of paltry jealousy about lowering their pennants to the king's ship. However, Hamilton stood security for the good behaviour of the crew, and the *Harwich* was brought up to Amoy and careened, as the practice was, for repairs. While this was doing, Captain Cock was 'carousing' on board the Indiamen, having apparently 'made it up,' until he was sobered by the news that his ship on hauling off had got on a rock and become a wreck. Thereupon the gallant officer fell a-crying; but the captains and supercargoes of the Indiamen refused all assistance; and the crew of 182 must have perished of cold and hunger, but for the generosity of Hamilton, who fed and clothed them for a time at his own expense. He then laid the case before the *chungtock*, or Viceroy, of Fokien, 'who was amazed that any of those ships durst enter our king's dominions that had denied to assist, not only his subjects but his immediate servants;' and gave orders that no ship should be allowed to leave Amoy without taking its quota of the shipwrecked men. Thus checkmated, they consented to do so, though they made their passengers as uncomfortable as they dared. Hamilton took forty of them on board, and lent the captain one thousand dollars without acknowledgment. On arriving in England, twenty years after, he wrote to remind the captain of the circumstance; but that gentleman professed to have no recollection of the affair, 'and paid the debt of nature without taking notice of the one due to me.'

To conclude with a pleasanter anecdote, and one more in keeping with the popular notion of a sailor, 'of a comical passage between a mandarin and an English sailor. The mandarin going in his *chair* (that is, litter or palanquin) with his retinue, met a sailor with a keg of arrack under his arm, who was so mannerly as to walk aside and leave the mandarin the middle of the street; but one of his retinue gave the sailor a box on the ear. The sailor expressed himself nautically, and gave the aggressor a box in return. The



mandarin sent for the English linguist [interpreter], and bade him inquire of the sailor why he gave him that affront. The sailor swore that the mandarin had affronted him, and offered to box the mandarin or any of his gang for a dollar, and with that produced it. The mandarin ordered the linguist to tell him what the sailor said, and why he pulled his money out; and when he heard, he was like to fall off his chair with laughing. He had a Tartar in his retinue who was famous for boxing, and called for him to try his skill on the Englishman. The Tartar was a lusty man; the sailor short but well set. The Tartars use to kick at the stomach, and the first time he kicked, the sailor had him on his back. He desired then to have a fair bout of boxing without tripping, which Jack agreed to, and so battered the Tartar's face and breast that he was forced to yield to Old England. The mandarin was so pleased with the bravery of the sailor, that he made him a present of ten taels of silver.'

It is evident that the mandarin was himself a Tartar, for Jack would not have got off so easily had he affronted the dignity of a genuine Chinese 'literate,' with his mixture of pedantry, effeminacy, and wooden-headed conceit, and therefore he might be thought fortunate in 'catching a Tartar.'

### DAPHNE.

By GUY BOOTHBY.

... There is always work  
And tools to work withal for those who will;  
And blessed are the horny hands of toil.

LOWELL.

TALL, angular, and peculiarly plain, she was the wife of a Queensland Bush Carrier; and it is, I believe, an accepted fact that ladies of that station are not noted either for their culture or their refinement.

Crawling with heavily laden bullock wagons across plains and never-ending scrubs would not appear to be an existence possessed of many charms, and yet I believe there is no case on record of a man or woman who, having once served his or her apprenticeship to the trade, has ever returned to a civilised life again.

In the Queensland Bush carrying-trade, you must understand, there are three main arteries, the townships of Hughenden, Longreach, and Charleville, and from each of these places there flows continually a stream of enormous table-topped wagons, bound for stations in the Great West, all more or less remote from what is generally supposed to make life worth living.

The existence of the carrier is rough to a terrible degree, and must in no way be confounded with that of the respectable, jog-trot class who ply their trade in English rural districts. Let me picture for you a night's camp of one of these nomad families.

Imagine a treeless plain, say some two or three hundred miles from civilisation, extending as far as the eye can reach on every side.

In the foreground you will probably have a fair-sized water-hole, up to the side of which, as you look, lumbers an enormous wagon, piled with loading of every kind and description, and drawn by perhaps twenty bullocks. Wearing after their long day's march, the team drags up to the water and then comes to a halt with a deep grunt of satisfaction. The sun, which throughout the day has caused them untold agonies, now lies low upon the horizon, turning the dreary plain into the likeness of a waveless sea, and painting the placid water-hole with colours of ever-changing beauty. Once at a standstill, the work of unyoking commences; and after this is accomplished, the off-sider, or driver's assistant, bells certain bullocks, and conducts the herd to water and the best grass: the driver meanwhile places the yokes in proper order upon the pole, preparatory to an early start upon the morrow.

The carrier's wife, by this time, has descended from her perch on the summit of the load, and, with a crowd of nut-brown children at her heels, has set about her preparation of the evening meal. Ere it is eaten, the sun has packed his pillows in the west, and dropped into his crimson bed.

As daylight disappears, and without an interval of twilight, darkness descends upon the plain, and one by one sundry jewels drop out of the treasure-house of night to deck the canopy of heaven. The stillness is most remarkable, and later on, when each member of the tiny party has found a resting-place among the loading or beneath the wagon, it becomes even more intense, till only the whistle of a curlew, the cry of a marauding dingo, or the distant boom of the bullock bells jars upon the sleeping night.

By daybreak the community is once more astir, and when breakfast has been eaten, the team is yoked up. Then the woman places herself and children upon the top of the wagon, the carrier takes his place and cracks his heavy whip, the bullocks sway forward, and once more the journey is resumed across the same interminable plain. So, week in week out, from year's end to year's end, the same life goes forward, never varying save when rain, or scarcity of grass, makes the track unpassable. Small wonder, therefore, that the women grow to be hard and rough, consorting, as they do, with none but the sternest of the opposite sex, and daily doing work that would test the patience and endurance of the strongest man. These are some of the folk who in reality do the building up of our Colonies, although the credit goes to another noisier, uglier, and far less useful class. But to get back to my story.

As I have said at the beginning, she was tall, angular, and peculiarly plain, and, in spite of the glaring incongruity of it, it must be recorded that her baptismal name was Daphne. Her husband was a carrier on the Hildgere-

Kalaba track, and she was at once the brain and mainstay of his business.

My first acquaintance with them occurred on the edge of a Boree scrub, a dismal place, and more than a hundred miles removed from either of the above townships. They were camped beside a big water-hole, and on dismounting from my horse, I was introduced by the carrier, with becoming ceremony, to his wife. Great were the proofs of friendship they showed to me, and long will I cherish the memory of that rough but hearty hospitality. Next morning I went my way, they theirs, and it was not for nearly a year that we met again.

When next I heard of them, Daphne was in the township hospital, recovering from a serious accident occasioned by a fall from the wagon; and her husband, an enormously built man, with a rough manner, which, by those unskilled in such matters, might easily have been mistaken for insolence, had that very day returned with loading from the west. By inquiring after his wife, whose illness I was aware of, I touched the right string; for his eyes lit up, his voice softened, and he answered my questions with surprising meekness.

'She was getting on well,' he said; 'but all the same, it was terrible slow work.'

Now, it must be known here that although the Kalaba hospital occupies the best position in that township, even then, it is, if anything, a little less cheerful than an undertaker's show-room. Great gray plains surround it on three sides; the township, with its ugly whitewashed roofs, stares at it from the fourth; and it would be impossible to say which view would be likely to have the most depressing effect upon an invalid. I am told that Kalaba was only designed as a *dépôt* for the Great West, and I console myself with the reflection that in the very near future the Overland Railway will obviate that necessity, and then it will be scattered to the four winds of heaven. At present it is the Decalogue turned backwards.

When my business was finished, I rode up to the hospital and left some newspapers. Daphne being the only patient, I found her occupying the best bed in the only ward. Her wiry black hair straggled in rank confusion about the pillow, while her complexion harmonised, as near as a well-tanned skin would permit, with the dingy whiteness of the counterpane. Only the great dark honest eyes lent relief to the monotony of her expression, and they were now full of something which, when read aright, spelt hopelessness of an extraordinary degree.

Towards the end of the afternoon the husband made his appearance, and, preceded by the matron, stalked into his wife's presence. For a moment he stood in the doorway, dazed, bewildered perhaps by the half darkness; then, recognising his wife, he advanced towards the bed.

'Daphne, old gal,' he said, with a little tremor in his voice, as he bent over her, 'an' 'ow's it with ee now? Ye looks better by a darned sight!'

She gave a little sigh before she replied.

'I'm nearly well now, Bill; better'n I 'ave been by a long chalk. Sit ye down, old man,

and tell us 'ow it goes with the children an' the team!'

Bill sat very gingerly on the edge of the bed, and as if out of compliment to the peculiar cleanliness of the place, fell to scrubbing his face with a flaring red cotton handkerchief.

'The kids is fit, an' the team's first class!' he answered.

Then with a gesture of almost awe, he assumed possession of one of the thin brown hands upon the coverlet.

'My lass, 'ow dog poor yer 'ands has got, to be sure; but they was always pretty 'ands to my thinkin'.'

Daphne patted his great brown paws and allowed a little wan smile of gratified vanity to flicker across her face. Let the woman be ever so old and plain, she is never beyond the reach of a compliment from the man she loves.

'An' 'ow's the roads lookin' out back?' she asked.

'Al, an' no mistake; green as a leaf all the way. From here to Kidgerree Creek there's water in every hole, an' the little wild-flowers yer used to like is that thick along the track, yer can hardly see the grass for 'em. I brought yer some!'

Out of the lining of his big cabbage-tree hat, he took a tiny bunch of Bush blue-bells and placed them in her hand. It was a critical moment for both of them. He was acutely afraid of ridicule; she, for some reason she could not have explained, did not know whether to laugh or cry.

She laid the flowers on the table by her bedside, and then turned to her husband, the better to express her thanks.

'Bill,' she said softly, 'you was allus a good chap to me!'

'Nay, nay, my lass, you mustn't say that. You don't know 'ow we misses yer out yonder; things ain't the same at all without you. Make 'aste an' get well an' come back to the kids an' me, an' let's get out of this 'ere town.'

'Bill! I shan't be'—

'Shan't be what, lass?'

He looked rather anxiously down at her.

'I shan't be'— The weak voice paused as if to think of a word, then she seemed to choke, and after that a painful silence ensued. Finally she said: 'I—I shan't be long.'

Bill gave a sigh of relief and continued: 'I'm 'avin' new tires put on the fore-wheels, an' we've got the new pair o' steers in place o' Billabong an' Blossom that were too old for work. We've got full loadin' out to the Diamantina an' back, an' when the trip's done there'll perhaps be a matter of twenty pounds to put into the stocking for the kids. Get well, my lass, an' come back to yer place on the load: the Bush wind, an' the blue sky, an' the sight o' them wild-flowers'll soon set yer right. Yer ain't feelin' any worse, are yer?'

'No, old man; the doctor says I'll be out again this side o' Sunday.'

'That's the talk! We're camped down yonder on the Creek, an' the day ye're out I'll come up an' fetch yer meself. The team'll be all fresh, the loadin' 'll be aboard, an' the very next mornin' we'll have the yokes on, an' be where a man's got room to breathe!'

'Why, Bill, I never 'eard yer talk so before! It's like what the parson, who comes here every Monday, calls poetry!'

There was an ocean of pathos in the man's reply.

'Yer see, old girl, I must talk a bit different, for yer ain't never been ill like this afore!'

Another long silence fell upon the pair. Then he rose to say good-bye, and his wife's face grew, if possible, paler than before.

'Bill!' she began falteringly, 'I've been a-tryin' all the time yer've been here to tell yer somethin', but I dunno 'ow to begin. It's this way'—

'Out wi' it, my lass. What's wrong? Ain't they been a-treatin' yer well in 'orspital?'

'It's not that, Bill,' she answered. 'But there, I can't tell you. Flesh and blood couldn't, let alone yer wife. You must just ask the doctor, when yer get outside, if 'e's got anythin' to say agin' me walkin' with the team, will yer?'

'If yer says so, in course. But Daphne, there ain't nothin' agin' it, is there?'

'You ax 'im; 'e'll tell yer, Bill.—But 'ere's the matron coming: I guess yer'd better be goin'. Tell them kiddies their mother ain't forgot 'em!'

Raising herself with an effort, she pulled the big man's tangled head down to her, and kissed him on the forehead with a gentleness that would have been grotesque, if the sentiment that prompted it had not been so gruesomely pathetic. Then, as the matron approached the bed, he went down the corridor to find the house-surgeon.

The latter, I may tell you, was a rough man, embittered by hard work and insufficient returns; the position of house-surgeon in a Bush hospital being but little sought after by the shining lights of the profession.

When Daphne's husband entered, he was engaged writing to the Board, demanding, for the sixth time, an increase in his meagre salary.

He looked up, and seeing the man before him, said roughly: 'Well! what do you want?'

The carrier shuffled from one foot to the other with evident uneasiness.

'Beg yer pardin, sir, an' sorry for interruptin'; but the missus axed me to ax you as if it were likely yer'd have any objection to 'er walkin' alongside the team when she comes out?'

'Whose missis?—Oh! I understand: the woman in the ward there. Walk beside the team? Good heavens, man! What are you talking about! Are you mad? How on earth can she walk beside the team?'

'I mean, in course, sir, when she's well enough to come out.'

'Well enough to come out? Why, man alive! she's as well now as ever she will be. It was compound fracture of both femur, and a double amputation. *She hasn't a leg to stand on, much less to walk with!* No! No! You'd better look out for a house in the township, and find somebody to move her about for the rest of her life. She'll never be able to travel with you again.—Here! hang it, man, go outside if you're going to be ill!'

'I ax yer pardin, sir, but—if yer don't mind, I'll just sit down for a minute. Everything's—a goin' round an' round, an' I don't somehow feel kinder well!'

## THE KAFFIRS IN BRITISH SOUTH AFRICA.

MUCH has been written describing the negro race generally, many descriptions of the Kaffirs have appeared in the public prints, both before, during, and since the Zulu war. In some cases, wrong impressions regarding the manners, customs, habits, and even the *personnel* of the natives of this portion of the 'Dark Continent' have been conveyed, unwittingly, but erroneous, nevertheless. For instance, the Zulu Kaffir is sometimes spoken of as a bloodthirsty savage, a treacherous foe, an enemy to the progress of civilisation; and, on the other hand, the white colonist has been described as a grasping tyrant, intent only on reducing the savage to a state of serfdom and slavery, and ignoring him, as incapable of improvement; or if amenable to educational influences, only using his knowledge for vile and bad purposes: whereas, the facts are that the Kaffir is a good-tempered, docile, and useful member of the society which has been forced upon him; and the white man for the most part is anxious to advance his 'black brother' as fast as he shows himself willing and competent to bear the additional responsibility which a higher development of civilisation, from the very nature of the case, involves.

The native races of South Africa are split into many and numerous tribes. The Kaffirs belong to the Bantu stock, and are akin to the Bechuanas, Matabele, &c., but are quite distinct from Hottentots and Bushmen, as well as from the intrusive Malay and Hindu coolie. The physique of the aboriginal native has often been described in print: the 'noble savage' is tall, straight, and of a powerful build. This, it must be borne in mind, is a description of the Zulu warrior, the material which composed the 'Impi' or army of those 'awful' savages whose power, thanks to British arms, is now for ever broken. Chaka, Dingaan, Cetewyo (or, as some spell this last name, Ketchwayo)—these Zulu kings, possessed of despotic power of course, commanded the very flower of the young Zulus to join their regiments; but the bulk of the people are in form and physique pretty much the same as the British or any other nation—short, middle-sized, and tall—fat and thin, fleshy or lean—straight and crooked. As a rule, the more they depart from nature, and conform to civilised methods of dress and living, the oftener is disease shown amongst them. Sad to say, but this deterioration is too plainly marked to be disputed; nor is the reason far to seek. The free life spent in the open air untrammelled by clothing, the plain

but wholesome diet, the hardy habits, and constant exposure to wind and weather, giving place to a residence in a town, to the restraints of clothing, to unusual feeding, to the unnatural, in fact, are surely producing corresponding results.

In the Cape Colony, the Kaffir is losing much of his pristine barbarism. Query, Is he improving under the advance he has made? He is learning to abandon the hut built of wattles and thatch, like a large beehive, and to live in a 'square-built' house, usually built of sods or unburnt bricks, containing one or two rooms with as many doors and windows, and still thatched with the long and strong grass of the country. In a few instances he lives with his family in a house built with burnt bricks, and roofed with galvanised iron or tiles: where he was formerly content with a hut, a mat, a hoe, an axe, and a blanket, he now requires furniture and clothing, ploughs, and implements.

Many of the natives of this part of the Dark Continent are embracing Christianity. The persistent labours of missionaries in their midst, the translation of the Scriptures into their tongue, the establishment of schools on lands granted by the Government; teachers paid or subsidised also by Government; schools under well-qualified and hard-working inspectors, who are thorough masters of the language—all these agencies are producing fruit. One effect upon the native is to cause a dislike to service with the white man. He must have his own house, his horse, his wagon and farm, or trade on his own account; so that it is a common remark amongst employers, 'Give me a raw heathen,' in preference to what is known as a Christian Kaffir. Then, again, unless the religion of Christ gets fully hold of a Kaffir, it is only human nature to copy the white man's vices while professing to worship his God; but that there are many true Christians amongst them is undeniable, and the Gospel is spreading rapidly by means of native agency.

The Kaffir is a born elocutionist, and the earnestness and fervour with which these native preachers and teachers conduct a religious service amongst their own people is an 'example' to the 'icily regular,' 'faultlessly dull' style of their white brethren of the 'cloth.' Of course there are, and it may be to the end of time there will be people who will find fault with missionaries, teachers, civilisation, and progress generally amongst the aborigines; but the truth will win its way in spite of them. Happily, the laws in Natal stringently forbid the sale or use of intoxicating liquor amongst the native population. The Transvaal is following this good plan; and until the Cape passes and carries out an anti-liquor law, the sad demoralisation amongst the coloured people, which is becoming a blot and reproach on Cape legislation, will increase and continue, and, unless prevented and prohibited by legal enactment, will sweep the 'noble savage,' as it did the Red Indian, and as it is doing amongst the Maoris of New Zealand, from the face of the earth.

The negro race is naturally averse to work; it might be remarked *en passant* that his white brother does not care to labour, if his wants can be supplied without complying with the

universal and inexorable law, 'In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread.' Amongst the males of aboriginal tribes, this law sits very lightly—the rule, as is well known, being for the women to work while the stronger sex amuse themselves with hunting, visiting from kraal to kraal, drinking native beer ('Utyala'), and idling generally. But then the Kaffir coming under British or Boer rule, for the protection of his person and property, has a small annual tax to pay; to obtain this, he must work. His white employer always finding him food and shelter, about one month's work annually pays the tax; with one or two months more to satisfy his very moderate requirements in the clothing line, his year's labour is done, excepting in the case of young men who work to buy cows, and, with the cows, buy a wife—and this after half a century of British rule.

The abolition of polygamy has been the knotty question for legislators all this time, and seems as far off solution as ever. The missionary bodies, with few exceptions, have decided that no polygamist can become a church member; hence, very few indeed, however well disposed, 'colwa'—that is, believe. Of course the missionaries have good reasons for requiring a man to put away all wives but the first, stating that the women can maintain themselves better without the men than with them—but for all that, and especially where there are children, it is an unnatural wrenching of family ties, and the whole question bristles with difficulties. Of course, in the case of unmarried men and women the matter is simple enough, no polygamous marriage by Christian rites being lawful. The purchase or dowry, ten cows per wife, and if she is a very superior 'intombi' (young woman), fifteen or twenty cows, cannot be interfered with, so that the man with a large family of daughters is bound to become rich in cattle. 'Ukulobola' is the name for this wife-traffic. The missionaries are fain to allow it in the case of one wife, though perhaps under some other name.

When we tell the native that in our case 'the boot is generally on the other leg,' and the young lady often brings a dowry to her husband, he tells us that is all right for the white man, but it is not *our* custom. And here comes in the mistake many Europeans make in their dealings with the natives—and all the whites, with very few exceptions, employ Kaffir or Coolie servants—they do not enter into the manners and customs of the natives. If a young man chooses to hand over to the bride's father ten fat cows and steers, who is to prevent it? especially as he knows that beef will be very plentiful at the marriage feast; and native beer—against which there is no law—will flow freely. But it may be said, it will take a young man a long time to earn the wherewithal to purchase ten, twelve, or fifteen cows. Here, again, native custom comes in. The girl's father considerably counts a cow and calf as two, nay, a cow in calf will pass for two; and perhaps the young man's father or elder brother or uncle will help him to a beast or two; and the bride's father will allow him a year or two's credit for two or three head of the stipulated 'Ukulobola.' So it will

be seen how easily these difficulties are overcome. In short, in the matter of self-help and mutual help, the whites might often with advantage copy their dark-skinned neighbours.

The native is now settling down. The question arises, Where is he to live? The Government here steps in, and points out that so many large tracts of land are portioned out as locations; but these locations, ample before the devastating wars of Zulu chiefs were stopped by British rule, now, thanks to forty years' peaceful occupation, are becoming crowded. The surplus blacks, therefore, rent land from the white farmers and landowners, or their agents. The British reader must not suppose that the tenant finds a cottage and homestead ready to his hand on the 'three acres and a cow system'; but the farmer shows him a portion of his farm, of possibly six thousand acres; and there the native builds his hut and encloses his cattle kraal, cultivates a few acres of land, with unlimited pasturage for his cattle, sheep, and goats, for which he pays a rent of from thirty shillings to three or four pounds per hut annually. The rent he can easily raise if he is industrious; but his native laziness often prevails, and the rent is paid by the usual process of summons and seizure. When he really finds that his cattle are in danger, he tries to borrow the money. The white farmer advances the cash, or gives him 'tick' for the rent, and he works it out. But the system is eminently unsatisfactory; and this land and labour question still remains another problem which no legislation seems able to cope with.

Of this there is no doubt—the native tribes of South Africa are speedily becoming amenable to civilisation. Unlike the Red Indians, and aborigines of Australia, the Kaffir does not die out as the white man proceeds to occupy his country; humane laws foster the well-being of the native. In Natal especially, the increase in the black population is marked and rapid. This fine country, which, fifty years ago, contained only a few thousands of miserable refugees, hiding and fleeing from the ravages of those awful tyrants, Dingaan and Chaka, now contains a black population of about half a million, rejoicing under the benign rule of the 'Queen-Empress' Victoria. It may be that at times the younger men, during a beer-drinking bout, talk some nonsensical rant about retaking the country from the white men. These are speedily silenced by the old men, who will frequently bring both native wit and oratory to bear upon the young and impetuous bragadocios, who are speedily silenced when told that the great white Queen's 'impi' (army) would crush any rebellion with one-tenth the ease with which the savage Zulu nation was subdued. The old men will tell of most awful reminiscences, such as, 'Don't we remember when a man dare not put his head outside his hut door, except at the risk of being brained by a knobkerrie or impaled on an assegai.' They will then wax eloquent on the safety and security of all native tribes under British rule. The Amaswazi tribes were and still are anxious to come under our rule rather than that of the Boers of the Transvaal Republic; but their desire

comes too late, as the Boers were entitled to claim a treaty with Great Britain giving them the right to annex Swaziland—the latter considering she has already as many black children on her hands as she can find nurses and nurseries for. This leads one to remark that the Kaffirs are, after all, only children, just emerging from heathen darkness and superstitions. Their docility is wonderful; their faith in a white man, especially an Englishman, is great; and the progress of Christianity is the hope of the nation, accompanied by all the civilising influences of steam, electricity, and modern inventions.

Native servants have formed a theme for many pens. If the native had really to work for his living, so that twelve months' engagements could be made, he would be a very good servant; his docility and good temper are all in favour of employers. They are employed at all kinds of work—as domestic servants, agricultural labourers, mechanics' assistants, porters, storemen, &c.; and a few of them learn trades, such as blacksmithing, carpentering, and shoemaking. The white mechanic need not fear much from native competition; but the Kaffir and Coolie will always keep the agricultural labourer out of the market, the climate for three or four months in the year being rather trying to a white man for outdoor work. Planters require a small staff of whites as overseers, sugar-boilers, engine-drivers, and the like. But the farmer who has sons or white dependents old enough to work, seldom employs white labour; indeed experience has proved that before a white farm-servant has been six months 'out,' he requires two Kaffirs to wait upon him.

#### WIND VOICES.

Wind, that art wailing through the night,  
With the voice of a soul in pain!  
Thou hast waked the waves that slept on the shore;  
I hear them rise, and dash once more  
'Gainst the sullen, fixed, and changeless rock,  
Which has stood unmoved through many a shock  
Of the raging storm, and the breakers white  
That must sweep to the sea again.

Wind, that art wailing through the night,  
With the voice of a soul in pain!  
Thou hast waked the passion of wild regret,  
Which slumbered so long—to rage and fret  
'Gainst the pitiless, fixed decrees of life:  
As well may the waves with the rock hold strife!  
Back—to the tide of the Infinite,  
Poor heart, that hast cried in vain!

Wind, that art wailing through the night,  
With the voice of a soul in pain!  
Thou hast gathered up each cry of earth  
That from mortal anguish ever had birth,  
At the door of the living to enter in,  
Weeping for sorrow and death and sin:  
Yet heart, make answer, 'God's will is right,'  
And rest in His peace again.

MARY GORGES.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,  
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 611.—VOL. XII.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 14, 1895.

PRICE 1½d.

## DUNNOTTAR CASTLE.

ON the east coast of Scotland, immediately south of Aberdeenshire, and occupying the country between the mouth of the Dee and the North Esk, lies the county of Kincardine—a district anciently known as the Mearns. Except in certain detached portions, the scenery of the county is somewhat bald and monotonous, treeless and wind-swept, more especially towards the north, where bog and moor alternate, and agriculture is checked by stretches of arid and stony wilderness. It must have been in this quarter that was situated Captain Dalgetty's patrimonial inheritance, 'the Moor of Drumthwacket, *mea paupera regna*, as we said at Marischal College.' But more to the south and east, where you come upon the valleys of Cowie and Carron, you have the beautifully wooded enclosures of Urie and Fetteresso; and still farther south the picturesque Dean of Glenbervie, and the rich and tranquil loneliness of Arbuthnott. Immediately along the coast, the land forms a kind of plateau, with a bare and wind-swept look, and presents to the waves of the wild North Sea one continuous wall of precipitous rock. At Stonehaven Bay, however, where the Cowie and Carron enter the ocean, there is a gap in the wall of rock, and inside the bay, sheltered by tall cliffs on either side, lies the pleasant and prosperous burgh of Stonehaven. To the south of Stonehaven Bay is a great inward curve or crescent of the red sea-wall of weather-worn rock; and about the middle of that curve, a large flat-headed rock, three and a half acres in extent, and standing one hundred and sixty feet above the sea, projects outwards from the land, and is almost wholly surrounded by the waves. This isolated rock forms the site of one of the oldest fortresses in Scotland, the venerable Castle of Dunnottar.

It is now in ruins, and has been so for nearly two hundred years; and its ancient lords, the Keiths, the great Earls Marischal of Scotland, they, too, have ceased to be. The ruins

of the present Castle belong to various periods since the fourteenth century; but long before then its name occurs as that of a fortress. In the dim record of the wars of the seventh century, when Scot and Pict and Angle harassed each other, Dunnottar was the scene of strife; and later, in the tenth and eleventh, when the fierce Danes grounded their long-keeled boats on the sands of Cowie, and swept the neighbourhood with fire and sword, Dunnottar is again named as the scene of carnage and blood. And many a time, during the long and frequent wars between England and Scotland, the Castle was the object of siege and capture, until the day came when its barons drew their swords for the last time for Charlie, and then adieu to rock and cave, to houses and lands, to dignities and title. The life of the exile was thenceforth theirs, as it was for hundreds of other noble victims to the cause of the worthless Stuarts. Marshal Keith, the brother of the last Earl, had a distinguished career as a soldier on the Continent, and died, sword in hand, on the field of Hochkirch. He sleeps now in the Garrison-Kirche, Berlin, 'far from bonnie Inverugie; the hoarse sea-winds and caverns of Dunnottar singing vague requiem to his honourable line and him.'

The cliffs along the shore-line are here composed of a red conglomerate or pudding-stone, and the platform on which the Castle stands looks as if a huge mass had slipped down from the adjoining cliff and become anchored by its own weight in the sea. Its summit is lower in elevation than the shore behind, with which it is connected by a low narrow neck of land only a few feet above sea-level. A steep path leads down to this connecting isthmus, and from it runs upwards again towards the gateway of the Castle, which is situated in an angle of the buildings that form the outworks of the fortress. This gateway has been jealously guarded, and must have been unapproachable by an enemy before big guns were invented. Entering, you find yourself confronted with the

portcullis, and beyond that a wall, in which are four embrasures for guns. From this point the entrance is formed by a covered-way, which zigzags upwards to the top of the cliff, at every point admitting of strong defence by the holders of it. But once you reach the end of this covered-way and emerge on to the green sward of the extensive Castle-yard, the sense of oppression which has seized you wears off in presence of the bright sunshine and the cool sea-breeze. For here there is no more anything formidable or threatening; the walls are shattered and crumbling, the fortifications are grass-covered and sweet with daisy and crowfoot; and what at one time must have been a scene of endless bustle and activity is now still and deserted as a churchyard.

The ruins are of great extent and interest. Dunnottar Castle must have afforded accommodation for a large number of people, and been more like the abode of a community than the residence of a family. The old keep or tower stands at its full height, but is neglected and shattered, and threatens soon to fall into the waves below. The later buildings contain a great gallery for assemblies, and form a spacious quadrangle, with a deep well in the court, filled with water, the mystery of which water-supply has long puzzled and still puzzles many wise heads. Here, too, are bakery and brewery, and all the appurtenances of a place in which were many mouths to be daily filled. Here, also, is the dismal vault into which a hundred and twenty Whigs—men, women, and children—were in the summer of 1685 thrust, and there kept for three dreadful months, to the torture of all and the death of many; those who survived being shipped abroad to the plantations.

Perhaps the most romantic incident in connection with this ancient stronghold was the preservation in it, and the rescue therefrom, of the crown, sceptre, sword of State, and other articles and jewellery forming the Regalia of Scotland. On the 1st of January 1651 these articles had been in use at the coronation of Charles II. at Scone, and were thereafter restored to the keeping of Keith as Earl Marischal of Scotland. But the progress of the civil war rendered it imperative that the royal insignia should be put in a place of security, and with this view, the distant and strong castle of Dunnottar—which, moreover, was the property of the Earl Marischal—was fixed upon as the place for the temporary security of the Regalia. The Earl himself being at this time a prisoner in the Tower of London, the defence of the stronghold of Dunnottar was entrusted to George Ogilvy of Barras, who had been trained in the German campaigns, and was therefore a soldier of experience. Ogilvy was given a garrison of one hundred men, which, though not a large number, was deemed sufficient for a fortress so singularly isolated and of so limited a compass as that of Dunnottar is. Previous to the days of gunpowder, it had been, as we have already shown, practically impregnable; but overlooked as it is at various points on the shore by higher ground, it was not well situated to defend itself against the destructive fire of artillery.

When, therefore, the English forces of the

Commonwealth began to move northwards to give their attention, among other places, to the Castle of Dunnottar, the Scottish Committee of Estates became alarmed, and, in August 1651, sent an order to withdraw the Regalia from Dunnottar and convey it to a more private and secure place. But this the Governor Ogilvy refused to obey. He had been entrusted by Parliament with the keeping and safe-guarding of the insignia, and he would not resign his trust at the request or command of any inferior body. In a letter to the Lord Chancellor, he expressed his determination to defend his charge to the last in the Castle of Dunnottar, if he were supplied with men, provisions, and ammunition, of the want of all which he complained heavily. By November, the English had overrun the Mearns, and an English force was planted on the heights along the shore overlooking Dunnottar. The English commanders summoned Ogilvy, with a promise of fair terms, to surrender the Castle; but this he stoutly refused to do, expressing his resolution to defend it to the last.

The English cannonading began from the Black Hill, and then the danger of the Castle was seen to be imminent. In this emergency, thoughts seem to have been entertained of sending the Regalia away by sea; but this plan was not adopted, as English vessels were cruising all along the coasts. Finally, as the story runs, 'female ingenuity and courage found a resource.' Although the Earl Marischal was lying prisoner in London, his mother, the Countess Dowager, was in Dunnottar. She is described as a woman of masculine courage and prudence, and not disposed to forget that the charge of the Regalia was one of the honourable duties imposed upon her son as his birthright inheritance. An ingenious plan was therefore concocted for the removal of the Regalia from the Castle, and for the secreting of it in a secure place till better times should come for Scotland.

The plan was one which required the co-operation of some trustworthy person outside the fortress. The Governor's wife as well as the Dowager was in the secret; and outside they found the ally they required in Christian Fletcher, wife of the Rev. James Granger, minister of Kinneff. In prosecution of the scheme, therefore, Mrs Granger solicited and obtained from the English General permission to visit the Governor's lady within the Castle. The Regalia were then secretly delivered to Mrs Granger. The crown she concealed in her lap; while the sceptre and sword were wrapped up in a bundle of flax, which was placed on the back of a female domestic. All this was done without the knowledge of the Governor, so that, should he ultimately be compelled, as was not improbable, to surrender the Castle, he might be in a position to declare truthfully that he knew nothing about the disappearance or subsequent hiding-place of the royal insignia. Before proceeding to the Castle, Mrs Granger had left her horse in the English camp, as Dunnottar could not be approached nearer on horseback. Upon her return to the camp, therefore, she accounted for the presence of the domestic with the flax by stating that she was



having it conveyed home to be spun and manufactured into cloth for Mr Ogilvy. The English General did not suspect any treachery, and is said even to have courteously assisted the lady to mount her horse; she, with the crown in her lap, being thus placed perilously on the verge of discovery. But she retained her presence of mind, thanked the officer for his courtesy, and so departed triumphant. The minister of Kinneff and his wife buried the various articles comprising the Regalia in different places in the church; and thither they went from time to time at night, to make sure by inspection that all was safe. Upon the Restoration in 1660, the Regalia were once more returned into the custody of the Government.

## AN ELECTRIC SPARK.\*

### CHAPTER XXI.—MISS BRYNE VERGES.

'SUCH news for you, my darling,' cried Miss Bryne one morning. 'Why, hey-day, what is the matter?'

'Matter, aunt? Oh, nothing.'

'But you looked so dull and *distracte*, my dear. Don't you want to hear my news?'

'Yes, aunt, of course.'

'Well, you know how Brant has been worried about business matters lately at the works.'

'I did hear something about it, aunt, but I did not pay much attention.'

'Oh, but you should, my dear, when you know how he has devoted himself to properly carrying on the business.'

'Yes, aunt, I suppose I should; but of late I—'

'Yes, yes, my darling, I know; and I ought not to have spoken so. It was very unfeeling,' said Miss Bryne tenderly.

'I am sure you did not mean to be unkind, aunt,' said Rénée, responding affectionately to a caress. 'You could not be.'

'That's very nice of you, my love. But there: let me tell you my news. Poor Brant has been so troubled, you know, on account of the misunderstanding which he had with Mr Wynyan.'

The red blood flushed into Rénée's cheeks, and then rapidly ebbed, leaving her of waxen pallor and with a peculiar brightness in her eyes.

'I never knew quite what it meant, and I daresay there were faults on both sides. For poor Brant has a dreadful temper sometimes. But there, as I said, I don't quite know what it all meant, and I don't want to know. I daresay Brant was rude to him, and Mr Wynyan would not put up with it. Let that rest. You know Brant complained a great deal about Mr Wynyan leaving things in confusion at the office.'

'Yes, aunt, I remember hearing Brant say that.'

'Well, my dear, that trouble is all at an end, and Mr Wynyan is back at the office, and everything is going on quite right.'

Rénée sat gazing straight before her with her brow slightly contracted.

'Well, my dear,' said Miss Bryne, 'why don't you speak?'

'I have nothing to say, aunt.'

'But aren't you pleased?'

'No, aunt.'

'Oh, nonsense, my dear. I'm sure that you must be, for it is so important that everything should go on right at the works.'

'Is it, aunt?' said Rénée with assumed indifference.

'Why, of course, my dear. So much depends upon it; and it is quite a relief to hear that Mr Wynyan is back. I thought you would be delighted.'

'Indeed, aunt! Why should I be?'

'Rénée!—Well, there, my dear, I will say no more. Perhaps I ought not even to have hinted at such a thing just yet, but after what has passed'—

'Aunt!' cried Rénée, with her eyes flashing, 'pray be silent: never let me hear you speak like that again.'

Miss Bryne looked at her niece aghast, and for some moments she was silent. But she could not contain herself.

'Times have altered, my dear,' she said rather stiffly. 'A few years ago that is how I might have spoken to you: now it is I who am taken to task.'

'I beg your pardon, aunt, if I have said anything unkind; but you forced it from me.'

'Perhaps so, my dear; but I cannot help feeling a little shocked. A few months ago you used to colour with pleasure at the very mention of Mr Wynyan's name.'

'And now, aunt, I never wish to hear his name again.'

'And pray, why not, Rénée?'

'Aunt!'

'I must speak, my dear, standing to you as I do as your nearest relative—taking a mother's place as I have for so many years. If there is any misunderstanding between you and Mr Wynyan, it must be some trivial matter that ought to be cleared up. Young people's happiness is too serious to be trifled with.'

'Aunt, you will compel me to leave the room,' cried Rénée.

'I beg, my dear, if you have any respect for me, that you will stay. I can see plainly enough that there has been some quarrel between you.'

'Aunt, there has been none. How could there be? You speak as if—as if'—

Rénée ceased speaking and turned scarlet.

'You two were engaged, you were going to say, my dear. No, I don't speak like that, because of course you were not; but I am discriminating enough to know something about such matters, and it was very plain to see what Mr Wynyan's feelings were. Only last time at the Villar Endoza's, I saw enough to convince me.'

'Aunt, you are mistaken,' cried Rénée hotly.

'No, my child, I assure you I am not,' said Miss Bryne reprovingly. 'Ah, Rénée, my dear, if it had been my fate to be loved by such a man when I was your age, how different my life might have been. No, no; don't interrupt me, dear. I must speak, for really you are

verging, Rénée; you are verging, my dear. Don't wreck your happiness and his.'

'Aunt! absurd!' cried Rénée angrily; but feeling, in spite of her indignation against Wynyan, a strange subtle kind of pleasure in listening to her aunt's words.

'Perhaps so, my dear. Sometimes I think that love is altogether absurd; but it is a part of our nature, and we cannot master it. You surprise me, my dear, by this sudden show of indignation against one whom I know to be all that is manly and good.'

'Do you hold a brief for Mr Wynyan, aunt?' cried Rénée, bitterly contemptuous now. 'Has he bribed you with soft words to intercede for him?'

'I am right,' cried Miss Bryne, with a smile full of triumph. 'Then you two have quarrelled.—But no, my dear, he needs no one to hold a brief for him. He is man enough to plead his own cause.'

Again there was a peculiar kind of pleasure in listening to Wynyan's defender, and Rénée made no attempt to leave the room; while Miss Bryne went on talking till, had there been a listener, the idea impressed upon such a one would have been that the speaker was addressing a girl of ten or twelve years old, admonishing her about some slip in etiquette; and though Miss Bryne's words often bordered upon the absurd, and tortured her niece, Rénée sat as if it were a satisfaction to suffer.

It was not until she was alone an hour later that she gave full vent to the agony she suffered—her indignation against Wynyan, for she knew now that she had slowly and imperceptibly grown to love him—to love and give her whole heart to one who had proved himself utterly unworthy of the gift.

But all was at an end now: she would never bestow another thought upon him, she determined; but she was growing more and more awake to the fact that it would be next to impossible to keep her vow.

#### CHAPTER XXII.—EDGE AGAINST EDGE.

'Ah, Count, take a seat, pray. A cigarette? Glad to see you. What can I do? Money?'

'No,' said the Deconcaguan minister, sinking into the luxurious chair to which Levvinson pointed—'no, it is not a case of money, and I am in doubt whether you can help me.'

'I am glad you have come to try,' said Levvinson, showing his white teeth.

'I came because you are so mixed up with the business,' said Endoza, lighting the cigarette he handed to him.

'What is it—the new loan? No, you said it was not money.'

'It is about that motor.'

'Oh, that,' said Levvinson, smiling. 'Ah, I was a true prophet, Count. I told you that I had my man.'

'Yes, you were correct, but'—

'But what? Will not the motor mote?'

'Motor mote, Mr Levvinson? Please to remember that I am not an Englishman.'

'I beg your pardon, Count. I meant will not the invention work?'

'No. I am informed that it is absolutely

necessary we should have over there an Englishman—an engineer who thoroughly understands the mechanism. We must have such a one, at once.'

'Now you are approaching the impossible. No: why not persuade a certain gentleman to go?'

'You mean Brant Dalton?'

'Yes.'

'Useless. He has not the brains.'

'He had the brains to obtain what you wanted.'

'Yes; but any man could have done that. Useless, my good sir—useless for what we want. You must find me some one else. You can?'

Levvinson was silent for a few moments, and then he smiled.

'Ah,' said Endoza, 'you can find him?'

'Yes; I have found him. One who thoroughly understands the whole invention, who has quarrelled with the firm, and left them. He will jump at the opportunity.'

'Mr Wynyan?'

'Yes.'

'No, Mr Levvinson,' said the Count, sending a ring of smoke upward, and looking through it; 'you are in fault this time. Try again.'

'But I assure you, my dear sir.'

'And I assure you. I tried Mr Wynyan hard.'

Levvinson winced. He did not like people to forestall him.

'He was ready to accept my proposal.'

'He bit, and you struck too soon!' cried Levvinson triumphantly.

'No,' replied Endoza coldly. 'All went well; but before we could come to terms, he had an offer from the other side, and he writes me word that it is impossible, for he has returned to the firm.'

'You should have trusted me with the task, Count. I should not have let him slip through my fingers.'

'A polite way of telling me that I have what you call bungled it, Mr Levvinson,' said Endoza with a contemptuous smile. 'Very well; have it so. Go on with the matter, and carry it out your way. You have some one else.'

'No. There were only two men who thoroughly understood the invention, and one is dead.'

'Dalton. Yes,' said Endoza, bowing his head.

'Wynyan is the other. You must have him.'

'But I tell you he is not to be had,' said Endoza haughtily.

'I do not say he is not to be had,' said Levvinson with a smile. 'Every man, according to my experience, has his price. Is it of such great importance that you should have this boy? Have you no one yonder who can find it all out?'

'You know it is impossible.'

'Of course. Very well, then, you must have Wynyan.'

'It is absolutely vital that we should have him. But how?'

'That is my business. Pay me, Count, and this negotiation shall be carried out.'

'Very well, my dear sir. I always have paid you well. I have even been generous. What sum do you wish to name?'

'Ah, this is a different reward, Count. I do not wish for money.'

'What then? You do not care for a foreign title?'

'Not a straw.'

'Very well, then, what is it?'

Levvinson was silent for a few minutes, and the Count went on smoking in the calmest manner, and looking upward through the rings he formed.

'Count,' said Levvinson at last.

'I am all attention, my dear sir,' said Endoza without looking round. 'Go on, pray.'

'I wish to marry.'

'You? Indeed! You almost surprise me. I would almost say, do not. A wife would hamper a man of your genius. But why should you not. A young lady, of course?'

'Of course.'

'Young and beautiful. You wish me to find you such a wife?'

'I do.'

'And rich?'

'Money is pleasant, but I do not exact that.'

'Then the task is easy, my dear Levvinson. I know I can let you choose amongst a dozen.'

'Thank you; but my choice is made.'

Endoza had inhaled a sufficiency of tobacco smoke; but for some moments he did not exhale it. Then slowly: 'You have made your choice?'

'Yes; and I believe my passion is returned. Miss Villar Endoza has upon more than one occasion——'

'Sir!'

'Count!'

'Are you mad!' cried the Count, starting up. 'Curse your presumption! You dare to think that such a thing is possible?'

'I do.'

'But do you know that on the day of my daughter's marriage I can endow her with a hundred thousand pounds?'

'I have no doubt of your ability, sir. I should probably expect as much; and for my part, I can and will settle double that amount upon her.'

'Such insolence! You forget, sir, who I am.'

'By no means, sir. You are the scheming representative of a very shady, unstable Central American government.'

'How dare you!'

'Because I have the whip-hand of you, Count. You cannot afford to throw me over, as you have served every one else.'

'Sir, you have been well paid for all your services.'

'Not fully yet. Isabel shall be my quittance in full.'

'Marry my daughter to a Jew!'

'You are contemptuous, Count. You would ennoble your child by an alliance with a son of the greatest race that has existed among civilised nations.'

'A nation of exiles. Mr Levvinson, do you know my descent?—the purest Castilian.'

'Castilian!' cried Levvinson, laughing contemptuously. 'My dear Villar Endoza, it is my business to know, and I know you and your descent. Possibly there is Castilian blood in your veins, but shall I trace out for you your descent on the female side? It would perhaps be too rough upon you to talk of half-bloods born in a bankrupt human volcano; but you force me to be plain.'

'This is insufferable, sir,' cried Endoza, fuming.

'No, sir; human nature can suffer a great deal, and live and prosper, as the history of my nation will teach you. My good sir, you talk of stooping to an alliance with me; do you know—yes, of course you do—that if some enemy were to spread malicious reports about my stability, and there were a run upon my credit, I have but to go to the moneyed men of my people, state my case, and I can be backed up with unlimited credit? While if I opened my mouth in the city and said a tithe of what I know, your house would be invaded by a mob of trembling shareholders, wrecked before the police could interfere; and as for you—well, to use a slang term common among us—I presume that you would have made yourself scarce.'

'Mr Levvinson!' began Endoza, sinking back in his chair, while the cigarette, which he had let fall, began to communicate its fire to the thick piled carpet, and a tiny thread of evil-odoured smoke arose, making Levvinson start forward, and the Count shrink as if from an expected blow.

'Don't be alarmed, sir,' said Levvinson, tightening his lips into a smile. 'I am well insured, but no money would recompense me for the loss of the little treasures of art which I have been collecting for years.'

'I wish to say a few words to you, sir,' began Endoza, trying hard to maintain his air of dignity.

'One moment, and I have done,' said Levvinson. 'I was going to add, that if in addition I whispered a few of our secrets in the West End, do you know what society would say?'

Endoza gasped.

'I'll tell you, sir: it would surely be "not at home" to Count Villar Endoza; and society's sons would discuss you at the clubs, and say that you were little better than a swindler—her daughters that it was quite time that they ceased to know beautiful little Isabel.'

'Mr Levvinson!'

'I have just ended my long statement of affairs, my dear sir,' said Levvinson, handing the cigarettes before taking another. 'A light? These are very good, my own selection—Dubec. You see I never allow a man to best me, Count. When you came to me some three years ago, to get my help to float your government loans, you held out the same bait to me that you hold out to others. I am not young; I am not an inflammable boy; but I was impressed and I waited. I calmly watched while the bait was offered here and there, and I did not feel disturbed, for I saw your game, and knew that it would be withdrawn as soon as the fool had served your turn. As for me, I meant that it should not be snatched away.'

When I mean business, I am pretty keen from long sharpening upon rough people. I meant business then; I have gone on meaning business. I think I may say that the lady is willing to accept me, or she would not have thanked me so prettily for the suite of valuable pearls I sent her.'

'You sent her a suite of pearls?' cried the Count. 'I did not know.'

'Indeed! Never mind; only a proof that little beauty and I are at one. Your cigarette is out, Count. Take another; twice lit tobacco is so bad.'

Endoza threw away the little paper roll, and lit another, Levvinson offering the taper in the most blandly courteous way.

'Ah,' he said with a sigh, 'she is very beautiful: pearls suit her to perfection. Count, with such a daughter, you ought to be a happy man.'

'I am, Levvinson, I am,' cried Endoza earnestly.

'It will be hard for you to lose her, I know, but you should not be irritated.'

'My dear Levvinson, I was put out about Mr Wynyan's conduct. There, I own it. We two must not quarrel.'

'It would be a great pity, my dear sir. We can neither of us afford such a—shall I say—luxury?'

The Count smiled, and began once more to make rings of tobacco smoke, perfectly now, for the atmosphere had become calm.

'You are right, my dear sir,' he said, 'and verbal encounters are disturbing.'

'Very,' said Levvinson. 'I have been thinking that perhaps for the dear child's sake, it would be advisable for you to have something in the form of a title conferred upon me. You and I, Count, know the value of those things, but they sound well in society, and look attractive in print.'

'I should certainly propose something of the kind, if I found my dear child had—er—any wishes in your direction.'

'Satisfy yourself about that, my dear Count,' said Levvinson smiling; 'and now that we understand one another, suppose we go back to business. Now then, about this mechanical genius, we must have him, must we not?'

'It is a stern necessity, my dear sir, but what can you do?'

'I hardly know yet. Fortune favours those who try, though. Be quite at your ease. I feel no qualms. It may be costly, my dear Count, but I am so deeply interested in your success—now'—

He paused, and the eyes of the pair met in a long scrutinising look, and then the financier went on.

'I shall spare neither effort nor expense, Count, so make yourself easy. Going?'

'Yes: I have other engagements. We shall be seeing you soon, of course?'

'Of course,' said Levvinson meaningly, as he too rose and touched the electric bell.

'Rather sooner than I intended,' said Levvinson, walking slowly to a mirror as soon as he was alone, and gazing long and steadfastly at his face. 'Ah! there's no deceit in that,' he said softly. 'Years make their mark upon the

body in one way, upon the brain in another. Never mind: pearls, diamonds, opera-boxes, carriages, and a high place in society—those little adjuncts will smooth out a good many wrinkles for me, my pretty little creole. I'm not the first man who showed his weakness for a beautiful face.'

He walked away, took and lit a fresh cigarette.

'Now then, business,' he said to himself; and his face looked ten years older. 'Wynyan back. He and Brant cannot row long in the same boat together, and Wynyan is not business-like enough to have made a tight bargain. They must quarrel before long, over one of two things—the lady or the business. Let me see.'

There was a long pause, during which the nebulous thoughts busy in the schemer's mind began to crystallise slowly.

'Yes,' he said; 'that might do—that might do; but I want something more, something stronger, that would go off with a sudden explosion, and blow him our way at once. Let me see—let me see. Come, Fate, if you want to make a good knock-down blow at the poor wretch, now is your time!'

Levvinson's face smoothed again, and he looked ten years younger.

'Something will come,' he said with a smile; 'something will come. Am I superstitious? Perhaps so: a little. It is the eastern blood. Not enough of it to interfere with common sense, but I would stake my existence that our dear father-in-law elect is thinking about me at the present moment, and calculating his next move. All in vain, my dear Count. You are a clever adversary, and the game has become pleasant. Go on; but I have you at my mercy, and can say "check" when I like, make one more move, and say "mate."'

Naturally enough Endoza was thinking about him, as he rolled along in his quiet-looking brougham.

'The little puss! she has been playing with him,' he mused. 'A great man, Levvinson; but like the rest of us, you have the weak spot. I hardly thought it. Well, we shall see. She would never have him, even if I wished it. Yes, we must wait and see. He is very useful, and he will work now in the way I wish. What puppets people are!'

#### NEW METHODS OF ILLUMINATION.

FAIRY palaces, whether situated in the demesne of Slumberland, or in the equally enchanting dominions of the Brothers Grimm or Hans Andersen, or in the Land of the Genii, are always associated with brilliant light. In the great hall of the palace there is, perhaps, a wonderful jewel whose radiance is sufficient to fill the aisle; or, instead of a jewel, it may be a roc's egg, or some strange talisman; but it is the light that is to be the means of impressing us, and not the material substance from which it emanates. The castles of the wicked enchanters are, if only by contrast, dark and gloomy. The good and the beautiful are always associated with light, whilst things evil are relegated to obscurity and darkness. These old folk-tales are sufficient evidence of the import-

ance the human race has always attached to the illumination of its dwellings; and the increased demand for more light both in our streets and in our homes is a sign of progress in the right direction. Fortunately, Science, our fairy godmother, enables us to gratify our taste; and within the last few years we have seen the rise of both the arc and incandescent systems of electric lighting, the reduction of the cost of mineral oil to less than one-fourth of its former price, and the cheapening of gas by about a half. For many years, although the price of gas continued to fall, no improvement took place in the method of burning it, and a large proportion of the light it was capable of giving was lost. Recently, however, inventive energy seems to have been lavished on our gas supply, with most beneficial results. We have had the Albo-carbon Light; the regenerative burners of Wenham and Siemens; the Fahnehjelm system, to be used with water-gas; the incandescent mantle of Auer von Welsbach, and now we have, by Professor Vivian B. Lewes, a new illuminant in the shape of a gas called Acetylene. This discovery is by far the most remarkable of them all, as we shall see later.

The first of the series is a method for enriching coal-gas just before it passes to the burner with a constituent of high illuminating power, known to the public as albo-carbon, and to the chemist as naphthaline. This naphthaline is the greatest bugbear of the gas-maker, for it condenses in the mains in white silky flakes, especially in cold weather, and is frequently the means of stopping up the smaller pipes. The characteristic odour of coal-gas is due chiefly to the naphthaline it contains; the strong odour possessed by the hydrocarbon being one of the drawbacks to the Albo-carbon Light. For use in this system, the naphthaline is stored in a globe, through which the coal-gas passes on its way to the burner; the reservoir being placed over the flame, so that naphthaline is constantly being volatilised and carried forward to be burnt with the gas. It is a very economical system, and the light is pleasant; but the inartistic appearance of the reservoir suspended over the flame, and the odour of the illuminant, have militated somewhat against it. The principle of the regenerative burners of Wenham, Siemens, and others is the same: they aim at increasing the temperature of the flame by using the hot burnt gases to heat both the incoming gas and the air required to burn it. By this means—by burning hot gas in hot air—a very considerable increase of illuminating power is obtained.

Before proceeding further, it would be well to consider why burning coal-gas acts as an illuminant. Not long ago Professor Smithells showed the structure of flame by a number of beautiful experiments, in which he separated the different zones of the flame from one another. He found that a luminous flame is composed of three principal regions: first, the dark region, where the inflammable gas issues from the jet or wick, as the case may be, and where it has not yet mixed with the air necessary for combustion; next, a yellow region of partial combustion, the luminous zone, filled with solid particles of in-

candescent carbon, formed by the decomposition of the gases rich in carbon, owing to the intense heat radiated from the third or outer zone, where complete combustion is going on. Professor Smithells proved that the luminosity of a flame is due to the incandescent particles of carbon filling the zone of partial combustion. If the inflammable gas is mixed with air before it is burnt, the flame becomes non-luminous, for the particles of carbon are burnt as quickly as they are formed. Some inflammable gases, such as water-gas, possess no constituents rich in carbon, and, consequently, although these gases are useful for heating purposes, they give no light of their own accord. Now, it stands to reason that if we can introduce something into the flame that will take the place of the incandescent carbon particles without burning away, we shall at once convert the non-luminous flame into a luminous one. This is accomplished by the Fahnehjelm comb, which is composed of tiny rods of magnesia arranged in the form of a comb. It is heated to incandescence when the flame plays upon it and gives out abundance of light. The lime-light is an application of the same principle: a cylinder of lime is raised to an intense heat by the colourless oxyhydrogen flame, and an almost blinding light radiates from the heated portions.

The most successful substitute, however, for the carbon particles of the ordinary flame is the ingenious mantle invented by Auer von Welsbach. It is made by soaking a cone of muslin in a solution of the rare earth Thoria, which bears a chemical resemblance to lime. The muslin is then heated very strongly to harden the thoria, and soaked in collodion, so as to make it easy to handle and transport. When required for use, the mantle is hung in position from a rod of magnesia, and directly a light is applied, the collodion burns away, leaving a fine network of thoria, so arranged as to occupy the hottest portion of the flame from a non-luminous atmospheric or 'Bunsen' burner. The mantle, when hot, gives out a brilliant light equivalent to nearly sixty candles for the small consumption of three cubic feet of gas per hour, an ordinary batwing burner giving from five to ten candles with this consumption. The advantage of a burner of this description is that it works equally well with gas of low illuminating power as with rich gas. Ordinary coal yields about thirteen-candle gas; but the local Acts of Parliament require that sixteen-candle gas shall be sent out from the works in London, and richer gas still in the northern towns, the difference being made up with oil gas and cannel coal. The addition of these few extra candles to the illuminating power of the gas nearly doubles the cost of producing it, so that if every one used some form of incandescent burner, or an arrangement for enriching the gas with albo-carbon or acetylene on the consumer's side of the meter, we should pay much less for our gas and burn very much less of it.

The drawbacks to the use of the incandescent mantle are its brittleness and the slightly hard greenish tinge of the light. In spite of its fragility, the mantle usually lasts in good condition for several months, frequently being used for more than a year, and in any case its life is

as long as that of the carbon filament of the incandescent electric light. The greenish appearance of the light is due to the presence of another rare earth, Lanthana, with the Thoria, as an impurity. The light is already much whiter than it was at first, and as better methods are found for purifying the Thoria, the greenish tinge will entirely disappear. At present the green colour can be eliminated by using globes of pink glass, the two complementary colours, green and red, neutralising one another. Curiously enough, the idea of employing a mantle of rare earths was suggested to the discoverer when searching for something to replace the carbon filament in the incandescent electric light. As the carbon filament is combustible in air, it has to be enclosed in a very complete vacuum, and this vacuous globe is the most costly part of the apparatus. If the filament of carbon could be replaced by a filament of incombustible material, that would answer the purpose equally well, the vacuous globe could be dispensed with, and it was in searching for this desideratum that Herr von Welsbach discovered the incandescent mantle for gas-light.

In a lecture delivered to the Society of Arts, Professor Vivian B. Lewes promised us a greater advance in illumination than any we have yet described. The project is no less a one than the synthesis or manufacture of illuminating hydrocarbons direct from their elements. It has long been known that acetylene, the lowest and simplest compound of carbon and hydrogen, can be obtained by filling the globe of an electric arc lamp with hydrogen; the intense heat enabling the hydrogen to combine with the carbon forming the electric terminals. This, however, would be an expensive method to use in practice, and, instead of forming carbide of hydrogen (acetylene), carbide of calcium is made by fusing lime (the oxide of calcium) with coal, coke, or any form of carbon, in an electric furnace. This carbide of calcium is a gray, somewhat metallic-looking powder, which yields acetylene when water is allowed to drip upon it; the calcium taking the oxygen of the water to form lime again, whilst the carbon combines with the hydrogen. It appears, from Professor Lewes's lecture, that this process is actually at work on a commercial scale in the United States, having been perfected by an American engineer, T. L. Wilson. The importance of the discovery can hardly be over-estimated, for from acetylene we can build up the ground storeys, as it were, of all the great series of organic bodies. Acetylene will combine with hydrogen to form ethylene; and from this, by absorption in concentrated oil of vitriol and dilution, we obtain alcohol; and from alcohol, ether and many other substances. In a similar way we can go through the whole series of the paraffins, from benzoline oil to solid paraffin wax, and form also their derivatives: glycerine, soaps, fats and oils, tartaric, citric, and other acids, and thousands of different bodies. By passing acetylene through a red-hot tube, we can form benzene, naphthalene, anthracene, and other bodies of that series. When we have once obtained benzene, what can we not obtain? It makes our senses whirl to think of the endless vistas of compounds:

carbolic acid, aniline, alizarine, pyrogallie acid, and heaven knows what besides. Of course, the formation of benzene and other things from our starting-point, acetylene, is only practised in the laboratory at present, but it does not follow that it will be so long. In fact, given carbon, hydrogen, nitrogen, and oxygen, together with the heat of the electric arc, we can build up the whole world of organic chemistry. The dread secrets of life and death seem almost within our grasp, for these processes are those of Nature herself. There is no reason, indeed, why, when we learn to utilise the heat of the sun's rays, and the power of the winds and tides as electrical energy, we should not build up for ourselves everything that we require from our food to our garments.

All this peering into futurity, however, is a digression, and we will return to our acetylene, for it is in respect to its illuminating properties that it occupies a place in this article. Acetylene itself is a colourless, rather heavy, gas, with an unpleasant characteristic odour. It is produced when a flame is cooled by impinging on cold metal; and one of the laboratory methods of preparing acetylene is to burn a gas jet in a cold metal tube. When a 'Bunsen' burner or a gas stove 'lights back,' it is the unpleasant smell of this substance that pervades the room. Acetylene is poisonous in the same way as carbon monoxide is, for it takes the place that oxygen should occupy in the red colouring-matter of the blood, so that it is dangerous to breathe air containing it for any length of time. Fortunately, its smell is so peculiar that the smallest leak would be noticed, and there would be little danger of its forming an explosive mixture with air, or existing in a room in poisonous quantity. The great value of acetylene lies in its remarkable illuminating properties, for, compared with coal-gas giving sixteen candles, acetylene gives a light equal to two hundred and forty candles. It is necessary to burn the gas from small flat-flame burners, when used alone, as otherwise it would smoke; so that we shall illuminate our rooms with one or more flames the size of a candle, but giving twenty-five times the light.

The carbide of calcium from which the acetylene is made is easily fusible, and it is proposed to cast it in sticks twelve inches long by one and a quarter inches in diameter, weighing one pound, and evolving five cubic feet of acetylene when placed in water. Steel cylinders will be made, sixteen inches long by four inches in diameter, in which one of these sticks can be placed together with the requisite amount of water. When the stick has been introduced, the lid will be screwed on, and the exit of the gas controlled by a valve when required for use, the five cubic feet of gas compressed in it being capable of giving a light of twenty-five candles for ten hours. In addition to the sticks, acetylene, which is as compressible as carbonic acid, will be liquefied and sold in steel cylinders fitted with regulating valves. The gas contained in one of these would be sufficient for lighting a small country house for some time, and will prove a great boon to people living in out-of-the-way places. The light given by burning acetylene is a soft

white light, without any of the cold hard appearance that characterises some of the newer methods of lighting, and it will, according to Professor Lewes, have the advantage of cheapness. We have it, on his authority, that the calcium carbide is being made in America for four pounds a ton, so that the sticks will cost about one halfpenny. The cost of the gas will be about six shillings and sixpence per thousand cubic feet, equivalent to coal-gas at sixpence per thousand feet, candle for candle.

If our hopes as regards its cheapness are only partially realised, the discovery of the commercial production of acetylene will prove to be an immense boon to the whole community, including, rather paradoxically, both the gas and electric-light companies. The latter will put up electric furnaces, so as to run their dynamos all day making carbide of calcium instead of having them lie idle, and will be able to charge much less for the current they send out during the dark hours. They will hand over the greater proportion of the carbide to their *quondam* enemies, but now fast friends, the gas companies, who will send out a gas of strong heating but low illuminating power at a price of about eighteenpence per thousand cubic feet, and enrich it inside the consumer's house with acetylene up to any required standard. Gas will be much more largely used for heating purposes; less coal will be burnt; and the dwellers in our cities will enter into a new elysium of brilliant sunshine unclouded by loathsome fogs.

## THE MYSTERY OF THE GOLDEN LLAMA.

### CHAPTER II.—THE FIRST ANNIVERSARY.

THAT night was the first of many pleasant evenings that I spent in Almiraz's company. I grew almost as interested in his collections as he himself. I assisted him in his laborious task of arranging and classifying them. We talked together on the subject of them night after night; and the more I saw of him, the stronger his charm of manner grew upon me. I felt myself lucky to have made the friendship of such a man. And so the time drew on, through the winter months and into the early spring.

And then occurred the first of those incidents, the horror of which is with me still.

On the evening of the 20th of March—the date has been impressed indelibly on my memory by the events which followed—Almiraz came down to my room rather earlier than usual. Strictly speaking, it was my turn to have visited him on that night, for we were very regular in our habit of entertaining each other on alternate days; but he excused his breach of the general custom on the ground that he would be spending the following evening away from home—a rare circumstance for so lonely a man as myself, he explained, with his charming smile; 'but one no less gratifying because it is unexpected'—and so he had desired to enjoy a double allowance of my society that night, by way of compensation.

Naturally, I was curious to learn the nature of his engagement on the following evening, for

during the whole time that I had known him, Almiraz had hardly spent one evening away from the lodgings.

'It is a little surprise,' he said—'a dinner to which some gentlemen who are interested in my scientific researches have done me the honour to invite me. I would willingly have had you included in the company, my dear friend, had I been free to choose, for I cannot sufficiently estimate the value of which you have been to me in my work in London; but as I am only a guest—you understand? It cannot be. Still it is very agreeable of the gentlemen; and I am deeply recognisant of the honour they do me. It will be, I fear, a farewell dinner for me,' he went on slowly, with a shade of sadness in his voice. 'You know the step that I have contemplated for two months past—my return to exile? I feel that it is a step that must soon be taken. This air of London, this confinement, this tameness of life, depraves and weakens me. It robs me of my vigour. Alas! my dear friend, I must go. Not yet! Not yet!—seeing my surprise, perhaps my look of disappointment—not yet for a week, a month—who knows? But the time has come.'

I don't know how I expressed my regret at his departure. I know that it was very genuine.

'And that brings me, my dear friend,' he continued more gaily, 'to a subject on which I wish to converse with you. You know, I feel sure, of what assistance you have been to me; I need not say again how much I am in your debt. But I would wish, if I may, to prove it to you. I would wish, before I go away, to make some little present to you, which should always remind you—No, no; do not interrupt me! I will have my own way!—which should remind you of those winter months that you have known Juan Almiraz. My friend, I have not failed to notice how you have taken a fancy to my little Peruvian treasure, my little golden llama. I do not forget how it was the first of all my treasures that ever I showed to you. Will you do me the honour to accept it? Its associations, such as they are, will be heightened in my estimation by its memorial of yourself.'

It was in vain for me to refuse, to plead that, if he must give me anything, it should be something on which he placed less value. Almiraz was inflexible. He would take no denial. In the end he gained his point, and went up-stairs to fetch the golden llama.

He brought it down to me, packed up in a wooden box, and placed it in my hands without a word. He would hear no thanks. He had made up his mind long ago to give it to me, he said, and I should hurt him more grievously than I could imagine by refusing it. 'It is true, my dear friend,' he repeated, with his quaint smile—'more grievously than you can possibly imagine.' To tell the truth, the golden llama had always had a great attraction for me ever since that first night when I had been so much struck by its appearance; and, though I felt reluctant to deprive Almiraz of what I knew he valued so highly, I could not but be gratified at the kindness of his thought.



To the best of my recollection, Almirez had never been more merry, more lightly jocular, than he was that night. We sat talking together till a late hour; and, when we parted, he referred to the evening of the next day but one, and warned me laughingly not to be late in keeping my appointment to come up to his room.

I overslept myself the following morning, and did not see Almirez, as I generally did, before he started for the Museum. When I awoke, it was with a racking headache. As the day wore on, my headache grew better; but I fell into a state of restlessness and depression such as I had never before experienced. I had suffered at times from lowness of spirits, it is true: the monotony of the life in London, the uncertainty—or, as I sometimes thought, the certain hopelessness—of my elected vocation, the change from the freedom and wildness of my Northern home-life, had all told severely upon my nervous organism; but, looking back upon that time, I feel confident to say that never before nor since were my sufferings so acute, so persistent, so extraordinary in their character, as they were upon this day. I could not work. In vain I sat at my desk and strove to collect my thoughts and brace myself up for a mental effort. In vain I paced the room wearily, hour after hour. In vain I tried to shake off the horrible black phantom of despondency that seemed to be crouching over my head, and squeezing the life out of me with its stifling grip upon my neck. I panted for the open air, for the movement and the company of the streets. In vain! I returned from my hour's walk exhausted, quivering in every nerve, haunted with some strange terror that made me glance fearfully behind me, as I hurried up the empty street, and trembled at the sound of my own footsteps on the echoing pavement. Yet within the house it was still worse. My room—lighted as it was with every illuminant that I had at my disposal—seemed dark and close—darkened by the presence of a myriad of unseen shapes that fitted unceasingly between the light and my aching eyes, gathered in dizzily revolving masses in the corners of the room, whispered to me in thrilling voices that I could understand, although they were unheard. I felt as if I were going mad. I cannot tell now the horrible thoughts that crossed my brain. Presently a strange impression forced itself upon my labouring consciousness. I became aware that my mind was being drawn, slowly, irresistibly, away from myself, as it were, towards the wooden box that still lay upon the table—the box that contained Almirez' gift. It was no ordinary effort of my volition, but something subtle, mysterious, inexpressible. I seemed to be moving under the spell of some awful fascination, that attracted me, in spite of my own conscious aversion, as the bird is drawn towards the serpent's coils. I drew nearer to the table. I opened the box and took out the golden figure. For an instant I experienced a great sense of relief; then, with a sickening revulsion, the seething wave of delirium poured back into my brain. The glittering figure seemed to swell enormously in size; its deep-set eyes glowed like living embers;

the sun on its flank scintillated with a thousand dancing lights. As I watched, dumbly, mechanically, I saw the human face that was carved within the sun gather to itself intelligence and expression. An angry frown settled on its brow. I could even fancy that the features moved. Pitiably, horrible as my condition had been before, it was worse now. At last I could bear the horror of it no longer. A wild desire to rid myself of the hateful image came over me. Without pausing for thought or reasoning, with only a frantic effort of the will that seemed to burst the bonds of the spell that held me, I snatched up the figure, thrust it back into the box, and hurried upstairs to Almirez' room. The room was in darkness. Hastily I set down the box on the corner of the table nearest to the door, and fled away down the stairs, as if an evil spirit was behind me.

When I got back to my own room it was just past nine o'clock. The fact that I was sufficiently master of my senses to look at the clock and gather the time from it somewhat reassured me. As a matter of fact, I felt greatly relieved by the strange thing that I had done. Now that I had made that supreme effort of my will, now that the box and its contents had been removed elsewhere, the room itself seemed less sombre, the air seemed less stifling, the voices ceased to ring in my ears. I sat down to argue with myself—a little nervously at first, it must be confessed—on the subject of these ridiculous fancies of mine. The longer I argued, the more I became convinced of their absurdity. I even laughed drowsily to myself in sheer pity for my own weakness. A delicious sensation of restfulness, of relief, of relaxation after extreme tension, stole through my limbs and overpowered me. Gradually I yielded myself up to sleep, and slept with all the soundness of utter exhaustion.

The first sound that I was conscious of was the rattle of a latchkey in the street-door. I heard it dimly in the midst of my dreams, and knew that Almirez had come home. He let himself in very quietly, closed the street-door after him, and advanced with noiseless steps down the passage. I was conscious that he stood awhile outside the door of my room—how long he waited, whether for minutes or only seconds, I cannot say—and I could hear the sound of his steady breathing close against the panels. Then he turned back again and began to mount the stairs. Up to this time I was still but half awake; and it was as the incidents in a dream, rather than as the product of my waking senses, that I was conscious of what I have just related. The shutting of Almirez' door on the floor above first roused me to actual wakefulness. It was some seconds later still before I began to consider how extraordinary, how ungrateful, how utterly inexplicable he would consider my conduct in returning his gift as I had done without a word of explanation. Grudgingly—for my limbs were stiff and my eyes heavy with sleep—I rose from my chair and prepared to go up-stairs. What should I say to him? How should I account for my ridiculous behaviour? I hesitated. Why not postpone the explanation until

the morning, when my wits would be more active and I should have had more time for consideration? I looked at the clock. It was within a few minutes of midnight. That decided me. Almirez was probably as tired as I was. He might never notice the box upon the table. At any rate I would not do anything that night. And so, with the drowsiness still heavy upon me, I tumbled into bed and slept until the morning.

I have often wondered since, with a strange, sinking horror, what might have happened then, what sight might have met my eyes, had I obeyed my first impulse to follow Almirez to his room.

I was aroused, when the white light of the spring morning was already streaming into my room, by a rapid knocking at the door. Mrs Placer wanted to see me. Immediate, if I pleased. There was a tremble in her voice, an urgent haste telling of some unusual agitation, that made my dressing a very rapid matter. When I emerged from my room, Mrs Placer was standing close to the door with a scared-looking face.

'If you please, sir,' she began very rapidly, 'I'm afraid as Mr Almirez have been took ill sudden. Leastways, there's something wrong with him. His bed have not been slept in; for, him not answering when I knocked him up, I made so bold as just to look in. And, sir, if you please, when I peeped into his sitting-room, there was him sitting in a chair and looking that queer, sir, you can't think; and never turned his head, though I spoke to him. I got frightened, sir, to see him so, and thought I'd run down to you; and, if you please, sir, would you mind just stepping up to see if there's anything the matter with the poor gentleman?'

Telling Mrs Placer to go for a doctor, I ran up the staircase. I had an awful, undefined misgiving that told me something had happened. What it was I dared not ask myself; but I knew.

The room up-stairs was still dark; for the curtains were drawn across the windows, as they had been left the night before, and the daylight only crept through the gaps in thin, glimmering streaks that fell along the carpet. Keeping my face steadily turned away from something that lay in a chair beside the table, I walked across the room and drew back one of the heavy curtains with a rattle. The light poured into the darkened room, and I turned round.

Almirez was lying back in the chair, his arms hanging limply from the shoulders. A hideous dark flush suffused his brow; his cheeks were puffed and livid. The smile—the constant, graceful smile, that seemed part of his identity—was gone at last, banished by the stern rigidity of death. His purple, swollen lips were drawn back tightly over the shining teeth, the teeth themselves slightly gaping in the ghastly semblance of a laugh. His wide-open eyes, with all the look of concentrated horror that was conveyed by the unnaturally dilated pupils, were staring sightlessly at a little wooden box that was upon the table beside him—the box that still contained the

figure of the golden llama—its lid removed and the paper wrappings scattered over the table.

Beside the box stood a stoppered bottle labelled Chloroform; and a shattered glass was lying on the floor beneath the chair, where it had fallen from the nerveless fingers of the dead man.

#### LITERARY RESEARCH ROOM AT SOMERSET HOUSE.

It seems to have been a much-cherished maxim with our forefathers that nobody was worth considering unless he could pay for consideration, and that it was far more important that one man invested with a little brief authority should make a small income out of some one or other public storehouse of information, than that its treasures should be open freely to all who wished to study their contents. The same spirit of thought which formerly permitted the verger of Westminster Abbey to exclude all visitors from the fane unless they would pay a fixed entrance-money, operated up to the middle of the present century to shut up the vast collection of wills which had accumulated year by year at Somerset House against all except those who were wealthy enough to pay a fee on every document that they examined. Under these circumstances, a general survey of the testamentary dispositions of any period, for the purpose of tracing out developments of law, social economy, or family history, was only possible at great expense; and students are rarely wealthy. The result was that the large and unequalled collection of wills, extending over three centuries, and full of every kind of curious and interesting information, was practically of no avail at all for historical or antiquarian purposes, and seemed to be maintained only in order that a few fortune-hunters might be able to ascertain the value of some particular fair one's dowry, and that a limited harvest of fees might accrue in consequence. The absurdity and injustice of this system did not prevent its continuing down to the year 1862, when in reply to repeated appeals and remonstrances on the part of many savants of distinction, the authorities determined to take some steps in a better way. In this they were hampered by a dislike to abandon the fee-system altogether. Some day perhaps, in a more enlightened age, it will be recognised that great national collections of this kind should not be used as a source of revenue, but should be opened freely to all classes regardless of their ability to pay. In the meantime the authorities certainly made a great advance when, to use their own somewhat high-flown language, they 'created the new Department of Literary Research at the Principal Probate Registry at Somerset House.'

Reduced to prose, this meant that they opened a small reading-room in the basement of the river-frontage of Somerset House, which would accommodate some six students at a time; and here those who were persevering enough to obtain admission were allowed to pursue their researches without any charge. As it was found that the number of applicants greatly exceeded

the accommodation provided, the authorities went further, and opened another room which adjoined the first, and the result is that at the present time some sixteen students can be accommodated with sitting-room and sufficient space for their books, papers, and registers, to enable them to pursue their researches without crowding one another. Experience, moreover, shows that if the authorities could see their way to opening another apartment of dimensions equal to the two first put together, there would be no difficulty in filling it.

It must not be imagined from this that any one can simply march into the Literary Research Room as if it were a Free Library. A great deal of formality has to be carried out first of all. By way of beginning, the applicant addresses a formal note to the 'President of the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division of the High Court of Judicature' at 'the Principal Probate Registry, Somerset House, W.C.,' in which he gives a full account of himself, stating his name, address, profession, the object for which he wishes to undertake his researches, and the length of time which he thinks they will extend over. With regard to time, it is as well to be moderate in your estimate, because it is easy to get your order renewed if you wish it. With regard to the object of research, it should be of a literary, antiquarian, or historical character. It will be shown later that investigations with regard to recent dispositions of property cannot be pursued in the Literary Research Room, and that by no amount of ingenuity can this rule be evaded. Perhaps it is the complete certainty of mere disappointment awaiting the impostor that renders the authorities so easy-going with regard to other matters, and induces them to accept the statements of the applicant with regard to himself without further inquiry. The train of reasoning is no doubt something after the following line: 'X— (the applicant) says that he is a Master of Arts of Y— University, and wishes to make researches for a literary purpose. If this is true, X— is obviously a fit and proper person to be admitted. If it is not true, X— will find out at once that he has made a mistake, and the Literary Research Room will not be troubled with him again.' Anyhow, the result of such an application is usually the receipt by return of post of a ticket signed 'Francis Jeune,' and directing the admission of X— to the 'Department of Literary Inquiry' for a certain period.

The next step is to go down to the Literary Research Room, carefully taking the ticket with you, in order to make 'an appointment' with the Superintendent—that is, to fix a date at which to begin your researches. It must be thoroughly understood that you cannot walk in any day with the certainty of finding a seat, as you can at the British Museum. The accommodation at Somerset House is far too limited for that, and the number of students is too large in proportion. Applicants have therefore to be taken in turn on different days, and a book is kept in which the Superintendent enters the names just as the secretary of a lawn-tennis club does for his courts. If the list is crowded, you may have to wait for a week or more; but you may rest assured of your day, when once it

has been allotted to you; and, moreover, the Superintendent will always book you for several days running, so that there may be some continuity in your work.

The Literary Research Room lies in the south block of the great Quadrangle. You enter by a door in the south-east angle, and then descend a flight of stone stairs. The room lies to the south of the passage, and as there are no directions to help you, the simplest plan is to listen for voices and proceed in that quarter.

The two rooms open into each other, and are practically one, though the division is distinctly defined. The windows look out on a deep area some way below the level of the Embankment. The result is that the rooms are by no means well lighted at any time, and on gray days there is very little chance of being able to see to any purpose, unless you are lucky enough to have secured a seat at a window. The choice of seats, by-the-by, rests with the first-comers, so there is a decided advantage in being early. Of course, if it is foggy, these underground rooms are plunged in darkness, and the result is an illumination of flaring gas-jets, which blaze high up overhead without any alleviation of a globe or concentration by a reflector. The work of reading page after page of the queer and clumsy writing known as 'legal fist' without the help of a single stop or break, by the light of a naked gas-jet poised high in the air, is about the most trying exercise for the eyes that has yet been invented. The method of warming the rooms is, moreover, of an exceedingly primitive character. In the winter, a large fire is lighted in the inner apartment and bountifully supplied with coal, until it sometimes happens that the temperature becomes too warm, even when there is a frost outside.

The outer room, however, is beyond the radius of heat, and is, moreover, exposed to constant inrushes of cold air from the stone corridor without, whenever the door is opened, which, owing to the irregular arrivals and departures of students and officers, is usually pretty often. The result is that on frosty days the students in the outer room live in an arctic region, from which they occasionally fly into the inner room in order to warm their cold fingers and shivering frames at the fire. A system which condemns men to pursue researches of an arduous character under conditions such as these can scarcely be regarded as perfect. When one considers what might be effected by the introduction of a stove into each room in the place of the one fire, and by the lowering of the gas-jets and providing them with the ordinary protection and reflection in use in almost every office, it is a source of wonder that, after so many years of experience of the defects of the existing methods, it should not have occurred to the Superintendent or his assistants that almost any change would be for the better. The fact is, however, that these officials have no chance of realising the discomforts to which the students are exposed. The officer in charge of the room sits in a corner to the left of the fire, and he is not occupied in deciphering antiquated legal writing against time.

It is impossible, however, to speak too highly

of the personal conduct of the officers themselves. The utmost courtesy, the greatest readiness to help or advise, are extended freely. All preliminary difficulties arising from the ignorance or inexperience of the intending student are swept away in a few minutes by the practised care which the Superintendent bestows on his beginners, and the assiduity with which he instructs them in the rules, which must be observed rigidly by all.

The old law which struck at the very existence of a student was that the use of ink was absolutely forbidden. A change has been effected on that point. It is not, however, permitted to make any tracing from any document, or to use the leaves of the registers or calendars as a support for the paper whereon you write your notes. If you violate this rule, you will be requested to withdraw at once, and your ticket of admission will be cancelled. The object of this regulation is to prevent any injury to the registers.

The general rule with regard to hours is that the rooms are open from 10 in the morning to 3.30 in the afternoon—except on Saturday, when they close at 1.30. In the long vacation, however, the hours are shorter. When a name is entered for a particular day, the owner is entitled to the whole working-day, and can arrive and depart when he chooses. The practice of dividing a day by allotting so many hours to several students is not recognised.

The rooms are furnished with a number of heavy, old-fashioned wooden desk-tables and cane-bottomed chairs to match. In a corner by the fire there is a flat table for the Superintendent. Over the mantelpiece hangs a list of the calendars and registers which it is permissible to consult free of any fees in this department. The list ends with the calendar of a century ago, that is to say, of the year 1795. The calendars and registers which have accumulated since that date cannot be brought to the Literary Research Room at all. This is the reason why there is very little fear of misuse of the privileges of a student.

The majority of the calendars—that is, the annual alphabetical lists of testators—will be found on the shelves in the Research Room, and can be taken down by the students themselves. A certain limited number of them, however, are not there, and the student who requires one of these will have to make out a written demand for it on a printed form, which he will deliver to a messenger, who in due course will bring the desired volume. When by the help of the calendars you have discovered the date of a particular will, it is necessary to make out a ticket of request for the register, and after a short delay the messenger will bring in a great heavy book, bound in rough leather and clamped with iron, which is carried by a thick loop of leather attached to the sides. Two of these volumes form a good load for one man. They are the registers, and contain registered copies of the original wills. The latter are never produced, and students have to be content with the copies, which are, however, perfectly authentic, and much easier to read than the originals. The bulk of these registers are stored in a series of rooms in the

basement on the same level as the Research Room, and it is interesting to observe that these rooms are protected only by very ordinary doors, which are often left open. There is, in fact, no danger of robbery. The property is of no value except to an antiquary, and the enormous weight and singular appearance of it remove all hope of getting it through the Quadrangle, to say nothing of the gateway, without attracting observation. By way of a useful precaution, however, against the carelessness or selfishness of students, it is provided that no one shall have more than two registers at a time, or more than eight in a day.

At the close of the working-day, the Superintendent rises and observes, 'Closing-time, gentlemen!' and the sitting comes to an end. It is requested, however, that every student will sign his name in the book at each sitting before he goes away, in order that the authorities may be able to judge to what extent the privileges granted by them are appreciated and used. Perhaps after another twenty years or so they will realise that the appreciation is sufficiently great to warrant an addition to the accommodation, and an improvement in the arrangements for giving light and warmth.

## A TRANSACTION IN GOVERNMENT PAPER.

BY W. FORBES MITCHELL,

*Author of Reminiscences of the Great Mutiny.*

In a previous article on 'Hidden Treasure in India,' reference was made to the practice of natives gambling in Government paper. The wealthy banker, Lalla Muthra Pershand, of Lahore, is again responsible for the following story, which he considered an excellent joke, and a smart piece of financial skill. 'Do you remember some years ago,' he asked, 'just after the withdrawal of the troops from Afghanistan, there was a great financial commotion in Calcutta, and Government paper went up all at once from about 98 to over seven per cent. premium, whilst the paper markets of Bombay and Madras remained steady?'

'Just after the last Afghan war, money business was very dull, and certain Marwarees who shall be nameless, finding ordinary speculations flat, stale, and unprofitable, hit upon a little plan of causing some excitement in the Calcutta money market, and at the same time making a few lakhs for themselves. The first act of the play was the arrival in Calcutta of a very respectable-looking elderly native gentleman, with letters of introduction to several native bankers—all forged, of course. This gentleman called himself Lalla Muthra Daas; he was accompanied by two servants and a Marwaree clerk, and he hired a temporary office in Sootaputty, and sent for a leading stock-broker, whom he informed that he had come to Calcutta as the representative of certain wealthy bankers in Upper India, who required several lakhs of Government paper for delivery about sixty days after date. But the purchases were to be made very quietly, and on no account would any purchase be confirmed if made above par; his employers being careful

men, would not, under any pretence whatever, confirm any purchase above par.

'As Government paper was then at about two per cent. discount, with a downward tendency, the employers of Muthra Dass, being liberal men, although strict in business, had given him power to share half the discount of each purchase with the brokers, in addition to liberal brokerage. So purchases went on for delivery by a certain date calculated sixty days after the arrival of Muthra Dass, and the market still remained flat with a downward tendency, with many reports getting abroad, no one knowing from what source, that still further depressed Government paper. Muthra Dass haggled over every purchase with an upward tendency of even one-sixteenth per cent., but finally closed and clenched the bargain. This went on for over a month. About twenty days before the date of taking delivery, Muthra Dass received a confidential letter from his employers, which, after due deliberation and under the promise of the utmost secrecy, he showed to his Bengalee clerk, whom he had engaged on the recommendation of one of the leading native stockbrokers in Calcutta. The purport of this confidential letter was to expedite purchases and arrange for taking delivery, if possible, before the fixed date; if that could be done, the money would be sent at once to pay for the paper. The reason assigned for these instructions was that the Government had got to know of a very large hoard of money concealed by the Nawab of Rampore, amounting, as report had it, to about twenty or thirty crores, and the Nawab had been ordered to invest the whole of this hitherto concealed hoard in Government paper at once, the interest of which was to be retained to meet the pay of the Nawab's Imperial Contingent to the army, and that such a demand for Government paper being made on the market would at once raise the price to a high premium. Shortly after being entrusted with this confidential information, the Bengalee clerk was, of course, taken suddenly ill, and had to get leave to go home, which was graciously granted, only he was cautioned once again before leaving to observe the utmost secrecy. But before he had left the office of Muthra Dass many hours, the money market was rising, and many brokers were purchasing for other buyers. The following day Muthra Dass received an urgent telegram that the Treasurer of the Nawab had left by mail-train for Calcutta with instructions to purchase Government paper to the extent of twenty-five crores, or two thousand five hundred lakhs, no matter at what premium; and should this become known in the Calcutta market, the Lalla must report hourly to his employers should paper go above par. This telegram was also shown, in the strictest confidence, of course, to the Bengalee clerk, who again became indisposed, and again got leave to go home; and in a few hours the paper market was once more rising by leaps and bounds.

'The next morning an up-country man arrived by mail-train with letters to certain bankers, informing them that he was the servant of the Treasurer of Rampore, sent on in advance to hire an office and dwelling-house for two months

for the Treasurer, who was on his way to Calcutta on most important business connected with the Rampore State. A large house was at once hired for two months, and one month's rent paid in advance. Carpets and pillows were arranged for, with writing desks for native clerks; and a first-class carriage and pair was hired by the month from one of the livery stables for the Treasurer of his Highness of Rampore, to be in waiting at the railway station for the arrival of the mail-train the following day, with several ticca gharries for servants.

'The mail-train arrived as usual, and, sure enough, there was the Treasurer in a first-class carriage reserved for himself, and a second-class for his servants. Many stockbrokers and others had turned out to see his arrival; and he was driven to the house hired for him with all the pomp of silver chobdars, &c., running in front of his carriage. That day he rested, but drove out in the evening to hear the band, and to see the sights of Calcutta, having previously given notice that he wished to see certain stockbrokers the following day. By this time Government paper was at a considerable premium, and many brokers were pressing on Muthra Dass to cancel purchases, which he resolutely refused to do without instructions from his masters. When the stockbrokers next day interviewed the Treasurer of the Nawab they were surprised at his liberality. There he was, seated amongst silken pillows, and smoking a jewelled hookah; seven or even ten per cent. premium was nothing to him; he was ordered to purchase, and purchase he must. His master was a hot-headed young man, who was anxious to stand well with the Government, and so forth. He, the Treasurer, had telegraphed suggesting delay, seeing the state of the market; but the reply was to purchase; so what could he do? The upshot was that the Treasurer of Rampore engaged certain brokers to purchase Government paper, arranging to take delivery as the hoarded money would arrive in Calcutta and be made over to the Mint, because much of it was either in bullion or in ancient coins, which would have to be re-coined. The Treasurer, however, although very liberal on the part of his master, was very strict about a private dustoorie for himself, which had to be paid before any purchase was settled.

'By this time Lalla Muthra Dass had also got telegrams asking his advice as to the advisability of selling all his purchases at a premium for ready cash, rather than take delivery. This, after due deliberation and consultation with his brokers, he advised; and a return telegram directed him to re-sell and secure the difference. When totalled up, it was found that the Lalla's purchases amounted to over two and a half crores. But there was no difficulty in selling at a handsome profit; and as the Lalla's masters were liberal men, he treated the brokers liberally, and the whole of his purchases were sold out before the evening of the following day, and the difference, amounting to over ten lakhs, was paid to the Lalla, who then quietly retired from the stage, purposing to return after the market should fall again to favourable rates for investing. Meanwhile, brokers were

purchasing on account of the Treasurer without limit, and so long as his private commission was paid, he confirmed every purchase.

'At length he gave out that prudence compelled him to cease purchasing till the first instalment of the treasure, which was on its way to Calcutta, should arrive, and be taken over by the Mint, and at the same time he received a telegram that the first instalment had passed through Lucknow by special train, and might be expected in Howrah by a certain date. He issued orders to arrange for carts to take delivery; and a certain number of men to assist the guards who were coming from Rampore with the treasure, to escort the carts from the railway station to the Mint, and he had several times visited the Mint himself, and was supposed to have arranged for everything. The next day was a native holiday, and the Bengalee clerks got leave, all except one, who remained to attend to any urgent business. During the day the Treasurer received an urgent telegram informing him that the 'special' bringing the treasure from Rampore had missed the E. I. Railway down mail at Mogul Serai, and would be delayed there for twenty-four hours; the Bengalee clerk was sent to countermand the carts for the railway station till further notice, and the Treasurer sent for his carriage for the purpose of visiting a friend. Telling the Bengalee clerk to attend office next day to open any telegrams, and if they required immediate attention, to send them on to a certain address, the Treasurer of Rampore, with his silver chobdars and his jewelled hookah, took his departure in his hired carriage, leaving instructions with the *durwan* to open the office as usual for the Bengalee clerks the next day. He then drove him with his private secretary to Kalighât, where he dismissed the coachman with instructions to be in attendance at his lodging the following night for his afternoon airing. So the Treasurer of Rampore disappeared at Kalighât—not to reappear in Calcutta to this day. But many a Bengalee, Armenian, European, and Israelitish speculator in Government paper has good reason to remember Lalla Muthra Dass and the Treasurer of Rampore.'

Such was the story told to me by Lalla Chowringhee Lall, and he evidently considered the whole an excellent joke, and that Government paper was invented for transactions of this kind.

### CONVERSATIONAL QUOTATIONS.

By CHARLES HUSSEY.

THERE is an old, a very old, tale told of a venerable lady who, after seeing the play of *Hamlet* for the first time, said: 'It is a very good play, as plays go, but it is made up of quotations.' This good dame, although she was probably unaware of it, was acknowledging, in a roundabout way perhaps, the indebtedness of our language to our national bard; phrases, sentences, and sometimes whole lines from his writings, have been crystallised, as it were, into colloquial English, and there are probably more quotations drawn from the works of Shakespeare than from those of any other author, ancient or modern.

It is not, however, with quotations which are used *as* quotations, and are consequently dignified with inverted commas, that we propose to deal, but rather with some of those phrases which by constant use have become incorporated in our mother-tongue, whose origin some of us might not be able to indicate offhand, or which by popular error have been wrongly assigned to this or that writer. For instance, Sam Weller (*Pickwick Papers*) did *not* originate the expression 'wheels within wheels,' as many suppose; he used it, truly, but the idea is from the Bible (Ezekiel, x. 10). Another Biblical expression, which would hardly be recognised as such at first sight, is 'the skin of my teeth' (Job, xix. 20). We are indebted to Cervantes for the proverb 'Honesty is the best policy' (*Don Quixote*, part ii., chapter 33), while the familiar phrase 'Diamond cut diamond'\* is due to Ford, the author of *The Lover's Melancholy* (Act I., scene i.). Although Sheridan's well-known character Mrs Malaprop did 'own the soft impeachment' (*The Rivals*, Act V., scene iii.), we must credit Shakespeare with the origin of the saying that 'comparisons are odorous' (so frequently attributed to that estimable lady), as he puts these words in the mouth of Dogberry (*Much Ado About Nothing*, Act III., scene v.). Ben Jonson (*Tale of a Tub*, Act IV., scene iii.) and Butler (*Hudibras*, Part I., canto i., line 821) both 'smell a rat;' and to Tusser, the author of *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandry*, the truism 'Better late than never' is due. The great Napoleon may sneeringly have called us a 'nation of shopkeepers' (*une nation boutiquière*), and have expressed the opinion that 'Providence is on the side of the big battalions;' but the first is borrowed from Adam Smith (*Wealth of Nations*, vol ii., published in 1775, when Napoleon was a child), and the second is a plagiarism from Voltaire's letter to M. le Riche, dated February 6, 1770 ('Dieu est toujours pour les gros bataillons'). 'Though I say it as shouldn't' is used in slightly altered form by Beaumont and Fletcher, and afterwards quoted by Colley Cibber and Fielding. King Charles II. was of opinion that a parliamentary debate in his time was 'as good as a play.' (It would be interesting to know what his merry Majesty would think of our legislators of to-day.) For 'murder will out' we must turn to Geoffrey Chaucer, who in his quaint spelling tells us 'Mordre wol out' (*The Nonnes Preestes Tale*, line 15058). When we say we will 'leave no stone unturned,' we are quoting the answer of the Delphic oracle to the inquiry of Polycrates as to the best means of discovering the treasure buried on the field of Plataea by Mardonius. To 'make a virtue of necessity' is from Chaucer (*Knights Tale*, line 3044), but the phrase is used also by Rabelais, Shakespeare, and Dryden.

Few people, and surely no Scotsmen, will require to be reminded that Burns is responsible for 'Durance vile' and 'Some wee short hour ayont the twal,' or fail to acquiesce in his quotation

\* Originally 'Diamonds cut diamonds.'

(from Pope), 'An honest man's the noblest work of God;' but they would less easily recognise Spenser's *Faerie Queene* (Book III., canto i., stanza 17) as the source of 'through thick and thin'—an expression, however, which is to be found in many subsequent writers. Shakespeare and Swift both bid us 'tell the truth and shame the devil;' and a dozen authors—Shakespeare, Spenser, and Chaucer among them—hasten to assure us that 'All that glitters is not gold.' From Byron (a much-quoted author) we learn that 'truth is stranger than fiction' (*Don Juan*, canto xiv., stanza 101), and in the same poem we find 'The tocsin of the soul—the dinner bell' (canto v., stanza 49). 'Procrastination is the thief of time' occurs in Young's *Night Thoughts* (Night I., line 393). 'Fresh woods and pastures new' is Milton's (*Lycidas*, line 193); so also is the phrase 'That old man eloquent,' that has been so frequently applied to Mr Gladstone (*Sonnets*—'To the Lady Margaret Ley'). Shakespeare makes Hostess Quickly say that burly Sir John Falstaff has 'eaten her out of house and home' (*Henry IV.*, Part II., Act II., scene i.), and we have the unimpeachable authority of the same great writer for stating that 'the devil can quote [cite] Scripture for his purpose' (*Merchant of Venice*, Act I., scene iii.). Dryden announces that 'Men are but children of a larger growth' (*All for Love*, Act IV., scene i.), and bids us remember 'Delays are dangerous' (*Tyrannic Love*, Act I., scene i.). 'Over the hills and far away' is to be found in Gay's *Beggar's Opera* (Act I., scene i.); and the song, to whose welcome tune the dinner is ushered in at most naval and military messes, 'Oh! the roast beef of Old England,' is from the pen of Henry Fielding. Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard* is perhaps the most frequently quoted short poem in the language; it is like the old lady's *Hamlet*, before referred to—'made up of quotations.' 'Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise,' is found in another poem by the same author (*On a Distant Prospect of Eton College*, stanza 10).

'Man wants but little here below, Nor wants that little long,' must be credited to Oliver Goldsmith (*The Hermit*, stanza 8), but the same idea is to be found in Young's *Night Thoughts* (Night IV., line 118). 'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view' was written by Thomas Campbell (*Pleasures of Hope*, part i., line 7), and Keats's *Endymion* contains the oft-quoted line, 'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever' (line 1). To find the origin of the phrase 'to turn over a new leaf,' we must refer to Middleton's *Anything for a Quiet Life* (Act III., scene iii.), and the title of this same play, by the way, is a not altogether unfamiliar expression.

Examples such as these might be multiplied almost indefinitely to prove that many of the phrases 'familiar in our mouths as household words' (*Henry V.*, Act IV., scene iii.) are of most respectable ancestry, but enough has probably been said to show that in our ordinary conversation we frequently quote (unconsciously perhaps) some of the best writers of times gone by.

We will conclude with a short anecdote enant quotation. Shakespeare has often been credited with knowing everything, and a Shakespearian enthusiast once stated in company that some-

where or other in his writings a quotation could be found suitable for every subject, and for every condition and circumstance of life, and further challenged any one present to name any two subjects for which an appropriate quotation could not be met with. One of his hearers, thinking that probably Shakespeare had never had his photograph taken (would that he had), or sent a sixpenny 'wire,' named photography and the electric telegraph, both essentially children of the nineteenth century. The challenger replied for photography, 'The glorious sun stays in his course and plays the alchemist' (*King John*, Act III., scene i.), and for the electric telegraph, 'I'll put a girdle round the earth in forty minutes' (*Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act II., scene i.). How far these quotations fulfil the conditions laid down, we must leave our readers to judge.

#### THE SICK MAN'S DREAM.

AND there before me flashed a morning gleam  
(It was not like a dream).

A dazzle of light that overflowed the sky  
And filled the sea; and I,

A city-toiler fallen in the strife  
That I could wage no more,

I seemed the wreck and remnant of a life  
The sea had cast ashore.

Oh but to lie upon those sun-kissed sands  
With idle, restful hands,

To feel the freshening wind, to hear the sea  
Whisper, and call to me,

Was as tho' heaven had dawned on earth at last,  
Or I to heaven were brought;

The city here, my life of all the past  
Dwindled to but a thought.

There in the streets, I thought, the dull day long  
The busy workers throng,

Whilst I . . . The waves broke nearer, and more near,  
And still I had no fear;

I yearned to feel the cool, bright waters sweep  
Above me, hushed and high:

For, when I gazed, I saw in all the deep  
Only another sky.

Then something stirred; or was it you that spoke?

I started, and awoke,

And lo! my hands lay white and wasted yet  
On the white coverlet;

And here, about me, still this silent room,  
The shaded lamp, the red

Quick fire-flame darting lightnings thro' the gloom—  
And you beside my bed.

As stars at dawn, the dreams that fill the dark  
Wane when we waken. . . . Hark!

Is it a wind among the garden trees,  
That voice so like the sea's?—

Listen! . . . I have not dreamed. Oh restful bliss!  
The great sea calls me now. . . .

These are its winds that cool my lips, and this  
Its spray upon my brow.

A. ST JOHN ADOOCK.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,  
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.



# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 612.—VOL. XII. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1895.

PRICE 1½d.

## IRREPRESSIBLES.

By Mrs LYNN LINTON.

WHO does not know those irrepressible folk who have no respect for the decencies of self-control, no regard for the more tender restraints of delicacy, no careful hold on that golden treasure of Silence wherein lies Wisdom? As impervious to hints as is that proverbial blind horse to the wink and the nod, they take their headlong way as though they were so many wild asses of the desert, unbitted, unbridled, unguided. Blundering and obtuse, they crash into the secret closets where the family skeletons are housed. Open-mouthed and without thought, they give to the world at large the benefit of their discovery, and drag out into the light of day those grinning atomies which they found comfortably covered up under the dust of a generation, undisturbed and forgotten, till now they have been resurrected and set a-dancing once more in the open. Not so much inquisitive as without foresight or perspicuity, they tear off the pretty little silken bandages deftly fashioned to look like ornament, and come upon the sore they were designed to conceal; which sore, because of the natural hardness of their hands and the clumsiness of their touch, they rasp and rub till the poor sufferer weeps and winces. And all this comes from that want of sympathetic imagination, that denseness of perception, which is characteristic of the tribe, and in no wise from evil-heartedness or bad intention. For these Irrepressibles are often as kind-hearted as they are clumsy; and when they subject their friends to torture, do so with no more malice than there is in the coping-stone when it falls on the head of the passer-by, and smashes him into eternity.

Of the faintest echo of that proverb which forbids one to speak of a hempen rope in the house where a man has been hanged, our irrepressible friends are totally ignorant. Do they know a family whereof some degenerate member has gone wrong—perhaps suffered the penalty

due, say, to forgery, embezzlement, fraudulent dealing with trust-money or the like? All in good faith, and quite oblivious of the painful associations connected and aroused, they will go into a minute discussion on the last analogous case, disputing the evidence, descanting on the enormity of the crime, delivering themselves of their opinions as to the punishment due for such an offence—opinions sure to be Draconian in their severity and Rhadamanthine in their inflexibility. In vain a more enlightened friend hints to them to desist. In vain a more nimble wit strives to turn this dangerous flow of talk into safer channels. The Irrepressibles blunder on, like bulls making havoc of the Dresden and the Sèvres, lacerating the hearts they would not willingly have hurt for all the broad lands of England. They see nothing, suspect nothing, have no consciousness of sin and no thought of wrong-doing. When they are trounced by those more understanding ones, and shown the enormity of their blunder, they are all in amazed wonder how they ever got into such a hole. They knew, but they did not remember, they say; and as for the hints and warnings so subtly conveyed, they understood them no more than the wool-gathering whist-player understands the game when he does not see the call for trumps, or read the significance of a ten played third hand.

The Irrepressibles rush into friendships as into enmities, without solid grounds and on the principle of the pyramid built point downwards. Slaves to their emotions as they are, they give their very souls to the treacherous and unloving, offering their hearts to all the daws about. Unlike the self-centred and egoistic, who have no more spontaneity than an iceberg has of flaming fire, the Irrepressibles are spontaneous from head to heel—thoughts, actions, feelings, all bubbling to the surface like one of those inexhaustible springs which must find an outlet no matter what may oppose. Love at first sight is their constant experience; rash marriage is their general portion; early

disgust and life-long consciousness of the mistake they have made follow on the heels of their inconsiderateness; and all the world is then taken into their confidence, and made free of their self-inflicted sufferings. They can no more repress the desire to tell out their woes than they could control the impulses which led to them. The one is but the converse of the other, even as Love's shadow is Hate. As with their troubles within the home, so is it with their enmities, their quarrels, their misunderstandings without. When an Irrepressible is in the midst of a social war, he rushes hot-foot to all his friends and associates, making his own case good—till the other side is heard. That other side generally puts a different complexion on the face of the matter; and perhaps the irate Irrepressible himself is proved in the wrong—shown to be the one to whom is owing the whole germination, growth, flowering, and seeding of the poison-plant. This is sure to be so when he is a dour, susceptible, self-tormenting person, who sees insults where none were meant, and slights in the airiest nothings. For this sullen kind of irrepressibility is as true to life as the more bright and bubbling, the more buoyant and gassy. And when we have dealings with these uneasy-tempered and suspicious Irrepressibles, we have a very fair notion of one of the pains of that Malebolge where sinful souls expiate in torments the crimes committed in the flesh.

Irrepressible are the fond—and foolish—hopes which have no root-work in probability, but which are just possible without miracle, and no more than this. As irrepressible are those equally foolish fears which see dangers where none exist, and destruction in the smallest risk. Certain people, more especially women, go through life in one unending terror of evil dreams and fatal results. When they drive, their horses will run away, lame them for life, and smash the carriage to smithereens. When they walk, every honest old Joe going to and from his work is a footpad with a hedge-stake beneath his rags. When they sit at home, they are always smelling fire and hearing burglars. When they travel by rail, they make more sure of an accident than of safe arrival at their destination. Fear dominates them at all four corners. In the twilight, ghostly visitants pass and waver in the cold gray air; at night, 'airy voices syllable men's names' and call to them from the depths of the unseen world. When the morning breaks, it brings presage of disaster during the day:—and all this misery is as uncontrollable as the laughter of a happy child, as the rain of a tropical sky, as the frost of the icebound north. Governed by their fears, they suffer in their self-made, unsubstantial and non-existent Inferno, just as their brothers and cousins rejoice in the fool's paradise where they have taken up their lodging—paying the rent by their rationality and good sense.

Irrepressible in familiarities, so are these folk in discussion. Nothing stops them when they have a mind to talk, and for no one's opinions have they respect or consideration. At the table of a Home Ruler they will bring forward their strongest Imperialist views; at

that of a staunch Conservative they will advocate Home Rule and down with the House of Lords, one man one vote, and a fig for that stake which once represented stability. They talk loudly and they talk lustily. The bated breath and the courteous phrase have no place in their controversial armoury. Had they more reticence of manner they must needs have less irrepressibility of nature—again that flame of fire not being the natural product of an iceberg. As with politics, so with religion. An Irrepressible as a religionist is a fanatic pure and simple. A second Peter, he carries the Fiery Cross through dale and hamlet, and on to the tops of the far-reaching hills; or, as Jenny Geddes, he flings his 'creepie stool' at the head of the officiating minister, and blasphemes such doctrines as he may not like. If he does not approve of what he hears, irrepressible and inconsiderate, he lashes out in disdainful contradiction, as if he were the only person whose opinions had to be consulted, and the one whose inalienable possession was the Key of Truth. Whatever is different from his creed is wrong, and whatever he thinks wrong he attacks. His acquaintance is an embarrassment at all times, but never so much so as when he seeks to convert and to controvert, to proselytise and to turn from the error of their pernicious ways those who have been born and bred in their present faith, and those who have thought out the matter from end to end and stand where they do by force of reasoned conviction. The Irrepressibles reckon little of these reasoned convictions. Their sole desire is to press their own views, no matter at what cost or through whose pain; and when they have made some angry, others perplexed, and all uncomfortable, they think they have done their duty and deserved well of their generation. What a weariness to the flesh are these irrepressible proselytisers when met with, say in a hotel, or at a friend's house, where you cannot easily escape! Are they Nonconformists, and is there a Romanist among them? Never do they let the sins and errors of the Elder Church fall into oblivion for want of routing out and setting in array, like so many coco-nuts to be knocked down by a skilful hand. Are they Romanists in the midst of Protestants? Then do they insist on the claims of Authority, Tradition, Succession, denying the validity of all Orders outside their own pale, and refusing to the poor shivering souls before them so much as a shred of the wedding garment. So with all the rest—that wise liberality which allows to others the freedom and sanctity of conscience it takes for itself having no place in the Irrepressible's repertory of virtues.

The Irrepressibles have no delicacy. We may take that as an axiom proved and sure. If your nearest and dearest have offended their susceptibilities, they will abuse them to your face with unstinted measure and unrestricted breadth. In vain your show of displeasure by glacial reserve or warm defence. Your Irrepressible cares nought for either attitude. He is as an elephant crushing down the young saplings—as a hard-headed dunce chastised by a peacock's feather. Full of his own wrongs real or fancied,

fevered by that false wrath which comes from personal antipathy, they one and all pound away at that Kit of their present enmity; and no bridle fashioned by man or morality, by good manners or consideration, restrains them in their onslaught. Perhaps the most embarrassing position that a man can be placed in is when one of this blatant, noisy, and intemperate tribe falls foul of a near relation who, by his account, is nothing less than a scoundrel, while he himself is Injured Innocence in person and a spotless victim of perfidy and villainy.

On a line with him, if at a slightly different angle, stand those blunderers whose social mistakes are among the stock chestnuts of anecdotists. 'That fat frowsy woman'—who is your wife; 'that painfully hideous fool'—who is your daughter; your 'fishy-eyed' husband; your 'goat-like' father. Who does not know the whole roll-call of social enormities committed by those headlong Irrepressibles who neither read faces nor understand accents? Indeed, they understand nothing of all which others take as their guiding principles through life. They have no perception of the true shape or colour of the circumstances in the midst of which they stand, no prevision of consequences, no thought of the future. Not looking before they leap, with shut eyes, and all unconscious where they are going or what they shall find on the other side, they take the jump, and plunge into that caldron of boiling water standing ready for them, or into the social analogue of that Serbonian bog 'where armies whole have sunk.' Sometimes, indeed, they suffer a punishment so severe as to prove their virtual redemption. For like the child who has burnt itself, and thus learns not to play again with fire, so do the Irrepressibles at last learn a little caution and some reserve. An action for libel, for instance, is a famous bridle for unruly impulses—as good as the old 'branks' which tamed the ancient scold. And when our Irrepressibles not only lose friends and lovers, offend relations, and are cut out of wills because of their indiscreet utterances, but also have to stand in the defendant's place in court, be severely lectured by the judge and cast in damages besides, then maybe they 'tak' a thocht and mend,' to which a worse creature than they was once so powerfully untreated.

## AN ELECTRIC SPARK.\*

### CHAPTER XXIII.—BRANT STRIKES FIRST BLOW.

'HAA! that's right, boy; glad you've come,' cried the doctor one evening. 'Sit down. Tell me how things are going. You look tired as a dog.'

'I am, sir.'

'Then take a glass of that Burgundy. It will put life into you. By the way, I called at South Audley Street.'

'Indeed? How was Miss Bryne?'

'Bad: very bad indeed.'

'Ill? I am very sorry,' said Wynyan.

'Terribly bad. Her old complaint: Endoza,

sir,' said the doctor grimly. 'Well, don't you want to know how any one else is?'

'No,' said Wynyan coldly.

'More fool you. But I say, my boy, what the dickens have you been about there?'

'Nothing, sir, but behaved like a weak idiot. Come, you wanted to know about the business.'

'So I do, directly. But look here: you must have said or done something to upset little Renée.'

'I have been hard at work night and day,' said Wynyan, affecting not to follow his friend's words.

'I was talking about South Audley, not about George Street, sir. You must have given her some terrible offence.'

'I kept the men at work two whole nights,' continued Wynyan.

'I introduced your name three times over; and, by George, sir, she nearly snapped my head off,' said the doctor.

'And in another fortnight, doctor, I shall have something to show the government which will keep them quiet for a time.'

'I said that you were my friend, and I should mention your name as often as I liked.'

'And then it will give me an opportunity to get matters more ahead.'

'I never thought that she had so much firmness in her. Look here, Wynyan, my boy, what have you done?'

'And by taking on a couple of dozen extra hands, we may recover a good deal of lost ground.'

'It must have been something that turned her dead against you, my boy, for she finished at last with her face flaming, and by telling me that she must request me to cease my visits.'

'How could you be so foolish, doctor?' cried Wynyan angrily. 'I must beg that you will not meddle in my affairs if you desire that we should remain friends.'

'Humph! Between the two stools, et cetera.'

'Keep to your medicine, sir,' said Wynyan, with his eyes flashing, 'or to your own love affairs.'

'Thank you, my boy, thank you. Go on. Only remember that the moral influences the physical a great deal. All right: I'm not offended.'

'No, sir, but I am,' said Wynyan hotly; 'and I wish you good-evening.'

He strode out of the room, there was a faint sound of rustling in the umbrella-stand, and directly after the heavy closing of the door.

'Why, hang him! he has actually gone!' cried the doctor, who had sat listening: and springing to his feet, he rushed into the hall shouting 'Here, hi! Wynyan! Don't be a fool. Come back.' But he was too late. Wynyan had gone, jumped into the first cab, and ordered the man to drive him home.

'Bah! It's a stupid thing this love,' growled the doctor, as he returned to his chair. 'Makes people as disagreeable as children getting over the measles.'

He poured out a glass of wine, sipped, spat it out, and set the glass down.

'Bah! Corked!' he exclaimed, and he threw

\* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

his half-smoked cigar into the fire. 'I've a good mind to devote the rest of my days to invention. Why not a medicine—patent medicine with the government stamp? Drops to be taken at the first symptoms of a love-fit coming on. Consequence, utter forgetfulness and indifference. That would be the thing. Well, I think I'll go to bed.'

But Paul Wynyan did not go to bed for some hours. He sat up thinking, trying hard to come to the conclusion that nature delighted in making her worst poisons the most pleasing to the eye, and asking himself why it was that, knowing what he did, he should still suffer cruelly and think of *Rénée* as she was in the past.

The consequence was that he was dull and heavy when he called in at the office next morning on his way to the works, and waited for about half an hour to see Brant and report the progress at the factory.

But Brant had not arrived at half-past ten, and after a few words with Hamber, who was eager to know how things were going, he went on to the works, saying that he would be back at two, and wanted to see Mr Brant Dalton.

Punctual to the minute, he was back in high spirits, for the men were making excellent progress, and, wrapped up as he was now in the interest of the work, he felt more cheerful; and, telling himself that work was after all the best cure for a mind diseased, and that he must find satisfaction and rest in carrying out the wishes of his old friend, he hurried upstairs to go and see Brant in a more friendly spirit than had existed in his breast for some time past.

On reaching the room, he noticed that the clerks were whispering together and that Hamber was not in his place: but his coming had the effect of setting every one busy again, and he addressed the junior.

'Mr Brant Dalton returned, Gibbs?' he said.

'Yes, sir. Mr Hamber is with him.'

'Something wrong,' thought Wynyan, impressed by the young man's manner; and after a moment's hesitation he went to the principal's room.

'Are you engaged—can you see me?' he asked.

'Oh yes, come in, Mr Wynyan,' cried Brant hurriedly. 'No, don't go, Hamber: you had better stay.'

Wynyan looked from one to the other sharply after closing the door, to read blank despair in Hamber's countenance, and a peculiar troubled nervous expression in Brant's.

'What is it?' said Wynyan. 'Something wrong?' And the first thing which occurred to him as he recalled the hurried gossiping of the clerks and draughtsmen, was that some defalcation had been discovered.

'Wrong? Yes!' cried Brant, after a gasp. 'Here, read this.'

He handed a great official-looking envelope to him; and as he took it Wynyan saw that it bore a government seal.

'Oh, don't you be uneasy about that,' he cried; and there was exultation in his tones. 'I came to talk it over with you.'

'Ah, then you knew?' cried Brant excitedly; and old Hamber caught at the back of a chair to support himself.

'Knew? Of course they had good reason to complain, but I can soon silence them now.'

'You hear, Hamber,' said Brant hoarsely. 'He says he knew all about it.'

'Of course,' cried Wynyan; 'and I tell you I am ready now to show their committee enough to satisfy them of our *bona fides*, and let them see that in a very short time longer we shall have made up for lost time.'

'You—you had better read this communication, Mr Wynyan,' said Brant huskily, but trying to speak in a cold formal tone.

'Certainly,' said Wynyan; and he drew out a brief document bearing an official stamp, read a few lines, started violently, and then looked from one to the other, seeing Brant gazing significantly at the old clerk, who was now ghastly and trembling violently.

'Great Heavens!' gasped Wynyan; 'what does this mean?'

'Have you read all, Mr Wynyan?' said Brant coldly.

'No, not yet. There was matter enough to stun in the first lines.'

'Yes,' said Brant; 'matter enough to stun. Go on, sir, please.'

Wynyan read to the end—it did not take long, and then folded the paper, replaced it slowly in the envelope, and stood with his eyes flashing and brow contracted, tapping his left hand with the edge of the document.

'Their lordships request an immediate explanation,' said Wynyan, quoting from the missive.

'Yes; an immediate explanation, Mr Wynyan. You read—the plans and drawings have been copied, stolen, and sold to some foreign government, ruining the invention and exposing the firm to a dishonourable charge, and immediate demand for a restitution of the heavy sum paid down, and goodness knows what beside.'

'Perhaps a prosecution for swindling—getting money under false pretences,' said Wynyan bitterly.

'There—there must be some mistake, gentlemen,' said Hamber feebly.

'Mistake!' roared Brant. 'Mistake: does that look like a mistake. Curse the invention! I wish I had never heard it named. My poor uncle must have been mad.'

'Leave your uncle's name out of this discussion, sir, if you please,' said Wynyan sternly.

'No, sir, it cannot be left out of this business,' cried Brant excitedly. 'Do you grasp, Mr Wynyan, what this means?'

'I do, sir, fully. The government would not make such a charge without good grounds. It means ruin and disgrace.'

'Worse, sir!' cried Brant.

'Stop a moment,' said Wynyan; and he walked back to see that both doors were closed. 'It will be time enough for the whole world to know when it gets in the papers—if it is not already on its way to their offices. Now, if you please. You were saying that it is worse. There is no worse thing could happen to us than ruin and dishonour, for death would be a relief.'

'I say, sir,' cried Brant, who had wound himself up to speak; 'and I will say it in spite of your interruptions and evasions'—

Wynyan started, for there was something in his rival's tones which suggested a foul blow.

'I say,' cried Brant, 'do you know what this means, and you try to shift aside my words. It means that we must have a traitor in the camp.'

'Of course,' said Wynyan sternly.

'And that traitor must be Hamber, me, or you.'

'I swear before my Creator, gentlemen, that I am innocent,' cried the old clerk wildly. 'Oh, Mr Wynyan, sir, for Heaven's sake, don't you think I would do such a thing.'

Wynyan caught one of the hands extended to him, and clapped his left on the trembling old man's shoulder.

'You, Hamber!' he cried, with a smile. 'You? Hold your tongue, you foolish old man; who could suspect you of such a thing?'

'Then, traitor,' roared Brant furiously, 'it must have been you.'

Wild with indignant fury, Wynyan raised his hand to strike the speaker down, but Hamber clung to him.

'Don't—don't do that, sir,' he cried. 'Mr Wynyan, sir, no one living could believe that lie!'

'Thank you, Hamber,' said Wynyan, calming down as rapidly as he had flashed into rage; and then facing round again, as Brant spoke once more, in a state of wild excitement, his hand to his brow, and as if trying to recall thoughts which were escaping him.

'Ah, I remember now,' he cried. 'What do they say—copied and supplied to a foreign government? Mr Hamber, I call you to bear me witness about those plans.'

'I assure you, sir, I'—

'Listen to what I say,' cried Brant. 'You recollect my words to you when Mr Wynyan brought back those plans after taking them away.'

Wynyan started violently.

'I said to you, "He did not take them away to copy, did he?"'

'I—I—hardly'—stammered Hamber.

'Answer my question, sir,' roared Brant in the tones of a bullying cross-examining barrister with a losing case.

'Yes, sir; you did say something of the kind,' faltered the old man piteously.—'But, Mr Wynyan, I assured him that such a thing was impossible.'

'Silence!' cried Brant, with a malignant glittering in his eyes. 'That will do, sir. We know now. The case is plain enough. Government may do its worst, for not a step will I stir. Pah! to think we should be brought to this.—Well, sir,' he added sharply, 'is it to be South America or Spain? I should advise you to try one of them while your shoes are good. I don't want to be dragged up as a witness at your trial. What do you mean to do?'

'I shall see,' said Wynyan, looking the scoundrel down; 'that remains to be proved.'

'Of course. It is nothing to me, so long as we are cleared here from the presence of a thief.'

'Thief!'

But once more old Hamber clung to the upraised arm, and Brant had no need to use the poker which he had seized in his defence.

## THE STORY OF THE SEWING-MACHINE.

ALTHOUGH the sewing-machine has not put an end to the slavery of the needle, and although 'The Song of the Shirt' may be heard to the accompaniment of its click and whirr, just as it was to the 'stitch, stitch' of Tom Hood's time, yet has it unquestionably come as a boon and a blessing to man—and woman. Its name now is legion, and it has had so many inventors and improvers that the present generation is fast losing sight of its original benefactors. Indeed, we take the sewing-machine to-day as an accomplished fact so familiar as to be commonplace. And yet that fact is a product of as moving a history as any in the story of human invention.

It is the growth of the last half-century, prior to which the real sewing-machine was the heavy-eyed, if not tireless, needlewoman, whose flying fingers seemed ever in vain pursuit of the flying hours. Needlework is as old as human history, for we may see the beginnings of it in the aprons of fig-leaves which Mother Eve sewed. What instrument she used we know not, but we do know from Moses that needles were in use when the tabernacle was built. Yet, strange to say, it was not until the middle of last century that any one tried to supersede manual labour in the matter of stitching. It is said that a German tailor named Charles Frederick Weisenthal was the first to attempt it, but for hand-embroidery only—with a double-pointed needle eyed in the middle. This was in 1755, and fifty years later, one John Duncan, a Glasgow machinist, worked out Weisenthal's idea into a genuine embroidering machine, which really held the germ of the idea of the 'loop-stitch.' But neither of these was a sewing-machine, and before Duncan's invention some one else had been seized with another idea.

This was a London cabinet-maker called Thomas Saint, who in or about 1790 took out a patent for a machine for sewing leather, or rather for 'quilting, stitching, and making shoes, boots, splatterdashes, clogs, and other articles.' This patent, unfortunately, was taken out along with other inventions in connection with leather, and it was quite by accident that, some eighty years later, the specification of it was discovered by one who had made for himself a name in connection with sewing-machines. Even the Patent Office did not seem to have known of its existence, yet now it is clear enough that Thomas Saint's leather-sewing-machine of 1790 was the first genuine sewing-machine ever constructed, and that it was on what is now known as the 'chain-stitch' principle. Rude as it was, it is declared by experts to have anticipated most of the ingenious ideas of half a century of successive inventors, not one of whom, however, could in all human

probability have as much as heard of Saint's machine. This is not the least curious incident in the history of the sewing-machine.

In Saint's machine the features are—the overhanging arm, which is the characteristic of many modern machines; the perpendicular action of the Singer machine; the eye-pointed needle of the Howe machine; the pressure surfaces peculiar to the Howe machine; and a 'feed' system equal to that of the most modern inventions. Whether Saint's machine was ever worked in a practical workshop or not, it was unquestionably a practicable machine, constructed by one who knew pretty well what he was about, and what he wanted to achieve.

Now note the date of Thomas Saint's patent (1790), and next note the date of the invention of Barthelmy Thimonnier, of St Etienne, who is claimed in France as the inventor of the sewing-machine. In 1830, Thimonnier constructed a machine, principally of wood, with an arrangement of barbed needles, for stitching gloves, and in the following year he began business in Paris, with a partner, as an army clothier. The firm of Thimonnier, Petit, & Co., however, did not thrive, because the *ouvriers* thought they saw in the principal's machine an instrument destined to ruin them; much as the Luddites viewed steam machinery in the cotton districts of England. An idea of that sort rapidly germinates heat, and Thimonnier's workshop was one day invaded by an angry mob, who smashed all the machines, and compelled the inventor to seek safety in flight. Poor Thimonnier was absent from Paris for three years, but in 1834 returned with another and more perfect machine. This was so coldly received, both by employers and workmen in the tailoring trade, that he left the capital, and, journeying through France with his machine, paid his way by exhibiting it in the towns and villages as a curiosity. After a few years, however, Thimonnier fell in with a capitalist who believed in him and his machine, and was willing to stake money on both. A partnership was entered into for the manufacture and sale of the machine, and all promised well for the new firm, when the Revolution of 1848 broke out, stopped the business, and ruined both the inventor and the capitalist. Thimonnier died in 1857 in a poorhouse, of a broken heart.

This French machine was also on the chain-stitch principle, but it was forty years later than Saint's. In between the two came, about 1832, one Walter Hunt, of New York, who is said to have constructed a sewing-machine with the lock-stitch movement. Some uncertainty surrounds this claim, and Elias Howe is the person usually credited with this important, indeed invaluable, invention. Whether Howe had ever seen Hunt's machine, we know not; but Hunt's machine was never patented, seems never to have come into practical working, and is, indeed, said to have been unworkable. There is, besides, in the Polytechnic at Vienna, the model of a machine, dated 1814, constructed by one Joseph Madersberg, a tailor of the Tyrol, which embodies the lock-stitch idea—working with two threads. But this also was unworkable, and Elias Howe has the credit of

having produced the first really practical lock-stitch sewing-machine.

His was a life of vicissitude and of ultimate triumph, both in fame and fortune. He was born at a small place in Massachusetts in 1819, and as a youth went to Boston, there to work as a mechanic. While there, and when about twenty-two years old, the idea occurred to him at his work of passing a thread through cloth and securing it on the other side by another thread. Here we perceive the germ of the lock-stitch—the two threads. Howe began to experiment with a number of bent wires in lieu of needles, but he lacked the means to put his great idea to a thorough practical test. Thus it slumbered for three years, when he went to board and lodge with an old school-fellow named Fisher, who, after a while, agreed to advance Howe one hundred pounds in return for a half-share in the invention should it prove a success. Thus aided, in 1845 Howe completed his first machine, and actually made himself a suit of clothes with it; and this would be just about the time of Thimonnier's temporary prosperity in alliance with the capitalist, Mogrini.

Feeling sure of his ground, Howe took bold steps to 'boom' his invention. He challenged five of the most expert sewers in a great Boston clothing factory to a sewing match. Each of them was to sew a certain strip of cloth, and Howe undertook to sew five strips, torn in halves, before each man had completed his one strip. The arrangements completed, the match began, and to the wonder of everybody, Howe finished his five seams before the others were half done one seam. But murmurs instead of cheers succeeded the victory. He was angrily reproached for trying to take the bread out of the mouth of the honest working-man, and a cry was raised among the workers (as it has been heard time and again in the history of industrial development) to smash the machine. Howe, indeed, had much difficulty in escaping from the angry mob, with his precious machine under his arm.

In Howe's experience we thus see one parallel with Thimonnier's; but there was another. The American was quite as poor and resourceless as the Frenchman, and the next step in Howe's career was that he went on tour to the country fairs to exhibit his machine for a trifling fee, in order to keep body and soul together. People went in flocks to see the thing as a clever toy, but no one would 'take hold' of it as a practical machine. And so, in despair of doing any good with it in America, Elias Howe, in 1846, sent his brother to England to see if a market could not be found for the invention there. The brother succeeded in making terms with one William Thomas, staymaker, in Cheapside, London, and he sent for Elias to come over.

The price to be paid by Thomas for the patent was two hundred and fifty pounds, but Howe was to make certain alterations in it so as to adapt it to the special requirements of the purchaser. While engaged in perfecting the machine he was to receive wages at the rate of three pounds per week, and this wage he seems to have received for nearly two years. But he failed to achieve what Thomas wanted, and Thomas, after spending a good deal of money over the experiments,

abandoned the thing altogether. Howe was thus a-strand again, and he returned to America as poor as ever, leaving his machine behind him in pawn for advances to pay his passage home. And yet there were 'millions in it.'

This was in the year 1849, and just about the time when Howe was returning to America, another American, named Bostwick, was sending over to England a machine which he had invented for imitating hand-stitching, by means of cog-wheels and a bent needle. And a year or two after Howe's return, one Charles Morey, of Manchester, attempted to carry out the same stitch on a somewhat different plan, but failed to find sufficient pecuniary support. Indeed, poor Morey had a tragic end, for, taking his machine to Paris in the hope of finding a purchaser there, he incurred some debt which he could not pay, and was clapped into the Mazas prison. While there he inadvertently broke the rules, and was shot by the guard for failing to reply to a challenge which he did not understand.

When Howe got back to the United States he found a number of ingenious persons engaged in producing or experimenting in sewing-machines, and some of them were trenching on his own patent rights. He raised enough money, somehow, to redeem his pawned machine in England, and then raised actions against all who were infringing it. The litigation was tremendous both in duration and expense, but it ended in the victory of Elias Howe, to whom, by the finding of the court, the other patentees were found liable for royalty. It is said that Howe, who as we have seen left London in debt, received, before his patent expired in 1837, upwards of two million dollars in royalties alone.

But ingenious men were now busy in both hemispheres in perfecting what up till about fifty years ago was regarded as nothing better than a clever toy. Besides Morey, the Manchester man we have mentioned, a Huddersfield machinist, named Drake, brought out a machine to work with a shuttle. About the same time, or a little later, a young Nottingham man, named John Fisher, constructed a machine with a sort of lock-stitch movement, which he afterwards adapted to a double loop-stitch. But Fisher's machine was intended rather for embroidering than for plain sewing.

Passing over some minor attempts, the next great development was that of Allen Wilson, who, without having heard either of Howe's or of any other machine, constructed one in 1849, the design of which, he said, he had been meditating for two years. His first machine had original features, however much it may have been anticipated in principle by Howe's patent. In Wilson's second design, a rotary hook was substituted for a two-pointed shuttle, and by other improvements he achieved a greater speed than had been attained by other inventors. Later still he added the 'four-motion feed,' which is adopted on most of the machines now in general use.

This idea was an elaboration of a principle which seems to have first occurred to the unfortunate Morey. In Morey's machine there was a horizontal bar with short teeth, which

caught the fabric and dragged it forward as the stitches were completed. It took nearly thirty years, however, to evolve the perfect 'feed' motion out of Morey's first crude germ.

While Wilson was working away, perfecting his now famous machine, an observing and thoughtful young millwright was employed in a New York factory. One day a sewing-machine was sent in for repairs, and after examining its mechanism, this young man, whose name was Isaac Singer, confidently expressed his belief that he could make a better one. He did not propose either to appropriate or abandon the principle, but to improve upon it. Instead of a curved needle, as in Howe's and Wilson's machines, he adopted a straight one, and gave it a perpendicular instead of a curvular motion. And for propelling the fabric he introduced a wheel, instead of the toothed bar of the Morey design.

It need hardly be said that the Singer machine is now one of the most widely known, and is turned out in countless numbers in enormous factories on both sides of the Atlantic. It is not so well known, perhaps, that Singer, who was a humble millwright in 1850, and who died in 1875, left an estate valued at three millions sterling—all amassed in less than twenty-five years!

The machines of Howe, Wilson, and Singer were on the lock-stitch principle, and the next novelty was the invention of Grover and Baker, who brought out a machine working with two needles and two continuous threads. After this came the Gibbs machine, the story of which may be briefly told.

About the year 1855, James G. Gibbs heard of the Grover and Baker machine, and having a turn for mechanics, began to ponder over how the action described was produced. He got an illustration, but could make nothing of it, and not for a year did he obtain sight of a Singer machine at work. As in the case of Singer with Wilson's machine, so Gibbs thought he could improve on Singer's, and turn out one less ponderous and complicated. He set to work, and in a very short time took out a patent for a new lock-stitch machine. But he was not satisfied with this, and experimented away, with an idea of making a chain-stitch by means of a revolving looper. This idea he eventually put into practical form, and took out a patent for the first chain-stitch sewing-machine.

Since the days of Elias Howe, the number of patents taken out for sewing-machines has been legion—certainly not less than one thousand—and probably no labour-saving appliance has received more attention at the hands both of inventors and of the general public. There is scarcely a household in the land now, however humble, without a sewing-machine of some sort, and in factories and warehouses they are to be numbered by the thousand. Some machinists have directed their ingenuity to the reduction of wear and tear, others to the reduction of noise, others to acceleration of speed, others to appliances for supplying the machine in a variety of ways, others for adapting it to various complicated processes of stitching and embroidering. Some users prefer



the lock-stitch and some the chain-stitch principle, and each system has its peculiar advantages according to the character of the work to be sewn.

The latest development is a combination of both principles in one machine. Some two or three years ago, Mr Edward Kohler patented a machine which will produce either a lock-stitch or a chain-stitch, as may be desired, and an embroidery stitch as well. By a very ingenious contrivance the machinery is altered by the simple movement of a button, and (when the chain-stitch is required) the taking out of the bobbin from the shuttle. If the embroidery stitch is wanted, the button is turned without removing the bobbin, and the lock-stitch and chain-stitch are combined in one new stitch, with which very elaborate effects can be produced. It is said that the Kohler principle can be easily adapted to all, or most, existing machines.

With this latest development from the ingenious idea of Thomas Saint, one hundred years ago, we leave the story of the sewing-machine, merely adding, in conclusion, that about two and a half million sewing-machines are turned out by the factories annually, and the demand for them increases year after year.

## THE MYSTERY OF THE GOLDEN LLAMA.

### CHAPTER III.—THE SECOND ANNIVERSARY.

IN due course there was an inquest upon the body of Juan Almiraz. Mrs Placer, the doctor whom she had summoned and who had attended within a few minutes of my discovery of the body, and myself were the only witnesses. I repeated what I knew of the history of the dead man, deposed to the fact of his dining out on the night previous to his death with some scientific friends, and related (so far as I was able) the circumstances of his coming in a few minutes before midnight and going upstairs to his room. He was not, to my knowledge, in any difficulties or embarrassment. On the contrary, he had always appeared to be of a peculiarly cheerful temperament and in easy pecuniary circumstances. I recalled the details of his lively conversation with me two days before his death, when he had discussed his plans for the future and made the appointment with me for the night of the twenty-second. In answer to a question put to me by one of the jury, I was quite certain that he was alone when I heard him come in and go up-stairs. If there had been any one with him I should undoubtedly have noticed the sound of the additional footsteps. That concluded my examination. Mrs Placer's evidence, which followed, was mainly formal. The doctor deposed that the appearances of the body were consistent with poisoning by chloroform. Death had probably taken place about an hour or an hour and a half before he saw the deceased. It was impossible, however, to say with certainty when the fatal dose had been taken, as the deceased would no doubt lie in a state of stupor for many hours before death ensued. Taking into

consideration the reported cases on the subject and the probable quantity of chloroform that had been swallowed, he should imagine that the poison must have been taken very shortly after midnight, if not still earlier. He did not think it possible that the chloroform could have been administered to the deceased against his will. It was conceivable that he might have taken it accidentally—as, for instance, if he had been in a state of intoxication at the time. Upon the whole, however, he had no hesitation in saying that he believed it to be a case of suicide.

The inquest was then adjourned, in order that the police might make inquiries for the relations of the deceased and ascertain with whom he dined on the night immediately before his death.

On its resumption it appeared that the history which Almiraz had related to me was substantially correct. He was well known as a traveller and a man of science. His books, published from time to time, had attracted considerable attention. At the same time he would seem to have been a man who had made but few friends; and apparently he had no living relations, either in Ecuador or in Europe. Further, the police reported that they had been utterly unable to discover of whom the party of gentlemen who had entertained Almiraz at dinner had consisted, or where any such dinner had taken place. On the other hand, a waiter at a Soho restaurant had been met with who strongly believed Almiraz to have been a man who had dined at one of his tables on the night of the twenty-first, sat there smoking for some little time afterwards, and finally left about eight o'clock, after making inquiries as to the pieces which were being performed at the neighbouring theatres. The witness had taken particular notice of the gentleman, he said, because he seemed in such good humour and remembered the waiter so handsomely.

This strange piece of evidence (which I, for one, had no doubt was based upon a mistake of identity) concluded the investigation; and the jury, after a somewhat lengthy deliberation, returned a verdict to the effect that the deceased had committed suicide, but that there was no evidence on which they could determine his state of mind at the time of the occurrence.

During the interval of the adjournment an incident had occurred as to which I cannot but express my deep regret at the course which I was tempted to take. It must be remembered in my extenuation that I was suffering severely at the time from the shock of Almiraz' death; but I feel only too keenly how inadequate an excuse that must seem for conduct which (I must confess) was prompted for the most part by motives of sheer cowardice. How terrible a punishment my weakness must surely have brought upon me, but for the action of another person, will appear hereafter.

Immediately after Almiraz' death a will had been discovered among his papers, dated a few months back, and appointing as his executors a certain well-known scientist and myself. By this will he devoted the whole of his property, his collections, and his unpublished manuscripts in specified shares to various museums and other

scientific institutions. It was during the examination of Almirez' belongings, with a view to the settlement of this distribution, that my co-executor came across the box containing the golden llama. Some one—I know not whom—had readjusted the lid, and inside the box there still lay the card which Almirez had placed there when he gave it into my hands: 'For my dear and valued friend Angus Macpherson. A farewell gift.' My colleague instantly showed it to me, with the remark that poor Almirez had evidently desired to make me a parting present—a strong proof, he said, that his death had been premeditated. In that instant I took the step which I do not attempt to defend. I felt that it was impossible for me to explain the true state of the facts; I shrank shamefacedly from a confession of my weakness on that night; moreover, I really desired to have something that had belonged to my dead friend, and argued that it could do no harm to retake that which he had already given to me. With hardly a compunction I accepted that view of the situation which was presented to me, and acknowledged that it did seem exceedingly probable that Almirez had wished me to have the golden llama. In that same hour I again became its possessor.

I will say in justice to myself that it was not long before I became keenly sensible of the wrong that I had done in concealing my original renunciation of the gift; but it was too late then to explain the matter. As time wore on, moreover, I began to consider that, reprehensible as my conduct had certainly been, no great harm could come of it after all. I conceived a great fancy for the little squat image; I liked to have it on the table in front of me when I wrote; my unreasoning terror of it was a thing of the past; more than all, it reminded me of the dead man whom I had so dearly esteemed. And so nearly a year passed away from that night when Almirez had taken his own life; and meanwhile I worked hard and profited (I trust) by my opportunities, and began to advance a little at last in the exercise of my calling.

It was about three weeks before the anniversary of Almirez' death, so far as I can remember, that I became conscious of a relapse into low spirits. I fell into a habit of dwelling by day upon the mystery of his death, dreaming of the livid dead face, as it lay back, sunken among the scarlet cushions, with painful iteration during the livelong hours of the night, recalling to myself again and again with horrible distinctness the details of that dreadful day. It was in vain that I laughed at my nervous folly; it was in vain that I tried to smother the vague dread with which I looked forward to the twenty-first day of March. At length—about the middle of the month—I decided to try the effect of a change of my surroundings; and, telling Mrs Placer that she might expect me back again in a fortnight's time, I shifted my quarters to apartments in a quiet street in Kennington, where the broad roll of the misty river and a couple of miles of jostling house-tops lay between me and the scene of Juan Almirez' death.

There could be no doubt about the benefit

that was wrought in me by the change. In one respect alone I regretted it—and that respect the character of my landlady. Miss M'Rae was as slovenly as Mrs Placer had been neat; as untrustworthy as Mrs Placer had been honest; as habitually intoxicated as Mrs Placer had been rigidly sober. It took me but little time to discover these characteristics. Under other circumstances I should probably have changed my lodgings yet once more; but, as it was, I decided to remain in my present quarters until the end of my fortnight's seclusion.

All went well with me till within two or three days of the twenty-first. Then my old unreasoning terrors began to return to me. Still I was able to keep them within bounds, and it was with tolerable easiness of mind that I awaited the recurrence of the fatal day. I had determined how I should employ it. I was going to take a long country walk, to distract my thoughts by exercise, by the moving scenery, by the freshness and sweetness of the earth in its spring-time. I was going to tire myself out, to creep home to Kennington at the close of the day, and to rise the next morning with all my follies and my fancies shaken out of me, and my faculties braced up to encounter a fresh day's work. Such was the resolve that I had formed.

The day turned out to be all that I could desire. As I strode through the crowded streets that led towards the suburban rusticity of southern London, the sun was shining brightly in a limpid, cloudless sky, the morning air was crisp, and pure, and livening. As I entered at last into the solitude of the green fields and windy commons that the builder's hand had not then reached, all Nature seemed joyous with the promise of approaching summer. The birds were twittering gaily from the trees, the fair green buds were bursting from their sheaths, the air was filled with an indefinable sense of life and growth and hopefulness. Confronted by such scenes, my despondency could not but yield. How many miles I walked that day I dare not say; I have only a vague idea that for hour after hour I tramped along, luxuriating in the brisk exercise and unwonted freedom, and that it was only when the sun was already low in the pale sky, and the smoke-dome of London hung like a tiny distant cloud, that at last, after a hearty meal at a wayside inn, I turned my steps towards home. My expedient had proved completely successful, and I felt not a little self-satisfied in having mastered my foolish forebodings. True, as twilight fell on the broad white road, and the chilly wind of evening rose and swept over the bare fields, I experienced some slight return of my uneasiness; but it quickly passed away, and, when I drew once more within the region of the gas-lit streets, I was feeling only the comfortable exultation of a man who is well satisfied with his day's work.

It was past ten o'clock when I reached the door of my lodgings. I had stopped on the outskirts of London to get some supper; and my intention was to go straight to bed—for I was very tired—and so sleep off the effects of my long walk.

I was stumbling up the narrow stairs, which

were but dimly lighted by the gas-jet above the street-door, when I almost fell against the figure of Miss M'Rae. She was standing back in the darkest corner of the staircase, where it turned abruptly to the right—standing back so motionless and so close against the wall, that it seemed strangely as though she had wished me to pass her unnoticed in the shadow. As I paused momentarily before passing on, she moved out somewhat into the light that fell from the flickering gas-jet, and I saw that her face was flushed and puffy. There was an odd look, half of fear and half of insolence, in her shifting eyes. Miss M'Rae had been drinking.

I had already passed her on the stairs when she spoke to me.

'I was just going to step out round the corner, to get a bit of something for breakfast,' she said thickly, 'if you don't mind being left alone in the 'ouse.'

The maid-of-all-work slept at her own home, a few streets distant.

'Very well, Miss M'Rae,' I answered. 'Don't be longer than you can help. I am going straight to bed now. I shan't sit up.'

She made no answer, but her eyes followed me up the staircase. My last impression, as I shut the door of my bedroom, was of a sodden face turned upwards in the gas-light and of those drunken eyes watching me to my room.

It seemed to me that I had slept but a few minutes, when I was awakened by a loud and continuous knocking at the street-door. Evidently Miss M'Rae had loitered on her errand; and it became my duty to go down-stairs and see who the imperious visitor might be. I must confess, however, that the duty was so repugnant to me that I waited for some minutes before I stirred, hoping in vain that I should hear the rattle of Miss M'Rae's key in the keyhole and the husky tones of Miss M'Rae's voice speaking in the hall below. At last, as the knocking became more and more persistent, I tumbled wrathfully out of bed, and huddled on a portion of my clothes. What was my surprise, when I glanced at my watch before leaving the room, to see that it was nearly two o'clock! Miss M'Rae must have been gone for close upon four hours.

A gruff voice saluted me as I opened the street-door, and a draught of cold air ran up the passage.

'Well, I 'ope I've been kept long enough standing here?' the voice said. 'Eavy sleepers, seemingly, in this 'ouse?'

'Who are you?' I demanded, somewhat savagely, for I certainly thought the grievance was not wholly on his side.

'Does a party of the name of M'Rae live here?' the voice went on, without heeding my question.

In the same instant, however, the owner of the voice answered it satisfactorily by stepping into the doorway, where I could see him more distinctly. It was a constable.

'Yes,' I said, 'Miss M'Rae lives here. What do you want with her?'

'Nothing with 'er, sir,' the man replied more civilly. 'We only wanted to find out if the

address was correct. That's all.—Might I ask who you are, sir?'

'Certainly,' I said, and I told him my name. 'I am lodging here,' I added. 'Miss M'Rae is the landlady.'

'Oh, indeed, sir?—Then I think as 'ow you'll 'ave to look out for new lodgings in the morning.'

The man's impudence astounded me. 'Why?' I said shortly.

'Because the party of the name of M'Rae 'as gone and drowned herself,' he answered.

'Drowned herself?'

'Yes, sir, drowned herself!—Was seen 'anging about Vauxhall Bridge shortly after eleven-thirty P.M. in a state of intoxication. Was cautioned, and told to go 'ome. Shortly after, a splash was 'eard, and on a boat being put off, the body was recovered. The address here was found on 'er.—I'll be coming round again in the morning,' he added after a pause, as he turned away from the door. 'Good-night, sir.'

'Good-night.'

What was there in these awful midnight hours of the twenty-first of March that was fatal to those around me? Was it a mere coincidence? If not, what direful agency was at work? Asking myself these questions, I staggered up the stairs and wandered into my study. Sleep was banished from my eyes for that night at any rate. I felt unnaturally, horribly wide-awake. Mechanically I lit the gas, and sat down at my writing-table. As I did so, my eyes fell on something that was unfamiliar—a blank space at the corner of the table where my letter-weight had stood. *The golden llama was gone.*

## A WESTERN TOWN.

THE phenomenal growth of towns and cities in the 'Great West' has for over a decade been everywhere a fruitful source of wonderment and discussion. It is certainly an astonishing fact, especially to the inhabitants of older and more settled countries, that regions hitherto unknown can within a few years be brought inside the sphere of advanced civilisation; and the existence of towns made possible by the extraordinary development of the surrounding resources.

The obstacles to city-building in a new and little known country are evidently many and embarrassing; and were it not that the projectors were men of iron will and strong determination, their efforts would be completely nullified. Chief among the difficulties to be surmounted are rough and impassable country, dense forests, rushing rivers, complete isolation, reckless citizens, absence of law, scarcity of provisions, and no facilities of traffic. These and kindred difficulties almost insuperable must all be met, and are; proving more eloquent than words the perseverance and 'grit' of the Western pioneer.

So many sudden transitions from primeval solitude to commercial activity have occurred in the West, that to relate half of them would

require a volume, and damage perhaps the reputation for veracity of the writer. For the purpose, then, of describing the conditions of Western life and towns, let the history of the town of Kaslo, British Columbia, suffice as a fair sample of the remainder.

Where the city of Kaslo now stands, five years ago was a piece of gently rising alluvial deposit at the mouth of a river, undisturbed by anything but the call of the native Indian, or the splash of the land-locked salmon in the lake before it. Now, it is a duly incorporated city, with mayor, aldermen, and letters-patent; and, what is more important, the natural shipping-point for the rich ores of the contiguous mining country.

In the autumn of 1890, an enterprising millwright, attracted by the beautiful position of the site of Kaslo, settled on the ground as a 'pre-emptor' or first holder. A year after began the first 'excitement' which led to the establishment of Kaslo as a place of trade. This was the discovery of the 'Noble Five,' 'Payne,' and 'Washington' mines. These 'finds' were so very rich in silver and lead that the reports of them which went abroad were at first received with incredulity. There were not wanting, however, men of daring who determined to enter the then *terra incognita*, and see for themselves if the country was as rich as reported. They returned to their homes, verified the news, and made immediate preparations to remove to the new Eldorado, as the camp was commonly called, in the somewhat extravagant language of the West.

So anxious now did men become to secure a 'mining claim' or piece of mineral ground, that 'claims' were 'staked' upon the surface of the seven feet of snow which covered the much-prized ground. A regular mining 'fever' had now set in; and in the spring of 1892 over a thousand hardy 'prospectors' were in the mountains around Kaslo picking and peering for hidden wealth.

Up to this time, one house—that of the first holder—and a few small log cabins were the only places of abode in the newly established town site. But now, merchants, hotel-keepers, and others flocked to the place, and a scene of active bustle commenced. At this stage it was visited by 'capitalists,' who purchased blocks of city 'real estate,' and secured control and interests in the best mining properties. This of course marked the place and its mines as the seat of secure investment; consequently, it grew and prospered. In October of that year (1892), a newspaper, its first edition coming out on silk, appeared, an event which was immediately followed by the construction of a wagon-road to the mines.

The history of the town from then until the acute stage of the silver crisis was reached, was one of steady growth and expansion; the building of houses and places of business being only limited by the supply of 'lumber.' It should be stated that in the West, all buildings,

except in large cities, are built of timber, or 'lumber' as it is locally termed. The town was now in the zenith of its glory, and day by day its population was augmented by hundreds, brought upon steamboats from the nearest railway point. The streets were thronged with people, while the air was resonant with a never-ending din of hammer, plane, and saw. The tents pitched on all sides resembled those of an army, and over every camp-fire the merits of the new town and country were eagerly discussed.

Within two years of the founding of Kaslo, there were within its confines sixteen licensed hotels and three public boarding-houses; two large 'dry goods' or drapers' 'stores'; four general merchants', one hardwareman's, three grocers', and two furnishers' places of business; two 'tinnerns', three tailors, five bakers, and one brewer, two jewellers, two butchers, four lawyers, two chemists, and two doctors; two newspapers, one bank, one powder-factory, and a telephone and telegraph system. Besides were numerous other places of business not necessary to mention, and three thousand five hundred persons drawn from everywhere. Never before was seen such an orderly, well-conducted mining town, for it was on British soil, and British law must be respected.

Like a bolt from the blue came now the closing of the Indian mints to silver, as a consequence of the repeal of the Bland and Sherman Acts in the United States. This gave such a shock to the currency all the world over, that silver went still lower than it already was, and almost immediately the effect was felt in Kaslo. Here things at once assumed a serious aspect, and many became so disheartened in this most wonderful of silver 'camps,' that the population, hitherto so rapidly and recklessly rising, began steadily and sadly sinking.

Misfortunes, it is said, never come alone, and the worst had yet to come to Kaslo. The tide had turned, and its star was now in the descendent. On the 26th of February 1894 a great fire consumed, despite the desperate efforts of its citizens, over half the business portion of the town. But this was not all. On the 3d day of June following, a fearful visitation of storm and flood destroyed some forty more houses and homes. The cup was now full, and the town, by the faint-hearted, pronounced doomed.

As steadily as the tide of immigration had streamed in, so steadily did the emigration flow out, until at the present time are left but five hundred men and women. These, with true Anglo-Saxon perseverance, are steadily surmounting every obstacle and commencing anew the task of town-making. As a reward for their tenacity, while unremunerative properties in the U.S.A. have closed, which will tend to equalise the supply and demand, their adjacent mines have been found so extremely rich that they can still be worked with a small profit, at the present extremely low price of silver.

To illustrate the sudden transitions from silence to sound, from development to decay, that occur in the West, and prove how closely the conditions of life, even at such a distance,

are interwoven and in touch with the institutions and policy of the mother-country, no better example could be given than the history of the town of Kaslo.

### GREEN RUSHES, O!

By S. BARING-GOULD.

YOUNG people—the rule is all but invariable—run together like globules of quicksilver. There is so much mercury in their veins, gravitation is so fundamental a law of nature. The difficulty is to keep them apart, not to bring them together.

But human nature is capricious. There is no hard and fast rule with that; whatever general law may be thought to govern it, exceptions will be found, and among these phenomena—these deviations from the norm—were Tom and Jenny.

These were just the two who would not and could not be brought together. Their natural instincts, not inclinations, drove them apart, and not all the efforts of well-meaning friends and relatives, not all the thrusting and nudging in the world, appeared likely to give the impulse to these two to make them come together as they ought, and as they wished.

There was the oddness of the situation—it lay in the last words of my last sentence. *As they wished.* Tom had the greatest admiration for Jenny, but it was so excessive that he was shy of being with her—he adored her, but from a distance; and Jenny considered that there was no young man in the universe so far as she knew it—and she knew no more of it than is comprised within the bounds of the forest of Dartmoor—no young man at all worthy of being desired, like unto Tom, but then so great was her respect for him that—she ran away from him. If the two passed on the highroad, an awkward salutation was all they accorded each other, a grunt and a slouch of one shoulder from Tom, a movement of the lips to form the words ‘How do y’ do, now, Tom?’ from Jenny, but not the words themselves. If it should so happen that Tom saw Jenny ahead of him, walking along in the same direction, then not all the king’s horses nor all the king’s men could draw on Tom to hasten his steps and catch her up. On the contrary, he immediately jumped a wall, ran over a field, jumped another, made a vast loop of at least a mile, always at the run, and came out on the road again half a mile ahead of Jenny.

Now it happens that on Dartmoor there is a little church near the Dart, newly constructed, in which a curate ministers once a Sunday. Precisely because Jenny went there for her devotions, not moved by any theological differences and doctrinal scruples, Tom frequented the Bible Christian chapel. He had on one occasion been played a trick on leaving the

little church. The congregation, seeing him issue from the sacred door alongside of Jenny, immediately fell apart; some hurried forward, some hung back, with the kindest sympathy possible, to allow of Tom offering his arm—at all events his company—to Jenny on their way back to the farms where they severally dwelt, and which were close to each other. But this consideration on the part of the fellow-worshippers in the church so agitated Jenny, and so alarmed Tom, that she ran and clung to the side of a farmer’s wife going her way, and Tom turned tail altogether, and walked to Holne in a direction diametrically opposite to that which he must ultimately pursue.

There can be no question but that, as a general rule, we are all inclined to believe to be true that which we hope to be true. But there are exceptions to this rule also, and precisely Tom and Jenny proved exceptions. What was obvious to every one else, what was certain to every one else, was precisely that on which each was sceptical. All the neighbours knew that Tom was madly in love with Jenny, and that Jenny could fancy no other lad than Tom; that, not to put too fine a point on it, they were cut out for each other, and for no one else. But this was what neither could be induced to believe.

There was absolutely no impediment why these two should not be joined together in holy matrimony. The banns might have been proclaimed from the tops of every tor, and no one would have forbidden them. On the contrary, they would have been hailed with acclamation. The only impediment existed in themselves; they would not come together.

Tom was an active, industrious man, a miner at Vitifer, who came up out of the shaft, red and rosy in garb as well as in face from the tin ore; he earned his sixteen shillings a week, and had a little cabin of his father’s construction in which he lived with his sister, near the King’s Oven, where in ancient days the tin was run into blocks and stamped with the royal mark.

Jenny was the last remaining maiden in a wooden barrack erected by the proprietor of the Vitifer mine, about which barrack a word must be said. When a new lease had been taken of the tin rights at the head of the Wibburn, then a long shanty of wood, tarred black, had been erected by the manager, who had considered that girls might very well be employed in sorting ore. He had engaged a dozen and a half, and had lodged them in this shanty under the supervision of a respectable matron. But the scheme broke down, because human blood is of the nature of quicksilver; the miners and the maids ran together and made pairs, and there were marriages one after another, till, within a twelvemonth the shanty was cleared of all the lasses except Jenny; and the matron had no other work to do than look after Jenny, who of all girls least needed looking after, for she ran away from the only man for whom she cared, yet not half so fast as he did from her.

Now Tom's sister was impatient to get away. She did not love the life on the moor; she desired above all things to take a situation in Torquay, which is as lively a place as invalids can make it; and consumptive people have more craving for excitement and amusement of every kind than those who ought to be kept from it. Such is human nature.

The frolicsome invalids who frequent Torquay have made it a very elysium for house and parlour maids; and Tom's sister had before her the golden dream of a lively winter at Torquay, and a sleepy summer there, when the invalids are departed, and the servants have nothing else to do than disport themselves on parade and lounge, and to boat and carry on with the boatmen and railway porters.

Moreover, the matron at the shanty was impatient. The manager of the Vifer mine was impatient. The former desired to be in some prospering concern, and not a failing one like the barrack for maidens; and the latter did not see the advantage of paying and maintaining one whole matron, with expensive respectability, for the sake of one girl alone.

Consequently, it would oblige and relieve three persons if only Tom and Jenny would come together. But they were willing and prompt to do—just anything but that.

Jenny was an orphan; had no one to consult but herself. Tom was without parents; he had no one to consult but himself. 'Why the dickens should they not make a match of it?' every one asked; but no one could give an answer, except the captain of the mine, who, quoting Artemus Ward, said: 'It's downright sheer cussedness and nothink else.'

What on earth prevented Tom and Jenny from speaking to each other right out of their hearts? Precisely because each felt so strange in his or her soul, or heart, or mind, or all three together, that neither quite knew what was the matter. Only now and then, on the still moor, when the sun was shining, and the blue shadows—blue as cobalt—lay motionless on the distant hills, and Tom had stolen away from his mates to eat his dinner alone in the heather, did he lean his head in his hand and say: 'Darn it all, I can't get her out of my mind.'

And only when Jenny went to her bed, and laid her head on her pillow, did she sigh out to herself: 'Oh dear! I do like Tom tremendous!'

Each took the most elaborate precautions to conceal from other eyes what was in theirs. Neither mentioned the other's name, and if a third spoke it out, then Tom or Jenny, whichever it was who heard the other spoken of, had a flutter of the heart, and a colour in the cheek, and looked away from the speaker, as if what was said did not interest at all, and yet listened with both ears. This went on for a whole year, and each confidently believed that no one had the smallest conception of the love that consumed each heart. But it was perhaps that each rather overdid it that every one came to know of it.

Then, at once, all set to work to bring the two lovers together. Most earnest in her endeavours was Joanna, the sister of Tom. At one time she had disliked Jenny for no par-

ticular reason, but now she cultivated her acquaintance, invited her to the cottage, walked with her, and wormed her way into her affections. Then all at once out popped the words: 'I say, Jenny, you are cruel fond of my brother Tom, baint you now?'

'I—I—I— Get along!' answered Jenny, flushing to the temples.

'You need not deny it,' said Joanna; 'I have eyes as well as another, and I can see it as distinct as I can the rocks on old Believer Tor. You're terrible took up wi' my brother Tom.'

'It baint true,' answered Jenny, the tears of vexation filling her eyes. 'It's a scandal to say such drashy stuff.'

'It is true; and what I know also is, that Tom worships the very ground you tread.'

'That's false,' answered Jenny; 'for he rins away from me whenever he sees me, jist for all the world as if I were a long-cripple [viper].'

'He does love you, I vow and protest.'

'He's got a queer way o' showing it, then,' retorted Jenny, and that was, Joanna was fain to admit it to herself, an unanswerable argument against her proposition.

After this conversation Jenny kept away from Joanna; their friendship had had a douche of cold water thrown on it, and she would neither walk with her nor salute her. As she said to the matron, Joanna had insulted her.

After a lapse of three weeks matters were patched up between them, and Joanna again broached the subject. Again Jenny refused to be convinced. As she said to herself: 'What am I? I'm naught but a poor maid that ha'n't got no belongings. I've been left behind when all the other maidens got married, 'cos none would have me; and there is Tom, as straight and stiff a chap as any in the works, and has laid by a lot o' money, folks say—and there aren't one of the mining boys as has married is fit to hold a candle to him. Git along with yourself for an idiot, Jenny, for thinkin' he can care a fardin' for you.'

Joanna also attacked her brother. 'Tom,' said she, 'here am I slavin' as a nigger, and all for no wages but pure love, and, as you know very well, I want to be off into service to Torquay. You are holding me here on to this desolate moor, where one sees no faces lookin' in at the winder but that of a bullock or a sheep or a Dartmoor colt, and I wants to be off—terrible. You're aged twenty-seven, and ought to be married, a great hulkin' chap like you. If you'd the feelins of a man, you'd die o' shame!'

'Shame at what, Jonah?' He called her Jonah as the short for Joanna.

'A chap o' twenty-seven and not married! I say it's reglar scandalous; and all the county cries shame on you.'

'But who'd have me?'

'Why—bless the boy!—Jenny.'

Then Tom turned away from his sister, and went out to wash himself of the pink soil that was on his hands from the tin mine; and as he washed he said to himself: 'Jenny have me! The prettiest, tidiest, peartest [liveliest] maiden was iver seen since Eve! A chap like me—'

all mucky with chrome and clay. Git along for an idiot, Tom, for thinking such things.'

This did not answer. Then the manager of the Vitifer mine took the matter in hand; so did the matron of the shanty. The master said to one of the miners who was single: 'Bill Hawk, I wish you'd do me a favour, and I'll give you five bob.'

'Yes, sir; what is it?'

'Look here, Bill; I want you to walk out that girl Jenny, gallivant with her a bit, and'

'But, sir, I'm taking on with Mary Bolt, down to Chagford.'

'Never mind—only just for a bit. There is that confounded fool Tom won't see that he must have Jenny; and if we can make him jealous, it might work.'

Bill Hawk considered a moment and said: 'Well, sir, if Mary Bolt was to hear on it, she'd be in a drowse of a rampage; but if you'll make it seven and six, I'll try it on.'

'I don't object to another half-crown, Bill. So be it.'

On her part the matron invited a niece to the barrack, a very lively, dark-eyed witch of a girl, and she brought her over to the cottage of Joanna, who at once took to her and contrived means of throwing her and Tom together, and the matron and her niece talked much of Tom and his niece cottage, and his garden, and his savings before Jenny. But this also failed. Jenny would not be walked out by Bill Hawk, would not say a word to him; and the niece had not a chance with Tom, who, if he saw her in the cottage, made a run, and went off elsewhere. So passed another year. The matron had given notice, and the barrack was to be closed, Jenny would be obliged to shift for herself, and whither should she go? Joanna had become desperate, pining for the frolics of Torquay, and had announced to her brother that she had engaged herself in a situation, and that he must shift for himself; she was not going to be an 'exile of Siberia,' not for him nor any one—not another winter. If he wouldn't marry—

'Then I must take a housekeeper,' said Tom.

His sister stood back aghast.

'A housekeeper! You, an unmarried man! A housekeeper! Goodness gracious me! what is the world coming to?'

'If she's old and ugly,' protested Tom.

'No woman does think herself old and ugly. She will lay traps and snap you up. Goodness gracious me! Here's a fine kettle of fish!'

'What else can I do?' asked Tom despairingly.

'Marry,' answered Joanna.

'It takes two to do that,' said Tom disconsolately.

'Yes, of course it does. It doesn't take three, nor four, nor half-a-dozen, but two only. Go and speak to Jenny.'

'She runs away from me.'

'Run after her.'

Tom shook his head and walked away.

'Tom,' said the captain of the Vitifer mine, 'I want you to do a job for me to-day.'

'What's that, cap'n?'

'We must have the shed thatched afore the

fall-rains come on, and I've borrowed Potter's wagon. I want you to go up by Cranmere and get me rushes, green rushes, to have it properly roofed in. It ought to have been done last year, but there were other things coming on, and there had been such a lot of rain that the logs were well-nigh impassable. But this year we have had such drith [dryness] that you can get out a long way. Potter can't let us have a man, but we are welcome to the wagon.'

'Yes, sir, I'll do it. But I must have some one with me to load.'

'I know. Potter will let us have Joe Leaman, the boy; he'll do, I suppose.'

'Oh yes; any boy, or girl either, would do for that. It is only to pack the rushes in the cart as I chuck 'em up.'

'Very well, take Joe.'

Accordingly, that day—a lovely day it was—Tom went to the farm and got the cart, and Joe somewhat sulkily helped Tom to put the harness on. The horse—there was but one—and a wagon could never pass over the precarious and rugged track that was to be taken.

'I say,' observed Joe Leaman, 'it's Chagford fair to-day, and there's a circus, there is.'

'Well, what of that?' asked Tom.

'Why don't y' go and see the jumpin' tomahawkin' Injians, and the hostriches racin', and the piebald pony as sits at a table and smokes? I would if I was you.'

'I have my work to do, and I can't.'

'I'd cut work if I was you.'

Tom vouchsafed no answer, and drove out of the farmyard and along the track into the depths of the moor.

'Look here,' said Joe, 'I can cut along over the hill in no time, while you're going along the way.'

'Well, cut along.'

Joe disappeared. He did not, however, go over the hill, but slunk back to the few cottages near Vitifer, and came on Jenny.

'I say, Jenny, you're a good 'un, you be.'

'What do y' want now, Joe?'

'Look y' here, Jenny, I'm off to Chagford fair, and there's hostriches and jumpin' kangaroos there, and a piebald pony as drinks beer like a fish—and my master hev ordered me to load rushes out by Cranmere.'

'Then I reckon you must go.'

'No, I won't. But our cart be started, and I want some one to take my place. Do y' now, there's a honey, Jenny. I know you've a holiday, 'cos of the fair; so you can, and it ain't fair as I should be made to work, and want to be off to Chagford, and you got nothin' to do, and don't kear about fairing.'

'I'll go,' said Jenny, who was very good-natured; but she said: 'Who is with the hoss? Who's going to cut the rushes?'

'One of our chaps,' said Joe. He had that cunning in him which prompted him not to say that Tom was with the cart. He knew that, had he told the truth, Jenny would have been too shy to go. 'You're thunderin' good,' continued Joe. 'Now look here; you cut along wi' all your legs over that stretch o' moor yonder, and you'll come down on the other side upon the roadway and see our cart



wi' the grey mare, going out to the bogs about Cranmere; you can't miss it. I'll give y' a kiss and thanks, Jenny, if you like.'

'I'll have the thanks wi'out the kiss, you monkey,' said the girl; and without suspicion of deceit, away she went, singing like a lark, across the moor in the direction indicated. She went as the crow flies, whereas the cart had to go on a track that followed a valley and then turned round a long shoulder of down, strewn with hut circles belonging to an ancient settlement in a prehistoric age. She had full three miles to walk before she could expect to catch up the cart and the grey mare.

As she walked, wading through the heather, in every flush from carmine to palest lake, she sang for very joy of heart, and yet joy mingled with an indescribable yearning:

'I would I were a sparrow,  
To light on every tree;  
At eve, at night, and morning,  
I'd flutter, love, to thee.  
And as the ship went sailing,  
So lightly I would fly,  
And perch me on the topmast,  
My true love thence to spy.

'I would I were a gold-fish,  
And in the sea did swim;  
At eve, at night, and morning,  
I'd follow after him.  
Then o'er the bulwark looking,  
He'd say, "What see I there?  
A fish all golden, shining,  
Like a lock of my love's hair."

She stooped—at her feet was a clump of white heath—and she picked some and put it in her bosom. To find white heath betokens luck, it is said. Having arranged her little posy, she went on singing:

'I would I were a flower,  
And in a garden grew,  
At eve, at night, and morning,  
Whene'er my love passed through.  
And if you plucked and wore me,  
Upon your heart I'd lie,  
And breathing forth my fragrance,  
Upon your heart I'd die.'

She sang to a plaintive minor air—an air that was in itself full of tears; and as she sang, the sad words of the sad melody took the brightness from her mood and left a long-ing inarticulate therein. She surmounted the hill and saw the white mare gleam in the sun and the flash of the scythe of the reaper who was to cut the rushes. Who he was she could not discern, as he was on the farther side of the cart.

She hastened her steps. She ceased singing, as she had not the breath for it now. Presently she came up with the cart, and, still not seeing who was on the farther side, said: 'Joe has gone to the fair, and I've told him—little monkey—I'd take his place. Is that you, Simon Jeffries?'

Then Tom looked up and across the cart, and Jenny started back in dismay; but so also did Tom.

Tom was angry; he thought a trick had been played on him. Jenny was ashamed; she thought Tom would consider her pert, forward.

So they walked along, one on each side of the cart, neither speaking.

That was a long, tedious journey. The cart bounced about like a boat in a chopping sea. Of road there was absolutely none. The wheel on this side bounced over a great stone, then that on the other was heaved up over a hummock of turf. Wretched as the track was, it was an old one. As Tom walked along with his eyes on the ground, he saw something, stooped, and picked up a flint arrow-head—a thunderbolt, he regarded it—and put it in his pocket. To find a thunderbolt is as sure a prognostic of good-luck as to discover white heath.

At length at noon the great desolate dark waste was reached where the rushes were to be cut. Before beginning operations, Tom unharnessed the horse, and then returning to a nodule of dry peat at some little distance to the right of the stationary cart, pulled out his lunch, sat down, and began to eat.

Jenny had not brought any food with her. In the hurry of starting she had forgotten to provide herself. She withdrew to some little distance to the left of the cart, found a tuft of rushes, and sat down on that and folded her hands.

Tom had eaten the greater part of his pasty before he looked in her direction. The cart was between them, but by leaning backwards he could just see her across the back of the cart-wheels. Then he observed that she was fasting. He got up, went to the cart, and taking out a little white bag, carried it to her and said: 'Here's Joe Leaman's dinner; eat that.' Then hastily he retired to his former position, or rather to his former place, not position, for he altered the latter. Instead of sitting sideways, he turned his back on the cart, and of course thereby turned his back also on Jenny.

So he munched on. In the great desolate swamp at the spring head of the river was no pure, no potable water, but Tom had brought with him a flask of cold tea. If he had not taken this with him, what would he have done? How could he have gulped down his dry pasty?

Now turning his head over his shoulder, he looked to see what Jenny was doing for lack of water. He couldn't see, because the cart was in the way, so he came up to the cart and peeped cautiously from behind it, and saw that she was quite unable to proceed with a very dry hunch of saffron cake. After some hesitation, he took up a piece of feathery moss, wiped the mouth of his bottle, and went over to the girl, handed it to her with a—'There: pull away; 'tis tea,' and then turned and fled. Ten minutes later he stretched himself, took his scythe, and began to reap down green rushes; and as he reaped he sang:

'Don't y' go a-rushing, maids, in May,  
Don't y' go a-rushing, maids, I say.  
Don't y' go a-rushing,  
Or you'll get a brushing,  
Gather up your rushes, and go away.'

He sang defiantly, to show that he was not thinking of Jenny or of any one else.

After he had been engaged some time in

cutting, Jenny came and bound up in bundles the green rushes he had cut, but always at a considerable distance from him, and ever as he went ahead he sang out :

'Don't y' go a-rushing,  
Or you'll get a brushing,  
Gather up your rushes, and go away,'

with great emphasis on the *go away*.

At last sufficient had been cut and bound to fill the cart, and then Tom harnessed the grey mare and put her in between the shafts, and drove her along to where lay the little bundles.

Then with a jerk of the chin and a sign with his thumb, Tom indicated to Jenny to get into the cart, which she would not do till she had restored to him his bottle of cold tea, in which was some still left ; and of this Tom at once took a pull without wiping the mouth with moss, and then blushed up to the roots of his hair, fearing lest Jenny should have seen him and read the thoughts of his heart, that he was putting his lips where had been hers—and was happy.

All went on very silently, the loading with rushes, and the arranging them in the cart. Tom considered how many 'niches' (bundles) of rushes would be required for the thatch. He had been told, and he now took more lest the thatches should fall short and it would be necessary to come out to the mere for more.

The cart was piled up high, and on the top of the pile of green rushes sat Jenny, by her weight to hold them in place. It was true a rope was slung across, but the 'niches' were so short that it could hardly nip them all. It was necessary that some one should be in the cart to keep them in place. Then 'Gee up, old grey!' called Tom, and they started on the return journey.

All went well for some while, slow indeed, but without accident, so long as the track lay over heather and moss. But when the tracks became deeper and revealed gravel and white lumps of granite, then the oscillation was great, and the voyage attended with danger, not only to the cart, but also to its lading. All at once, down went one wheel on the side opposite to Tom, and he thought the cart and all its contents must capsiz.

Quick as thought, he dived under the cart and came up on the farther side, just as the whole pile of rushes tilted over, and with it Jenny, who was on the top. Beyond, at his back, was a bog—profound—treacherous. In the terror of the moment, in his impossibility to escape, Tom remained where he was, held out his arms, and into them fell Jenny, and with her and over her and him poured the green rushes, burying them and almost smothering them.

But with a struggle, up through the rush 'niches' came the two heads of Tom and Jenny ; and odd enough to relate, Jenny in her alarm had thrown her arms round Tom's neck, and Tom had Jenny fast in his arms.

'Lor' a-mussy, Jenny!' said Tom.

'Well, I never, Tom!' said Jenny.

The moor folk who had been to Chagford fair, and had seen the circus, the ostriches, the tomahawking Indians, the piebald pony that

smoked a pipe and drank beer, and paid sixpence for the privilege, on their return in the evening saw a still more interesting and novel sight, for which they paid nothing. This was none other than Tom and Jenny coming off the moor walking hand in hand, talking to each other so hard that they heard not nor saw the number of people collected on the road to observe them and comment on the sight.

They had been brought together at last, and now could not have enough of each other. The rushes did it.

I knew Tom and Jenny some years later, when Tom and Jenny were no more two, but one flesh ; and I never knew, nor could hear tell that they ever had any difference with each other, except over this one thing.

'You know, Jenny,' said Tom, 'twas you jumped into my arms.'

'Now, how can you, Tom!' answered Jenny. 'You went under the cart, so mad was you to catch ho'nd o' me.'

'I—it was the rushes I wor thinking on.'

'And I—I were tum'led down by the rushes.'

'Well,' said Tom—and I was told that the little altercation always concluded in this way—'well, Jenny, there was a power o' folks ; there was my sister Joanna, there was that matron to the barrack, there was the cap'n—lor! they was all o' em on to bring us together ; but they couldn't do it. What mortal men couldn't do, the green rushes did, and say I, and always will say till I dies—the Lord's blessin' be on the green rushes as grows on the moor for bringing us together—as they did.'

#### BETWEEN THE SIZES.

Should I have been so rudely planned  
That nothing ever seems to fit,  
If Nature when she took in hand  
The work, had giv'n her mind to it?  
My boots and hats and gloves, and all  
Such things, are never ready-made ;  
I'm what, I fancy, they would call  
'Between the sizes' in the trade.

My social views I cannot square  
With those of any other school,  
My politics are just as rare  
And follow no existing rule ;  
And when my spirit's deeper needs  
Cry out for comfort or control,  
I search in vain among the creeds  
To suit my solitary soul.

If Nature be alone to blame  
That I have been constructed ill,  
Must I for ever be the same  
And stay 'between the sizes' still?  
Or, in some happy future state  
From human limitations free,  
Will creeds and clothes be out of date,  
And will there be a place for me?

C. J. B.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,  
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON ; and EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

*Fifth Series*

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 613.—VOL. XII. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28, 1895.

PRICE 1½d.

## THE MÉDOC AND ITS WINES.

A VISIT to the Médoc startles a plain man with a glimpse of his gross ignorance. Probably he has hitherto believed that but two or three clarets (or half-a-dozen at the most) were entitled to bear the sounding prefix of 'Château' upon their pleasant bottles. The truth is so very different. This sunny upland and sloping district on the south bank of the Gironde teems with châteaux. For miles you cannot go a quarter of a mile in any direction without passing or seeing two or three: each with its vineyards and cellars and special labels and reputation of higher or lower degree in the claret-loving world. There is Château-Latour and there is (or there well may be) the Château-Smith. Every one knows about the one. The wines of the other may, on the other hand, go regularly from the vineyards of the Château-Smith by boat to London, and thence arrive at their cobwebby destination in the cellars of the Twickenham villa of Mr John Smith, butcher, baker, draper or what you will. The world wots not of the Château-Smith and its wines, and yet they may have a bouquet and colour that would not disgrace a Château-Margaux or Château-Lafite claret.

It is a gay, warm, opulent region, this of the Médoc. The prevailing colours in September and early October are green and blue and purple. The trees have not yet lost their leaves, nor have the vines taken on their gorgeous tints of decay. The skies are blue, and so are the blouses of the well-nurtured peasants of the land. And the grapes are for the most part ripe or fast ripening. There is much here besides vineyards. Most of the châteaux are extremely desirable country residences, standing in comfortable little parks or with snug farmsteads attached to them. The directory of the district, after mentioning the number of hectares belonging to this or that château, specifies also its number of milking-cows. Shady copses and tracts of pines are also abundant. And

there are hedgerows enough by Blanquefort and elsewhere, parting vines from cabbages and cabbages from orchards.

At this season it is just as well to keep one's conscience under lock and key while strolling among the vines. You are naturally not permitted to help yourself to the clusters; yet the temptation is in fact irresistible. On a single plant there may be a dozen burdensome clusters. One or two have broken loose and lie in the furrow. Why, you ask yourself, may you not take one of them? This is the first stage of inevitable theft. Moreover, on the white road which winds between the vineyards (some fenced with oak laths, some with barbed wire, and some quite unfenced), you see many traces of previous larcenies—stripped stalks and the like—ravages committed, probably enough, by representatives of the rough classes of Bordeaux, who drift towards the Médoc at the picking-time as surely as the Whitechapel hoppers take train to Kent in the hop season. They are not loved in the Médoc, these Bordeaux vagabonds, but they have to be endured.

One of the trials of the Médoc are the trains by which it is necessary to journey thither from Bordeaux. Expresses are rare. Your usual luck is a goods-train—to the far end of which a couple of ancient passenger cars are attached. The pace is fearfully slow; the halts are long out of all reason. Eight to ten miles an hour is fair speed in such adventures. But this very slowness gives you admirable opportunity of noticing the landscape and marking the soil of the different vineyards.

There are châteaux in all styles: towered and turreted, semi-feudal in aspect, Renaissance, Palladian, or one-storeyed and homely as the most unpretentious of farmsteads. The majority of them are, sad to say, not used regularly for residential purposes. They are merely appurtenances to the vineyards—pretexts for a label. This or that Bordeaux merchant, Englishman, Russian, or Dutchman, is their fortunate pos-

essor. If the gentleman runs down for two or three days in the vintage-time, it is enough for him. For the rest of the year, the *régisseur* or steward has the run of the place, with its large untenanted rooms, its greensward, chestnut and platane avenues, and bright patches of red geraniums studding the turf of its bijou park. The stately wrought-iron gates which intersect the avenue or main approach to the house are probably rusty from disuse.

But if the château is dull and rather depressing in itself, there is life enough round it. Here in snug little houses dwell the retainers, the men who pick the grapes, carry and press them, and do the other work with a skill and caution that shall not imperil the reputation of this particular label. And there is a portly (even majestic) *chef des caves*, if the château is famous, who lends dignity to the wine he is so happy to show to the accredited visitor. As a spectacle, however, there is nothing exciting about the cellars and warehouses attached to the château. There is little or no old wine here. That has long since gone into private hands. The fluid you are invited to taste is merely a 'Grand Ordinaire,' which, in spite of the Médoc wine's gift of rapid development, cannot be expected to excite your palate inordinately. A course of château visiting tends to stomach-aches rather than ecstatic exhilaration.

Only by a journey to the very head of the long promontory between the Atlantic and the Gironde can one form an idea of the prodigious quantity of the Médoc wines. For fifty miles you are never quite out of sight of vineyards. Here and there they absorb the horizon on both sides. They are strikingly different in quality, however, as has been said. A patch of wizened, shrivelled plants, with few leaves and no alluring clusters, may be seen absolutely contiguous to a vineyard full of fine healthy fruit. It is of course an affair of cultivation and soil. Like other things, the Médoc grape responds eagerly to loving care. You may have plants of first-class pedigree and the soil that suits them best, and yet fail to produce a distinguished wine, if your cultivators are not of as good quality as your plants. Like hops in England, the vines are most sensitive to human attention. One marvels a little at the apparently rude nature of the soil to the vines on which labels with famous names are affixed. But the truth is the Médoc vine does not want to be excessively pampered. Give it a 'good rough gravelly soil, with a fair proportion of sand underneath (for superfluous rains to vanish readily into), and it will be as grateful to you as it well knows how to be. A gravelly subsoil yields wine remarkable for delicacy; but if there be a preponderance of stones in the subsoil, the wine will be strong rather than delicate, appealing to the brain more than to the palate.

Approximately, one-fifth of the area of the department of the Gironde is devoted to vine-growing, and the proportion is constantly on the increase. No wonder the whole district gets to some extent excited as the time for the harvest arrives. There have been perils enough to face from spring to autumn, but these got through, and the goal nearly achieved, the blow

is felt the more if it happens, as it sometimes does, that very heavy rains or even hail-storms descend upon the ripe grapes and burst them by the million where they hang apparently begging to be picked and pressed. Science can do much nowadays to help the vine-growers to combat the various ailments and insect pests which attack the plants. There are scores of preparations of sulphur and insecticide powders; and while women and children are turned loose in the rows to gather the epicurean snails which feast on the leaves, poultry also play their part of protectors in eating the caterpillars and other small fry. Frost is less easily fought; yet that also is frustrated to some extent. But the occasional downpours of autumn are irresistible. The grower can only fold his arms and hope the damage will be little rather than great.

The claret grapes compare very favourably for size with those of the Champagne district. One is tempted much more in the Médoc than in the Marne valley. But, on the other hand, the Bordeaux cellars do not engross like those of Rheims and Epernay. Claret, in fact, matures for the market less sensationally than champagne. One does not here in Bordeaux go among the bottles half expectant of a bombardment, or see any of the litter of broken glass and corks which in a Rheims cellar often hint at the force so strongly imprisoned on both hands. Nor is it, as has been suggested, much of a pleasure to drink a glass of comparatively new claret (howsoever fine a wine) among the barrels and cobwebs of a Bordeaux cellar, with the portly cellarman looking on and awaiting what he is innocent enough to call your judgment. At Rheims, even a tyro in tasting may praise indiscriminately, and be sure he is not betraying his ignorance. But claret varies vastly with the vintage; and none but an expert and accomplished palate may dare to say what is good, what is bad, and what is mediocre.

The cobwebs will seem to an impressionable visitor the noblest things in the Bordeaux cellars. Some of them look like thick pile curtains, sombre in hue, of course, but famously suggestive of warmth. And with even only a moderate imagination, one may go to and fro among the barrels fancying the pendent shapes overhead are dusky stalactites instead of the airy next-to-nothings they really are. If you hold your candle high enough, you may shrivel a few yards of the fabric. But that were truly a shocking deed of vandalism, for, though no layman can understand why this dismal tapestry is revered as it is, his ignorance will not be held sufficient excuse for his crime.

It is well, after seeing vineyards and cellars, to recur to the quays of Bordeaux herself, and then look around and mark the magnitude of some of the city's finest mercantile houses. Only thus is it possible to guess at the mighty influence of claret. The river Gironde is not in itself a very engaging stream hereabouts. Its colour is always pea-soupy, and it is not dominated by anything in the nature of mountains. But it looks on many enchanting country residences which owe their foundation stones to claret, and on its turbid bosom it bears many

ships to the metropolis of French wines. Few cities have so kindly a reputation as Bordeaux—a reputation also ascribable to claret. Of course, however, something depends upon the vintage of the year. No reasonable man will expect a merchant to show him as cheerful a countenance of welcome in 1892, for example, as in 1893, when coopers made fortunes in the demand for barrels to accommodate the wine of a phenomenal season.

## AN ELECTRIC SPARK.\*

### CHAPTER XXIV.—A DEFENDER IN DESPAIR.

THE Endoza brougham had just rolled away from the Daltons'.

'Ah, my dear child,' said Miss Bryne, shaking her head. 'She is light and gay, and perhaps a trifle frivolous to you, but she loves you, *Rénée*, and her manners are natural to her and the climate from which she comes.'

'Perhaps so, aunt, but I begin to be very weary of Isabel and her sweet, sickly ways.'

'Oh, don't say that, my dear. You see she has missed for years that which you have enjoyed, the guardianship of one who has always tried to play a mother's part.'

'You have always been loving and tender to me, aunt, dear,' said *Rénée*, kissing affectionately the slightly withered cheek nearest to her.

'Thank you, my dear,' said Miss Bryne, responding to the loving embrace; and a faint colour appeared in her cheek which might have been due to *Rénée*'s kiss, only that the same hue blossomed in the other, as she went on: 'If dear little Isabel had some one motherly always near her, she would be very different. You see,' she added hastily, as if in dread that her niece should give her words a meaning, 'we must not judge Isabel by our standard. Of course she has been highly educated here, but she comes from a country rising out of barbarism. The things which jar upon us spoiled people of fashion are only the pristine innocence of her nature, and remind me of the playful gambols of a very young cat—I might say kitten. Really, *Rénée*, I love her very dearly.'

There was silence in the drawing-room at South Audley Street for a few minutes, during which *Rénée* sat very sad and thoughtful, and she suddenly awoke to the fact that her aunt was gazing at her pensively.

*Rénée* started and coloured, and Miss Bryne shook her head meaningly.

'Ah, my dear,' she said, 'I wish I could see you look happier.'

'Pray, pray, my dear aunt, say no more.'

'I must, my dear, for every one's sake.'

*Rénée* made a gesture full of despair, and then resigned herself to her fate.

'I think a great deal about some one and his sufferings, my child, and I think a great deal about you, for you are verging, my darling, you are indeed.'

'Oh, aunt!' cried *Rénée*, half in vexation,

half in despair; and Miss Bryne's tongue went softly on.

'I think so much of you, my darling, and compare you so with myself—when I was about your age. For I will not attempt to deceive you, my dear: it is nothing to be ashamed of. There was once a little episode in my life which kept me single up till now.'

'Indeed, aunt!' said *Rénée*, glad to receive the small mercy of her aunt talking about herself, instead of some one else.

'Yes, my dear. It is verging, I know, to speak about it, but you can think and feel now; and there is no harm in my confiding the little trouble to you. He was an officer, my dear—a fine, tall, gallant-looking fellow—it was when we were living at Canterbury—and he used to pass our house regularly with his men, and at last he used to bow to me.'

'Aunt,' said *Rénée*, with a sad smile, 'I never knew that you had so much romance in your life.'

'No, my dear, I suppose not; but most ladies have some sprigs of dried lavender hidden away, only making their presence known by their perfume; and you, dearest, are beginning to dry some up for the future. Heigho!'

*Rénée* frowned, but said nothing, and her aunt went on bringing out her own particular sprig to inhale its scent.

'Then he went out to India with a draft, my dear, and he must have been killed, poor fellow, for I never saw him again.'

'But you would certainly have heard, aunt,' said *Rénée*, interested now in the tiny bit of sentiment in spite of herself.

'No, my darling: I never heard,' said the lady, wiping away a tear.

'Poor auntie!' said *Rénée*, affectionately laying a white soft hand upon one showing the throbbing veins through the skin.

'Thank you, my dear. It changed the current of my early life, for I clung to the hope that he would return some day, and pass once more and bow. But he never did, and he must have fallen somewhere beneath the torrid sun.'

'But, aunt dear, the despatches would certainly have given his name if he had been killed: they always do. Did you inquire or search?'

'No, my love. I never knew his name.'

'Never knew his name!' said *Rénée*, with a curious look of perplexity on her brow.

'No, my dear; we never spoke: we only bowed—only bowed? We loved, I am sure: I could read it in his eyes, as he passed before me the last time, onward to his death, for he must have been slain by some cruel Afghan or Sikh. But I felt that he loved me: I know he did, and—Dear me, who's that?'

'Only me, aunt,' said Brant, entering hastily, and making Miss Bryne jump. 'Ah, *Rénée*, how are you?'

'Quite well, Brant,' said *Rénée* gravely; and then she looked again at her cousin's disturbed face.

'Why, Brant, my dear boy, what is it?' cried Miss Bryne. '*Rénée*, dear, touch the bell for some fresh tea: the poor fellow looks quite worn out.'

'Tea!' echoed Brant with a hoarse melodramatic laugh. 'I feel as if I want a draught of boiling brandy, or something stronger than that.'

'Gracious me, child! What is the matter?' cried Miss Bryne. 'No bad news?'

'News? I don't call it news. It's horrible! I feel as if it were all some cursed nightmare, or a delirious dream.'

'Brant, dear, you turn me quite faint,' cried Miss Bryne. 'Speak out at once, I beg of you.'

'Oh, all right,' he said; 'you must know, but you had better go away, *Rénée*, my dear. I don't want to hurt your feelings, knowing what your ideas are.'

Miss Bryne uttered a wild cry.

'I know—I know!' she cried, gesticulating with her hands.

'Do you! Then don't you think *Rén* had better go?'

'Yes—yes—yes.—Pray, pray, go, my dear,' she cried; but *Rénée*'s brows contracted, and though her hands trembled she kept her seat.

'Do you hear, *Rén*; you'd better go,' said Brant.

'No: I will stay,' she said firmly.

'Oh, do go, before he tells us, my darling,' cried her aunt. 'Did—did you send for Dr Kilpatrick, Brant?'

'Send for him? No!'

'I don't like him, but he is clever.—*Rénée*, my darling, do go. I felt a presentiment that something was going to happen. Do pray go before he tells us Mr Wynyan has been caught by one of the wheels at the works and crushed to death.'

'I wish to goodness he had been!' roared Brant, as *Rénée* turned pale as death, and seemed about to fall from her seat.

'What; isn't it that?' came to her through the singing noise in her ears.

'Bah! No. A scoundrel—a cursed scoundrel!'

'Not taken away the cash-box, Brant?'

'Aunt, don't be such an old—goose!' cried Brant. 'It's worse than that—ten times worse.'

'Oh, my dear, then what is it?' cried Miss Bryne.

'We've found him out at last—at least the government has,' said Brant hoarsely, as he avoided his cousin's eyes, which seemed to be looking him through and through.

'Oh, my dear, thorns are nothing to it,' cried Miss Bryne; 'pray, pray, tell us the worst.'

'Well, I suppose I must,' said Brant, 'if *Rénée* won't go. She has to hear it sooner or later, and sooner hurts least. Shall I go on, *Rén*?'

'Yes; tell me everything.'

'Well, you know of uncle's great invention?'

'Yes, my dear,' said Miss Bryne.

'He has sold us.'

'I don't know what you mean, Brant, my dear; but it must be very dreadful, I'm sure. Pray, pray, speak.'

'It was a secret, of course, sold to our government, and that scoundrel Wynyan copied the plans and drawings, and sold them to some foreign power.'

'Who dares say that?' cried *Rénée*, rising with her eyes flashing. 'It is not true.'

'Government says it,' cried Brant, producing the official letter. 'I don't ask you to believe me. Read for yourself.'

'I cannot; I will not,' cried *Rénée*. 'Mr Wynyan is a true gentleman, and could not be guilty of such a treacherous act.'

'Then why did he steal the plans away from the office safe, and keep them for a week?'

'Mr Wynyan did not, could not,' cried *Rénée*.

'Very well. Don't believe it, then. All I know is, that he brought them back to me. Hamber was in there, and he owned to bringing them back himself.'

'And what will happen, now, Brant?' cried Miss Bryne.

'Happen? That it's all up for good, and we are going to the dogs.'

'No, aunt,' cried *Rénée* quietly; and she turned a scornful look on her cousin. 'Brant has some grounds, perhaps, for making such a charge; but as far as Mr Wynyan is concerned, not a word is true.'

(*To be continued.*)

## COTTON-SEED OIL.

THE cotton-seed oil industry, though it can boast but a comparatively recent origin, bids fair to attain to great importance. As the name of this product implies, it is the oil obtained by crushing the seeds of the cotton plant. Probably cotton-seed oil has always been known to cotton producers; but it is only within the last twenty years that even an eminently practical people like the cotton farmers of the United States have realised the commercial possibilities of the product. Before the great civil war occurred between the Northern and the Southern States, the Texas and South Carolina planters had hardly heard of this oil. New conditions, however, prevailed with the advent of peace. Great Britain was not so dependent upon the United States for her cotton supplies as she had been. The Southern planters, too, had to work on the most economical lines possible, and thus cotton products regarded during the 'ante-bellum days' as of no account, were carefully utilised. Still, cotton-seed oil made slow progress, and the year 1867 saw only some four mills for crushing the seed in the United States. At the close of last year, however, the number had increased to two hundred and fifty-three, of which no fewer than twenty-seven are in South Carolina.

England, too, has a big share of this oil business. Whole cargoes of cotton seed, frequently in bulk, are brought to this country, principally from Alexandria. The United States used to send us vast quantities of this seed. She now does so no longer, crushing the seed and manufacturing the various products derived from it herself. Hull is the principal port to which these consignments of Egyptian and Brazilian cotton seed find their way, the manufacture of vegetable oils being a very important one at the Humber-side town. It is well known that the raw cotton of commerce is the fluffy or downy fibre surrounding the seeds of the cotton plant. When the cotton is picked and the seeds excluded, it is only to

be expected that some portion of the fibre remains attached to the seeds. Before the seeds are crushed, this has to be carefully removed. The process is aptly described as delinting, and the lint or cotton picked off in the process, though short in the staple, is extremely fine and silky to the touch, and has a high commercial value, being especially sought after by manufacturers of gun-cotton.

No portion of the seed is wasted. Formerly, the hulls or shells were regarded as possessing no commercial value, and were merely used as fuel. Now, however, it has been amply demonstrated that fuel of this description is extremely costly. They are largely used as cattle food, being mixed for that purpose with the cotton meal, the crushed kernel of the cotton seed. Formerly, the seed meal used to be almost wholly exported to Great Britain or the Continent of Europe, where its efficacy as a cattle fattener has long been duly recognised. Much, however, of the seed meal is now despatched from the cotton areas to the towns or cattle-raising centres of the north and west of the United States; while another considerable portion of the output is returned to the land, mixed with phosphates as a fertiliser, to promote the growth of future cotton crops.

Strange as it may seem, the oil manufactured in England is held superior to that produced in the United States, on account of its greater clearness and better colour. But where even ordinary care is taken in the manufacturing process, the resultant product is an extremely attractive and wholesome vegetable oil. Among the inhabitants of the United States, where conservatism in old-established customs does not obtain to the same extent as in England, cotton-seed oil is rapidly achieving popularity. Many housewives prefer it in their culinary processes to lards and animal fats of a like nature and an equally dubious origin. In fact, cotton-seed oil enters very largely into the composition of many of the compounds usually denominated 'lard.'

In England, when an attempt was made some years ago to popularise the product, the effort failed, the want of success being largely due, it is said, to the uncleanly methods of a certain class of public caterers, who were by no means slow to recognise the suitability of the new oil for the requirements of their own particular business. There are in London, and most provincial towns as well, institutions rejoicing in the suggestive name of 'Fried-fish shops,' or 'Fried-fish establishments.' The enterprising caterers who thus minister to the requirements of a large section of the lower stratum of society in the matter of a fried-fish diet, are much addicted to the use of cotton-seed oil as the oleaginous medium in which they fry their fish. Now the oil itself is wholesome and odourless, and possesses not a single objectionable property, and is capitally suited for this purpose. Unfortunately, however, the profits attached to the running of a fried-fish establishment are not of the colossal

order. Competition, too, in this walk of life is keen, and thus rigorous economy is absolutely necessary. Thus the oil employed is utilised again and again, and hence the combination of ancient and fish-like smells, which compels the wayfarer to protect his olfactory nerves from their contact. In spite, however, of the bad odour into which cotton-seed oil has fallen on this account, it is slowly but surely gaining popular favour. 'Cottolene,' a lard-like preparation from the oil, is stated by those who have tried it, to be quite equal to the ordinary lard of domestic use.

Much of the oil manufactured in the States is exported to the various Mediterranean ports, more especially to Marseilles, Genoa, and Naples. It is not difficult to tell what becomes of it. Some of it is, of course, used by the poorer classes as a substitute for the dearer olive-oil. The bulk of it, however, is sold as that article, being first of all mixed with olive-oil, or else 'prepared,' and then sold right out as olive-oil. But the inhabitants of the United States do not escape all consequences from the trade fraud which, innocently or otherwise, they are the means of perpetrating upon the citizens of Italy or the countries adjacent. The population of the great North American Republic includes many subjects who claim Italy, France, or Spain as the land of their birth. They are large consumers of olive-oil, and that from their fatherland is of course the best. Sad, however, to relate, much of the olive-oil exported from Marseilles, Genoa, or Naples to the United States is just cotton-seed oil, shipped originally from North American ports, doctored a little, perhaps, up the Mediterranean, and then sent back as the product of native olive yards.

Much cotton-seed oil is also exported to Antwerp, some of the vessels engaged in carrying it having been specially built, much on the lines of a petroleum tanker, to carry the oil in bulk. Dutch and Belgian enterprise has discovered dozens of methods in which cotton-seed oil may be utilised, and it is an open secret that it enters very largely into the composition of a variety of products, whose principal constituents are generally supposed to be animal fat.

Regrettable as these frauds may be, they serve to indicate the usefulness of the oil as a food-stuff. When the public recognition of this fact increases, cotton-seed oil products will be better able to stand upon their own merits, and there will no longer be the necessity or temptation to disguise this useful article of food under other names. The future which awaits the oil industry is certainly a great one. It is already an important factor in determining the income of the cotton-planter, and while the staple itself continues at its present price, must be of the greatest importance to him. The mills pay well, and the twenty-seven crushing establishments situated in South Carolina dealt in 1894 with no less than seventy-five thousand tons of seed, valued at eight hundred thousand dollars. From this seed sixty thousand barrels of oil, twenty-six thousand tons of cotton-seed meal, five thousand bales of linters—the fine cotton attached to the seed—and twenty-five thousand tons of hulls were



obtained. And yet it is not many years ago that the commercial value of cotton seed, apart from its use in propagating its kind, was almost entirely unsuspected.

## THE MYSTERY OF THE GOLDEN LLAMA.

### CHAPTER IV.—THE NARRATIVE.

SEARCH as I would, I could find no trace of the golden llama. It had been in its place on my writing-table on the previous morning, when I started for my long walk. Of that I felt assured. How and when and by whom had it been removed? That it was valuable—valuable as mere bullion, apart from its antiquarian interest—I knew full well; but who was there, knowing of its existence and of its value, who should come to the lodgings in Kennington to steal it from my writing-table? No one had visited me in my new quarters. It was the general impression, I believe—and I had not attempted to remove it—that I had gone into the country for a few weeks' holiday. Who was there, then, who should have stolen the golden llama?

Gradually, but irresistibly, the conviction forced itself upon me that the thief could be no other than Miss M'Rae herself. Her demeanour that night, when I encountered her on the stairs, her avoidance of me, her evident fright, and the boldness with which she sought to cover it—all spoke to me of guilt. True, she was intoxicated; but was that sufficient in itself to account for the strangeness of her behaviour? Too late, I regretted the carelessness with which I had exposed my priceless treasure to the eyes of one whom I had already discovered to be untrustworthy.

I attended the inquest on the body of my late landlady in the hope that some clew might be dropped in the course of the inquiry which would lead me to the recovery of that which I had lost. I followed all the evidence—it was but scanty—with minute care, plied the witnesses (after the inevitable verdict of self-destruction had been hurriedly pronounced) with further questions bearing on the point I had in view; but all my investigation was fruitless. The unfortunate woman had been seen loitering in the neighbourhood of a pawnbroker's shop, an hour or two before her death, had been seen, in fact, gazing through the open shop-door—so much I ascertained; but my anxious inquiry at the shop in question was met with the reply that nothing resembling my missing property had been offered in pledge on that night.

And so the second tragedy passed away and was buried, like its victim, in the common, nameless grave of the Forgotten; and I went back once more to take up my abode in the house where the golden llama had first encountered my sight.

I had resigned all hope of seeing it again. The police had made inquiries; a description of it had been circulated; all was of no avail. At last the idea occurred to me of inserting an advertisement in the daily papers. I had but little hope that it would bring me tidings of the missing object; but I felt that even its insertion would be a satisfaction to me.

Within a couple of days it appeared—a brief, tersely-worded advertisement, addressed to 'pawn-brokers and others,' offering a handsome reward to any one who should give me information of the whereabouts of an ancient gilt figure (which I described) supposed to represent a llama, which had been taken from a house in Southampton Terrace, Kennington, on or about the twenty-first of March.

On the very day of its publication it brought me a visitor.

He was announced to me by Mrs Placer as 'a gentleman calling himself Professor Pardoe—an elderly gentleman, if you please, sir—who wants to see you not very particular; but would be glad of a minute, if you could spare it, sir.' On my acquiescence, he was shown into the room. The professor was a little, stout man, with snow-white hair that curled over the collar of his frock-coat, a very ruddy face, and twinkling gray eyes that beamed benignantly through gold-rimmed spectacles. They beamed all the more, I daresay, because he felt some awkwardness in the nature of his visit.

He began by profusely apologising for it.

'I trust I do not interrupt you at a busy moment, my dear sir? It is only an instant that I need detain you. My mission is very trivial—all too trivial, I fear, to justify my intrusion. At the same time, I could not deny myself the pleasure of satisfying a somewhat unwarrantable curiosity respecting an advertisement which appeared above your name in this morning's *Times*.'

My attention was riveted in an instant.

'Your name is not unknown to me,' my voluble visitor continued, 'although I have never had the pleasure of conversing with you. It was brought before my notice some twelve months since in a very lamentable connection—in connection with the proceedings relative to the death of my dear friend Almirez.'

'You knew Señor Almirez?' I ejaculated. In the same instant his name came back to me. Almirez had spoken more than once of Professor Pardoe, a friend and somewhat of a rival of his in his earlier days of travel, since become a scientific writer of some note.

'Undoubtedly! I was sure that I could not be mistaken. Your name was familiar to me at once. It was this coincidence—the coincidence of the person who had lost this curious object, described in the advertisement, being the friend of my friend—that led me to pay you this very impertinent and intrusive visit. And now, my dear sir, I am going to be still more impertinent. I am going to ask you some questions.'

And the stout little gentleman leaned back comfortably in his chair, beaming upon me with benign effulgence.

'In the first place, I am going to ask you, was this given to you by Almirez? Of course

it was! I can see it by your face. Could you describe it to me? I have the advertisement here—touching his pocket—'but could you give me any further particulars about the "gilt figure supposed to represent a llama?" I ask with a purpose.'

What his purpose could possibly be, I was at a loss to imagine; but his manner of asking the questions was so unaffected, so entirely free from being merely inquisitive or aggressive, that I willingly entered into a fairly minute description of the golden llama. As I proceeded, the professor's genial face began to assume a puzzled, wondering look, and his eyes turned musingly towards the floor. When I had finished he spoke again.

'Was this in Almirez' possession at the time of his death, can you tell me? or had he—Believe me, my dear sir,' he broke off suddenly, into a tone of great earnestness, 'these are no idle questions. There is, there may be, some mischief in this matter, some terrible mystery that you and I can hardly dream of. I cannot tell yet. It may all depend upon your answer to my question—was this image in Almirez' possession on the day of his death?'

I told him everything—told him how Almirez had given it to me, how I had returned it to his room, how it had been found after his death. For some moments after I had finished speaking, the professor sat quite still, his face clouded over with some great brooding trouble, his lips murmuring inarticulately.

'Strange, strange!' I heard him mutter.

At last he roused himself.

'How did you come to lose it?' he said simply. 'What happened?'

It was soon told. I had lost it—had it stolen from my rooms—on the anniversary of Almirez' death. I could only suspect my landlady, whom I had already found out to be untrustworthy. On the night when the golden llama disappeared, she had left the house in a strange manner, and some hours afterwards, apparently in a fit of drunken remorse, she had thrown herself into the Thames.

As I mentioned the fact of Miss M'Rae's tragic death, the professor sprang up from his chair excitedly.

'A second suicide!' he almost shouted. 'And on the same day!'

What could his conduct mean? Somewhat irritably, I am afraid, I asked him to explain himself. He was pacing up and down the room, with his brows knit and his hands clasped nervously behind him. Suddenly he paused in his walk and turned towards me; but, in place of answering my question, he asked me yet another.

'You have heard nothing of this thing since—do not know where it is now?' he asked.

Very decidedly I answered in the negative, and then repeated my former question, but for some time it met with no response. Gradually, however, the professor's stride slackened; his hands loosened and dropped to his sides; and at last he seated himself once more in the chair opposite my own and fixed his eyes searchingly upon my face.

'What I am about to confide to you, my dear sir,' he began, 'is but suspicion; but suspi-

cion so striking, so positive, that to my mind at least it has the force of certainty. Were it not so, I would have kept silence. I have told you that I was a friend of Juan Almirez. Month after month in days gone by we have lived together in the same hunting-camp or been engaged together on the same expedition. I was his senior by many years; yet I was able to admire to the full his impetuous energy, his indomitable fixity of purpose. I have told you also that I was immediately struck by the coincidence that you, a friend of Almirez, had lost the golden figure of which you have given me a description. I will tell you now that that description answers minutely to the description of an ancient sacred symbol which was stolen from the natives of a little Peruvian village in Sierra at a time when Almirez and I were pursuing historical researches in the neighbourhood. Further, that Almirez was strongly suspected—though at the time I thought unjustly—of being the thief.'

The professor paused, and I intervened in defence of my dead friend.

'You will allow me to say that your conclusion seems a trifle hasty? There is nothing, I take it, very distinctive or peculiar in the figure given to me by Almirez. Why, then, should you assume against him so readily that he could be guilty of such an act?'

'You are right, my dear young sir,' the professor replied blandly. 'There is nothing very distinctive about it. There may be—I daresay there are—a dozen or more of such figures in existence, all of which answer more or less to the description of the stolen image. But there were other reasons—reasons depending on matters which you have disclosed to me in the course of our conversation this afternoon—which led me irresistibly to form the assumption which you so deprecate. Almirez had a special motive for desiring to possess himself of this particular thing. There was a curious tale that was told of it by the natives, a curious superstition attaching to it, that roused all his passion for the acquisition of strange and wonderful objects. How strong was his desire to possess himself of it—to test the truth of the superstition, as he grimly said—I know from conversation that I have held with him; I know also how high a price he offered for it, and how the natives, in horror at the suggestion, refused his overtures. The tale was this. Long years ago, in the evil days that followed the Spanish conquest and the death of Francisco Pizarro, a band of Spanish brigand-soldiers burst into the little village. It was the morning of the great festival of the spring equinox, and all the folk were gathered in the Temple of the Sun. Thither the soldiers ran. It was the old tale of quest for hidden booty, of outraged Christianity whose indignation could only be appeased by gold. They seized the priest, as he stood offering sacrifice, and demanded that the idolatrous treasure of the temple should be given up to them. But no treasure was to be found—perhaps it had gone towards the ransom of the Inca or been plundered in an earlier raid—and, refusing to disclose any hiding-place of wealth, the aged priest was put to the torture. In the extremity of his anguish he pointed out to his tormentors

the spot where the sole remaining treasure of the temple lay buried, but added, so they say, these fateful words: "In whose hand shall be found the sacred llama of the Sun, by his hand shall he fall this day!" The soldiers unearthed the treasure; and, enraged at its meanness, they put the priest to death. Then, the story goes, they fell to gaming; and the captain, who had taken possession of the treasure, lost heavily and slew himself before nightfall. What happened to the sacred llama in the long years that followed is unrecorded; but in our days at least it had come back into the possession of the natives of the village, who, though nominally Christians, retained much unacknowledged sympathy with their ancient worship. Along with the sacred figure a superstition had survived—the superstition that it should prove fatal to its owner, whosoever he might be, on the day of the spring equinox. Accordingly, it had always been the custom in the early days of March for a procession to go forth, bearing the golden llama, to the site of the ancient temple of the Sun, and there with much ceremony to inter it among the ruins; nor was it disinterred or touched again until the month of March was passed over. It was during one of these periods of its interment (when, as I have said, Almirez and I were camping in the neighbourhood) that it was stolen. When the day arrived on which it should be exhumed, the procession mounted the steep path that led to the ruined temple; but the men returned horror-struck. The ground had been newly broken and the sacred figure removed. There were circumstances undoubtedly which pointed to Almirez as having been the guilty man; but I refused to believe it. I can only say now that my belief has suffered change.

Towards the close of the professor's long speech a horrible idea had been shaping itself within my mind.

'Do you mean to say—that you believe Almirez' death—in any way'— I began.

'Who shall say?' he replied. 'We know the facts. Who will be so bold as to draw the inference from them? And yet *his* death, the death of your landlady—both on the same day, both on the day of the spring equinox—both dead by their own hand! Of course one can advance arguments: his superstitious terror, confronted suddenly on that night of all nights by the object which he thought he had safely disposed of; her guilty shame, weighing her down with the intolerable sense of crime and the instant fear of detection. It may have been so. One hopes it may have been so. And yet, my dear sir, fool or lunatic as you may think me, I will freely confess to you that my mind will know no ease until this accursed image has been once more returned to a position where its fateful influence can wreak no harm.'

Years have rolled by, and I have heard no more of it. Many months since Professor Pardoe was laid in an honoured grave. I remain the sole witness of the strange facts that I have related. Whether I really believe in the professor's ghastly explanation, I hardly know myself; but I know that it is a relief to me to think, and to believe, that the rolling tide of

the river, when it closed that night over the head of the unhappy woman, buried for ever in its sludgy bed the mystery of the golden llama.

### CAVALRY ON THE LINE OF MARCH.

IN the hope that it may prove of interest to non-military readers to know something about the way in which a cavalry regiment is transported from one garrison town to another, I will describe shortly what was at once the longest and most arduous march out of many which I shared in during nine years' service in a Lancer regiment in England and Ireland. It is now some years ago that the —th were quartered in Woolwich, and the 'route'—as the order to march is technically termed—came one afternoon for us to start the next morning for York.

The entire regiment does not march in one body, but goes piecemeal, a squadron (a fourth) at a time. The second party starts two days after the first, and so on. Sick men, recruits, and a few others go by train.

Each squadron is preceded on the road by a billeting-party, consisting of two sergeants and their batmen. These set out on the afternoon before their main body. On entering the appointed town, they repair to the police-station and secure their own billet. They go round to various inns the next morning in the company of a policeman, placing as many men and horses together as possible, with a non-commissioned-officer in charge, till the whole are provided for. It is a rule that a man and his horse must not be more than a quarter of a mile apart. When the troops arrive, about midday, they are met by the billeting-sergeants, who distribute the 'billets' amongst them. The remainder of the day is devoted to grooming horses and cleaning kits.

In the evening, the sergeant-major visits all the billets to pay accounts. These are: for a horse 1s. 9d., for a man 1s. 4d. per day; in return for 8 lb. of straw, 12 lb. of hay, and 10 lb. of corn for the former; for the latter, lodging and dinner, the only meal officially recognised, consisting of steak, vegetables, pepper, salt, and vinegar, a pint of small beer, and a pennyworth of bread.

To the uninitiated, it must seem a mystery how a man could travel and subsist on the fare provided for him by government, as above described; but it should be stated that when on the march a man receives his full pay of 1s. 2d. per day, and this is supposed to provide in some occult way for the two or three extra meals which it will easily be understood he is able to dispose of. But that is not all.

If the British tax-payer grumbles at the direct inroads on his pocket in the shape of army estimates, he is always ready to open his heart and his purse for Tommy Atkins in person, on the march; and the soldier who does not have a good time then, owing to this fact, has either very hard luck or 'only has himself to blame.' From the first to the last of our halting-places, the experience of my chums and myself was of the happy order. The publicans were kind to us and generous

in the matter of additional fare gratis, and the company at night invariably very liberal. The presence of soldiers in a smoke-room is naturally an attraction to civilians. Could there be surroundings more conducive to the spinning of yarns, or a more trustful, sympathetic audience? For the soldier does spin yarns, with the very remote possibility of there being any one in a position to challenge or contradict them. And when his own stock runs short, his chum plays into his hands by reminding him of what happened to Brown, Jones, or Robinson of the Greys, the Bays, the King's or what not. To tell the truth, there is very little need of romancing. Amongst four hundred men of all sorts and conditions there is continually happening a variety of incidents, grave or gay, of never-failing interest to an ordinary smoke-room company.

Having despatched the billeting-party, I left Woolwich with the first squadron, consisting of about fifty men and sixty horses, ten men leading the spare horses; our first day's march being to Edmonton. Through London, and especially in the City, our pace was slow, a sort of triumphal progress—the cynosure of all eyes, attended by a large contingent of admirers, mostly boys and idlers, some of the former following us for miles; while two of the latter accompanied us to Edmonton and there and then desired to enlist. Our appearance, arms, &c. were freely criticised, and the wildest speculations were indulged in ament our destination, caused, as we afterwards discovered, by a joker in the advanced guard, who gave out that we were bound for the docks, *en route* for a foreign land, at that time the theatre of war. Owing to the intense cold, we were cloaked, and very glad indeed to reach the hospitable inns of Edmonton.

The next instalment of the journey was to Ware. Now, the pleasantness or otherwise of a march is in great measure dependent upon the officer in charge, and we looked forward to a good time, owing to the reputation of our captain in this respect. When about two miles out of Edmonton, we halted for a few moments to tighten girths, &c. On remounting we had a smart trot for a mile or two, dropped again into a walk, and then came the order 'Ride at ease: singers to the front.' On that day there was not a happier squadron in the British Army than ours, despite the cold, and we looked forward to a rare good time. But trouble was in store for us of a kind we little anticipated.

The next march was to Royston, and while we were parading in the morning preparatory to setting out, nearly frozen as we sat, flakes of snow fell ominously—few and small at first, but gradually increasing until it became a furious snow-storm, blinding both horses and men, and causing us the greatest difficulty in controlling the frightened animals, as the bitter north-east wind drove it into our faces and prevented us seeing more than a few yards ahead. We were stiff and benumbed with cold on arriving at Royston. 'Riding at ease' was no amelioration—riding in any sort of order was almost impossible; singers were entirely out of it; and altogether that day's march was

the cruellest I ever experienced. The following day the snowfall continued, and subsequently lessened the cold, but we marched to Huntingdon and Peterborough up to the horses' knees in snow.

From Peterborough to Bourne, to Grantham and to Newark, our progress was almost as bad. True, the snowfall had ceased, but now the roads were sheets of ice and frozen snow; and the horses, blinded and frightened before, were now scarcely less terrified by their inability to secure a foothold, and, though rough-shod, they slipped, stumbled, and trembled in every limb.

The next stages, to Retford and Doncaster, proved of much the same character; but on that from Doncaster to Selby the elements were much less inclement, and again the voice of the singer was heard in the land, though I was fated to be out of it. I had the ill-luck to be told off to ride my own horse and lead another that was said to have fallen lame; and in order that there might be no delay, I started an hour before the squadron. Up to then, I *had* had the companionship of my comrades, but now I was to go by myself and lead this lame or lazy horse. I nearly dislocated first one arm and then the other by trying to pull him along; but when I found he was active and game enough in hanging back, or going any way but ahead, I got angry and began to doubt his *bond fides*; and on the arrival upon the scene of a farmer, driving a horse and trap towards Selby, I stated the case to him, and at once enlisted his sympathy and practical aid. He agreed to drive behind us, and when my equine friend evinced a desire to turn rusty, the application of the whip soon caused him to forget his feigned lameness; with the result that, instead of the squadron just catching me up at Selby, I got in before them, and for my pains and cleverness got a good wiggling from the officer for overworking a lame horse!

The final journey from Selby into the stately capital of the north passed without incident, and brought our thirteen days' pilgrimage to an end.

#### THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE most interesting of the papers brought before the recent International Geographical Congress was that read by Mr C. E. Borchgrevink, giving particulars of his remarkable voyage to that mysterious great southern continent which, fifty-four years ago, was named in honour of Her Majesty the Queen, Victoria Land. Some geographers have estimated the size of this continent—about which nothing whatever is known save that it is not a myth—at twice the size of Europe, and it is not surprising therefore that much interest should attach to such an extensive *terra incognita*. The author of the paper in question is a young Norwegian who joined the steam whaler *Antarctic* as a sailor before the mast; otherwise, he tells us, he could not have gone at all. But although he was unable to burden himself with many instruments, he made frequent observations, the results of which were embodied in the paper read before the Geographical Congress. The

ship left Melbourne just one year ago (September 20, 1894), and a month later the first snow was seen. The *Aurora Australis* was visible almost nightly, and the intensity of the light culminated every five minutes. At the beginning of November a chain of icebergs extending for about fifty miles in length was encountered, the ice-hills being about six hundred feet high, with perpendicular sides. Multitudes of marine animals and birds were met with, and several seals were shot. Eventually in January they landed at Cape Adair, Victoria Land, which is described as a large square basaltic rock, nearly four thousand feet in height. The reading of this paper led to the formal adoption by the congress of a resolution that a completely equipped scientific expedition should be sent to the regions of the South Pole, and it is probable that the government will be asked to assist in the work.

Consul Scott, in a recent report upon the trade of the Chinese town of Swatow, remarks upon the fact that eleven million fresh eggs figure among the exports. But he tells us that all are certainly not fresh, for it is the custom to ship ducks' eggs which have been incubated to within a few days of hatching. These eggs are brought on board the steamers packed in shallow baskets, with layers of soft Chinese paper between and around them. The baskets are placed about the deck, swung to the awning supports, and occasionally are put in position near the boilers, but as a rule the heat of the climate is quite sufficient to complete the hatching of the eggs. It therefore comes about that at the end of the voyage young ducks are landed at Singapore or Bangkok in lieu of the eggs which originally formed part of the cargo. As a rule the birds come to no harm, but on the contrary exhibit quite a thriving appearance.

In the early days of ordnance, leather was commonly used as a casing for guns, and there is on exhibition at the arsenal at Venice a leathern mortar for firing shells which is said to date from the beginning of the fourteenth century. One would suppose that in these modern days, when the metals have been brought under such marvellous control, a reversion to this ancient type of leather gun could only be regarded as a mild joke. But as a matter of fact a gun, covered with raw hide, and having an inner tube of steel, has recently been subjected to official tests by the Ordnance Board of the United States Army, and has passed through the ordeal with triumph. The patentee of this curious weapon is Mr F. Latulip of Syracuse, N.Y., and his specification is dated June 26, 1894. The principal object of the invention is to cheapen and lighten the construction of gun-barrels, while at the same time they are rendered strong enough to withstand any reasonable explosive strain. It should be noted that the strips of raw hide employed in winding a casing on the inner metallic tube of the gun are first of all subjected to a chemical process which renders them when dry as hard and compact as horn. The weapons at present made under this system are only of small calibre, but they would on account of their comparative lightness be valuable, we should imagine, as mountain-guns.

The switchback railway, which for some years has been a source of delight to those of our holiday-makers who take their pleasures noisily, is likely to find a powerful rival in the Pyramidal Railway, a device which has been designed expressly for places of public amusement. According to the designs published by the company which has been formed to work this invention, its principal feature is a sugar-loaf kind of tower with a railway running round it from top to bottom, and then up a slope, at the end of which the vehicles are brought to a stop. They are in the first place carried to the summit of the tower by a lift, and the fun consists in travelling at an increasing rate of speed round and round the tower until the end of the journey is reached.

Recent returns show that in spite of the continued advance of electric lighting a larger quantity of gas is consumed in the Metropolis than ever before, one company alone selling to Londoners during the past half-year no less than ten million and a half cubic feet. Much of this vast quantity is expended in the form of motive power, for gas-engines are fast supplanting the use of steam in small workshops. Gas is also coming into increasing use for cooking-stoves. It is a matter for regret that for both these purposes a much cheaper kind of gas could not be supplied, for it is most wasteful to use one of high illuminating power where heat only is required. It is the cost of purification, and the additions to the gas necessary to bring its luminosity up to a certain candle-power, that make it at present so costly. But this state of things must remain until the companies are empowered to lay two sets of mains in our streets, one for each kind of gas.

A very curious collection of medical antiquities was exhibited by Messrs Oppenheimer at the Savoy Hotel, London, in connection with the recent meeting of the British Medical Association. It comprised a number of surgical instruments and terra-cotta models which had been found in ancient Roman and Etruscan temples and tombs. The collection was formed by Dr Luigi Sambon, who made a most interesting discovery concerning them. It seems that the models were votive offerings which were presented to the shrines of different deities by the common people, and to the eye of the lay antiquary they seemed to represent fruits. Dr Sambon, however, in studying those objects in the museum at Rome, saw at once that they represented various parts and internal organs of the human being, some deformed and some in a state of disease. It seems certain, therefore, that these models were offered as petitions for the relief, or as emblems of thankfulness for the cure, of different maladies, and may be likened to the wax models of human limbs, &c., which one can see in the present day strung up by the dozen in many continental churches. The models indicate a very intimate knowledge of anatomy, while the surgical instruments exhibited with them show that the ancient Romans must have been skilful operators. The articles include a baby's bottle of very ingenious design, and safety-pins of the identical pattern patented in modern times.

Mr Ingall, in the Journal of the Royal Statistical Society, advocating the adoption of a decimal currency in the United Kingdom, shows how the change could be brought about by slightly altering the value of some of our bronze coins, and by introducing only one new one—namely, the cent, which might conveniently be made of nickel. The proposed arrangement of the coinage would then stand as follows: The farthing would be the unit, and would be reduced four per cent. in value, making it the thousandth part of a pound; the halfpenny would be the five-hundredth part; the penny the two hundred and fiftieth; and the new coin, the nickel cent, the hundredth part of a pound. The sixpence would be renamed 'the quarter florin,' and would represent the fortieth part; while the remaining coins would respectively represent the twentieth, tenth, eighth, fifth, fourth, and second, until we arrive at the sovereign itself. The change to the decimal method would conveniently follow the proposed introduction of the metric system of weights and measures.

The Falls of Foyers, where a factory for the production of aluminium is in progress of erection, were recently visited by the Inverness Field Club, the members of which were received by Dr Common, F.R.S., who is resident director of the British Aluminium Company. Dr Common explained the nature of the works in progress, the chief feature of which was a tunnel about half a mile in length, most of which is cut through the solid rock. Through this tunnel the water will be conducted for working the necessary turbines, and the natural beauties of the place will be but little interfered with. As to debris there will be none, for the bauxite, or aluminium ore, which comes from the north of Ireland, will, by a simple chemical process, have its alumina extracted at the place where it is mined. This alumina will be brought to the factory at Foyers, and the metal will be extracted from it. The cost of manufacture will be from one-fourth to one-fifth that of producing the metal by steam-power, and this has been the great consideration in bringing the factory to Foyers, which has been purchased by the company. According to the promoters of these works, their operations, besides benefiting the inhabitants around, will have no destructive effect upon the great natural beauties of the place.

The vast powers of Niagara have at length been set to do useful work, and the generating stations at the Falls are now delivering electric energy to its first customers at a price which will astonish those who are using electricity here at home. The average charge in Britain is about sixpence per Board of Trade unit, but the Niagara company supply the same quantity, at a handsome profit too, for half a farthing. The first work in which the Niagara current is employed is the production of aluminium, and we have already seen that the minor works at Foyers are to be devoted to the same industry. It would seem that aluminium bids fair to be reckoned among the base metals, instead of being, as it was a few years back, an excessively rare one.

Collectors of coins and others will be interested

in the circumstance that the Royal Mint was busy last year in the coining of a British dollar for use in some of our Eastern dependencies. The proposal that this new coin should issue emanated long ago from trading communities of the Straits Settlements and Hong-kong; but the home authorities pointed out that it would be impossible to lay down such dollars at a price which would enable them to compete with the Mexican dollar. Again the subject was brought forward by the Hong-kong Chamber of Commerce when, in consequence of the fall in the value of silver, Mexican dollars became scarce. The proposal was now backed by bankers and others who were competent to judge of its desirability, and eventually designs for the new coin were submitted to Her Majesty for approval. The new coin will necessarily circulate in many countries which are not under the British crown, and for this reason the design required special treatment. The figure of Britannia, with the words 'one dollar,' appears on one side of the new piece, while the reverse bears the denomination in Chinese and Malay characters. Further particulars respecting this new coin will be found in the twenty-fifth annual report of the deputy-master of the Mint for 1894.

Musicians have long recognised the fact that the standard of musical pitch in this country is too high. What was C in the days when Handel was listening to the anvil strokes of the 'harmonious blacksmith' is to-day almost D. The French long ago recognised this gradual but almost insensible rise of pitch, and adopted what is known as the *diapason normal*, while in Britain we have become accustomed to a pitch which is a semitone higher. The Philharmonic Society have now determined to adopt the French standard, and would doubtless have long ago done so had it not been for the opposition of military bands and instrumentalists generally. Certain instruments—clarinets, flutes, oboes, &c.—are constructed for the old pitch, and cannot be converted to the new without an expense of about forty pounds for each band. Now the government grant for bands is eighty pounds per annum to each battalion, while seventy pounds of this goes by the Queen's Regulations to the bandmaster, consequently the expense of the necessary alterations to the instruments would come out of the officers' pockets unless a special grant is made to meet the emergency. Singers will universally rejoice at the proposed alteration, and many owners of pianos will be glad that the reproach can no more be levelled at them that their instruments are not up to 'concert pitch.'

If any one were wishing to demonstrate in a forcible manner that the British had been denied the artistic faculty, he could not possibly get a better peg on which to hang his remarks than one of our street lamp-posts. They are about as hideous in design as they possibly can be, and by their obtrusiveness spoil many a prospect. Happily these obnoxious posts are not suited to the needs of electricity, and a better type of lantern is coming into use with the new lamps. But we are still far behind our Parisian neighbours, whose street fixtures of

this kind are admirable and varied in design. Possibly the Highways Committee of London have recognised the desirability of reform, for they are about to offer prizes for the best artistic design for the posts bearing the electric lights which are presently to line the Thames Embankment. We trust that this new departure may gradually lead to a clearance of the old posts.

An interesting paper was read at a recent meeting of the Scottish Meteorological Society by Professor Michie Smith, on the thunderstorms of Madras. Almost every night sheet-lightning could be seen on the horizon, and he attributed this not to the reflection from distant flashes, as was commonly and erroneously supposed, but to the meeting of land winds and sea winds. The first would be heavily charged with dust, while the latter would be free from impurity. He had frequently noticed that when sheet-lightning occurred the clouds were double, and he suggested that these two columns of sea and land clouds might be negative and positive to one another, and thus discharge is brought about between them. The succession of flashes was sometimes so frequent that three hundred could be counted in a minute, and this would go on for as long as an hour and a half. The Indian government had decided to build an observatory at a height of 7700 feet, and although this station was primarily intended for the study of solar physics, a certain amount of meteorological work would be done. Associated with this observatory would be another building 7000 feet below it, and at a distance of three or four miles.

## THE ACE OF HEARTS.

By J. S. FLETCHER.

I WAS just starting my professional career, and it was necessary to secure a convenient office. I did not want anything pretentious—an office for myself and a small ante-chamber for the boy whom I had engaged as clerk of all work would amply suit my requirements. I had served my articles with an old-established firm of solicitors in the city, and had been accustomed to great rooms filled with calf-bound volumes and shelves of ancient parchment, and I laughed to think of the difference there must be between the little office I had in my mind's eye and the big place where I had learned my law. Nevertheless I was well content to make a small beginning, and to trust to the future for bringing me an increase of business and of fortune.

Perhaps because I had two or three professional friends thereabouts, I selected Holborn as being a likely spot wherein to pitch my tent. After a good deal of looking about me, I decided to apply to an agent, with whom I went to inspect a place he recommended, a third floor of Parchment Buildings.

'Here you are, sir,' said the agent, unlocking the door of the office on the third floor. 'This is a sort of clerk's office; the principal room is beyond it, and looks out into Parchment Passage, as I told you. Nice situation this, ain't it?'

I walked in and inspected both rooms before

answering him. As regarded size and situation they were certainly all that I wanted. The outer office would do very well for my boy-clerk, and the inner would suit me. Nevertheless it was evident that a good deal of cleaning would have to be done before anybody could tenant either room. Two years at least had passed since the rooms were placed in the agent's books.

I said that the rooms would suit me providing that the rent was not excessive. Therewith we fell a-bargaining, and eventually hit on terms which met my approval. A week later I was in full occupancy of my offices. My boy-clerk sat at a little desk in the outer office and pretended to work very hard, while I sat at a big desk in my own sanctum and read law. There was really little else to do in those early days. I sent in my own office appointments, and spent two or three days in seeing them put straight. Wanting some place in which to store a quantity of old books and papers, I had a cupboard cleared of a quantity of rubbish evidently left there by the last tenant. It contained a vast amount of old letters, invoices, and papers, but these had been torn into small scraps and thrown into a corner. The woman who cleaned my rooms complained a good deal about the mess caused by these scraps of paper.

In reply to my inquiries, the woman told me that it would be about three years since the rooms had been occupied. Further interrogated, she said that she could not remember the last tenant's name: it was something foreign, and she did not know how to pronounce it. She did not know what his business was. He was always writing, she said, and sometimes had other foreigners to see him. His name was never painted up on the door of his rooms nor on the lintel down below, and it was her belief that he was no good because he kept himself so quiet. While the woman talked she was engaged in removing the mass of torn and scattered paper from the cupboard. Suddenly she detached something from the contents of her basket and handed it to me.

'He got that the very day he went away,' said she. 'For I remember going down and fetching his letters from the box in the hall below. The first thing he took out of 'em was that there card, and he laid it down on his desk and stared at it like as if he couldn't make it out. That's it, sure enough; though I ain't never set eyes on it since. 'Spect he chucked it away with this here heap o' letters and papers.'

I took the thing from her and looked at it. It was one of a pack of cards, the Ace of Hearts, and would have attracted no attention from anybody but for one slight fact. Through the crimson heart in the centre of the white card some hand had drawn a stiletto with scrupulous fidelity. I had to look at it narrowly to make sure that the stiletto had not been engraved with the red heart. Engraved, however, it had not been; the trace of the artist's pencil was clear enough.

I took possession of the card and put it aside. During the somewhat lazy time which followed I often looked at it and wondered



what it signified. I could not help fancying that it had conveyed some sinister message to the man who had occupied my rooms three years previously. Certainly he had left his chambers hurriedly immediately after the receipt of it. I came to the conclusion that my predecessor in the offices in Parchment Passage had been engaged in some mysterious transactions of a not altogether safe nature, and had been warned to go elsewhere by the transfigured Ace of Hearts.

It was spring when I entered into occupancy of my office, and the year went by very quietly until winter set in. My practice had been remarkably limited at first, but as the months went by I obtained an increase of work, and had less time to spend in reading my calf-bound volumes. The first day of December brought me a case which promised to produce something considerable, and I remained late and went on reading until a slight sound on the landing outside made me look up, only to catch sight of the clock, which indicated a late hour of the evening.

Lifting the lamp from my desk I made my way to the door and suddenly flung it open. Then I started with amazement, for there on the landing before me, his face and figure clearly seen in the lamp-light, stood a man, tattered, sickly-looking, and more disconcerted than myself. A man of middle age apparently, and showing more than usual signs of wear and tear at that, for his dark hair was plentifully shot with gray, and his pallid face was deeply lined and seamed. My first glance at him showed me two things—that he was a foreigner and in want.

I was so much astonished at the sight of this unexpected visitor that I stood staring at him for a minute or two. He, on his part, stood staring at me. At last I found my tongue.

'Are you looking for some one?' said I, lamely enough. 'I don't think you'll find any one in at this time.'

He shook his head.

'No,' he answered. 'No—at least I was looking for you.'

'For me? Why?'

'Will you let me come in for a moment?' he said. 'Only for a moment if you please. Oh, there's no need to be afraid of me. I'm not dangerous, though I daresay I look so.'

I hesitated. He looked at me again, and said quietly:

'I used to live in these rooms.'

'Oh,' said I, dimly comprehending that the mysterious tenant stood before me. 'Come in.'

He followed me through the outer office into my own room. When he saw the cheery fire, the comfortable arm-chair by the hearth, and the supper tray laid on the side-table, he sighed. It struck me that perhaps he was both cold and hungry, and I invited him to eat. But at that he shook his head.

'I had better tell you what I want first,' said he. 'I have been on the stairs outside for more than an hour wondering whether you would allow me to enter this room. You see I used to live here, and I left very suddenly about three years ago. I daresay,' he added, 'the other people wondered why I left so suddenly.'

I quietly opened the drawer of my desk in which I had placed the mysterious Ace of Hearts, and drawing it forth, laid it before him.

'Had that anything to do with it?' I said.

He started to his feet as his eyes fell on the card, and I saw great beads of perspiration burst across his forehead under the shock which the sight of the mysterious emblem undoubtedly gave him. He looked from it to me, and from me to the card again, then he sighed heavily and sat down.

'Where did you get that?' he asked quietly.

'It was found amongst a heap of torn papers which you, I think, had thrown into the cupboard yonder. May I inquire what this means?' I said. 'Is it some signal, or a warning, or a secret message? I suppose it had a meaning for you at the time you received it.'

'It had a meaning,' he answered. 'It meant that my life was not worth an hour's purchase—that I had been sentenced to death—that the executioners were on my track. I am a Russian, and familiar with the doings of conspirators from my youth. What I have just told you is true. I was the agent of a secret society here. I offended those in power. I was condemned; and that's the warning.'

'So you fled?'

'More fool I! I fled—to come back at last as you see me. A beggar almost—starving, homeless.'

Again I pressed him to eat. I was fascinated by his story, and wished to hear more.

'Not till I have told you why I came here to-night. I came to recover something that I left here when I fled. I left it because I knew it was safe in the hiding-place I had contrived for it. I was going I knew not whither—possibly into rough places and amongst desperate men. I came back here to London at last, and a great longing came over me to see it once more. That is why I came to your door to-night, resolved to ask you to admit me. The picture is here, and I shall find it.'

He rose, and crossing the room approached a corner of the floor and carefully removed the carpet which I had laid down. Lifting a loose board underneath, he presently withdrew from the cavity a parcel wrapped in many sheets of strong paper, and came forward to the light again.

'You did not know that you had this so near you,' he said, blowing the dust away from the parcel and proceeding to unwind the various wrappings. 'And now, look!'

An exclamation of wonder and delight burst from my lips. He held before me the portrait of a young and lovely woman, evidently the work of some great miniature painter, and framed heavily in gold and jewels. The frame must have been worth a small fortune in itself, and yet I scarcely noticed it, so beautiful was the face it contained.

The stranger held the picture from him and looked steadily at it in the lamp-light. Then he drew it nearer and kissed the face reverently.

'She is dead,' he said. 'And she died a martyr. She was born to all that the world calls good; she died an exile and in poverty. She was my sister.'

He restored the frame to its wrappings and fastened it up again, and rather against my recommendation placed it in its old hiding-place. He refused my offer of supper, and said he had no more to tell.

With that he bowed, shrugged his shoulders, and went out. I followed him to the head of the staircase and watched him descend. Then something prompted me to open the window and watch him leave the house by the front door. He came out and walked up the passage into Holborn. I was about to shut the window and return to my room, when I saw two men steal out of a neighbouring door-way and follow my visitor. So swift and stealthy were their movements that I had no time to cry out before they had vanished.

I locked up my office and went home, much excited by the events of the evening. I had never had an adventure of such a startling description before, and had never expected to find that my little shabby office contained within it all the elements of a romance. I went to bed, and could not sleep for thinking of it. I was sorry by that time that I had allowed my strange visitor to leave the portrait in my room, and I determined to do something towards finding him and compelling him to remove it.

I went to my office next morning by way of Long Acre. Passing the corner of one of the squalid streets leading towards Drury Lane, I became aware of a small crowd of people gathered outside a house and doing their best to obtain an entry thereto, despite the presence of two or three burly policemen. I went up, and knowing one of the latter, inquired the reason of the commotion.

'It's a murder, sir,' said he. 'And a very rum murder it is, too. Foreign chap found in this here empty house, stabbed through the heart. Like to go in, sir? There's the coroner's officer and the superintendent inside just now. This way, sir. Now then, make way, there; this here gentleman's an official.'

I followed the man inside into a small room destitute of furniture. They had fetched a bench from somewhere and laid the dead man on it. Somehow I was not surprised when I saw him. I had felt certain from the first that I was going to see my strange visitor of the previous evening. And there he lay before me, dead for many hours, the doctor said, with a dagger driven into his heart through a card on which the Ace of Hearts was still recognisable in spite of the blood that had dyed it.

'A foreigner,' said the doctor. 'This is the work of some of those accursed secret societies.'

I went on to my office. My boy met me at the foot of the stairs with a scared look on his face.

'If you please, sir,' said he, 'I think there's been thieves in. The door was burst open when I came with the key this morning.'

I ran upstairs into my room. Everything was in order there. I went straight to the corner, and tore away the carpet and the loose board, and examined the cavity beneath. My hands met nothing. The portrait was gone!

To say that I felt a strange sense of alarm on finding that the portrait, to which recent

events had attached such tragic memories, was gone, is needless.

I thought it best to tell the police all I knew. The officials at Scotland Yard to whom I unbosomed myself received my story with interest, but not with surprise. They were too well accustomed to the dark methods and deeds of the secret societies, whose members flee to London when the greater continental cities are forbidden them. Nevertheless, my story did nothing to help them. Indeed, I was told that the perpetrators of these secret murders were seldom found out.

Several months passed away. The cares of business were beginning to press on me, and I had little time in which to speculate on the late mysterious events. I had my first important case in hand, and it required every moment and every thought. I was glad when the courts rose and the long vacation came to bring me a brief holiday. I had won my case, and had gained no small amount of present fame and future gain by doing so. About the second week in August I travelled down to Hull; and thence took steamer to Stavanger for a month in Norway. Coming back by the same route, I found it necessary to stay a night in Hull, and as I had never been there before, I spent the evening in looking round the docks and quays of that ancient port. There I came across a further link in this remarkable story. Wandering along the pavement of the quay which runs from the town to the river, I paused to look in at the window of one of those little dirty shops where marine store dealers gather together all manner of odds and ends, and what was my surprise to see the portrait which had once been hidden in my office!

I paused and looked again through the dirty window. No, there was no doubt about it; that was the portrait. The gold frame was gone, and there were marks on the edges of the picture which seemed to indicate that it had been roughly removed. The face, however, was unmistakable. I had been too much struck by it at first sight to forget its wonderful beauty.

On entering the shop a dirty-looking man, evidently a foreigner, came forward from some den in the rear, rubbing his hands and asking what he could do for me.

'Nothing particular,' I answered. 'I just wish to glance at your stock of curiosities. I am rather fond of picking up rare articles.'

He answered that I was welcome to look round, and went on to say that he had some beautiful things in the way of binocular glasses and chronometers if I was thinking of taking a long voyage. While he chattered volubly about his goods I was leaning over the little partition which separated the shop from the window, examining the portrait from a better point of vantage. I had now no doubt whatever as to its identity, and determined to buy it at whatever cost. After some haggling, I purchased the picture and a Turkish dagger for one guinea.

When I reached the hotel I went up to my room and examined the portrait carefully. It was a small canvas, stretched on a frame twelve inches by nine, and across the back, probably with the idea of keeping out dust and dirt, a

stout piece of rough canvas had been tightly stretched and stitched. There was nothing to show that any extraordinary history attached to the picture. I returned to London and locked up the portrait in my office safe.

Time went on, and as my practice increased, I took more rooms in the house in Parchment Passage. Some of them were much more suitable for a private office than the one in which the portrait had been hidden, but I determined to remain in the latter, and devote the others to my clerks. I had a half-superstitious feeling that if ever the mystery of the previous tenant came to be solved, it would be in that room.

It was about two years after the murder, and circumstances then required that I should stay late at the office. I was engaged in settling some difficult business with a client, and he remained with me until half-past nine o'clock. As I was about to turn out the lamp which burned on my table, I heard some one coming slowly up the staircase. I had left the private door of my office open, and could hear the sound distinctly. I turned up the light again, and waited. At first I thought the steps were those of my client, who had possibly forgotten something and was returning, but another moment told me they were not. He was a young, active man, likely to come up three steps at a bound; the man now climbing the stairs was evidently neither young nor active, for he came slowly and apparently with some difficulty.

I went to the door and looked down at the landing. The gas still burned there, and it shone on the figure of a man who was climbing the last flight of stairs. He was a tall, well-built man of fine proportions, but something about the stoop of his shoulders suggested hardship and privation. I could see very little of his face, but I noticed that his beard, which was of unusual length, was gray almost to whiteness. He seemed to be well dressed, and I made up my mind that his intentions were peaceful.

The stranger accosted me in very good English. Somehow I had made up my mind that he was a foreigner. After he had explained his business, which was to find Alexis Vitrefsky of 3 Parchment Passage, a light began to break in upon me. The man he was in search of was the previous tenant! Perhaps the mystery of the portrait was about to be explained.

'Was the person you are in search of a Russian?' I asked.

'Yes, yes,' he answered eagerly. 'Certainly, a Russian. A man of about my own age, but perhaps younger in appearance. I have had things to make me look old.'

'Will you come in a moment?' I said, and led the way into my office. 'Perhaps I can give you some information.'

I gave him a chair, and he sat down. Now that the lamp-light fell full on his face, I saw that he was an extraordinarily handsome man, and that evident suffering and privation had not robbed him of his good looks.

'I shall be very grateful for any information respecting Alexis,' said he. 'And I thank you in anticipation. Perhaps I ought to tell you who I am. I am the Prince Z——.'

He mentioned a name which made me stare with astonishment. Prince Z—— was an escaped political prisoner, who, after spending many years in the Siberian mines, had escaped in a singularly daring fashion, and had recently published a narrative of his adventures and sufferings.

I sat down and told Prince Z—— all that I knew of Alexis Vitrefsky; how he had suddenly left the very room in which we were then sitting, and had returned to it two years later under mysterious circumstances. I told him of the events of that night; how two men had watched Alexis leave my office, and how the unfortunate man had been murdered during the night, and the portrait stolen from its hiding-place. He heard me with anxiety and disturbance, and when I told him that the portrait was gone, he rose up and paced the floor in evident distress.

'Then I am indeed ruined!' said he. 'Sir, that portrait meant everything to me. It was indeed the property of Alexis, but its possession meant more to me and to my children than I can tell you. But I see you do not understand me. With your permission, I will narrate to you certain passages in my sad history.'

I was half-tempted, on seeing his distress, to tell him how strangely I had recovered the portrait; but I refrained, remembering that he might, after all, be an impostor, and that it would be better for me to hear his story before I told mine. I therefore begged him to proceed.

'It is not a pleasant story,' said he, 'that I have to tell you. As you know, I am of the new party in Russia. Since boyhood I have worked, planned, and suffered for my country, and in consequence I have been hated by those in power. Until some years ago, however, I was allowed to pursue my own course in comparative freedom. Now and then the police warned me that I was approaching too near the line in my writings; but as I happened to belong to one of the best families, and was rich and powerful, I was practically allowed to go my own way. At last, however, I found that neither my noble name nor my riches were to help me. Information reached me that I was to be arrested and severely dealt with. Fortunately I had been somewhat prepared. My wife was in Paris; my two young sons were at school in Germany. I had secured to them a moderate sum in case anything happened to me. I had never dreamt that all I had would be confiscated. Such, however, was to be the case, according to my informant's news, which had come from the highest source. I was to be stripped of land and goods and reduced to beggary.'

'I hurriedly consulted with Alexis Vitrefsky, an old student-friend of mine, as to what should be done. He was then unknown to the authorities, and was about to start for a tour in England. We went to an English banker in St Petersburg, and by his advice I turned all my negotiable securities into English notes. The good banker gave me fifty English notes of a thousand pounds each for my papers. These I handed to Alexis. He was to carry them to

England and preserve them until I could join him. I was watched, but I hoped to escape.

'Alexis was puzzled how to carry the notes. If he had them about his person he might be searched, and awkward questions as to his right to them put to him. People bound on a three months' European tour do not usually carry fifty thousand pounds' worth of English notes with them. Alexis, however, quickly solved the difficulty. It was his practice to carry with him wherever he went the portrait of his dead sister, whom he regarded with feelings of absolute veneration. She, like myself, had engaged in the new movement, and she had suffered. Alexis brought his cherished portrait, handsomely mounted in gold, to my house. We placed the notes behind the canvas, and stitched a strong piece of coarse cloth across the frame, so that none could see where the notes lay hid. Knowing that Vitrefsky was my true friend, and that he would take care of the portrait, I felt my little fortune to be safe.

'Alexis left for England, and within a few days of his departure I was arrested. I spent some weary years in the fortress of St Peter and Paul; subsequently I was sent to the mines. But before I left the fortress I had news of Alexis. By means of those trusted messengers who are to be met with even amongst the government officials, he contrived to send me a cipher letter, telling me that he was living in London, and giving this house as his address. Whenever I was free I was to come here to receive the sum I had entrusted to him.

'I have now told you all. I am free, and I have come here, only to find that Alexis is murdered and the portrait gone.'

I was so convinced that the prince was telling me the truth, that I no longer hesitated about handing the portrait over to him. Before doing so, however, I asked him one more question.

'Pardon me,' I said, 'but what of your wife and boys?'

He shook his head.

'My wife died during my imprisonment,' he answered. 'My boys are living here in London. Poor lads, they had met with indifferent treatment in Germany, and I fear that they will find life hard, now that I have no means of helping them.'

'Then your estates were confiscated?'

'Everything I had was confiscated. When I finally escaped I was absolutely penniless.'

I went to my safe and took the portrait from the drawer in which I had placed it on my return from Hull. Without saying a word, I handed it to the prince, who received it with an expression of the utmost astonishment.

'See if your money is still there,' said I.

'I have no doubt of it,' he answered, as he cut away the stitches from the canvas back. 'But how did the picture come into your possession? You told me it had been stolen.'

I told him how I had found the portrait in the shop at Hull, and had recognised it again. While I talked, he turned back the canvas and discovered the bank-notes securely wrapped in

folds of paper, exactly as he had described. His delight at finding himself once more wealthy was wonderful to witness. 'Poor Alexis!' he said, suddenly remembering the friend to whom he had trusted his sole resources. 'I have my own theory as to his death. I have heard that he became closely connected with one of the more determined secret societies, and had the ill-fortune to break with certain of its most powerful members. These people never forget. Alexis was probably tracked down to the very last.'

'But the portrait?' I said. 'Why should the murderers steal that?'

The prince shrugged his shoulders.

'Ah,' said he; 'probably while Alexis was conversing with you in here and showing you the portrait and its valuable frame, the two men told off to kill him were watching you. Of course they stole the portrait for the sake of the frame.'

The explanation seemed a likely one. I remembered that there had been nothing to prevent Vitrefsky's assassins from following him up the stairs that night, or from listening at the open door while he conversed with me.

Prince Z—— carried his bank-notes away with him. He wished to reward me, saying that but for me the money would have been lost to him. The only reward I could consent to take, however, was the picture. That I kept, and still possess, a memento of what I think a remarkable romance.

Prince Z—— now resides permanently in London, prematurely aged by the trials of his past life, but undisturbed, so far as I know, by government spies or the emissaries of secret societies.

#### ICI-BAS.

From the French of SULLY-PRUDHOMME.

HERE below the lilacs die,  
All the song-birds heavenward fly;  
I dream of a summer for ever and aye.

Here below the lips that greet  
Leave no imprint when they meet;  
I dream of a kiss that will ever be sweet.

Here below the lovers mourn  
Friendships dead and hearts forlorn;  
I dream of the ties that shall never be torn.

WILMOT VAUGHAN.

#### \*• TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.
- 2d. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3d. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

If the above rules are complied with, the Editor will do his best to ensure the safe return of ineligible papers.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,  
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 614.—VOL. XII.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1895.

PRICE 1½d.

## AN ADVENTUROUS WEEK.

By CHARLES EDWARDES.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAPTER I.

CANEA at last. I had not bargained for the journey by way of Constantinople, nor had I been warned of the difficulties I should have to overcome ere I could set foot openly in this 'most distressful' of the Mediterranean islands. The Cretans were in revolt. That was the explanation. And Messieurs les Turques were much alarmed lest Europe should substantially aid the rebels and once for all hand the island over to Greece.

We were a strange party on board the *Osman*: Moslem soldiers by the score, their officers a bad-looking lot; some Jews; renegade Greeks who had in their own artful way curried favour with the authorities in Turkey; two Italian doctors, and others.

There was, in fact, but one man with whom I could fraternise. That was Naylor, newspaper free-lance, and much else. How he had got a 'permit' to enter the island, I never made out. But he had it, and meant, he declared, to make the most of it.

He and I were on the *Osman's* deck while the steamer screwed itself slowly into the contracted harbour. I glanced about me eagerly, possessed by a sense of adventure that had never yet stirred me. True, I was only after olives; but, as Naylor said, I was putting myself in the way of a good deal besides those estimable little fruits.

'Look at the tall house to the left,' said Naylor, handing me his glass amid the Babel of voices. 'Third storey, middle window.'

'Yes?' I said, when I had gazed.

'The fellow with the fez is the Pasha. I'll bet my boots he isn't happy. He has a deluge of blood on his mind already, and he'll have more before he's disgraced.'

'Disgraced—why?' I asked. The gentleman at the window, watching us, Pasha or not, appeared nothing out of the common.

'Because he's on the horns of a dilemma, my dear sir. If he crushes the revolt in the usual way (and there's no other), all the Powers will cry "Shame" on the Sultan, and clamour for atonement; his Excellency yonder will then be the scapegoat. And if the Cretans are too much for him, the Vizier and Sultan together will chuck him into obscurity or worse for incompetence. Pleasant position, very!—See those mountains?'

He pointed to a high ridge, well at the back of the jumble of houses. They were a faint purple in the early light, with none of their pinnacles and defiles brought into prominence.

'That,' he proceeded, 'is where the trouble's at its warmest. That's Sphakia, and that, please luck and Giorgio Thyatis, is where I'm bound for, Pasha or no Pasha.'

'Risky,' I remarked.

'Risky, of course. But I'm nimble on my pins, and quite as good a shot as the average Turk. The more adventures, the more copy. That's my métier.—Hullo! you're wanted.'

The *Osman's* captain had pronounced my name. He was indicating me to a fierce-looking person in Albanian dress, whose other conspicuous characteristics were a tremendous pair of moustaches and a brace of ivory-headed pistols stuck in his waistband. It was the consul's kavass, as it happened.

'Follow me!' said this individual theatrically, when I had confirmed the captain's words.

I nodded to Naylor, said I would see him later at the Canea inn, and mixed myself up

in the crowd of strugglers on the loose gangway. As I understood neither Greek nor Turkish, I could not be sure the language I heard was unparliamentary; but, from its sound and emphasis, I think much of it must have been. If so, there was some excuse. Even aided by my huge guide, I did not come out of the trouble without a large bruise on my left leg. An impatient warrior had scraped me hard against one of the iron joints on the gangway railings.

However, we got ashore at length, and Canea's sweet smells declared themselves to my nose.

The consulate was close to the harbour. I recognised it by its flag. There was a mosque hard by; so near, in fact, that it seemed to be part of the establishment. Its white domes already glowed in the sunlight.

Ordinarily, one would not have looked for an official of any kind to be at work at seven o'clock in the morning. But the times in Crete were extraordinary. Hence our good consul's energy. He greeted me politely enough, and at once proceeded to cross-examine me.

'I must warn you,' he said, 'that you could not have made a greater mistake than to come to Crete for commercial purposes—or any other—just now.'

I said I was sorry to hear it, but proposed to take my chance.

'With whom do you hope to do business?' he continued.

'Nicolopoulos,' I replied, 'is our agent.'

The consul's lips pouted, and he shrugged his shoulders.

'Nothing could be worse,' he said. 'Nicolopoulos is a "suspect." I'm bound to say he deserves to be considered as such, too. If I were you, I would abandon my enterprise and return to Constantinople when the *Osman* leaves.'

'Do you mean that he sides openly with the patriots?' I asked, somewhat upset by the news.

'No. If he did that, he would be imprisoned. But I will tell you, in confidence, Mr Graham, that he may be in custody any day. What that means in the present state of affairs, you can guess.'

'Then the harvest this year'—

'May be, in all probability will be, a negative quantity. The Turks are destroying square miles of orchards. The island looks like being so depopulated that there'll be no gathering the fruit that's left.'

I uttered an exclamation of disgust. 'When will the boat return?' I asked.

'To-morrow, the day after, or the next day; one can never tell.'

'Oh, in that case, there's time to think it over,' I replied. 'And, meanwhile, I can't do better than see Nicolopoulos himself.'

'Very well. You shall have my kavass, and I'll get you a pass from the Pasha. That isn't everything in Crete now, you understand; and you can't be too careful what you do. Look in when you like, and make use of me when you want to.'

I thanked the consul warmly, waited for the governor's letter, and then set off towards Khalepa for Nicolopoulos.

Had I not seen the streets of the Sultan's capital, I should have marvelled at the filth and confusion of these of Canea. Both were extreme. The stones of the pavement were slippery with garbage, and stank. And to this evil odour were added others that came from the crowd of Jews, Turks, infidels, and negroes who jostled each other and us, and a third of whom seemed to be swinging blows and curses at the little donkeys with bent heads and bared hide, which they pushed before them as best they could. The street cries were deafening. I was glad when we had got out of their reach and were through the sombre gateway of the town in the butchers' quarter. This was a little suggestive of Moslem barbarity, methought, in the way the slaughterers had stuck the heads of their victims on iron pikes and set them at their doors. But, as a matter of fact, the butchers were Greeks for the most part.

The kavass was in a hurry. His strides were needlessly long, considering the Cretan sun and my own comparative smallness. But I made no protest. If I was only wasting time in Crete, the sooner I settled the programme of my movements the better.

In a little while, we struck the coast, near the great ochre walls of the town. There was a breeze on shore, and the sight of the white-capped waves tumbling on to the sand was refreshing. Indeed, Crete looked more exhilarating now every minute. There were red-coats on the walls, trifling and eating out of copper pans, and very merry in spite of the insurrection. I could see the toes of some of the warriors sticking through their broken boots, and holes as big as my head in their jackets. But these are small matters to the military authorities in Turkey, who rely more on muscle and fatalism than mere externals such as discipline and neatness.

After skirting the shore for a time, and passing the famous settlement of Bedouins—a unique thing out of Africa—and a dusty exercising-ground for troops, we struck up towards a rocky eminence with villas and gardens on it. This was Khalepa, the fashionable suburb of Canea. Hence the White Mountains, their purpled sides speckled with sunlight and cloud shadows, looked superb. As I wiped my face, I could not refrain from wishing I had Naylor's spirit and ability for adventure to carry me into their midst. It was hard to believe, however, that men were shooting each other up there like so many partridges.

We paused at length outside a residence with a high white wall to it. Even the kavass seemed willing to breathe in comfort for a moment or two.

Then we entered by a green gate, the fastening of which would have been too much for me unaided. We were in a glorious, leafy avenue, the lower part a bower of roses. On both sides of us was a tangled, beautiful garden. The scent of orange and lemon blossom was a joy to inhale.

My guide strode on in his aggressive, masterful way to the verandah porch of a pale-blue villa at the end of the avenue. I followed him more at my leisure. It was now that I heard the faint musical twang of a

mandoline in the garden. I looked for the musician, but saw no one.

Twice the man rang the bell, the second time with extreme impatience.

'Never mind,' I said, in comment upon what I supposed to be an expletive of disgust: 'now that I know where he lives, I can come out again by myself in the afternoon.'

But this proposition did not please the worthy fellow.

'I shall go behind,' he said; 'perhaps they wash, and do not hear.'

Left to myself, I listened intently. There was something seducing about the mandoline among the blossoms. I could just distinguish the air, which was plaintive.

Then a voice in me bade me seek the author of the sweet sounds, and, without hesitation, I crept through a tangle of vines and sweet peas, and so gained a clear space under a wide-spreading fig-tree. Beyond, nestled in more greenery, was a tiny arbour, and a figure in white stirred amid the verdure—a girl's form, with the profile towards me.

I could not at first understand why my heart made such a fuss about this petty prow of mine. It beat in my body as if it were seriously disordered. But I read the riddle when I had moved a few steps more and caused the girl suddenly to turn and face me. It realised that it was in the presence of one of God's most beautiful creations.

I cannot describe her except in bald category. She may have been seventeen or eighteen: appearances, however, are deceptive in the warm south. She was tall and slender, with features of extraordinary regularity and softness combined. There was a lovely colour in her cheeks as she looked at me, with parted lips, and an expression in which surprise and something of timidity were sweetly blended. And her eyes were large, and of that rare true violet colour which I am told is only to be found in Crete, and that seldom. She held the mandoline to her side with her left hand, round which a handkerchief was wrapped.

Never have I seen any one so beautiful. I don't know that I was more susceptible than other men of seven-and-twenty, but I know that it was all I could do to keep myself from approaching this girl, and kneeling to her, as if she were the goddess of Beauty herself.

The voice of that miserable kavass, crying 'Monsieur! monsieur!' came as a most undesirable distraction. Yet perhaps it was as well. Otherwise, in my infatuation, there is no telling what I might not have done. And so, instead of allowing my heart to confess its folly by a word or a look, I merely raised my hat and returned to the avenue.

'That was not right, monsieur,' exclaimed the kavass, when I came out again alongside of his petticoated legs.

'At any rate,' I replied, 'it is my own affair.—Is he not in?'

'I shall find him for you, if you will return with me,' was the sullen rejoinder.

I listened afresh for the mandoline, but could not hear it. I tried to pierce the lattice-work of fruit-trees, creepers, and flowers

for one more glimpse of that wonderful face; but it was in vain.

We recurred to the hot dusty road, my haughty guide taking longer strides than ever. Once I questioned him about the girl in the garden. He answered with a look that ought to have set me laughing, but which irritated me extremely instead. Only when we were nearing the town did a sensible idea enter my head.

'Wait a moment,' I said, with my hand in my pocket. 'Isn't that a wine-shop?'

It was a commonplace little booth, with a bush over the porch: a wine-shop, sure enough.

'Here's something for yourself, my friend,' I added. 'You have wasted much time on me; and we are both thirsty, or ought to be.'

The exuberant salute with which the man acknowledged the tip told me I had done the proper thing. We entered the shanty and drank malvasia, the blue-breeched Cretan who served us staring considerably.

'You think we shall find Nicolopoulos this time?' I began diplomatically.

'I think so, sir. He has a sick wife. He visits her once a week. It is the day.'

'A sick wife! What an odd thing that she doesn't live with him!'

The kavass shook his head gravely, drank, and then wiped one end of his moustaches: it had dropped into his wine-glass like a rat's tail.

'By the way,' I continued, as indifferently as possible, 'I saw up there in the garden a young lady in white.'

'Ah! you see her?'

The man's animation piqued me.

'Yes. Who is she?'

'She is the only child, the daughter, poor thing!' said the kavass. He cooled his red face with his white skirts in a most unbecoming manner.

'Nicolopoulos's daughter?'

'That is it, sir. She is fine to see, but it is not good to love her.'

At these words, I am afraid I blushed; and for the second or third time in our brief acquaintance, I yearned to kick the kavass. I did not condescend to ask for an explanation.

'What is her name?' I inquired instead.

'I have heard, sir, that she is called Helena. But no matter what she is called. And now, please, we must go.'

Helena!

I tongued the name a hundred times ere we were through the town by one gate and out of it by another. It was the very name for so pure and spotless a maiden. It also fitted her beauty like no other name. I assured myself that even as of old Helen of Troy was the most lovely damsel among mankind, so Helena Nicolopoulos of Khalepa, Crete, was just as matchless. This was significant enough. But my state was proved to conviction by the determination that entered me not to sail by the *Osman*, even though I could not do a farthing's worth of business with Nicolopoulos or any one else.

This time we left Canea as if we were going straight to Sphakia. The green plain stretched



before us to the first of the purple swellings which, rising one above the other, get to a height of eight thousand feet with sublime abruptness.

We passed the lepers of the town, squatted on the sand among the aloes of the roadside. 'Aman! aman!' (Pity! pity!) they cried, as they showed their blotched and swollen bodies, fingerless hands, and toeless feet or stumps of feet.

'Are there many of them in Crete?' I asked the kavass. He had set me the good example of charity.

'There are many, monsieur,' he replied. 'We come now to the houses.'

It was the leper village, in fact: a coterie of little white dwellings set close together, and hedged about with prickly-pear, aloes, and tamarisk bushes. Convenient, too, for the begging purposes of the inmates, seeing that the high-road to the villages of the plain traversed their midst.

'Wait,' I said: 'I should like to look inside one of the houses.'

'There is not need to wait to do it,' said my guide. 'We go to the last one to find Nicolopoulos.'

'What! here?' I exclaimed.

'It is his wife. She is a leper, monsieur, like others.'

'A leper!'

The mother of Helena Nicolopoulos a leper! The bare suggestion seemed to act upon me like a poison. And yet it was too brutal a possibility to be entertained.

But, sure enough, as we were approaching the end of the village, Nicolopoulos, gray-bearded and stately, and with something of the sternness of Greek tragedy in his face, came from within and met us. His greeting was as dignified and tragic as his countenance.

'I do not do business this year,' he replied to my question, which I fear I put with cold-blooded promptitude after a minute or two.

'But as agent merely'—

'It is all one, sir. I think I give up my business altogether. There is reasons that I will not tell: God knows there is reasons. And, another thing, it is not worth your while to make much thought of the oil here this year. There will be much fire in Crete, and fire burn oil. You understand!'

This with a meaning look. Then he turned and said something to the kavass in Greek. The kavass replied with a shrug of the shoulders almost to his ears. He made so long an answer, sinking his voice lower and lower, that, having looked long enough at the handsome, though ragged, countryman who was coming towards us from Canea, I turned towards the hovel in which Madame Nicolopoulos the leper lived. It was too horrible to think of.

But the sight I now saw was even more horrible still. A woman was standing at the threshold of the house. Her sex was hardly more than conjecturable by her dress, which hung about her like a sack tied at the waist. She did not seem inordinately large in the body, but her face was little better than a purple patch, radiant as if it had been rubbed with oil. Nose and lips seemed wanting, and

the eyes were almost closed by the swellings above and beneath their cavities.

This poor object was beckoning. I shuddered in spite of my efforts to do no such thing, touched Nicolopoulos on the shoulder to draw his attention to her, and turned away.

'I shall see you again, if you will do me the favour,' said the merchant.

In this suggestion I acquiesced eagerly enough.

'And now for the inn,' I said to the kavass. 'It is quite time to release you.'

Nicolopoulos rejoined his wife—his awful wife, whom he still loved, poor fellow. We set our faces towards Canea.

We were passing the countryman already mentioned, when the kavass suddenly drew himself up and put on the braggart air that goes so comically with the starched petticoats of the Greek warrior.

The two exchanged a salutation, brief, but, as it seemed to me, forcible. There was even more determination in the other's face than in the kavass's.

'Who is that good-looking man?' I asked. 'Any one might suppose he was in a disguise.'

'That,' said the kavass, 'is Giorgio Thyatis, the Sphakiot. He is bold to come into the city. His life is wanted, and he will lose it one day.'

I remembered the name Thyatis as that of Naylor's patriot, and turned to have another look at the splendid Cretan. I was just in time to see him slip into the hovel that held Nicolopoulos and his wife—Helena's mother!

## THE COAL OF THE WORLD.

It is not improbable that the great economic problem of the future will be concerned not with gold, but with coal. Regarded in its industrial and social aspects, coal is assuredly the most valuable mineral known to man; though by confusion of thought on the subject of 'value,' most people would stare incredulously if we said a lump of coal was worth more than a Cape diamond. As a matter of fact, no man would give a gold nugget for a lump of coal, unless he were in absolute extremity for fuel; but there is a difference between value in exchange and value in use. And it is with regard to use that we appraise the value of coal as the highest among the minerals.

It is the foundation of all industry, and industry is the foundation of wealth. The modern cry, incoherent though it be, for the nationalisation of our coal-mines, is evidence of the knowledge that coal is the first necessary of industrial existence under modern conditions. Now, we are not going to discuss nationalisation, or any other political or controversial question, but we propose to review, as briefly as may be, the coal-supplies of the world.

For at least ten centuries coal has been worked in this country, the first mention of it occurring in ecclesiastical records of the north of England in the ninth century; though not until Elizabeth's time does it seem to have

been used for manufacturing purposes. After a thousand years of constantly increasing production, a Royal Commission (in 1871) estimated that the coal in the country still unmined and available for future use (though some of it is at too great a depth to be mined yet with profit) was then 146,000 million tons. More recently, some German investigators have estimated the coal resources of the United Kingdom to be 198,000 million tons; those of Germany, 112,000 million tons; those of France, only 18,000 million tons; those of Austria-Hungary, 17,000 million tons; and those of Belgium, 15,000 million tons. It is practically impossible for the average mind to grasp such figures, but, after all, they take no account of the deposits of the United States, which are larger than ours, of those of South America, of Australia, of New Zealand, of India, of Japan, and of China, which country is now believed to have the largest coal deposits in the world. Calculations have frequently been made of the number of years it will take to exhaust our own coal-fields, both at the present rate of consumption and in the increasing ratio of production. But these calculations always leave out of sight the probable economies in consumption that science will produce, and the lessening demands upon us of other nations as the world's deposits are opened up elsewhere. And we need not greatly trouble ourselves about the possible high price of coal a few centuries hence.

What seems to us more probable than the early exhaustion of our coal-fields is our displacement from the position of first place among the coal-suppliers of the world. And the reasons for thinking so will appear as we proceed.

More coal is actually produced in Great Britain than in any other country, or than in any other three countries excepting the United States. We reached what was till 1894 high-water mark of production in 1891, when the pits yielded a total of about 185½ million tons; but in 1892 the Durham strike, and in 1893 the Midland strike, in turn prevented that output from being reached.

In 1894 the production was 188½ million tons, but to be on the safe side, and barring strikes and accidents, we may call our normal output 185 million tons. About one-fifth of that is yielded by the great coal-field of Durham and Northumberland, and the next most valuable deposit is in Wales, which has a coal area of about one thousand square miles, and produces the best steam-coal in the world. Welsh steam-coal is preferred to all others, and therefore brings the highest price, because it develops heat more rapidly and gives off less smoke than any other coal. But some of the best Indian coal, notably that of Assam, is said to have properties not much inferior to 'best Cardiff.' The rapidity with which the port of Cardiff has developed in consequence of the trade in Welsh coal is one of the phenomena of our industrial history.

As far as Europe is concerned, the next largest producer is Germany, which in 1893 (we are using in all cases the latest figures published by the Board of Trade) produced 73,852,000 tons. The next is France, with 25½ million tons, and the next Belgium, with 19½ million tons. The other European countries are

far behind. Then Austria and Hungary together produce 10½ million tons; Russia, 8 million tons; Spain, 1½ million tons; Sweden, 200,000 tons; and Italy, 300,000 tons. In round numbers, Europe now produces about 330 million tons of coal every year. But most of the producing countries require for their own consumption all they can produce, and more. Thus, Russia, Austria-Hungary, France, Spain, and Italy are all large importers, and do not export at all, except France occasionally to a small extent. The only countries which produce more than they consume, and are therefore able to supply others, are Great Britain, Germany, and Belgium. Yet the largest producers are also the largest consumers. Thus in the United Kingdom, in 1891, we consumed close upon 145½ million tons, though in 1893, owing to industrial strife, our record was barely 127 millions. Germany, in 1891, consumed upwards of 68 million tons, and in 1893 nearly 67½ millions. The consumption of France is only about half that of Germany, which seems singular, considering the industrial character of the people, and the amount of money in the country; but in France there is also a very large consumption of wood, turf, and lignite. Belgium, one of the busiest countries in the world for its size, manages to consume only 14½ of the 19½ million tons it produces.

If the proportion of coal consumed per head of population in the countries of Europe be considered, the results appear curious. Dividing the latest ascertained total of consumption by the latest estimate of population, the figures show the following startling contrasts:

	Tons.		
United Kingdom.....	3·30	per head	per annum.
Russian Empire.....	0·07	"	"
Sweden.....	0·38	"	"
Germany.....	1·33	"	"
Belgium.....	2·48	"	"
France.....	0·92	"	"
Spain.....	0·14	"	"
Austria-Hungary.....	0·31	"	"

Thus, in proportion to population, the Belgians are the largest consumers in the world next to ourselves. In the United States the proportion works out at 2·42 tons per head per annum; but in the United States, of course, there is a very large consumption of wood for fuel, especially out West, and on the river steamers, &c.

While Germany produces less than half the coal that we do, the estimated cost-price, or rather the average price computed from the total valuation of the gross output, is very nearly the same as ours—namely, 6s. 9½d. per ton at the pit's mouth in the United Kingdom, as against 6s. 9d. per ton in Germany. The cost, or average value, works out in Belgium at 7s. 5½d., in France at 9s. 11½d., in Spain at 6s. 9d., in Italy at 5s. 9d., in Austria at 5s. 9d., and in Hungary at 8s. 2d. But probably nowhere are the points of production so near to the great areas of consumption and of shipment as in Great Britain and Belgium, so that valuations at the pit-mouth mean different things in different countries. Besides, there is a great difference in the quality of the coal of the several countries.

Now, coal is not only the basis and feeder of all industries—it gives employment to a very large proportion of the capital and labour of the world in the mere getting and distributing of it. While it is impossible to estimate how many persons obtain a living in connection with the transport, shipping, and sale of coal, we can obtain a tolerably close estimate of the number dependent on the mining of it. The following is a fair estimate of the number of persons employed in coal-mining in Europe:

United Kingdom.....	640,660
Russia.....	40,500
Sweden.....	1,500
Germany.....	290,630
Belgium.....	116,860
France.....	130,000
Spain.....	12,000
Italy.....	2,300
Austria-Hungary.....	60,000
Total.....	1,294,450

On the usual basis of five persons to each bread-winner, this would represent a population of about  $6\frac{1}{2}$  million souls directly dependent on coal-mining in Europe.

So much for Europe; and now let us look further afield. Most Britons will be surprised, perhaps, to learn that the United States are running us hard for first place in coal-production. As a matter of fact, in 1893 they were only  $1\frac{1}{2}$  million tons behind us; but 1893, as we have seen, was a lean year in our coal-mining. The American output in 1894 was over 165 million tons, and it has increased about sixty per cent. within ten years. That is the remarkable thing about the American coal-supply—the tremendous rate of increase, far exceeding ours. In fact, the United States now produce so much, that they rank among the coal-exporting countries. The surplus they have to spare for sale is as yet not large—only two or three million tons per annum, but it is increasing; and it is to this fact and its future significance that we desire to draw attention.

The American coal-mines give employment to about 365,000 persons, and the average price of the annual output is equal to only 5s. 4d. per ton at the pit-mouth. Thus, American coal is the cheapest in the world, although, of course, as distances are long in America, the haulage-cost to the consumer may average more than in Europe. About two-thirds of the whole is produced in Pennsylvania, where both anthracite and bituminous coal are raised; and the next largest producing States are Illinois, Ohio, and West Virginia. No fewer than twenty-nine States in America now produce coal, and quite one-half of them produce each over two million tons per annum. In Canada, too (principally Nova Scotia), there is an output of about four million tons per annum, which is said to be capable of indefinite expansion. But confining attention for the moment to the United States, it may be said that the coal-area there is estimated to extend over about 200,000 square miles. This may mean anything or nothing, for a coal-area does not necessarily mean a country in which coal can be raised and marketed to profit. But Pennsylvania has a coal-area of 12,000 square miles, which is

already yielding about 100 million tons per annum; and West Virginia has a coal-area of 16,000 square miles, which as yet has barely yielded ten million tons per annum. Yet the West Virginia coal is reputed superior to the Pennsylvanian, and is much more easily, and therefore more cheaply, mined. The average cost of West Virginian coal is stated at only 3s. 4d. per ton at the pit-head, as against an average of about 5s. 4d. given by the Board of Trade for the whole of America.

It is in West Virginia that is produced the famous Pocahontas Coal, which since the English colliers' strike of 1893 has been extensively used by the great transatlantic lines of steamers. It is said that West Virginia possesses not only the richest, but also the most extensive and most easily worked, coal-beds in the whole of the Western Hemisphere. The beds are so near the surface that they are quarried rather than mined, and water-carriage in all directions provides ready and cheap access to markets. But not only that: the mines are near enough to the sea-board to permit of West Virginian steam-coal being put on board of vessels at the port of Norfolk at as low a price as the best Welsh coal can be put on board of vessels at Cardiff. Mining is still in its infancy in this State, but within the last ten years the output has trebled, and there can be little doubt that West Virginia is destined to be one of the leading sources of coal-supply of the world—especially for ocean traffic—in competition with the Tyne and South Wales. We do not mean that this coal is likely to be landed on our own shores to any extent, but that it will be sent to many of the coaling stations which at present are replenished from our ports.

Another very important coal-field in the Western Hemisphere is that of Southern Chili, of which the port of Coronel is the natural outlet. During recent years, there have been steady developments in mining and railway communication in this coal-region, which produces a coal considered for steam-raising purposes not much inferior to the famous West Hartley of the Northumbrian mines. Political and financial troubles have retarded the development of Chilian coal, but if the mines are capable, as is estimated, of producing ten million tons per annum, it will be obvious that Chili can monopolise the whole of the supply of the west side of both the American continents up to San Francisco.

At San Francisco, however, will be met—indeed, now exist—two formidable competitors in Japanese and Australian coal.

It is just about a hundred years since coal was discovered in New South Wales by a shipwrecked sailor; but it was not until about 1830 that the mineral was worked. The carboniferous strata of Australia are estimated to cover an area of ten million acres. Coal is undoubtedly the most valuable mineral product of New South Wales, closely as the colony is associated with gold, and the coal-measures there embrace an area of about 24,000 square miles, including the five great coal-fields of the Hunter River, the Illawarra, the Lithgow, and the Namoi River. Sydney lies in the centre of the coal-mining districts; but Newcastle is

the most accessible port of shipment. In round numbers, New South Wales mines now yield about four million tons per annum, of which rather more than one-half is exported to the other colonies and to the Pacific States of America, to China, the Eastern Archipelago, Burma and Southern India, the Pacific Islands, and the Straits Settlements. The best quality of New South Wales coal is considered by some experts to be, for steam-raising purposes, rather better than the best Northumbrian, and only slightly inferior to the best Cardiff coal. The production has trebled within the last twenty years, but the industry is still in its infancy, and the Newcastle of the antipodes may be destined to be a great and flourishing city when Newcastle-on-Tyne is a deserted ruin surrounded by exhausted coal-pits.

The coal-measures of Queensland extend over an area of about 14,000 square miles, and the formations are of enormous prospective value. It is only recently that mining has been prosecuted, and the output yet is only about 300,000 tons per annum, but Queensland coal will find a place in the commerce of the future. On the other side of the Continent, in Western Australia, large deposits of coal have been reported, and if the transport problem can be satisfactorily solved, here will be an additional source of supply for the Eastern Archipelago and the Straits. But more within the range of practical commerce is the coal of New Zealand, which enabled the *Calliope* to win her famous battle against the tempest at Samoa. New Zealand coal is now being mined to the extent of 700,000 tons per annum, is regularly supplied to steamers in the Colonial and trans-Pacific trades, and is year by year finding fresh foreign outlets. In 1891, the total coal-production of Australasia was rather over five million tons, and it is now probably not short of six million tons, or about equal to that of Russia.

The most astonishing, because unexpected, additions to the world's supply are those of India and Japan. The extent to which coal-mining has been developed in India is little realised in this country, where people have a difficulty in associating mining and factory-working with Hindustan. But in Assam, in Bengal, and, more recently, in the Madras Presidency, coal-seams of great richness are being steadily opened up. The Assam coal is ranked almost as high as the best Cardiff, and Bengal coal only a little inferior. All the steamers in the Indian trade—and their name is legion—now burn Indian coal for coasting voyages and homeward runs, and the intermediate coaling stations on the eastern trunk-lines of ocean-traffic are now stocked from India, Australia, and Japan. The mines of Japan are now turning out about four million tons per annum. In China, coal has, so far, only been mined at Haiping, and at Keelung in Formosa; but it is known to exist in such quantities in every province of the empire, that some people think that China is destined to be the great coal-supplier of the East. An example has been set the Chinese by the French, who are now actually engaged in coal-mining in Annam and Tonquin. A further

source of supply in Asia is in the Ussuri district of Eastern Siberia, spoken of in a former article in the *Journal* ('The Trans-Siberian Railway,' No. 498, Vol. X., July 15, 1893). And passing from Asia to Africa, we find mining in active progress in Cape Colony, Natal, and the Transvaal, and that the coal is not only supplying local requirements, but is being regularly shipped at Durban for steamer use.

These are some facts not generally known, but of greater importance than can be foreseen. In conclusion, and to sum up, we estimate from the latest returns we have been able to obtain that the following approximates the present annual coal-production of the world:

	Tons.
Europe, as above shown.....	330,000,000
United States and Canada.....	170,000,000
Chili.....	3,000,000
Australasia.....	6,000,000
Transvaal, Natal, and Cape.....	600,000
Japan.....	4,000,000
China.....	1,000,000
Annam and Tonquin (unknown).....	
India.....	3,400,000
Siberia (unknown).....	
Total.....	518,000,000

It will thus be seen that Europe no longer supplies all the coal of the world, but only about three-fifths, and of the total supply Great Britain contributes only thirty million tons (or, say, one-seventeenth of the whole) to foreigners, that being the amount of her exports.

## AN ELECTRIC SPARK.\*

By G. MANVILLE FENN.

### CHAPTER XXV.—TWO PAIRS OF FOUL HANDS.

'You, my dear Brant Dalton. Sit down, my modern Apollo. I'm not busy.'

'None of your chaff,' growled Brant. 'I'm not in a humour to be sneered at this morning.'

'Sneered at, because I called you Apollo? Why, you are the best-looking fellow I know. Honest admiration, my boy. I wish I was as young and good-looking. When are you going to wed the fair cousin?'

'Oh, never you mind about that. I've come on particular business.'

'Which of course means money, dear boy. Take a cigarette. Always willing to oblige if I can; but you ought not to want coin now, situated as you are.'

'A lot you know how I'm situated,' said Brant, beginning to smoke.

'Yes, I know a great deal, my dear fellow: how you sit yonder in the seat of the usurper. I say, though, seriously, as your friend, are you pretty secure?'

'Who's to interfere with me?'

'To be sure, who is? Your uncle left no papers.'

'How do you know?'

Levinson laughed. 'My dear boy, why should I tell you how I know. Let it suffice that I do know, especially how your cousin stands with regard to that great business. Now,

then, don't go and say I am not your friend. Here is a good bit of advice.'

'Thankye,' snorted Brant.

'You have not heard it yet. You must play high, my dear boy; don't rest till you've married the cousin. Make sure of your position while you can.'

'I know what I'm about,' said Brant sharply.

'I don't know so much about that. If you were quite secure, you would not be obliged to come to me for money.'

'Who said I had come to you for money?'

'I did, because you never visit me unless you are hard up.'

'Well, I'm hard up enough now. Look here, Levinson. How about those papers?'

'What; your notes of hand?' said Levinson carelessly.

'No; those plans and drawings for the motor.'

'Motor? Motor? I don't know anything about any motor.'

'Oh yes, you do. No humbug. Look in your cheque-book if you want to refresh your memory.'

'My memory's fresh enough without a reminder, my dear boy. Oh, I see now, I think. No, you can't mean those drawings of some impossible contrivance which you came here one day to persuade me to buy.'

'Persuade to buy!' cried Brant contemptuously. 'Oh no: of course not: I couldn't mean those, could I?'

'My dear sarcastic young friend, what are you aiming at?' said Levinson.

'Look here; who did you want those things for? It must have been for some one who could pay highly.'

'My dear Brant Dalton, you are a strange fellow. You ought to know me by this time. I have business matters with many people. They are perfectly private during the negotiations, and as soon as they are over, they are dead and buried, and I do not set up stones over their graves so as to find them again.'

'Well, you'll have to over that business, for there's a blow-up.'

'Indeed?' said Levinson. 'Pray be explicit if you want to ask my advice.'

'I don't want to beg for your advice; I only came to tell you that I'm not going to take the blame. If the worst comes to the worst, I shall turn Queen's evidence, and tell the truth.'

'You could not, my dear Brant?' said Levinson with a peculiar smile.

'Sneering again,' snarled Brant. 'Oh yes, I could tell the truth if I liked.'

'Tell it to me then now, my dear boy. What do you mean?'

'Here you have it, then: government has found out that the secret plans they bought of my uncle's patent have been copied and sold to some foreign power.'

Levinson looked serious now.

'Of course, you don't know anything about that, eh? Not you, Levinson?'

'Well, suppose government has found out that, my dear boy, what then?'

'They've sent in a formal demand to us for an explanation, and given hints that they don't

mean to stand any nonsense. I don't quite understand what they could do, and whether they have the power to turn nasty and prosecute. I'm not a lawyer. But I give you fair warning that I shall hedge if you can't see your way out of it. I'm not going to stand in the dock on a charge of fraud.'

'Pooh, pooh!'

'Don't you be in too great a hurry with your "pooh, pooh." I don't say they could prosecute, but they might. One thing is certain; they'll want all their money back. Who was it bought the drawings?'

'I do not know anything about the business, my dear Brant,' said Levinson quietly; 'but as a friend, if you are in a mess, I will try and help you out.'

'Thank you,' said Brant sarcastically. 'You mean with yourself. Of course you are deep in the mess.'

'My dear boy, I don't accept the position. Government may bluster and threaten, but I doubt very much whether they would care to take any very serious steps about such a matter. I am not prepared to say that it is a fraud.'

'Oh, aren't you? Well, I know somebody who is.'

'Indeed! But there is no harm in my advising you, or in our taking a business-like view of the matter.'

'None at all,' said Brant dryly.

'To begin, then: government say that the plans they purchased of some patent invention from your firm have been copied and sold to a foreign state.'

'Yes. What foreign state?' cried Brant.

'Let us keep to the position, my dear Brant Dalton. Well then, these documents must have been copied and sold by some one in your office, or else by some one in the government's employ.'

'By George! I never thought of that,' said Brant excitedly.

'No,' said Levinson quietly. 'You would probably have not thought of that. The temptation would have been very great to some poorly paid government clerk.'

'To be sure,' cried Brant. 'I say! Bravo! That's the card to play. Let them prove that it wasn't done there. They wouldn't dare to fight.'

'Steady, my dear boy, steady. You are too impulsive. Let us analyse the matter thoroughly, and take the first possibility again, sift it, and if necessary come back to this second suggestion.'

'Oh, very well,' said Brant impatiently; 'but look sharp: I'm no analyser.'

'No: I found that out years ago, my dear Brant Dalton. But now, look here.—Take another cigarette; I know you like mine.—Now then, you don't think there is any one in your office likely to play such a trick as this?'

Brant looked at him curiously, in silence.

'I see you do,' continued Levinson, after a careful scrutiny of his visitor's face. 'Of course it couldn't be that Mr Wynyan of yours—the man who half invented it.'

Brant gazed at the speaker searchingly, and then in a hoarse whisper: 'I say, Levinson, what's your little game?'

The money-lender raised his eyebrows a trifle, and then smiled.

'Surely, my dear boy, it is clear enough—to save your firm any little unpleasantry that might occur.'

'And yourself?'

'I am talking about you, my dear boy—the head of the firm who entered into a contract with the government. But I see; you do suspect this Wynyan.'

'Curse him! I charged him with doing it,' said Brant viciously. 'He had the papers away for days. It's as black as night against him.'

'Hah!' ejaculated Levvinson, sinking back in his chair; and the man's manner was so peculiar that it took Brant's attention.

'What do you mean by "Hah?"' he said roughly.

'It was only a sigh of relief, my dear boy. We will not discuss the government-clerk idea—the position of the virtuous but ill-paid and tempted government servant. That will do to hold in reserve. There, be at rest, my dear boy, I will get you out of the difficulty. Of course you will not retain Mr Wynyan in your service?'

'Likely!'

'One moment: has he any hold upon you?'

'No,' cried Brant; 'the papers were to have been signed last week, but I had the matter put off.'

'My dear boy, you have all the makings of a business man in you. I am very glad you came to me. Stop: second thoughts are best. Where is this Wynyan?'

'Goodness knows; I got rid of him pretty sharply.'

'Quite right. Then now look here: have you replied to government?'

'No. But I shall now, and tell them I've found the culprit,' said Brant with a laugh.

'No: second thoughts are best. You must not give yourself away. We'll bring up the reserve at once. You shall write them an indignant letter, saying that you feel ready to doubt that such a shameful robbery has taken place; but if it has, you must hold the government accountable for what will prove a serious loss to your firm, for the robbery must have been made by some one in their own employ, through their carelessness in not keeping the papers private.'

'By George, Levvinson!' cried Brant, 'you are a clever one. It would take some brains to beat you.'

'Thank you, my dear boy. You are very flattering. Don't you try to beat me. Be off now, and get your letter carefully written, copied, and despatched at once. You feel better, don't you?'

'Right as the mail,' cried Brant, as he went to the door. 'I'll come and see you when I get their reply.'

'Do,' said Levvinson.

Then he walked back to his chair and seated himself again to sit back thinking and smiling to himself.

'Life is a curious mystery after all. How it is veined, netted, and made maze-like, full of threads and clews which come to those who are on the lookout. Yes, my dear Endoza—my

beloved pure-blooded Castilian mongrel Greaser, Indian, or whatever it was—I think I can gratify you over the matter of the experienced brain-working engineer. Now let me see—what is the next step?'

## MIGRATIONS OF FISH.

It would be difficult to name any other important industry in which greater progress in knowledge has been made during the last decade than in the sea fisheries. The scientific investigations undertaken in connection with them are very considerable. Much is now known concerning the life-histories and habits of fishes—concerning their food, propagation, development, and distribution; but on one point, in spite of all that has been written on the subject, there is still lamentable ignorance—that of their migrations. From the practical point of view, this is to be deemed a matter of especial regret. Definite information must needs be acquired ere several modern fishery problems can be rightly understood, and further regulation of the fisheries effected, the necessity for which becomes year by year more obvious.

For centuries—it can hardly be wondered at—the movements of the herring have attracted attention, and almost numberless plausible theories have been promulgated, most of which time has shown to be erroneous. Indeed, we seem to know little more of the subject than our fathers did. They long cherished the notion—the so-called 'icy-sea' or polar theory, a theory worked out with extraordinary minuteness—that the herring was bred in the Arctic seas, and that dense shoals, led by a large fish, 'the king,' came south early in the year, and, after travelling along various coasts, returned the same year to where they started from. When, towards the close of the last century, it was discovered that herrings spawned off our coasts, and remained here at certain spots throughout the winter, our ancestors merely divided the fish into two classes, and spoke of 'foreign' and of 'home-bred' herrings, and it was only somewhat late in the present century that the original theory was finally discarded. Until quite recently it has been the belief current among competent authorities that herrings do not, as a rule, wander far, but simply disperse into deeper water, and, similarly, that flat-fish do not travel to any considerable distance. General ideas, no less than mistaken theories, however elaborate, must always influence the fisheries injuriously, and a few years ago the Fishery Board for Scotland, with the view of settling the question, inaugurated a series of experiments and careful observations, the results of which are decidedly interesting.

For the purposes of experiment the Commissioners adopted the plan of catching fish, marking them, and returning them to the sea: notice of what was being done was given along the coast, and fishermen were offered a small reward for restoring any of the marked fish to the investigators. As regards those dealt with, lively and active ones are selected, and, of course, a record is kept of the date and hour, the locality, the kind of fish, its size, &c. At

first, difficulty was experienced in ascertaining how the fish could be treated so as to make the marking capable of indicating these necessary particulars. It had to be permanent, such as should injure the creature as little as possible, and be inexpensive, since large numbers had to be handled; moreover, it must be conspicuous enough not to escape the eye of those who catch the fish, and yet sufficiently unobservable to elude the gaze of enemies. Pigment was tried, but proved unsatisfactory in many ways, and it was then decided to utilise a label or tag, bearing a number. After trial of gutta-percha, pieces of leather, india-rubber, lead, copper, zinc, brass, the last-named was eventually chosen as the substance best suited to resist the action of the sea; and thin brass circular discs, three-quarters of an inch in diameter, were manufactured, each stamped with a consecutive number, and pierced with a small hole at opposite sides by which it could be fastened to the fish's tail. Thin aluminium wire was inserted, but although sea-water does not corrode aluminium, it renders it brittle, and it breaks; certainly not one of the five hundred ticket-of-leave fish have ever reported themselves. Black silk cord was next employed, and answers well, resisting the action of the water for at least over two years.

But while this method has been pronounced admirably adapted for tracing the migrations of the food-fishes, it is disadvantageous, in that the ligature, by causing abrasion, retards materially the natural growth. This was to be avoided, since the experiments, in their secondary character, throw light on the important subject of the rate of growth of fishes; and in order, if possible, to prevent the mischief, tiny oblong discs of aluminium and silver were experimentally affixed to the outer surface of the opercular covering of fish in the tanks; but even these were found to check development, and, besides, all the discs came off. Lately, another mode, less irritating it is presumed than the cord round the tail, has been tried, by securely fixing a small oblong brass tag to the shank of a small fish-hook, and embedding the latter in the thick fleshy part of the back.

To many persons, doubtless the question will suggest itself, whether the presence of a foreign body in contact with the skin, such as the brass disc and cord, will not interfere with the normal migratory movements of the fish. In the opinion of Dr Wemyss Fulton, Superintendent of the investigations, it does not. This conclusion he bases on the fact that in some cases the marked fish have remained long at about the same place, while in other cases specimens of the same species have gone a good distance; and so far as can be judged, the irritation in both cases was equal.

Since the experiments were begun, some five years back, no fewer than between three and four thousand fishes, belonging to over twenty kinds, have been caught, marked, and set free in the sea, chiefly in the Firth of Forth and St Andrews Bay. One thousand two hundred and fifty were plaice, of which 103 were recovered, the period of freedom varying from two days to two and a quarter years, with a mean of 239 days, or eight months. Measured

in a straight line, the average number of miles between the points of liberation and recapture may be put down at six, but ranges from practically *nil* to 28; clearly, in the interval the fish may, and indeed almost must, have travelled much farther, but there is nothing to indicate the extent of this journeying. Two points of interest come out in these experiments: the comparative stationariness of immature plaice, and the fact that those that move do so very largely in a definite direction. In the Firth of Forth, it appears, they circulate as it were, along the south shore westwards and along the north shore outwards or eastwards; and round St Andrews Bay this movement is continued with even greater distinctness to the north. Plaice, it would therefore seem, tend to remain within the inshore waters during the time of immaturity, and their movement is, as a rule, slow, but in a definite direction. To complete the cycle of life and habit of this valuable flat-fish: the spawning grounds lie off the mouth of the Forth and St Andrews Bay, the buoyant ova are floated inwards, and the young distribute themselves in the shallower waters after the fashion described, and in their turn, on approaching maturity, pass out to the spawning grounds; those from the Firth of Forth, apparently, generally speaking, by the channel between the Isle of May and the coast of Fife, and those from St Andrews Bay in all likelihood proceed from the neighbourhood of the mouth of the Tay towards the Bell Rock.

A study of the tabulated results of the experiments on another flat-fish, the common dab, brings out a striking contrast in its migrations to the migrations of the plaice. Of 337 dabs marked and liberated, 11 were recaptured. The average distance was 14 miles—some travelled three and some 37—in a mean period of 178 days. They are therefore much more active than the plaice, going considerable distances in comparatively short periods. They are freer in their movements; in fact they appear to be erratic, exhibiting none of that regularity which is so characteristic of the plaice; the dab travels in any direction, offshore or inshore, or along the coast. Not only have the young no specially localised habitat, but spawning occurs indifferently within or without the territorial waters.

Ten out of 196 codlings were again captured, and in their case the mean period of freedom was 74 days, and the difference of the extent of their movement remarkable, the distance varying from one to 52 miles. One codling travelled only a mile in 33 days, another a mile and a half in 200 days; on the other hand, one went 22 miles in 27 days, and another no less than 52 miles in 69 days, from the Firth of Forth to Dunnottar Castle, near Stonehaven, Kincardineshire. Thus codling may stay for a length of time at about the same place, or they may travel long distances with considerable speed; and there seems to be no regularity in the direction, as with the plaice.

The only other marked fish obtained were one lemon sole out of 173, one turbot out of four, two thornbacks from among 71, and one gray skate amongst 23. Unfortunately, none



of the long rough dabs, the haddocks, the gurnards, or the anglers replaced came to hand. Many fishes were taken which bore evidences of having once carried the label; but they had succeeded in getting rid of the means of their identification.

## THE IRISH RAJAH OF HARIANA.

### A ROMANTIC EPISODE IN INDIAN HISTORY.

DURING the later half of the eighteenth century, India was the happy hunting-ground of the European adventurer. It was easy for any dashing soldier of fortune, however humble his origin, however slight his smattering of military knowledge, providing he were acquainted with the rudiments of European discipline and drill, to ingratiate himself with one or other of the numerous independent native sovereigns, and if he played his cards well, he might attain almost unlimited influence and wealth.

The careers of some of these adventurers were singularly romantic, and none more so than that of the remarkable man who is the hero of our present story—George Thomas, sometime of the county Tipperary, and later, Rajah of Hariana.

It was in the year 1781 that George Thomas, then quartermaster on board an English man-of-war, landed in Madras. The son of a small farmer, he had risen from a common sailor to his present position; but rapid as his rise in the service had been—for he was only five-and-twenty—it had by no means kept pace with his ambition. His adventurous, daring spirit had been fired by the accounts he had heard and read of the immense wealth of the Indian princes, and the boundless opportunities for advancement which their rivalries and contentions offered to any man of mettle who had the courage and the brains to carve a way to glory with his sword.

Long before the ship dropped anchor off Madras, George Thomas had resolved to take the earliest opportunity of deserting, and following the career to which his ambition beckoned him. Two days after his arrival there, the bold Irishman disappeared, and his shipmates never saw him again.

For five years George Thomas served his apprenticeship as a soldier of fortune among the petty Hindu chiefs of the Carnatic and the Deccan. Having gained some money and a good deal of experience of native manners, customs, and character, the ambitious Irishman determined to plunge into the heart of India and seek a wider field for the exercise of his talents. He made straight for Delhi, the capital of the Great Mogul, and the centre of Mohammedan influence and intrigue in India. There he fell in with the extraordinary woman who was so strangely mixed up with his future career—the Begum Somru.

The Begum was at that time an independent sovereign under the protection of the Court of Delhi. Her history was remarkable and romantic. She was a native of Cashmere, and had come to Delhi as a dancing-girl. Among the many admirers of her beauty was a European adventurer, known as Somru Sahib, who was

then high in favour with the Great Mogul. His real name was Walter Reinhard, and he was a native of the Electorate of Trèves; but his French comrades had nicknamed him 'Sombre,' in allusion to his dark complexion and still darker character, and this had been corrupted into Somru in the vernacular. Reinhard was but a ship's carpenter on a French man-of-war when he first came to India; but by his great natural gifts as soldier and organiser, he had risen to be commander-in-chief of the armies of Meer Cossim, the Nawab of Bengal. When Meer Cossim was deposed by the English, Somru, who had stained his fame as a gallant soldier by the brutal massacre of one hundred and fifty English prisoners at Patna, was compelled to flee for his life, and was hunted from court to court, till he found refuge in Delhi, where his services were gladly accepted. He was granted the province of Sardhana, with the title of Rajah, and an annual revenue of six lakhs of rupees (£60,000) for the maintenance of himself and the fine corps of Sepoys which he had raised and disciplined, and which owned no leader but himself.

Fascinated by the beautiful Cashmerian dancing-girl, Somru married her, and she took the title of Begum. She was a woman as remarkable for her talents as for her beauty, and soon gained complete ascendancy over her husband. For the fierce and reckless mercenary, destitute alike of faith and honour, had one soft spot in his hard nature, and the Begum found it.

On his death in 1778, he bequeathed her all his property and the command of his corps of Sepoys. She proved herself as capable a leader as her husband had been. More than once, mounted on her Persian thoroughbred, she led her men into action under a heavy fire; and their devotion to her was enthusiastic. But outside the ranks of her faithful Sepoys she was more feared than loved. The people of the Deccan believed her to be a witch.

In person she was small, with a graceful, softly rounded figure, a complexion of dazzling fairness, large black eyes full of animation, delicately chiselled features, and a hand and arm of such perfect symmetry that native poets sang of them as matchless wonders of beauty. Her dress was always in exquisite taste, and of the costliest material. She spoke Persian and Hindustani fluently. Her manners were charming, and her conversation spirited, sensible, and engaging. But, as a set-off to this long array of personal attractions, her character was detestable. She was cruel, vindictive, and treacherous. If one of her servants displeased or disobeyed her, she would order his nose and ears to be cut off in her presence, and watch the mutilation with gusto, whilst she placidly smoked her hookah.

When one of her dancing-girls offended her by attracting the attention of a favourite officer, she, in a fit of furious jealousy, ordered the unfortunate girl to be buried alive. There was a small vault under the pavement of the saloon in which the nautch-dances were held; and in that vault the Begum saw her victim bricked up. When the horrible work was done, she commanded the rest of the nautch-girls to come

out and dance over the grave in which their still living sister was entombed. According to one account (denied by some of those who have investigated the story), the Begum, that she might extract the last drops of fiendish pleasure out of the cup of revenge, had her couch placed exactly over the vault.

The Begum Somru was a little over thirty when George Thomas arrived at her court. The gallant Irishman flattered her vanity by his undisguised admiration of her charms, but in reality, she was more struck with him than he with her. His tall, commanding figure, his erect and martial carriage, his bold, handsome features, his plausible Irish tongue, and his fascinating Irish manners took the fancy of the Begum. She gave him a most gracious reception, and offered him a high post in her service. Thomas accepted the offer, and soon proved himself so capable an officer that the Begum made him commander-in-chief of her forces.

It was not long before the Irish adventurer had an opportunity of displaying his generalship. There was a revolution in Delhi. Shah Alum, the ruling prince, was driven from his throne and capital by an upstart named Ghorlama Kadir, who had the impudence to ask the Begum to be his wife and share with him the crown of the Great Moguls. The offer was scornfully rejected, and the Begum at once set off to the assistance of her old friend and ally, with a force of five battalions of Sepoys, two hundred Europeans, mostly Frenchmen, and forty guns; the whole under the command of George Thomas.

Shah Alum was making his last stand against the usurper, and the fortunes of war were going heavily against him, when the Begum Somru in her palanquin at the head of her army arrived upon the field of battle. By his brilliant generalship and the steady valour of his splendidly trained Sepoys, George Thomas turned defeat into victory. The rebels were routed, the usurper was slain, and Shah Alum was securely re-established on his throne. In gratitude for the timely aid of the Begum Somru, Shah Alum, in full durbar, presented her with a magnificent necklace of diamonds, took her by the hand, and before the assembled notables, addressed her as his beloved daughter. Nor was the valour of her general overlooked. George Thomas received a large present in money, a jewelled sword, and the warmest expressions of admiration and gratitude for his services.

The star of the lucky Irishman was now in the ascendant. He became the Begum's principal adviser, her Grand Vizier, in fact. He married a beautiful slave-girl whom she had adopted as her daughter, and was regarded as her certain successor in the sovereignty of Sardhána.

Then the Begum began to repent of having allowed the handsome Irishman to marry any one but herself. Mad with jealousy, she tried to induce Thomas to get rid of his wife; but he was fond of his beautiful slave-girl, and had no mind to exchange her for the Begum, whose beauty was on the wane, and whose temper was that of a tigress.

At this juncture another remarkable person ap-

peared upon the scene, who was destined to play an important part in the Sardhána drama. The new arrival was a Neapolitan named Levassou, or Le Vassoult, a handsome, clever adventurer, who rapidly gained an extraordinary influence over the fickle Begum. He was undoubtedly a man of ability, but stern, haughty, and domineering. His arrogance disgusted all the officers in the Begum's service; and when she carried her infatuation for the stranger so far as to marry him, most of them prepared to leave her court. Among these was George Thomas.

It was impossible that one small state should hold two such men as the Irishman and the Neapolitan. They were the deadliest rivals. George Thomas felt that his influence in Sardhána was gone. He knew that the Begum and Le Vassoult were plotting his assassination. It was time for him to go; so he went, taking with him his own special regiment of two hundred and fifty picked cavalymen. A neighbouring Mahratta prince granted him a tract of territory for himself and his men, on condition of having their services if required.

But Thomas knew very well that, if he wished to keep his troopers together, he must give them plunder, and as his late mistress, the Begum, owed him large arrears of pay, he levied contributions on some of her outlying dominions.

Le Vassoult, glad of an excuse to crush his hated rival, took prompt measures to avenge this outrage, and marched against Thomas at the head of the Begum's army. But before the rivals met, dissension and mutiny had done their work amongst the Begum's troops. The jealous and imperious Neapolitan had quarrelled with the only competent commander left in the Begum's service after Thomas's departure. This man, a native of Liège, was an excellent soldier and popular with the troops, but he was a personal friend of Thomas's, and that rendered him obnoxious to Le Vassoult, who insulted and degraded him. The Liégeois, in revenge, fostered the spirit of mutiny already smouldering among the men, and, at a preconcerted signal, the bulk of the Begum's army, instead of marching against their old leader Thomas, revolted, elected the Liégeois their commander, and announced their intention of deposing the Begum and placing a son of Somru by a previous wife upon the throne.

The Begum was captured when attempting to escape from her palace. Her palanquin was surrounded by rebel soldiers before Le Vassoult, who was on horseback at the head of a few followers, could reach her. He gathered his handful of cavalry together for a charge. Some shots were exchanged, and there would soon have been a bloody *mêlée* had not the Begum suddenly diverted attention to herself.

Rising in her palanquin, she drew a poniard, plunged it into her breast, and with a shriek, fell back bleeding. Her horrified attendants screamed 'Help! help! she has stabbed herself,' and there was a general rush to the palanquin.

Le Vassoult, who, whatever his faults may have been, was passionately fond of his wife, reined in his horse and asked what had happened. He was told that the Begum had stabbed

herself, but he did not seem to comprehend the reply. He repeated the question: the answer was the same.

'Stabbed herself!' he muttered; then, without another word, drew a pistol from his holster, placed it to his forehead, fired, and fell dead from his saddle.

The most picturesque version of this somewhat apocryphal story affirms that before the Begum and Le Vassoult left Sardhana they had made a compact that if either were slain, the other would not survive. And the enemies of the Begum declared that she, knowing that her husband's romantic disposition and devoted attachment to her would keep him true to his vow, deliberately pretended to commit suicide in order to free herself from the man whom she saw to be the obstacle in the way of regaining the good-will of her subjects. She merely drew the point of the poniard sharply across her neck so as to bring blood, and her clever acting did the rest!

A prisoner in the hands of her mutinous soldiery, with no one to whom she could turn for help or advice, the Begum in her despair bethought herself of the gallant Irishman who had served her so well and whom she had treated so badly. She contrived to send George Thomas a message, abjectly imploring his forgiveness and entreating him to come to her assistance, as she was in hourly dread of being poisoned or stabbed. She would gladly pay any price he might choose to ask for his services.

When was an Irish gentleman ever known to refuse the request of a lady in distress? George Thomas chivalrously forgot and forgave all the treachery of his late mistress and hurried to her assistance. His rapid advance terrified the mutineers, who knew well of what stuff their old leader was made. They promptly deserted the usurper they had set up, and rallied again round their lawful sovereign. The Begum Sounru was reinstated before her gallant and generous deliverer came in sight of Sardhana. On his arrival she received him in state and overwhelmed him with gratitude. All her arts and fascinations were brought into play to induce the brave Irishman to become once more her Grand Vizier. But George Thomas was proof against all her blandishments. He had had experience of her treacherous nature, and had no mind to trust himself again within the reach of this beautiful, velvet-eyed tigress. She professed to be deeply affected at his departure, but she hated him more fiercely than ever because he had rejected her overtures, and she showed him before long that

Hell has no fury like a woman scorned.

By this time our Irish adventurer was tired of serving for pay and being liable at any moment to dismissal at the caprice of an irresponsible ruler. His military fame was great, he had a band of devoted followers whom he had trained into splendid soldiers, the great Mahratta chiefs were eager to purchase his alliance—why should he not set up as a Rajah himself? The idea pleased him, and he proceeded to carry it into execution. He had little difficulty in fixing upon a territory to

govern. There was one ready to his hand—a sort of No-Man's-Land, which had been seized by one adventurer after another, but never held for any length of time, and for some years had been absolutely without a ruler.

The province on which George Thomas had set his eye was known as Hariana or the Green Country, and was nominally a portion of the dominions of the Great Mogul, who still kept up a shadowy state at Delhi. It extended one hundred and twenty miles from north to south, and about the same distance from east to west. Thither George Thomas marched his compact little army, took formal possession of the country, assumed the title of Rajah, and selected the town of Hansi, ninety miles west of Delhi, as his capital.

The new Rajah of Hariana soon showed that he was of a different type from its former rulers, who had been freebooters pure and simple. He commenced by pulling down and entirely rebuilding the city of Hansi—making it not only a strong fortress, but also a commodious town. He granted liberal concessions to merchants and traders as an inducement to settle there; he established a mint and coined his own money; he procured skilled workmen and artificers from Delhi and elsewhere, and set them to construct an arsenal, where he cast cannon and manufactured muskets, gunpowder, and all munitions of war. For he meant to be the Rajah of a strong, independent, flourishing, civilised state.

But this was only a part, and a small part, of his ambition. After he had got his foot firmly planted in his new dominions, he intended to make Hariana a starting-point from which to conquer the whole of the Punjab, not for himself, but for Great Britain. He desired, to use his own words, 'to have the honour of planting the British standard on the banks of the Attock.'

Like a true Irishman, George Thomas revelled in hard fighting, and he soon had plenty of it on his hands. His warlike neighbours the Sikhs resented the new Rajah's marauding forays into their country and made reprisals. But they soon found that they had caught a Tartar in this fighting Irishman. Nothing could afford better proof of Thomas's high qualities as a soldier than his victorious campaigns against the Sikhs, that splendid race of warriors, who, forty years later, proved themselves the most formidable foes that England has ever had to fight in India. Yet the Irish Rajah of Hariana, with his little army of five thousand men and thirty-six guns, defeated the Sikhs over and over again, forced them to pay him an indemnity of two million rupees, and could proudly boast that he was 'Dictator in all the countries belonging to the Sikhs south of the river Sutlej.'

We have little doubt that the Irish Rajah would not only have subdued the Sikhs, but have carried out his great scheme for the conquest of the Punjab, had not his attention been distracted from it by the dangers which threatened his own sovereignty.

The brilliant successes of the Rajah of Hariana against the Sikhs had roused the jealousy of a rival adventurer, a French soldier

named Perron, who commanded the armies of Sindhia, the great chief of the Mahrattas. Perron hinted to his master that this Irish upstart was becoming far too powerful and ambitious, and that, if not taken in hand at once, he might some day prove a thorn in the side of Sindhia. The treacherous Begum Somru, too, who was burning for revenge on the man who had slighted her charms, though he had saved her life and restored her to her throne, contrived to instil into the mind of the Mahratta prince suspicions which served to confirm the hints thrown out by Perron. The consequence was that, when the Sikhs prayed Sindhia to assist them against their dreaded foe, the Rajah of Hariána, Sindhia seized the excuse to crush the aspiring foreigner.

But first he tried diplomacy. If Thomas would surrender his sovereignty, and submit to be the vassal of Sindhia, he should be allowed an annual subsidy for the support of himself and his troops.

In the month of September 1801, Perron and Thomas met at Bahadurgarh to discuss these proposals. The Frenchman's tone offended the Irishman's pride, and he haughtily rejected the conditions offered, though he well knew that his refusal meant war to the knife with Sindhia.

On hearing of Thomas's contemptuous rejection of his terms, the Mahratta prince ordered Perron to despatch a force at once to annihilate the troublesome Rajah of Hariána.

The invading army was under the command of a Frenchman, Major Louis Bourguien, a braggart and poltroon, despised by his officers and men. Thomas turned to bay under the walls of his fortress of Georgegarh. He was not greatly outnumbered as yet, for he had six thousand men with thirty-five guns against eight thousand men with thirty-eight guns. After a fierce and obstinate battle, in which Bourguien lost nearly half his force, Thomas remained master of the field. But his loss, too, was severe, upwards of one thousand eight hundred, including his second in command, Captain Hopkins, a brilliant English soldier, whose death was an irreparable misfortune. Had Thomas taken advantage of his victory and pressed Bourguien hard, there can be no doubt that Sindhia's army must have been annihilated, for it was utterly demoralised by the reverse it had sustained, and the foolish Frenchman was quite incapable of restoring order or confidence. But the Irish Rajah seemed suddenly to have lost his head. All his old promptitude of action and fertility of resource appeared to have left him. Not only did he neglect to follow up his victory, but he made no attempt to secure his retreat to Hânsi. For fifteen precious days he remained absolutely idle. It is said that the death of his wife, to whom he was strongly attached, had strangely affected him, and that he drank heavily to drown his sorrow. Whatever the cause, his inaction was fatal to him. Within three weeks of the battle of Georgegarh, Sindhia had thrown an army of thirty thousand men and one hundred and ten guns into Hariána, and Thomas was hemmed in at Georgegarh by a ring of foes, among the fiercest and foremost of whom were the forces of the Begum Somru.

As the toils closed more and more tightly around him, Thomas recovered his old dauntless spirit. He defended himself with desperate courage against these overwhelming odds, till he saw that the game was up. Then in the pitch darkness of a November night, at the head of three hundred horsemen, he dashed out from Georgegarh, cut his way through the battalions of the enemy, and, after riding one hundred and twenty miles in twenty-four hours, arrived safely at Hânsi.

The garrison of Georgegarh surrendered; but so devoted were they to their Irish chief, that they refused with contempt to serve under Sindhia or any one else. Several of the native officers rent their clothes, and swore that they would rather live as beggars than serve again as soldiers under any chief but their own Rajah.

Bourguien lost no time in advancing upon Hânsi. Though his own ignorance and cowardice utterly unfitted him to command an army, he had excellent subordinates on whom he could rely. Among these were half-a-dozen English officers, one of whom, Lieutenant James Skinner, was afterwards celebrated as the founder of 'Skinner's Horse,' the famous 'Yellow Boys.'

Hânsi was closely invested, but with such skill and courage did Thomas defend his last stronghold that the besiegers made very little progress. The city indeed was stormed and taken after a desperate hand-to-hand fight, in which the assailants lost nearly two thousand men; but the citadel, which commanded the town, was still held by Thomas, and held so stoutly, that the Frenchman, despairing of ever taking the place by fair means, had recourse to foul. Flights of arrows were shot over the walls of the fort, with letters attached to them promising the garrison six months' pay and permanent service in the army of Sindhia, if they would deliver up their Rajah and the fortress.

The English officers were indignant with Bourguien for resorting to treachery, and constantly urged him to offer the Irish commander honourable terms. At last, one day, after tiffin, when wine had put Bourguien in a good temper, he said, in reply to their reiterated protests: 'Well, gentlemen, do as you like. He be one damned Englishman, your own countryman. You know him better than I do.'

So Captain Smith, the senior English officer, was sent to offer such terms of capitulation as no man of honour and spirit need be ashamed to accept. The Irishman was at his last gasp. Famine and treachery were slowly but surely undermining the fidelity of his troops. He knew his case to be desperate, and he therefore consented to surrender Hânsi and evacuate Hariána on these conditions: that the garrison should be allowed to march out with the honours of war; that he himself should go free, with all his private property, and be escorted by a battalion of Sepoys until he was safely within the territories of the English East India Company.

The conditions were granted, the treaty of surrender was signed, and the irrepressible Thomas was entertained that night at a banquet given by Bourguien and his officers. The Frenchman vied with the Irishman in quaffing bumpers,

and after a drunken quarrel, during which the mad Tipperary 'bhoys' chased the terrified Bourguen round the banquetting tent with a drawn sword, they swore eternal friendship, wept in one another's arms, and finally the ex-Rajah of Hariána was escorted back to Hânsi at day-break in a most undignified state of inebriety.

The conditions of surrender were faithfully carried out, and George Thomas turned his back upon his Rajahship of Hariána for ever. He had saved out of the wreck of his affairs about £25,000—enough, as he said, to enable him to end his days comfortably as a small squire in Ireland; and he was on his way to Calcutta to take ship for England, when he was seized with fever at Berhampore, and, weakened as he was by his drunken habits, died there on the 22d of August 1802, at the age of forty-six.

The son of a Tipperary peasant, with little or no education, had risen to be an independent sovereign, had built cities, commanded armies, conquered vast territories, dictated terms to powerful princes, and proved himself a capable ruler as well as a brilliant soldier. Surely, then, we are justified in the assertion that among the careers of military adventurers few have been more successful and none more romantic than that of George Thomas, the Irish Rajah of Hariána.

#### SOME MODERN USES OF GLASS.

ACCORDING to Pliny, the discovery of glass, like many another article that has proved of immense benefit to mankind, was entirely fortuitous. A merchant ship laden with nitre (a fossil alkali) being driven ashore on the coast of Galilee in 77 A.D., the crew went ashore for provisions, which they cooked by the water's edge, constructing a rough support for their utensils out of pieces of their cargo, which produced a vitrification of the sand beneath the fire, and afforded the hint for the manufacture of glass.

Moralising upon this tradition, which he evidently believed, Cuvier wrote: 'It could not be expected that those Phœnician sailors who saw the sand of the shores of Bœtica transformed by fire into a transparent glass, should have at once foreseen that this new substance would prolong the pleasures of sight to the old; that it would one day assist the astronomer in penetrating the depths of the heavens, and in numbering the stars of the Milky Way; that it would lay open to the naturalist a miniature world, as populous, as rich in wonders, as that which alone seemed to have been granted to his senses and his contemplation: in fine, that the most simple and direct use of it would enable the inhabitants of the coast of the Baltic Sea to build palaces more magnificent than those of Tyre and Memphis, and to cultivate, almost under the polar circle, the most delicious fruits of the torrid zone.'

Since his death in 1832, how the field of its usefulness has expanded! Visitors to the late Chicago Exhibition could not fail to have noticed several offices, workshops, and stores constructed entirely of hollow glass bricks, to which a highly decorative effect was given by

using bricks of variegated colour, joined with a colourless cement, and which, when lit from within by the electric light, presented a fairy-like aspect, unapproached by structures of glass and iron, such as our Crystal Palace. They need not, however, have travelled so far to see an erection of this nature, for a glass factory at Liverpool has glass journal-boxes for all its machinery, a glass floor, glass shingles on the roof, and a chimney one hundred and five feet high, built wholly of glass bricks, each a foot square.

Several patents for roofing-glass have been taken out during the last few years, the best perhaps being that in which, during manufacture, the glass is moulded upon steel-wire netting, which greatly increases its strength without appreciably lessening its transparency, and allows of its being used in much larger sheets. A Paris firm of glassmakers, MM. Apert Frères, now produce some porous glass to be used for window-panes. The pores are too fine to admit of draught, but cause a pleasant and healthy ventilation in a room. By means of the toughening process, glass railway-sleepers, tram-rails, floor-plates, grindstones, &c., have been produced.

Last year some remarkable experiments were carried out by the Berlin fire brigade upon a patent fire-resisting glass, suitable for skylights, windows, and partitions, exhibited by Messrs Siemens of Dresden. It was proved to be capable of resisting a temperature of 1300° C. for over half an hour.

Articles of dress are now being extensively made of this material. A Venetian manufacturer is turning out bonnets by the thousand, the glass cloth of which they are composed having the same shimmer and brilliancy of colour as silk, and, what is a great advantage, being impervious to water. In Russia there has for a long time existed a tissue manufactured from the fibre of a peculiar filamentous stone from the Siberian mines, which by some secret process is shredded and spun into a fabric which, although soft to the touch and pliable in the extreme, is of so durable a nature that it never wears out. This is probably what has given an enterprising firm the idea of producing spun-glass dress lengths. The Muscovite stuff is thrown into the fire when dirty, like asbestos, by which it is made absolutely clean again; but the spun-glass silk is simply brushed with a hard brush and soap and water, and is none the worse for being either stained or soiled. The material is to be had in white, green, lilac, pink, and yellow, and bids fair to become very fashionable for evening dresses. An Austrian is the inventor of this novel fabric, which is rather costly. Table-cloths, napkins, and window-curtains are also made of it. It has also been discovered that glass is capable of being turned into a fine cloth, which can be worn next the skin without the slightest discomfort.

The Infanta Eulalie of Spain was a short time ago presented with a wonderful gown by the Libbey Cut Glass Company, of Toledo. 'Its foundation,' writes a lady correspondent of the *Daily News*, 'is a silk warp, woven with fine strands of glass. In each strand there are

two hundred and fifty almost invisible threads, and to make three-quarters of a yard of this material employs four women one whole day. This curious fabric of mingled silk and glass is arranged as a gored skirt over one of white silk. It is bordered with a flounce of chiffon, partially veiled with a glittering fringe of glass. Above it is a twist of chiffon and plaited glass. The bodice is in silver cloth, woven in with threads of glass, and glass epaulets glimmer above the chiffon sleeves. The price of this ball dress is five hundred dollars. The Infanta's is pure white, but the glass can be made in a variety of colours, and can be so woven through the silk as to produce a shot effect. The seams have to be glued together instead of being sewn. The silvery sheen produced by the fine threads of glass is remarkably pretty, especially under the rays of artificial light.

And while on the subject of dress, we may mention a most dangerous fashion that obtained a few years back, fortunately not to a very wide extent, and only for a short time—namely, sprinkling the hair, dresses, and flowers at balls, parties, and theatres with powdered glass. The inhalation of these minute particles of glass, one of the deadliest forms of slow poison, and perfectly insoluble, sets up serious inflammation in the pulmonary organs, stomach, throat, and other membranes to which it adheres; and, moreover, these grains injuriously affect the delicate structure of the eye. A letter setting forth the serious effects resulting from this practice at a Christmas gathering in Coventry, appeared in the *Standard* of 29th December 1888.

A church bell of green glass, fourteen inches high and thirteen in diameter, was placed in the turret of the chapel at the Grange, Borrowdale, in October 1859; and now we are told that glass is to be used as a filling for teeth, especially the front ones, where it will be less conspicuous than gold, and, in fact, indistinguishable from the tooth surface.

From time to time, glass has furnished the material for scientific toys. At the old-time fairs, 'Rupert's drops' formed a staple commodity, long pear-shaped drops, on breaking off the tiniest morsel of the surface of which the whole mass shattered itself into a thousand atoms. Charles II. was so delighted with them that he brought them to the notice of the Royal Society, who formed a committee to inquire into their nature. They also provided Hudibras with a simile:

Honour is like that glassy bubble  
That finds philosophers such trouble;  
Whose least part cracked, the whole does fly,  
And wits are cracked to find out why.

Hooke, in his *Micrographia*, tells of candle-bombs, small glasses hermetically sealed and containing a drop of water, which, when placed on hot coals, burst with a loud report. Another curious article was the 'Bologna phial,' a hollow cup of annealed glass, capable, as are also the Rupert's drops before mentioned, of resisting hard strokes from without, but which shivers to pieces on certain light minute bodies being dropped into it. In some glass-houses the workmen show glass which has been cooled in

the open air, on which they let fall leaden bullets without breaking it. They then desire you to drop a few grains of sand upon the glass, which break it into a thousand pieces. The lead does not scratch the surface, but the sharp and angular sand does sufficiently to produce the surprising result.

One of the most curious inventions of this inventive age is platinised glass. A piece of glass is coated with an exceedingly thin layer of a liquid charged with platinum, and is then raised to a red heat. The platinum becomes united to the glass in such a way as to form a very odd kind of mirror. The glass has not lost its transparency, yet if one places it against a wall and looks at it, he sees his image as in an ordinary looking-glass. But when light is allowed to pass through from the other side, as in a window-pane, it appears perfectly transparent like ordinary glass. By constructing a window of this material, one could stand close behind the panes, in an unilluminated room, and see clearly everything going on outside, while passers-by looking at the window would behold only a fine mirror, or set of mirrors, in which their own figures would be reflected and the person inside remain invisible. In France various tricks have been played. In one, a person, seeing what appears to be an ordinary mirror, approaches to look at himself. A sudden change in the mechanism sends light through the glass from the back, whereupon it instantly becomes transparent, and the startled spectator finds himself confronted by some grotesque figure which has been hidden behind the magic glass. What wonders might not a magician of the dark ages have wrought with a piece of platinised glass?

#### A COUNTRY LANE.

BETWEEN steep banks it winds along,  
O'erhung with leafy hawthorn trees,  
From which in Spring the thrush's song  
Floats softly on the soft south breeze.  
There is the earliest primrose found,  
And modest purple violets grow,  
And trembling wind-flowers star the ground,  
And humble ragged robins blow.

There, too, on golden Summer eves,  
The old folks like to stroll and talk;  
Or slowly, under whispering leaves,  
The self-absorbed young lovers walk,  
While, fresh as youthful hopes, unfurl  
New growths about their lingering feet;  
And tender fronds of fern uncurl,  
And all the balmy air is sweet

With mingled scents of thyme and musk,  
And wilding-roses, passion-pale,  
As trembles through the dewy dusk  
The music of the nightingale.  
And, stealing from some hidden nook,  
Adown the lane and o'er the lea,  
By pleasant ways, a silver brook  
Runs, singing, to the silver sea.

E. MATHESON.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,  
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 615.—Vol. XII.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1895.

PRICE 1½d.

## THE WINTER SHORE.

THE sky which overarches the wide wet sea-sands is gray and dull, and the winds blow in gusts from the north-east. This is the same ample shore which shone golden in the summer sunlight, when a crowd of pleasure-seekers were exploring its beauty; and then the sky above it was of deepest blue, and the receding waves in the quivering sunshine broke gently on the sands 'like light dissolved in star-showers thrown.' But few indeed of those summer pleasure-seekers would now appreciate the shore in its stern aspect, that has, however, a rugged beauty of its own under the north-easter which Charles Kingsley sang. To share in the appreciation of that 'wild north-easter' and of the aspect of our winter shore, it is necessary to be a lover of really wild shooting and long rough walking, of the stern music of wind and wave, and the clanging seabird's cry in all its variety of note. For those who are thus constituted, our winter shore has a perennial charm, and has been the ample space where some of the most delightful experiences of open-air life have been obtained.

Far away at this hour of low-water extend the bare brown wet sands from the strip of shingle which runs below the base of the tall white cliffs, partly-coloured here and there with patches of vegetation, down to a long dim line of foam which marks the restless waves. Winding across the bay, darker in hue than the sands, is a rain-swollen stream which comes from a source far inland. Now when revealed by the retreat of the sea, its slippery quagmire-like banks—of which the inexperienced wanderer had best beware—are a favourite and succulent feeding-ground for various birds. Tantalising enough some of these same birds—the shooter will find it one thing to see them, and a very different thing to approach them. From those distant banks comes fitfully the wild weird melancholy piping of the curlews, and the stately birds with their long curved bills

are constantly flitting hither and thither by the stream, or boring in the soft sand on either side for the shellfish and other inmates of its tenacious surface. The curlews are among the most prized of the birds which are met with by the shore shooter; and—though it is not generally known—a young bird, when its food has been varied, is a delicacy if properly roasted. But the curlew matches the wood-pigeon and rook in its wariness in keeping out of range of a gun. Those handsome birds—their pale brown and black flecked upper plumage contrasting with the dull white underneath—are not to be approached by any stalking. The only plan whereby success can be obtained is by the shooter's concealing himself behind a rock, a post, or any remnant of wreckage scattered here and there on the sands, and there, in wary fashion, fluttering from time to time his cap or handkerchief. Curiosity gradually prompts the shy birds to approach nearer and circle round the object until they come within range, when a rapid shot may be successful. Our own experience of the bird on different winter shores is that they at any rate afford plenty of exercise and much scope for expectation, even if the bag be small, and such accompaniments form much of the enjoyment of sport to those who in its best sense understand the word.

The lapwings come wheeling with their constant monotonous cry in flocks from the open inland country, and are never far from the receding tide. In most instances, they are the common ones. Sometimes they settle like a flock of rooks on the wet sands, a rush of rapid wings and a storm of peewits showing when, in their opinion, the human intruder has got near enough to their assembly. Their love of the sands is more, it would seem, from love of the wide free space wherein those rapid wings can be exercised, for they get the greater part of their food from the downlands and fallow fields that lie far inland, and are night-feeders like some of the duck race. More



rarely, and in smaller flocks, we see at this time the much daintier golden plover, so prized as a table bird. These are in the finest condition now. They fly fast and far, and in more vigorous fashion than their common relatives, from whom the practised eye finds it easy to distinguish them when on the wing. In frosty weather, golden plovers seek their food far out on the sands near the ripple of the tide-line, and the more wintry the weather, the greater the chance of approaching them, which must be in the most equable and cautious manner, and with the precaution of never moving the arms till the gun is raised to the shoulder. When first fired at, our plovers scatter in all directions, thus affording a fair chance for the second shot.

The rare gray plovers are sometimes seen, in hardest weather, on our winter shore, but not often. A dull dusky brown marks the head, back, and wing-coverts, the under-parts being white, and the legs green. They are more difficult to get near than either of the other kinds, being always shy and wary. After feeding, they delight in dabbling and washing in the hollows of the sands which are full of salt water; and very pretty is the contrast between their sober plumage and the green and crimson patches of sea-weed which often fleck the brown sand near such places. But certainly the dusky greenish-yellow hue of the golden plovers as they wheel in compact order under the flying sun-gleams that now and again are seen as the north-easter drives the gray clouds before it, make them one of the handsomest of the plover race.

The screaming of the gulls is the incessant accompaniment of the wild winds' music and the distant lapping of the waves. They dive, toss, and wheel in all directions; but no one who is really fit to carry a gun would ever fire at them. The large black-backed gulls keep apart from the smaller black-headed members of the family, and battle singly or in couples against the wind, keeping above the water-line, and with keenest eyes scrutinise the sand and sea for anything which may be edible, whether dead or alive.

A group of handsome birds may often be seen far off, and usually close by the mouth of the stream as it enters the sea. Through the binocular—which is invaluable to the sea-shore shooter—their forms and colours fill the eye, especially when a wintry sun-gleam falls from a rift in the clouds athwart the embouchure of the stream. These are ducks, as their shape shows, but not the ordinary mallard, or wild-duck, which indeed forms the most valuable, as it is the most infrequent prize of the shooter on the sands. These smaller ducks or pochards are marked by their handsome orange-chestnut head and neck, and the dusky black of the breast and back contrasting with the white black-pencilled wing-coverts. By careful stalking against the wind, a shot is sometimes obtained, and the pochard has the peculiarity of not requiring so hard a blow to bring it down as do other wildfowl; to which may be added the fact that, unlike some of the other species of ducks which haunt the shore or the sea within a certain distance of low-water line, the bird is fairly good eating.

Besides the pochards, small knots of shel-drakes are sometimes seen where, in the loneliest spots, the mollusca are very plentiful beneath the sands. The most careless eye will distinguish these large birds by their flight, which is not so rapid as that of other wild-ducks, and by their plumage of orange and white, and crimson bills. These ducks may often be seen performing their curious dance, resembling that which, in the last century, Bisset taught some unhappy turkeys by the unpleasant method of heating iron plates under their feet. The ducks balance themselves from side to side, jumping up and down where the sand is moistened, the vibration produced by their webbed feet bringing any creatures that are underneath to the surface, when the broad crimson bills are brought into requisition.

The true wild-duck, the mallard—splendid in orange, brown, and purple—is mostly shot by patient and particularly cold waiting at the upper end of the bay, where the stream first enters the sands. Often indeed is a swift straight line of these much coveted birds seen flying fast and high landward; but alas! in most cases, seeing them is the extent of our experience.

Sometimes, as the twilight thickens over the lonely sands, the constant whistling of a group of widgeon rings through the air, as the beautiful birds, of the cream-coloured head and chestnut breast, speed to their feeding-places; and then it is, if fortune favours, that the shooter, hidden behind a rock, obtains the chance of a long shot.

Nor must the crowd of smaller shore-birds, whose piping and restless wings enliven the winter shore, be forgotten—the flocks of red-billed oyster-catchers always wheeling and turning in compact order above the shingle; and various other less showy creatures flying, running, whistling, and feeding on the wide, wet sands.

## AN ELECTRIC SPARK.\*

### CHAPTER XXVI.—MR HAMBER HAS COMPANY.

It was quite an aristocratic house, though very small, that occupied by Mrs Brinjohn in the little street parallel with the Buckingham Palace Road. No noisy traffic passed through it, because one end was closed, save for foot passengers, and everything implied more than respectability. In fact, boys in buttons, and two valets, one in livery and one out, connected with different houses, together with an abundant crop of parlour-maids, suggested fashion associated with limited incomes. Men came there with Bath chairs to take elderly ladies for airings along the Mall, Bird Cage Walk, and that most suitably named place, Constitution Hill, where birds could be heard twittering over in Her Majesty's Private Garden. A brougham—job, from the livery stables at the back certainly, but still a brougham—used to be seen standing on fine afternoons at No. 19. At No. 12 lived a major-general, long retired from the Indian army, and loud

\* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

oaths were heard to issue from the open windows at times; but it was always a matter of doubt in Minton Place whether they were uttered by the general or by the parrot he kept in a great brass cage. At 16 there was a queen's page; a retired M.D. lodged at 8; the Honourable Miss Dimscott was at 2; and colonels, post captains, two ladies of title, and one M.P., among others, made the highly select shades of Minton Place their home.

Furnished apartments were the great institution of the quiet street, but cards were never seen bearing the vulgar announcement of 'To Let' in any window, for the occupants stayed on year after year, forming for the most part a little society of their own; and when a drawing-room floor was likely to be vacant, there were plenty of friends ready to make applications, and pay a heavy rent.

Of course it was the close proximity to Buckingham Palace and Eaton which stamped Minton Place with so high class a hall-mark, without taking into consideration the pleasant shadowing afforded by the great gloomy back of the Duchy of Lancaster buildings, which effectually screened the east winds blowing over St James's Park.

Mrs Brinjohn's was No. 3, and old Hamber, who had occupied the little drawing-room floor there for many years, always congratulating himself upon his great luck in getting the tiny suite of two rooms and a dressing ditto, the ditto once a cupboard till a glazed window was added, just affording convenience for a small round sponge bath, and room for a careful man to shave without cutting himself—careful, for any reckless razor-handler would certainly have struck his elbow against the wainscot with dire results.

Mr Brinjohn was something at the royal mews nearly opposite, beyond the facing row of houses, and he had been seen in scarlet livery upon very rare occasions; but his existence was almost a mystery, for he was seldom seen at home, the greater part of his time being taken up with the toilet and administering to the herbivorous wants of certain particularly sleek cream-coloured and black Flanders-bred ponies, the said quadrupeds being unusually large for their title, probably from the sybarite life they led.

The Brinjohns were well to do in their way, for though Mr Brinjohn, as a royal domestic, did not work very hard, Mrs Brinjohn did, forming herself into a kind of upper general servant, the under being a neat-handed Phyllis, who assisted her in keeping the house as clean as a new pin.

It was a fine Sunday morning: Mr Hamber had just finished his breakfast, and was chirruping to Dicky, who in the most friendly and social manner shook his canary coat, set up the feathers of his throat and crest, hopped from newly scraped perch to perch, chirruped back, and threw in pleasant little snatches of song. For the sun shone into his cage, with its newly sanded tray, the paper which had been pinned round the bars while he had his bath had been removed, he was quite dry again, and he had playfully pecked the white fingers which had inserted a piece of groundsel at the

top and wedged a lump of white sugar between the bars in front.

Dicky was cheerful, but his master looked very old and sad, and more than once shook his head at the bird, and felt a kind of envy of the little prisoner, who now burst forth into a loud musical trill, in answer to a goldfinch across the road.

The breakfast things were not yet cleared away, for Mrs Brinjohn, though partially dressed for church, was busy in the underground front kitchen with her sleeves pinned back, and her skirt reversed, while she busily made the tart which was to follow the chicken Mary Ann was stuffing with fresh butter and bread crumbs for Mr Hamber's dinner.

'Put a bit o' writing paper round it; and, whatever you do, baste it well, and mind it don't burn, Mary Ann.'

'Don't you be afeared about that, mum,' was the reply.

'And don't forget the bread sauce,' said Mrs Brinjohn, who had slightly floured her itching nose.

'Oh no, mum.'

'Put in plenty of peppercorns,' continued Mrs Brinjohn, who had fitted on the top crust of the tart, and was now artistically checkering the edge with a floured fork.

'Trust me for that, mum.'

'And don't leave the onion in too long, and — Bless and save us! what's that?'

For there was the trampling of horses, the rattle of wheels, and the place was darkened by a carriage stopping in front of the house.

'Tain't for here, mum; it's for them new people next door,' said Mary Ann, speaking as she drove a skewer through the chicken's wings.

A thundering knock, which echoed through the house, proved the fallacy of the maiden's words, and Mrs Brinjohn looked aghast.

'I aren't fit to go, mum,' cried Mary Ann; and her mistress rapidly wiped her floury hands before hurrying up-stairs, removing pins and shaking down skirts and sleeves on her way to the door.

'Mr 'Amber at home?' asked a footman in black livery, and directly after Mrs Brinjohn's heart was beating with pride, and her nerves tingling with curiosity, as she saw the door of the handsome barouche opened—a real carriage and pair, stopping at her door, for her first floor, one which would excite the envy of every one in Minton Place.

The next minute she was showing up the graceful lady in black, closely veiled, and she had just reached the little drawing-room door, when a qualm of horror shot through her, for she recollected that the breakfast things had not been cleared away.

But it was too late. She had a glimpse of old Hamber's astonished face, as he stood there, hat in one hand, prayer-book and clean handkerchief in the other, ready for his Sunday morning walk through the Enclosure to the Abbey. Then she had closed the door, and gone down panting.

'My dear young lady!' cried the old man, trembling as he took the hands extended to him, and then placed a chair, 'I—I really

did not expect this visit. Is—is anything wrong?’

‘Yes,’ said *Rénée*, in a low voice full of pain, ‘I am in great trouble; I have come to you.’

She sank back wearily in the chair, and in his flurry the old man dropped his prayer-book, picked it up, and put it in his hat, turned it out on to the table, and then impatiently tossed his hat into a corner.

‘Trouble,’ he cried; ‘more trouble. My dear, is there to be no end to it all?’

‘I don’t know, Mr Hamber; but I seem to have no one to fly to but you. I want you to tell me everything.’

The old man shook his head as he looked at her wistfully.

‘I have a right,’ she cried firmly; and now she hurriedly removed her veil, and he saw the wild look in her eyes, the pallor in her cheeks, tokens of a sleepless night, a heart wrung by anxiety.

‘Yes, my dear young lady, I suppose you have—no one a better right. I always have made it a rule to leave all the business of the office in Great George Street, but one never knows.’

‘Tell me then. My cousin seems to have assumed the entire management of my dear father’s affairs, and treats me as what I am—a woman.’

‘Yes, my dear young lady; it was such a pity that, clever business man as he was, my poor dear employer had put off the proper settlement of his estate.’

‘Too late to lament that, Mr Hamber, but I must, as his child, have a right to know everything. Tell me now all you know. No; I will ask you questions. What is this great trouble about a government contract?’

The old man hesitated.

‘There has been some serious application made.’

‘Yes, my dear—very serious.’

‘There has been some breach of faith?’

‘Yes.’

‘Some papers or plans have been stolen and sold?’

‘It is very dreadful for me to have to tell you, my dear child—you’ll excuse me calling you my dear child, ma’am; but I held you in my arms; your father placed you there, when you were a tiny little angel of a thing, only a week old.’

‘Yes—yes—yes—dear Mr Hamber; but pray tell me all.’

‘I will, my dear young mistress; those important documents, the government say, have been stolen and sold.’

‘Yes; my cousin showed me the letter, but tell me—I must know—by whom?’

The old man was silent.

‘You do not speak, Mr Hamber,’ she cried, wildly; ‘cannot you see how you are torturing me?’

‘Yes, yes, my dear; but it is so hard,’ said the old man trembling. ‘Mr Brant had the letter, and—and he said it only rested with one or two—he accused me.’

‘You!’ cried *Rénée* scornfully. ‘My dear dead father’s trusted old clerk!’

‘Ah!’ cried old Hamber with the tears gathering in his eyes; and he caught at *Rénée*’s hand, and kissed it again and again. ‘You wouldn’t believe that of me?’

‘Believe that of you!’ cried *Rénée*. ‘Impossible. But go on—tell me. Did he accuse any one else?’

The old man was silent again.

‘Mr Hamber?’

‘Yes, yes, my dear; but must I speak?’

‘You must tell me everything,’ she cried, clinging to his hand.

‘I’ll try,’ he said simply; ‘but don’t—don’t be angry with me if I hurt your feelings—if I give you great pain.’

‘No. Tell me.’

‘Your cousin—Mr Brant then turned upon Mr Wynyan and accused him.’

*Rénée*’s pale cheeks flushed now.

‘How could he?’ she said hoarsely. ‘Why?’

‘He said that Mr Wynyan was the only one who had had access to the papers.’

‘But he had a right. He was partly the inventor.’

‘Yes, my dear, he was.’

‘Then it must have been a false charge. What did Mr Wynyan say?’

‘He was very, very angry, but he mastered himself, and at last they parted.’

‘But you—you, Mr Hamber—you don’t think—you cannot believe this?’

‘Things looked very black against Mr Wynyan, my dear young lady. As your cousin pointed out, he had done what he ought not to have done.’

‘What? Tell me what.’

‘He had taken those plans away, and kept them for days.’

‘Yes; but he must have had a reason. Did he really take them?’

‘Yes, my dear.’

‘Did he own to having taken them?’

‘Yes, my dear.’

‘But they were partly his.’

‘I suppose he thought so, my dear child.’

‘Then—then,’ cried *Rénée* piteously, ‘you believe that Mr Wynyan has been guilty of this dreadful breach of trust—of a crime that may ruin the business of which my poor father was so proud. You believe then, that Mr Wynyan could be this dishonest wretch?’

‘I’d sooner cut off that right hand, my dear,’ said the old man proudly. ‘Mr Wynyan could not have done anything so base.’

‘No, no,’ she cried excitedly; and then as if ashamed of her utterance, and shrinking, reddening beneath the old man’s gaze, she added hurriedly, ‘No, it is impossible. My father believed fully in Mr Wynyan, and he could not have been so base.’

There was silence for a few minutes, and then *Rénée* began hurriedly to replace her veil, talking the while in an excited way.

‘I wanted to know everything from some one I could fully trust; and—and—you were just going to church, Mr Hamber?’

The old man bent his head.

‘Yes; I remember poor papa told me you always went to the Abbey.’

‘Always, my dear.’

‘Let me take you this morning. The carriage is at the door.’

'You, my dear child? I—I'—

'Yes; let me take you, Mr Hamber. No,' she half whispered, as she laid her hand upon his arm and looked in his face. 'Please take me. Let me go with you. I feel that I want to kneel down by the side of some one who was my dead father's trusted friend, to pray for the light—that these troubles of my poor life may be cleared away—that the truth may prevail, and that I may choose the path that is right.'

'But, my dear young lady,' faltered the old clerk.

'Mr Hamber, you held me in your arms as a child. I am so lonely; I have hardly one to cling to. Come with me; I want to see the light.'

### A NEGLECTED AUSTRALIAN INDUSTRY.

It is a far cry indeed from the rocky coast of Scotland, from the wild Atlantic and the treacherous North Sea, to the quiet, deep, and exceeding prolific waters of the South Pacific; and any one coming fresh from our overmanned, unremunerative fisheries in the old country stands appalled at the spectacle of these teeming waters, the living harvest of which is but rarely disturbed by hook or net. And when on rare occasions these inventions do invade the rocky caverns, or sweep the deep sunk sand-flats, local markets are unaffected, for it is the hook of the amateur or the dredge of the naturalist.

Twelve thousand miles is no easy distance, nor can we even nowadays afford to disregard the cost of travel; yet it does seem astounding that the continually increasing march of emigration should not as yet have found recruits from the ranks of the younger generation of experienced fishermen.

The population of Sydney are by inclination great fish eaters; indeed, climatic conditions render a partial fish diet highly desirable from a hygienic standpoint. Yet, though it is at the very gates of the most prolific of all the oceans, nowhere could one find a maritime city more miserably supplied with fish. To such a degree do the deep waters in the offing teem with schnapper, jew fish, blue groper, mullet, pike, gurnard, flathead, whiting, trevally, teraglin, and other eatable species, that I have seen the bottom of the boat covered with splendid fish up to thirty pounds in weight, in the course of a couple of hours' hand-lining.

Granted, the sharks, many and voracious, are at certain seasons a serious drawback, the tiger more especially, and blue pointer, which not infrequently charge up to the very gunwale, and levy tribute of the half of each fish hauled; but they are not by any means ubiquitous, nor, as is commonly supposed, do they follow small boats for any distance, so that it is, except when mullet is the bait in use, generally possible to shift one's bearings, and escape

this kind of persecution. Mullet they will scent, according to local wiseacres, from a mile off; and without vouching for the truth of this, it must be admitted that soon after half a mullet is lowered on the hook, the water around is alive with sharks, whereas not a fin was to be seen the minute before.

But how, it will be asked, is it possible that, with all this vast and varied quantity of fish just without Port Jackson, the prices in the Sydney shops should be exorbitant? Railways, much abused at home, play no part in the question here, since the largest and smallest boats alike can bring the fish right up to the Circular Quay. How, then, can the demand of barely half a million people all told possibly be in excess of this apparently inexhaustible supply?

The answer is simple. Sydney has no fishermen. A few Italians there are, and some still more dilapidated Anglo-Saxons, who having on long and shaky credit acquired temporary ownership of an unseaworthy dinghy and a second-hand seine, scrape again and again the long since overtaxed waters of this beautiful harbour, which they denude of everything large and small, mature and immature, receiving the protests of local protection associations with expressions the reverse of urbane. And these are the folks upon whom the city depends for its fish-supply.

Of late years, it is true, the rapidly extended railway system has brought within reach of the metropolitan market the prolific waters of Lake Macquarie, about a hundred miles northward up the coast, and a few other salt-water lagoons of similar nature. But deep-sea fishermen are in the true sense of the word unknown here. When one has tossed about off the Scillies with the Mevagissey men, or westward of the Dogger with the Northerners, one looks in vain for the men of fine physique and indomitable courage, great at defeating obstacles, good fathers, God-fearing citizens. Too many of those who take their place here are mere lazy, foul-mouthed ruffians, who, though the terror of the unprotected in the streets, are fearful of venturing a mile outside the Heads.

And then the question suggests itself: Why cannot some of our countrymen leave the over-fished firths of their native land and better themselves out here in the vast and prolific virgin seas at their disposal?

In his evidence before the Select Committee which sat at Westminster in 1893, that able administrator of Scotch fishery research, Professor McIntosh, included the seas of Australia among those which over-trawling had depleted. This must have been a mistake, as the open seas here, so far from any possibility of depletion, have never yet been effectually fished at all.

Though loth to father any ill-considered scheme of emigration for fishermen, it certainly seems evident that an enterprising company might develop a highly remunerative plan of action out of the promise of these waters. Numbers of the younger generation of skilled fishermen there must be, to whom a lengthy visit, if not indeed a permanent stay, in the Antipodes would not be displeasing, and a

competent builder of sea-going craft would speedily handle to good purpose the cheap and unrivalled local timbers. At all events, one would strongly counsel those Agents-general who so freely circulate hints for the benefit of intending emigrants, to add a minute to the effect that the one neglected, undermanned colonial industry is the fishing industry.

If figures are wanting to show the present crude regulation of prices in this trade, one must visit the fishmarket at Woolloomooloo, a busy and thickly populated quarter on the south shore of the harbour. The market, which was built by the Council at a cost of near ten thousand pounds—and there are additional ice-houses being erected at a cost of a further six thousand—covers an area of not far short of twenty thousand square feet.

It is a strange sight indeed at 5 A.M. these dark wintry mornings—a motley crowd of Jews and Italians hustling the agents and auctioneers, and often overstepping the boundary lines on the floor, within which lie the parcels of fish of every size and hue, many still quivering in the throes of a slow death.

The auctioneers act for the Council, to whom the five per cent. commission on all sales means a revenue of two or three thousand pounds, another thousand being derived from the charge of a weekly five shillings for the use of salt-water tanks wherein are all the paraphernalia for cleaning the fish, and also from the half-penny per pound charged for depositing perishable wares in the ice-room.

We shall see in a moment what the fisherman finally gets for his all-night job. There is no retail market, so that the fish are disposed of in parcels of a dozen: schnapper of a large size at twelve shillings, jew fish from ten to eighty shillings, mullet three shillings, one hundred pounds of gar fish and long toms for a sovereign, and so on *pro rata*.

Now, before the fisherman gets his money, there is a little deduction of ten per cent., divided equally between his own agent and the municipal auctioneer; so that, for example, the fisherman gets eighteen shillings for one hundred pounds of small gar fish. These run about six to the pound, and are sold in the town at eighteenpence a dozen. This gives the fishmonger a profit of nearly four hundred per cent. on his outlay. In other instances, profits are if anything greater. Nothing is to be had, save black fish and a few other unpalatable kinds, at less than tenpence per pound. Nor are the mongers in Hunter and George streets at all times over-particular in the display of wares upon their marble slabs. Towell and Sweeting would shudder at the dried mummies half hidden beneath clouds of pestilent flies.

As there is plenty of good thirty-fathom water, trawls might be effectively worked along the less rocky stretches of the coast; but it is the hand-liner who would head the list with big fish for each morning's market. And what a future there would be, too, for a good retail fishmarket in a less objectionable quarter of the city than Woolloomooloo, where the housewife could be sure of cheap, fresh fish for each breakfast or dinner! But the mere contemplation of what Sydney's fish trade is, and what it should be,

opens up endless vistas of wonderful possibilities. Truly this oldest and last exploited continent is a land of promise. Will that promise ever be fulfilled?

## AN ADVENTUROUS WEEK.

### CHAPTER II.

THE Canea inn was not a place I should have cared to spend a week in. I found it cumbered with Turkish officers, including two of our ruffianly fellow-passengers on the *Osman*. There were also other officials: they must have been that, from their ridiculous air of importance. And the courtyard (with a well in the middle, the water of which I would not have drunk for a hundred pounds) was thick with tatterdemalions of the mendicant breed, as well as long-tailed horses and baggage mules.

I wished I had learned a little conversational Greek. The good kavass was satisfied to leave me at the inn door. Thence I prowled from room to room, seeking Naylor, and replying to the interrogations of the landlord (a broad-shouldered rogue of a Greek) with nods of regret at my inability either to understand his observations or offer him any that he could understand. A certain Turk, Cusseim Bimbashi, as I learned later, seemed much amused in a sardonic way at my predicament. He smoked and smiled; and I conceived a hatred of him, unreasonable of course, yet justified by intuition.

At last I hit upon the roving correspondent. I heard the murmur of song of an unmistakably British kind from behind a door in the bedroom corridor. At this door I knocked, and Naylor's voice replied.

He was writing, singing, and smoking at the same time, but dropped his pen when he saw me.

'The very man I wanted,' he exclaimed. 'I wish you'd do something for me.'

'What?'

'Well, I reckon you don't propose to waste your valuable hours here. Will you take a letter for me when you return to the Bosphorus?'

'I'm not so sure that I go back with the *Osman*,' I replied.

'Oh, then I'm just as glad to know that I shall have a friend and compatriot in the land.—Look here, Graham: is that door shut?'

I made sure that it was.

'Not that it matters much,' Naylor continued, laughing. 'There's no one here born and bred in London, and I'm Cockney to the bone. But I've got my business settled, and it's likely to start with a fair amount of hazard.'

'Drive on,' I said, with thoughts of Helena Nicolopoulos still engrossing me.

'Listen. I've squared the authorities in Canea to such a tune that I'm off with a detachment of these Turkish beauties this very night to Lakko, or some such place. They think my sympathies and those of my paper (I wish I knew which it was; but never mind that)—they think we're philo-Turk. That means that I am to be discreetly blind to all inhumanity, and that I'm to call the patriots

every hard name I can forge. So far well. But this time to-morrow I shall be on quite the other tack; and of these beauties down-stairs, if one or two survive, it'll be a wonder. I believe a Sphakiot can hit a bee on the wing by day, or a flying bat by night. Well, they'll have some easier sport than that ere cockcrow again.'

'Take care what you're about, Naylor,' I said, with only a vague idea, however, of his little plan or plot.

'I shall do that, of course. Meanwhile, give me five minutes more to finish this letter. As you don't know your own movements, I must get this off in the common postbag. Help yourself to tobacco: best Turkish at half-a-crown a pound, and warranted pure.'

I watched him scribbling while I smoked. His devil-may-care tone interested me. It did more: it evoked a sort of responsive chord in my own nature. Commonplace commercial interests seemed a poor affair to this gamble between life and death in which he was engaged. Why should not I, too, see a little of the sterner and most exciting side of life?

'Look here, Naylor,' I said, when he had finished and sighed contentedly. 'I'd like much to go with you.'

'To the seat of war?' he inquired, surprised.

'Yes, anywhere up yonder.' I nodded, as I supposed, towards Sphakia.

'Really, old man?'

'Candidly.'

'It's a cool toss up whether you'd come out of it alive. You see that?'

'I understand that.'

'My dear Graham,' said Naylor, rubbing his hands, 'you delight me exceedingly; but I mustn't keep you the least bit in the dark about it. The fact is, you remember a fellow named Thyatis that I mentioned?'

'Yes. I have seen him too.'

'How did you know him?'

'The consul's kavass recognised him, and'—

'Hang the fool's sharp eyes and Giorgio's sublime audacity! However, I daresay his usual luck will pull him through all right. They think him a sort of "Jupiter Omnipotens" in Athens; and, upon my soul, there's something in it. But I'll tell you all, and then you'll see what a fellow he is. As soon as I got off the boat, I met Thyatis at a little den I'd been told of. A fellow took me there: Thyatis had sent him. Well, there were six or eight more, every manjack of whom would be shot or flayed alive without parley if he were in the hands of the Sultan's lot. They arranged things between them. I gather that up by Lakko the Moslems are getting the worst of it, and have gone into blockhouses or something, pending relief or further orders. The relief party starts to-night, accompanied by me. It isn't a very strong batch, but the officers are of the neck-or-nothing kind, who'd scorn to give quarter to any one. That's good enough booty for Thyatis and his comrades up there. And so, in a convenient little defile we wot of, there will be preparations for an ambuscade that shall crush the life out of every soul—including mine, if I don't look precious sharp about it. After that, if I get through, there'll be handshaking, wine-drinking, and feasting with

the patriots, and I'll have a surfeit of local colour and tragic incidents. The storming of the blockhouses is to follow hard on. In a week we may see the Pasha superseded, if not expelled, by the patriots, and Sphakia ruling in Canea. One never knows how things will turn out. But, anyway, that's the programme, and I've let you into a secret I ought to have kept to myself.'

Naylor's words had set the blood galloping in me. What was oil-buying to this sort of experience?

'If you can manage it,' I said, 'I'll face all risks to be with you.'

'Good! What papers have you got?'

I showed him my passport, which was in Greek and Turkish. It was a general safe-conduct in the island, and contained an order for all the authorities to do their utmost for my protection. Naylor read it with chuckles.

'It'll do, my boy,' he said; 'it'll do. I'm afraid we shall both be playing *la perfide Albion* a bit; but there's this about it: Thyatis and his men will do their work whether we're with them or not.'

'Then it's an agreed thing, Naylor?' I inquired.

'Here's my hand on it, old chap. We'll have some sport together, as sure as eggs. My instructions to you are these: keep out of the way of our worshipful consul, lest he ask tiresome questions entailing equivocal answers or worse; and allow me to spring your plan upon Cusseim Bimbashi when the expedition is on the point of starting—not a moment before. And now, how's your appetite, and do you carry a reliable revolver?'

As it happened, I had both a good appetite and a good little five-chambered Webley, with a hundred cartridges.

Naylor then ordered dinner. The landlord bowed very low to him, believing him to be a representative of Great Britain, sent direct by Her Majesty the Queen to report on the war; a delusion which the correspondent did not mind fostering until it was time to pay his bill.

Afterwards, I, too, had to write letters. These did not come so easy to me as Naylor's to him. I had to be discreet with my partner; and I had to give my mother a hint, and nothing more than a hint, about the difficulty of postal communication between England and an island at present somewhat (only somewhat) disturbed. But my pen ran away with me, and when I re-read the latter epistle, I found I had written more than half a page devoted entirely to Helena Nicolopoulos. After due deliberation, I decided that I would not erase these ten or eleven lines. Perhaps Providence was at the root of the matter. Other Englishmen had married Greek girls and not regretted it. But I knew just how my good mother would shake her head when she read that page, the greater part of which had come out apparently red hot from my heart.

We dined in rather a distinguished manner. The two men who waited on us were armed with valuable little daggers, and tinkled with silver chains. And the landlord himself helped with the dishes and the wines. The latter were like the Cretan character—distinctly strong and fiery.

Dinner over, we agreed to separate. Naylor was no doubt right in his conjecture that we ought not to be seen too much together. Certainly he was, if our consul had had intelligence (which was likely) of my friend's meeting with the bold Thyatis.

'Take a stroll for your health's sake, old man,' said Naylor. 'Only, mind your bearings, control your temper, and be sure you are here again before sunset. They shut the gates then, and are pretty particular afterwards whom they let in or out.'

I suppose it wasn't very wonderful that I should find my way again to Khalepa. It was the only place I knew. That was one thing. And the villas with their gardens, and the red and gray background of the crags of Akrotiri, made up a bright picture, other allurements apart.

But of course the girl in white, with the violet eyes and the mandoline, was my main attraction thither.

I felt like an ill-conditioned schoolboy when I found myself in that avenue again. This time there was no music—nothing but the chirp of grasshoppers. The sun was scorching outside, and succeeded even in burning its way through the arcade of flowers and verdure.

Nicolopoulos was in, and apparently glad to see me. He gave me coffee and cigarettes, and every verbal encouragement to get out of Crete. He was as unlike a mercantile Greek as man could be. But no word of his daughter did he volunteer; nor could I hear any sound significative of her presence in the house.

Once I all but let out the secret of my change of plans, hoping to stimulate him into ardour and perhaps a show of domestic confidence. But I wisely held my tongue. There is no such dangerous confederate in Eastern politics as a Greek; and after all, I had no positive assurance that Nicolopoulos's sympathies were with the Christians rather than the Moslems of the island, Christian though of course he himself was.

His coffee was excellent. That was the sum-total of the result of my little afternoon call.

When an hour had passed, I had no alternative but to rise. The merchant did not press me to stay.

But as Nicolopoulos opened his door to let me out, I saw a flutter of white drift across the path and disappear amid the trees in the direction of the summer-house. My host's eyes shot also in that direction.

'What was it?' I asked, though I knew all too well.

'It was nothing, Mr Graham, nothing that has to do with us,' he said, lying deliberately.

From his tone I knew it was futile to try and mix myself up with his family affairs. This realisation depressed me greatly.

The next moment, however, I caught sight of a hammock swung on the other side of the avenue, between two well-grown orange-trees, and a newspaper half in the hammock.

'Pardon me—what magnificent trees!' I exclaimed, as I stepped towards the paper.

'The climate is good for the oranges,' said Nicolopoulos; 'but they are best in the plain.'

I had espied some frayed roses in the netting.

They had been picked, toyed with, and abandoned; instinct readily told me by whom. It was easy to take one of them, smell it idly, turn and rejoin Nicolopoulos, and then put it in my pocket.

My visit had not been in vain, after all. Those crumpled, perfumed petals were an incredible joy to me as I tramped back to Canea through the dust.

So much so indeed, that they, and little besides, made me stop by the shore, clamber into a rocky recess, and stay thus perched for a good hour or more. I fondled those rose-leaves absurdly—why should not I confess it? And I looked at them considerably more than at the lazy Mediterranean waves, which now only throbbed upon the Cretan sands and rocks. The eternal bugling on the Canea walls still continued, softened a little by distance. But the echo of those sweeter sounds of the morning was more powerful in me than all else.

It was a mere day-dream, yet it made its mark on me. I rambled back into Canea, thinking precious little about the impending adventure of the evening. It was getting dusk when I re-entered the inn, the smells of which were unmistakably of the kind that flourish about the time of sundown.

But I had soon to pull myself together, at Naylor's instigation.

We were to start at ten o'clock. He had contrived to hire a mule for me, and also to make friends with Cusseim Bimbashi as a preliminary to my introduction into the troop. And he had obtained his and my bill from the inn landlord, and was digesting it badly.

The quarrel that ensued upon this last was sharp and not exactly short. Naylor had the impudence to propose to knock off the final nought in the number of piastres. He managed eventually to reduce the amount by one-half. The Bimbashi, who was present during this little contest, buckling on his pistols and issuing his orders to a nimble servant, seemed amused as ever. He was less amused when Naylor showed him my firman, and made him know that he would have two Englishmen instead of one to take care of. He examined the authority very narrowly, using spectacles for the purpose, and at one time seemed inclined to send to the governor for his orders. But Naylor's tact came to the rescue.

And so, shortly after ten, with all the clatter so dearly loved by Orientals, we moved noisily up the pent streets. I had a feeling that every latticed window on either hand had a face to it, peering at us, and probably cursing us. But the stars were radiant overhead, and the white shafts of the minarets, as we passed them by, were good to see in the pallid light.

'Whatever you do, keep alongside me,' Naylor had said at starting. He had his pipe in his mouth, and seemed quite happy.

For some hours we were free to taste the undiluted romance of our journey. It would be broad daylight ere the troop could hope to be in the highlands, which seemed a silly freak of mismanagement, if it was the design of this hundred or two soldiers to steal unperceived to the relief of their comrades. The better for us, methought. If the Sphakiots



were such smart marksmen, they could not then fail to distinguish us in our civilian dress from the red-coated Moslems. Yet, on the other hand, only Naylor was expected, which might make it awkward for me.

We passed the leper village, and the hovel of Helena's mother last of all. It made my blood heat in my veins to think afresh of this horror. I had to expel by sheer force of will the reflections that followed.

The farther we proceeded, the higher Naylor's spirits rose. He hummed opera airs, and between whiles whispered to me all kinds of information.

Of a certain mass of ruins that we left on our right hand (there was a nightingale in one of the undestroyed trees about it) he told me some horrible tales, on what authority I know not. Two or three dozen Christians had been massacred here in cold blood, and the monks—for it had been a monastery—had had their beards torn out by the roots. He was even more interested in my mule than I was. The animal was not in good condition and needed constant spurring. He aided my own uncivil attentions by kicking the poor brute now and then with one of his exceptionally long legs.

I had believed the plain to be thickly peopled with villages; but we skirted only one. The fact was that we kept to by-roads, or rather paths—and shocking enough they were—so that our passage should be as secret as possible. Our route was thus somewhat sinuous, and there were times when, if my mule had stumbled badly, I should have had a good chance of being impaled on the stout blades of the aloes which served as an extremely close hedge.

Twice we forded a wide stream in which the water ran fast from the mountains, with gloomy ravines higher up. The troopers did not hold their tongues here. Neither they nor the officers' horses (nor our mules either) liked the snow-cold water.

Then our course led us up and up by the roughest of routes. We zigzagged one after the other, slipping and stumbling, and the stars above seemed to twinkle derisively at us. You see, this nocturnal trip and its possible eventualities had got hold of my imagination. Helena Nicolopoulos also had an effect on my fancy, which hitherto no one had reckoned a vivid or fantastic one.

With the slow breaking of the dawn, I began to experience some of the pains as well as the pleasures of excitement. The gray light crept over us and our mountainous surroundings with most disagreeable suggestiveness. I marked the growing eagerness in Naylor's face, and how he scanned the pinnacles and ridges which gradually declared themselves above us. Nor was he alone in this. Cusseim Bimbashi and another of the officers showed more vigilance than I expected of them. They sent skirmishers forward and had their glasses to their eyes every other minute.

From this time Naylor and I stole little by little to the rear of the troop.

'That's our cue,' he said. 'It might go hard with us else.'

Cusseim at one moment seemed to notice

what we were doing. But the eternal smile on his face now said somewhat plainly: 'These fine Englishmen are afraid. So be it. Let them do as they will.'

His policy of non-interference suited us admirably.

Under milder circumstances, I could have enjoyed intensely the sunrise as we saw it from the heights we had reached. A huge dome of rock, speckled with snow high in front, flushed crimson, and the crimson changed to gold, which slowly descended one of its sides. Looking backwards, there was also a glimpse of the pale golden light flooding the great plain we had crossed. White villages and green orchards and gardens were briefly transfigured.

Very briefly, though; for almost immediately afterwards we entered a dark shadowy cañon down which a cold breath blew in our faces.

'Graham,' Naylor whispered. 'We were more quiet in the rear. The officer on the gray horse at the tail of the troops was five or six good paces in front of us.'

'Yes.'

'Pull yourself together. This is about the place.'

My senses were instantly on the alert. I looked up at the red and black sides of the ravine, and at the brawling torrent on our left hand. It was certainly a fearful place to be entrapped in.

Then I looked back and saw two armed men dart under cover. The wind caught their wide blue breeches and bellied them for a moment.

'That's all right,' said Naylor, when I told him what I had seen. 'The surer they make it, the better for us.'

At the same time, it was an uncomfortable sensation to feel that at any moment we might be potted from behind, and that not a single red-coat stood between us and these redoubtable highlanders in the rear.

But suddenly this sense of uneasiness was ousted by something keener. There was a crashing sound, an outburst of cries from officers and men, several score of brown faces (for the moment almost white with terror) were turned skywards, and then a rock, weighing, I know not how many tons, crunched into the middle of the hapless Moslems. The cracking of many muskets followed. We were attacked with a vengeance.

'Off with you!' shouted Naylor, as he jumped from his mule. 'We must get shelter.'

It was not easy to find, but we obtained some in the river-bed, under the lee of a huge boulder. Hence Naylor held forth a common cotton pocket-handkerchief on the end of his riding-whip. There was a Union Jack on the handkerchief, and we both trusted with all our hearts that every Sphakiot above and in the ravine had been taught by Thyatis what this token signified.

The riot and shouting above and in front were strangely exhilarating to me. This was war of a kind, and I seemed to like it. But I know not how it would have been if we had been compelled, like the doomed soldiers, to do battle against such terrible odds.

We could not see much that was going on. Prudence bade us keep our heads concealed.

Now and again, though, we watched the red-coats reel by ones and twos into the river higher up, and then lie or struggle. One rather small soldier was carried down past us in the middle of the waters, and a bullet hissed into the stream close to him, and annoyingly close to us also.

It was mere butchery, as it happened. The shouts above increased, and those before and behind the Sultan's men drew nearer and nearer as the number of shots lessened.

Naylor kept up a running comment on the different phases of the engagement. Once he was about to stand up, when a sharp exchange of fire took place in the neighbourhood.

'A narrow thing that!' he whispered as we huddled together again.

But it was really the final volley. Nothing remained to be done except cut the throats of the wounded; and this ghastly work was fast being carried through, when Thyatis himself descended gaily to us and summoned Naylor forth.

'A friend, Giorgio!' cried the latter in French, as we stood erect, and began to clamber up to the track.

A cordial handshake from the magnificent patriot, whose eyes glowed with victory, very soon dispelled all doubts about my reception. 'Magnificent' is none too big a word to use about Giorgio Thyatis as he then appeared. From his red-tasselled Cretan fez to his pale-blue jacket, studded with silver buttons (and his waistcoat the same), his dark-blue baggy breeches, and his yellow leather top-boots, he looked a splendid fellow. And the smoking gun on his shoulder showed that he was not a mere verbal conspirator, like so many others who cried 'Fight, fight! brave children!' and themselves stayed in Athens to watch the issue of the duel.

The throat-cutting was too much for me. Perhaps it was necessary, and I daresay if the Moslems had won the day, they would have done worse things with the wounded patriots. But it was a sickening business. I set my back to it and smoked a cigarette, while Naylor, Thyatis, and two others carried on a conversation.

By-and-by Naylor turned to me.

'You're sure you haven't changed your mind, Graham?' he asked.

'Not I,' I replied. 'But this butchery beats me.'

'Yes, it's too bad; but they've no alternative. Look here: I'm going to run off a few lines. One of them's got to work his way into Canea, to let the committee know about it. He'll take the letter.'

A long-legged highlander, with moustaches even more remarkable than the consul's kavass's, here approached with a Moslem drum. He smiled all across his face, and his right hand was bloody.

Having placed the drum on the ground before Naylor, he saluted, and was about to retire, when my friend stopped him and asked:

'What place is this?'

'Zurra, Kyrie.'

'Thank you,' said Naylor. 'Then we will stretch a point and call it the battle of Zurra.'

"Massacre" would fit the case better, but I'm philo-Cretan now. Sixty-five patriots wipe out a detachment of one hundred and eighty Moslems—not a soul survives, and all with a loss of only two killed and four wounded.'

'Are those the facts, Naylor?' I asked.

'Yes, and quite good enough to make up something startling on for my dear British public. And now don't speak a word for the next half-hour, my dear fellow.'

I sat smoking, and watched Naylor's pen dashing over the paper, watched the piling of the dead Turks in heaps as far from the river as possible (not far, that is), saw the patriots fish out the bodies from the water, refresh themselves from the little wooden barrels they carried at the waist, as well as cartridges and knives galore, and roll cigarettes one after the other. A procession of ten or twelve men rapidly disappeared in the defile, with the wounded in slings. And Giorgio Thyatis the superb seemed everywhere at once.

Here too, in spite of the incongruity of the thing, I thought of Nicolopoulos's daughter. But she seemed more distant from me than seven or eight hours ago, and that was painful to realise.

#### A BUNDLE OF PARADOXES.

OWING, perhaps, to its exceptional character, anything of the nature of a paradox seems to have a certain attraction for the human mind. Anything contrary to preconceived opinions has, for many, an irresistible fascination. So much is this the case that, when genuine paradoxes happen to be scarce, or altogether lacking, persons are generally to be found of sufficient ingenuity to invent them. In very early times, Eastern thinkers beguiled the monotony of numbers—perhaps, also, of their lives—by grouping figures in the form of 'magic squares,' the peculiar property of which was that, when added up horizontally, vertically, or diagonally, the sum-total was always the same. Something of a paradox lay in this device, seeing that one might naturally expect the totals to be different. Later on, mathematical science stepped in, and laid down hard and fast rules for the construction, not only of magic squares pure and simple, but of squares within squares, pentagons, hexagons, and other geometrical figures, all possessed of the same curious properties. Then, of course, the paradox was a paradox no longer, for, as often happens, the enigma of one age is but the truism of the next. Such mathematical problems even as the quadrature of the circle, the duplication of the cube, and such like, had, in themselves, and in their day, something paradoxical about them until such time as their insolubility was demonstrated. The problem, apparently simple in its statement, and easy of solution, it was found impossible to solve.

But the lover of puzzle and paradox need not despair on this account. In spite of the

advance of modern science, there will always remain, for his delectation, an abundant store of marvels. Fact being stranger than fiction, there will always be, as there always has been, a 'queer side of things'—a region quite as fertile in surprises as that explored by Alice in Wonderland. The difficulty is not so much to know how to select, as to know where to begin, in the way of illustration.

Curiously enough, not a few scientific paradoxes are to be found in the economy of human vision. There is that old puzzle-paradox, for example—one which even the intellect of a Kepler did not despise—to wit, how it is that we see objects erect, notwithstanding the well-known fact that the pictures on the retina of the eye are inverted. Kepler, in his *Supplement to Vitellio*, was fain to conclude that the inverted image, somehow or other, but chiefly with the aid of the other senses, such as that of touch—was 'rectified' by the judgment of the observer! Later physiologists have exercised their ingenuity over the self-same problem. Quite lately, in a scientific journal of no mean repute, the position was gravely maintained that the observer, having really no other criterion of *up* or *down* than the evidence of his own (inverted) vision, upside down was really the same thing as down-side up, or, in other words, erect! Another authority, in the same medium, had a still more ingenious solution of the difficulty. Noticing that the image of a lighted candle reflected on the retina of an excised eye appeared to him inverted, he reasoned that as his own sense of vision perceived the image thus upside down, therefore, upon the retina of the percipient proper it must really be in exactly the reverse position, namely erect. A clever guess, certainly, but one which leaves the problem very much as it was before. The real explanation is apparently the view given by Professor Cleland, of Glasgow University, in his *Animal Physiology*, that the inversion of the retinal image is really no reason why the landscape should appear to us inverted, and that what we perceive is not the retinal image, but a number of sensations excited by it. If we are to explain, he adds, why the landscape is not seen inverted, we must explain why it is not seen inside our heads. But in spite of this lucid *rationale* of erect vision—probably the only true one—a popular paradox the question will doubtless remain, at all events for some time to come.

He was an acute observer who once remarked, 'the more knowledge, the more paradox.' This would seem to be true nowadays, seeing that it is seriously doubted, in scientific circles, if we see with our eyes at all! Professor Hirth, a recognised authority on such subjects, contends that it is only in a very limited sense that we can be said to see with our eyes, and that, in any case, we do not *perceive* with them, this latter function being reserved for certain important organs of the brain, termed by him the

'internal eyes.' The functions of the retina, Professor Hirth maintains, have in the past been gravely overestimated. Should this apparent paradox be substantiated, it will no longer be the conclusive argument it once was considered to be to aver that anything happened because we saw it with 'our eyes!' It may be added that the above paradox is rendered, if possible, still more paradoxical when it is soberly affirmed, in sundry quarters, amongst others by Drs Luys and Rosenthal, that it is not impossible to imagine, theoretically, a state of matters in the human organism in which Ear-gate might, upon occasion, play the part of Eye-gate, and *vice versa*, the discrimination of sound from colour, &c., depending, not upon the external nerve-terminations, which receive, as we are led to believe, a wholly uniform stimulus, but upon the central apparatus situated within the brain. According to this theory, observes a recent commentator, sound might for us be literally translated into colour; a sonata by Beethoven might seem a picture by Raphael, and we might enjoy a Symphony in Blue and Silver, or a Nocturne in Black and Gold.

After such a startling paradox as the above, we may be pardoned for being somewhat sceptical of anything connected with the pair of organs which we are accustomed to call our eyes. And rightly so, for paradox once more confronts us here. Of having *two eyes* most of us are tolerably assured. It seems, however, that our remote ancestors were credibly possessed of *three*, the third being situated at the back of the head! Unfortunately, all that remains to us of this doubtless highly useful organ is represented by the *pineal gland*, a soft body about the size of a pea, situated at the base of the brain. This rudimentary structure, however, in some lower forms of life—notably in one kind of lizard—has an opening to the light, and is undoubtedly susceptible of visual impressions.

Passing by some curious paradoxes connected with the phenomena of 'colour blindness,' a much more complicated affair than it is generally supposed to be, we find the reign of paradox to extend far beyond the range of human vision, into the realms of space. Not long ago the popular mind was much exercised by the discovery of some curious rectilinear markings on the surface of the planet Mars, which were conjectured by some to be canals—a conclusion perhaps scarcely justified by the facts. Professor Delbœuf, however, availing himself of this hypothesis, framed some elaborate calculations, based on the density and force of gravitation on the Martian planet, as compared with our own, conclusively showing that, if Mars were really inhabited by human beings, they must be entirely different from ourselves in many respects, the conditions of life there, owing to the laws of gravitation alone, being perfectly irreconcilable with our mode of living. Amongst other things, Professor Delbœuf demonstrated that the Martians, *cæteris paribus*, would ascend six of our ordinary steps at a time, and that owing to his power of levitation they would require to have their windows barricaded against the burglar up to the second storey of their houses. His conclusions are too numerous to

be here detailed, but it may be added that hammers in Mars, in order to drive a nail with the necessary force, must needs be sixteen times heavier than ours. In fact, that planet, judging by our own ideas, must be the very home of paradox, and in marvels far surpass Lilliput or Brobdingnag.

Even space itself—empty space, as we are accustomed to call it—is no longer a void; it literally teems with paradoxes. A twenty-two ton Armstrong gun hurls a solid shot a distance of twelve miles, the highest point in the arc described by the shot being seventeen thousand feet above the earth's surface. Imagine, now, that the projectile, instead of returning to the earth in a gradually descending curve, were to continue its flight into what is commonly called infinite space, what would be the ultimate result? We might naturally conclude that its prolonged flight would lead it ever farther and farther away from the point of departure. This, however, is by no means so certain as it at first sight appears. The refinements of mathematical investigation have led several inquirers to question whether the shot might not, of course after a lapse of time indefinitely great, return to the place from which it was fired, from precisely the opposite direction, just as a vessel circumnavigating the globe might sail eastward, round the Cape of Good Hope, returning, from the westward, *via* Cape Horn. It all depends upon the essential nature of space, whether its 'curvature' be 'zero' or otherwise, and that is a moot point. For the benefit of the curious, it may be added that the matter mainly hinges upon the still undecided question whether the three angles of a triangle are greater than, equal to, or less than two right angles!—a point which most persons believe to have been settled long ago. When paradox thus invades the enclosure hitherto sacred to Euclid and the older mathematicians, it is not very surprising to learn that it is *not* necessarily true, in all cases, that 'the whole is greater than its part,' that venerable axiom obtaining in the case of finite, but not in that of infinite, collections of numbers. After this shock to our early prepossessions, we should not really be startled to hear that there is some underlying fallacy, some secret paradox, even in that time-honoured conclusion that twice two are four!

When paradox may be said to be in the very air, even numbers themselves are ticklish things to deal with. Take the following as an example. Put down any sum of pounds, shillings, and pence, *under eleven pounds*, taking care that the number of pence is less than the number of pounds. Reverse this sum, putting pounds in the place of pence, and *subtract* from original amount. Again reverse this remainder, and *add*. The result in *all* cases will be £12, 18s. 11d., neither more nor less, *whatever the amount with which we start*.

	£	s.	d.
Example.....	8	11	4
Reverse, and subtract.....	4	11	8
Remainder.....	3	19	8
Reverse remainder, and add.....	8	19	3
	12	18	11

Now, as Artemus Ward would say, why is this thus? The *rationale* of this seeming paradox may be left to be discovered by the reader's ingenuity.

### SALLY.

By L. T. MEADE, Author of *Richard Maitland—Consul*, &c.

THE time was midsummer. A girl in a very plain and neatly made cotton dress was standing by an open window. Creepers twined all round the window, some of them peeping into the room. Jessamine, monthly roses, and the deep waxy petals of the magnolia were amongst the blossoms.

A light soft breeze fanned the girl's cheeks and brought into the room great wafts of sweetness from the flowers which surrounded the window and which filled the beds in the garden beneath.

'Hollo, Sally!' exclaimed a gay voice; 'there you are as usual in one of your daydreams. What are you exciting yourself about this morning? It is neither choir-practising day nor school-treat day. As far as I can tell, there is nothing going on—nothing whatever, and yet you look—— Stop dreaming if you can, and let us begin breakfast. Do come and take your place at the head of the table.'

Sally Erskine followed her sister without another word. She seated herself before the tea-tray, and with a quick, rather impatient movement began to perform her office of tea-making.

Anne Erskine cut slices of bread from a loaf, and scolded two round-faced, ruddy-looking boys. Mr Erskine raised his eyes from a letter he was reading, and nodded affectionately to Sally.

Shortly afterwards Sally was heard to exclaim excitedly, after pouncing on a letter beside her plate: 'I've got the scholarship, papa. The scholarship from the *Minerva Magazine*—thirty pounds a year for three years. I am first on the scholarship list. The editor says so; this is his letter. Oh, who would have believed it possible! Now I may go to Newnham or Girton.'

'What does Sally mean by saying she has got a scholarship, Anne?' asked Mr Erskine.

'I'll explain it to you, papa.—Sally, do eat your breakfast, and allow me to speak. You are scarcely responsible at the present moment.—It is this way, papa. Sally and I have taken the *Minerva Magazine* for the last year. You have noticed it, I am sure, for I've seen you reading it. Well, papa, the *Minerva Magazine* offers a big prize—a scholarship they call it—to the girl who comes out first in a certain competition. She has to go through a very stiff training, and the person who adjudges the prize is a real live professor.'

'It is thirty pounds a year for three years. And six hundred girls competed for it. And it isn't a prize; it is a scholarship—the *Minerva Scholarship*. I'm distinguished for life. Oh, do let me give you another good hug!'

Mr Erskine rose hurriedly to his feet. 'I'm going out,' he said. 'I ought to be in the four-acre field now. See that the boys go off to

school in good time, Anne. Sally isn't quite responsible.'

He nodded in a gentle, affectionate way to his family and left the room. Anne hurried her brothers over their breakfast, and Sally, her cheeks flushed, her eyes like stars, read and re-read her precious letter.

As soon as the two girls found themselves alone, Sally looked full at Anne, and said in an emphatic voice: 'Then the matter is quite settled; I go to Newnham in October.'

'My dear Sally, you know how strong our father's prejudice is.'

'We must get over it, Anne. My mind is made up. I shall spend three years at one of the women's colleges, and then start a career of my own.'

'I don't believe our father will consent,' said Anne, 'and even if he did, thirty pounds a year would not cover your expenses.'

'No; but thirty pounds a year will help largely towards them; and then you must not forget I have my share of mother's money. I shall be of age in a few weeks now, and then the money is my own absolutely. Oh, Anne, life seems really worth living at last!'

Sally sprang from her seat at the breakfast-table as she spoke; she was a tall, slightly built girl with clear, open, brown eyes, a round face with rosy cheeks, a good-humoured mouth, and a white, rather broad forehead.

Anne was small, thin, and pale; she was generally considered Sally's inferior both in appearance and ability, but she was far more reliable than her elder sister.

The Erskines were not a rich family. Mr Erskine had inherited a small farm from his father. He was supposed to manage it entirely himself. Whether he did manage it is an open question; he certainly contrived to lose money over it year after year. Sally was the ostensible mistress of the old farm-house, but Anne did most of the work and took more than her share of the trouble. Mr Erskine was gentlemanly and inert. He was fond of his children, but he did not like them to worry him. He disliked undue excitement of any sort. His breakfast hour this morning had not been at all to his taste, and in his heart of hearts he owned to a feeling of regret that Sally should have got the scholarship.

'These new-fangled ideas are the ruin of women,' he murmured as he walked slowly to the four-acre field. 'Sally won't be herself for days after this undue excitement. What will be the consequences? Nothing fit to eat will appear upon the table. Those hard-boiled eggs I ate at breakfast are giving me indigestion already. Oh, if women would but recognise the fact that they are sent into the world to be good daughters first, and good wives afterwards!'

On his way home to early dinner Mr Erskine was overtaken by a pleasant-faced young man, who owned a farm adjoining his own.

'How do you do, Tom?' said Mr Erskine, nodding to him. 'Are you coming to join our dinner? I warn you, you had better not. There'll be nothing fit to eat.' And then he told him of the scholarship and Sally's success. 'But you seem glad at the news!'

'Well,' replied Tom Ross, 'from my own

point of view, I suppose I ought to be sorry, because she'll be less inclined than ever to say yes to me. Still,' continued the young man, carried away by a vision of Sally's ecstasy, 'I'm honestly glad for her sake, for she has deserved this prize. I'll come back with you, Mr Erskine, and take my chance of a badly-cooked dinner.'

'Tom,' said Sally, rushing out to meet her lover, and grasping him by the hand, 'I know papa has told you, so I need not go over the news again. Anne and I have been arranging everything, and we have just written to Newnham for particulars with regard to the entrance examination. If all is well, I hope to enter Newnham in October. What's the matter, Tom? Aren't you delighted; don't you congratulate me?'

'Yes, Sally, I congratulate you.'

'Aren't you glad?'

'For your sake I am glad, but'—

'Oh, don't let us have any dismal "buts" to-day. If you intend to be very nice and cheerful, and if you mean to take my part during dinner, you may stay and play tennis afterwards.'

Tom Ross promised vehemently: he would uphold Sally, and look cheerful, and be as nice and as apparently delighted as if he were her brother; nevertheless, he could not help a queer sort of ache which filled his heart whenever he looked at the bright, excited girl. She had never been more charming; her little saucy speeches were never more piquant; her quick, bright, sunshiny way had never proved more fascinating. Even Mr Erskine could not help smiling when he looked at her; and the boys stopped devouring pudding to laugh at her witty remarks; while Anne's small pale face was lit up with absolute worship.

But Tom's heart would go on aching, for he felt down in its depths that Sally was farther away from him than ever. She knew his greatest wish; she knew that he lived for her alone; but he was well aware that the event of to-day had put an almost impassable barrier between him and his hopes.

After dinner Sally addressed him eagerly.

'I shall be three years at Newnham,' she said; 'we won't see much of each other during that time.'

'No,' he replied sadly; 'but if I thought'—

'Oh please, Tom, don't think anything. All my future career is delightfully planned, and I must not disclose it at present, even to you. Oh, how happy I feel! I've only one slight thing left to dread—my little tussle with papa.'

'By the way,' said Ross suddenly, 'I am told that life at one of the women's colleges is expensive. You can't manage to live at Newnham on thirty pounds a year, you know, Sally.'

'No, Tom; but don't you remember, I shall be of age on the first of August, and I am then to have a thousand pounds of my very own. That is my share of mother's money. Anne is to have a thousand pounds also when she's of age. I mean to take some of that money to supplement the thirty pounds a year. Why, Tom, what is the matter? How white you have turned!'

'It's the sun, I expect,' said Ross. 'Let us

go and stand in the shade, Sally. Did I hear you aright when you said you were to have a thousand pounds the day you came of age?

'Yes; that is the half of my mother's money. Can you possibly know anything about it? How queer you look!'

'The sun struck on my head rather fiercely. Shall we have a game of tennis? There's Charlie looking unutterable things at us for not beginning.'

'But do you know anything about the money?'

Ross did not answer; he seemed suddenly to have turned deaf.

Sally gave him a queer, perplexed look; then, laughing off an undefined fear, she entered heart and soul into the game.

A couple of days afterwards she found an opportunity to acquaint her father with her decision, and discussed the matter fully while walking beside him. But he uttered a decided negative, and said she would never get his consent to go to college. And he found plenty of old-fashioned opinions to back up his decision.

'I shall never give you permission to go to college; so you had better drop the subject, once and for all.'

'Not once and for all,' said Tom Ross, who had been standing like a sentinel by the roadside, and who now nodded to Sally and joined the group. 'I know all about the matter under discussion, Mr Erskine, and it cannot be dropped in this summary fashion. It must be thrashed out, and you must give adequate reasons for denying Sally her very natural wish.'

What was the matter? Why did Sally suddenly slip her hand out of her father's arm, and give Tom Ross a quick, excited glance of gratitude? And then, why did the little coward put wings to her feet and run away?

Tom linked his arm in Mr Erskine's, and immediately began to speak, and Mr Erskine never even knew that Sally had left them.

Two hours later, Mr Erskine and Tom Ross returned together. Sally was pacing listlessly up and down in front of the house. When Mr Erskine saw his daughter he went at once into the house, but Ross came up to the young girl's side, and taking both her hands in one of his, said, in a voice of some agitation:

'It's all right, Sally; you are to go.'

She turned white when he said this, clasped her hands, and looked away. Sudden tears of relief and joy filled her bright brown eyes.

'Yes, Sally,' continued Ross, 'it's all right for you. You are to have the wish of your heart. You are to go out of this snug little nest into the cold world. You are glad to go. Oh, Sally, Sally, I hope the world will treat you well!'

'Yes, Tom, it will, it will. Oh, I am so excited I can scarcely speak calmly. I can scarcely thank you, dear Tom, but my heart feels full of thanks. You do not know what it would have been to me had this wish of mine come to nothing. I think I should have gone about with a broken heart. Don't laugh, Tom; girls' hearts can be broken when the wish which lies nearest to them is denied.'

'When the wish which lies nearest to them,'

repeated Ross, in a sad voice; 'and is this your very, very dearest wish, Sally?'

He looked at her anxiously. His honest blue eyes gazed straight into hers. She returned their glance frankly and fully. Then some message with which they were full seemed to penetrate into her heart and give her pain. She looked away, and a quick blush mounted her cheeks.

'Tom,' she said, 'you are the dearest and best fellow in the world; but I must have my wish; I must go to college and learn all those things which make women strong and brave and useful; those things which are now recognised as part of a good woman's education. I have got brains, and I will use them; I must cease to be a doll.'

'Oh, you were never that,' he answered. A sigh which he could not prevent escaped him. Soon afterwards he took his leave.

That evening Mr Erskine called Sally to him, and said a few words to her.

'I do not approve of your scheme,' he said, 'but I yield to your wishes. Circumstances oblige me to defer my own feelings to yours. You can go to college, Sally, and turn yourself into one of those odious men-women. It is Ross's doing; you have him to thank for it; the fact is you do not half deserve that good fellow's honest affection.'

Sally pouted when her father said this; she was in no mood just now to think much of Tom. The money would be forthcoming; her wish was granted. In October she could go to Newnham, and then, hey, presto! she had all the world before her. Never was a girl happier than this one during the next few weeks.

Sally consulted Ross about each step in her future career. Should she go in for a wranglership? or should she take up classics? or should she be quite modern, and learn French and German so well that they should be considered her native languages?

'I should like to take up every subject,' she exclaimed once or twice in her enthusiasm.

Mr Erskine heard her make a remark of this kind. He was the only one who never laughed or seemed cheerful about her prospects.

'Go in for everything certainly,' he remarked with sarcasm, 'and fail. That sentence of yours was exactly what I should expect from a woman, Sally.'

But summer days end; and a very abrupt stop was put to this period of mirth and holiday-making.

One morning Mr Erskine did not make his usual appearance at the breakfast-table. Anne went up-stairs to see what was the matter. She found her father looking weak and languid; he said his heart troubled him, and if Anne liked she might send for their old friend Dr Barnes.

The doctor arrived in the course of the morning; he made a careful examination of his patient, and then said some words to poor little Anne which startled her very much. She managed to hide her feelings while in her father's presence, but Sally found her afterwards in a state almost bordering on hysteria, for the old doctor had given Mr Erskine only a few days to live.

Tom Ross appeared on the scene as a matter of course, and was most helpful to the girls. He sat up night after night with the invalid, and did more for his comfort than any hired nurse could have done.

A certain morning came when the young fellow appeared with a blanched face, and asked for Sally.

'Your father wants you,' he said to her. 'He asked for you several times during the night, and now he will not be denied. I do not think he can live out the day, Sally; and—and—I could not help it, dear.'

Tom's look was full of deprecation. Sally wondered what was the matter. What was it that he could not help?

She entered her father's room in her white summer dress, the bloom of early summer in her cheeks and lighting up her eyes. She could not realise that death was already on the threshold of the home. Every one spoke of Mr Erskine's danger, but Sally did not recognise it a bit. She felt sure that he must soon be well again. She entered the room now, hushed in her mood, but by no means despondent.

'Well, dear papa,' she said, her voice set a little lower than its wont, but her tone cheerful. 'You have sent for me, papa; I am so glad you want me,' she continued. Then her eyes fell upon the gray and dying face on the pillow, and all further words were arrested. She dropped on her knees by the bedside, and laid her blooming cheek against the dying man's cold hand.

'I want you to promise me something, Sally,' he said in a harsh and broken voice. 'I have something to tell you, and I want you on your part to make me a promise.'

'Of—of course, papa.'

That evening Mr Erskine died. There was mourning and weeping in the house; but, to the surprise of every one, Sally scarcely shed a tear.

Old Dr Barnes did not like her appearance. He said the blow had stunned her, and that in reality she was feeling her bereavement much more than her sister and brothers.

Something had certainly occurred which had taken all the May sunshiny look out of her face. She made no confidences, however, and spent most of her time moping in her own room.

'I shall be quite glad when Sally goes away to Newnham,' said Anne, speaking to Tom Ross. 'I never did know that she was so much attached to papa. All the spring seems taken out of her life.'

Tom made no reply. His own face looked haggard and worn. He was the best of brothers to Anne, but she noticed that he ceased to confide in her. His blue eyes looked full of trouble when she spoke of Sally.

Mr Erskine was dead a fortnight, and Anne seemed slighter and thinner than ever in her deep mourning.

'By the way, Tom,' she continued, looking up at him, 'we know nothing yet about the— the affairs.'

'What affairs, Anne?'

'The money. We don't know how we are

left; Mr Johnson, my father's man of business, promised to call to see us, but he has not yet done so. I know that Sally and I inherit a thousand pounds apiece from our mother, but— What is the matter, Tom? How white you look!'

'Hurrah, hurrah!' shouted a boyish voice. 'Is that you, Anne, croning away as usual? Oh, and Tom Ross is with you, of course. Why, Tom, you're looking pasty. George and I have had *such* a race over the moors. We met the postman, and he gave us a letter. It's for Sally; its her scholarship, I expect. *The Minerva Magazine* is written across the flap of the envelope. Lucky Sally, say I! Wouldn't George and I like to have a dip into that thirty pounds. What is it, Ross? what do you want?'

'Give me that letter,' said Ross.

He took it out of the boy's unwilling hand, then taking him by the shoulders, pushed him gently out of the room.

'Now Anne,' said Ross, coming up to the young girl and speaking eagerly, 'if you like, I'll give this letter to Sally. I expect Charlie is right, and that there is a cheque in it. If so, it will give me just the opportunity I want. Can't you send her down to me here; or, better still, send her into the garden, where I can meet her.'

'How white you look, Tom! and your hand trembles.'

'You know, Anne, what all this means to me. But I can't speak of it even to you. Run, like a dear, and ask Sally to come to me.'

Anne departed, and Tom went out into the garden.

A great excitement was over him; he was shaken out of his habitual calm.

The evening was lovely, and the last rays of a glorious sunset were fading from the sky, when Sally, dishevelled in appearance, red rims round her eyes, and her bright hair pushed untidily back from her forehead, came out into the garden.

She, too, was in black, but her mourning partook of the disordered state of her mind. It was not trim and neat like Anne's, but was put on carelessly. Her black dress did not become Sally. She needed light and soft draperies to set off her peculiar bright beauty.

The girl who advanced timidly now to meet Tom Ross looked something like a delicate flower broken at the roots. She held her garden hat on one arm; her steps were very slow.

'See what I've got for you, Sally,' said Ross.

He came towards her, holding up the letter. She looked at it with listless indifference. He turned the envelope, and showed the words *Minerva Magazine* written across the flap.

'It's the scholarship money, Sally,' he whispered. 'You'll want it, you know, dear, to help towards your expenses at Newnham.'

'I'm not going,' she said, suddenly turning white as death. 'You know that, Tom, and its very, very cruel of you to torture me.'

'I thought you had some stupid idea of that sort in your mind,' said Ross. 'I am very glad you have come out here, so that we may



fully talk over the whole matter. Give me your hand, Sally—how cold it is?—Why do you turn away from me? Why have you kept aloof from me during these miserable days?’

‘Tom, you know the reason.’

‘Yes, my poor little love, I do know. Come, we’ll walk up and down here where no one can see us. Sally, I did not want your father to say what he did to you, but I don’t think he was quite responsible that morning, and the knowledge weighed on him. I’d have given half of all I possess to save you from the trouble I knew his words would bring.’

‘I promised him,’ said Sally in a slow, listless voice. ‘He told me all about it, and I made my promise. I said I’d give Newnham up. It’s not such a trial as you think, Tom,’ she continued, looking steadily at him, while tears brimmed into her eyes. ‘The heart has gone out of me, somehow, and I never could go in for a wranglership, or any of the nice things I used to talk about, when I felt fresh and springy and young. The dreadful thing about me, however, is this, Tom, that I can’t thank you—you, who have been noble—yes, noble; but I can’t thank you.’

‘It wasn’t noble of me to do things for you. I’d give my life gladly for you, so you can understand that a little money means nothing.’

‘Father told me,’ continued Sally, ‘what you had done. He said he had spent the two thousand pounds which he had in trust for Anne and me, and that you had given it back to him on condition that he let me go to Newnham. He said that he could not die with the load of all this obligation on his mind. He said he must tell me, that I at least must share the secret with him. He said—he said’—continued Sally, now bursting into heart-breaking sobs, ‘that my duty was to marry you, and not to be a learned lady.’

‘Oh, poor little Sally!’ said Ross, gulping down a catch in his throat. ‘What if I don’t agree with him? What if I want you to be learned, and wise, and great? You can’t turn against my wishes; you can’t be my wife if I say no.’

Sally began to dry her eyes with fierce rapidity.

‘Tom,’ she said, ‘the first thing to do is for you to take back that two thousand pounds. I know Anne will not touch it, and of course I will not.’

‘I am afraid you are both powerless in the matter, Sally. Half the money is yours when you come of age, which will be in a day or two. Anne will not receive hers for over a year. You cannot give it back to me, my dear,’ continued the young man bending towards her, ‘without casting dishonour on your dead father. You must keep the money, and you must also keep the secret, in order to shield his memory. You have no other alternative, Sally. I am sorry for you, but I cannot help you in this.’

‘Don’t speak to me for a minute or two,’ said Sally. ‘Go away for a few minutes; let me be alone.’

Ross obeyed her at once. She stood and watched his retreating figure. How manly he looked—how upright! He did not want to

marry her—he said so. And yet she must keep that hateful, hateful money. As to Newnham! the thought of it was torture in her present mood.

‘Tom, Tom,’ she called, in a shrill, wild tone.

He turned at once. She ran to meet him.

‘Take me!’ she said, ‘quick, quick, before I change my mind. I’ll have you instead of Newnham. I have always loved you; yes, I have always loved you; but I was blind and wilful, and I would not look into my own heart. I did not know half what was in you, and it seemed so dazzling to be learned, and to use one’s brains. But I don’t care for anything in the world now, except—except you, Tom—and you must have me; you mustn’t say no.’

‘Is that true, my little darling? Is it true that you love me?’

‘Of course it’s true; it’s the very truest thing on earth.’

‘Well then, look here; we’ll make a bargain. I’d hate to have a doll for a wife. I adore clever women with heaps of brains. Suppose you go to Newnham in October for my sake; and suppose you pass your examinations for me; and then afterwards, Sally—Oh, what is the matter?’

Ross stopped abruptly, for Sally’s arms were flung tightly round his neck, her head rested on his shoulder, and he felt her warm tears.

‘I am the happiest girl in the world,’ she whispered; ‘but it isn’t now because I have won this’—she threw her unopened letter on the grass—‘but because of you; because you love me, and I love you with my whole heart.’

#### A QUEEN.

SHE rules with subtle art and skill  
Excelling statesmen’s far,  
And ‘neath her changeful humours still  
Her subjects loyal are;  
No heart rebels against her sway,  
Her actions meet no blame;  
In all her moods from grave to gay  
Her words attention claim.

Her tiny hands no sceptre hold,  
No purple robe she wears,  
Above her shining curls of gold  
No diadem she bears;  
But yet to her in beauty bright  
Not Dido famed and fair,  
Nor yet that queen, Troy’s bane and blight,  
Could ever once compare.

She owns no castles, and no lands,  
No ships, no warlike aid;  
Yet ne’er an emperor’s commands  
As hers were so obeyed:  
My little daughter, aged but four  
Short years, reigns royally  
With pout, and frown, and laughter o’er  
Her mother, and o’er me.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,  
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 616.—VOL. XII.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1895.

PRICE 1½d.

## OUR IMPORTED MILK AND CREAM.

By R. HEDGER WALLACE.

WHEN arable farming is found to be unprofitable, the British farmer is told by his friends to resort to Dairying. The consumer is always ready to advise the farmer, and as he professes to have the agricultural interests of the country very much at heart, the food-producers naturally attempt as far as possible to carry out his wishes, and supply indicated wants.

Thus farmers now only bring the most suitable and fertile soil under arable cultivation, the balance being left under grass and pasturage; and the Agricultural Returns show us that year by year the acreage under grass is steadily increasing. The British farmer has only too good reason to take to dairying. Though he is told on good authority that the sale of wheat is dull and languid and its price low, there is, unhappily, no reason to believe that the margin has been reached at which profits can be realised; for, even at 18 francs a quintal, or 7s. 3d. a hundredweight, wheat grown in France can be sold without loss. And the 'bonanza' farmers of the United States can produce a bushel of wheat for 22 cents. Then the consumer now prefers foreign-grown to home-grown wheat; we are even told that English wheats are now used 'to adulterate' foreign samples. To be brief, the practical position is simply this: Farmers are told by the consumers of their products that they can get their wheat and flour elsewhere, but that they will be pleased to continue dealings if farmers, while competing with foreign producers, see their way to supply them with milk and butter at an exceedingly low figure.

This competition is not hopeless; for milk is too bulky an article for carriage by sea, and one that too quickly perishes to make it a regular source of export from countries so near us as Holland and Sweden. Unluckily, this ray of hope begins to fade away. According to the last Agricultural Returns, we have over

3,900,000 cows in the United Kingdom, and assuming that they each yield 450 gallons of milk yearly (a low average), our annual home production of milk may be said to be about 1,755,000,000 gallons. As to consumption, our population in round figures is about 38,000,000 souls, and if we take a family to consist of seven persons, we then have 5,430,000 such families to supply. Assuming that each family consumes about 80 gallons of milk yearly, we then have an annual consumption of 434,400,000 gallons, leaving about 1,300,000,000 gallons of milk to be used in calf-feeding and butter and cheese making. The Returns show that in 1894 we imported over 161,600 gallons of so-called 'fresh' milk and cream—though we believe that not more than one-third of this quantity actually came as milk, as unfortunately the Custom-house officials in their statistics make no distinction. As compared with our consumption, however, our imported milk is a mere drop in the bucket; but the import is rapidly increasing, and will yet assume larger proportions, for in the first six months of 1895 we imported nearly as much as we did in the twelve months of 1894. It may surely be assumed that the non-agricultural classes do not desire to see those of their fellow-countrymen who are engaged in milk-production placed at a disadvantage when offering their goods in competition with foreign producers, but rather that each side should have fair-play. Does the British milk-producer get it?

Scientific authorities agree that milk is a great carrier of disease, and that nothing is more liable to pick up disease germs; and in the interest of the public the path of those connected with the milk trade simply bristles with Acts of Parliament, Privy-council orders, county and town council regulations, and sanitary inspections. Our cow-houses or byres, dairies, and milk-shops are all subject to inspection and regulation, and the milk offered for sale is open to analysis; the last Local Government Board

Report for England and Wales deals with 15,500 analyses of butter and milk. A Royal Commission reports that 'no doubt the largest part of the tuberculosis which man obtains through his food is by means of milk containing tuberculous matter,' and we straight-way make stringent regulations to guard against such milk coming into consumption. If scarlatina, diphtheria, or typhoid fever breaks out in the family of a dairyman, or near to a dairy, we try to avoid contamination, and often even go so far as to put the milk entirely out of reach of human consumption. And even yet we have much to learn: a recent bacteriological examination of the London milk-supply brought out the uncomfortable fact that every sample examined contained specimens of a very unpleasant bacillus; indicating that, in spite of all our regulations, milk is still stored and distributed under highly defective sanitary conditions.

No one objects to the measures required, least of all those interested in dairying; it is evidently for the good of all that nothing but good, pure, wholesome milk should be produced and consumed. But the vagaries of the consumer are strange indeed; he takes care that the milk produced in his own country shall, as far as possible, be pure and free from anything unwholesome, but oddly enough, he is prepared to shut his eyes and swallow anything which is called milk when supplied by a foreigner. He does not stipulate that the imported milk should have come from countries which have sanitary regulations in touch with ours. For all he knows, the imported milk may have been drawn from animals suffering from bovine scarlet fever, or with tuberculous ulcers on the udder. Should it carry infection to his household, with whom rests the blame?

It will be admitted that the households of foreign dairymen are just as liable to suffer from diphtheria and typhoid or scarlet fever as our own; but the British consumer establishes no safeguards to protect himself from this risk, and has no security that contaminated milk is not imported. Apparently he is quite prepared to use foreign milk, although the milk has been drawn—for all he knows—by some one suffering from scarlet fever; but he calls out for summary punishment when in his own country any such person is found in or near a cowhouse, dairy, or milk-shop. Does the consumer think this is giving his own countrymen fair-play? Equity demands that foreign importations should be under such restrictions and regulations as shall guarantee that imported milk has been produced and handled under sanitary regulations as complete and carefully enforced as our own. Since milk and cream are the most perfect carriers of disease known, even if the foreign producers could bring proof that their supplies have been secured under the same sanitary regulations as *are compulsory* on the milk-producers of the United Kingdom, still special regulations and sanitary precautions would be necessary as affecting its transit and shipment. Otherwise we would still be liable to have disease transmitted to us which has been picked up by the way.

Here is the question for non-agricultural readers: If it be your desire that the milk consumed by you shall be produced under such sanitary conditions as you think will protect you from disease and vouch for its purity and wholesomeness, can you explain why, in 1894, you consumed over 160,000 gallons of milk and cream that were absolutely devoid of any guarantee that the slightest sanitary precaution or regulation—such as in self-preservation you exact from your own countrymen—has been adopted or even attempted with regard to its production, transit, or sale?

Another abuse demands a remedy. This foreign milk and cream may come to us either in the ordinary form, or as frozen milk, or as simply condensed milk—that is, concentrated without the use of sugar. Now, not a drop of this foreign importation has any right to be called 'fresh,' or sold as such. It is an article which should be labelled and sold as 'preserved;' for, to enable it to keep, it has been treated with antiseptics, principally boracic acid, it is believed.

The use of antiseptics as milk preservatives is the slovenly expedient of a bad dairy manager. It certainly makes it less easy for the customer to distinguish between milk from a clean, well-managed dairy, and milk from a dirty and unhealthy one. The British dairyman, it is true, also uses antiseptics, but only occasionally—when he wishes to keep over a surplus of milk till next delivery, for example. But this is wrong; and his best friends condemn antiseptics, and would like to see their use specially forbidden. These milk preservatives are known to dairymen under a number of fancy names, but almost all contain either boracic acid, salicylic acid, or benzoic acid. According to La Croir, benzoic acid is a more powerful preservative than salicylic acid, which Liebermann and Meyer consider the most powerful of food preservatives in common use. It has been proved that preservatives are unnecessary, as even in the very hottest weather fresh milk in cans will keep without any taint for sixteen hours, notwithstanding their being jolted in a cart. Antiseptics have been proved to be unnecessary even under the trying conditions of an Australian summer's day. If milk does not keep sweet for so long, then it is either not fresh, or it has been put into dirty cans. A milk preservative that has come to us from Germany is known as 'formalin,' a forty per cent. aqueous solution of formic aldehyde. The editor of a scientific journal published the other day the analysis of a sample of milk obtained from a well-known establishment in London, which showed that, though the milk was excellent in quality, formalin had clearly been employed as a preservative. Now, this substance is an exceedingly powerful chemical hardening agent; but if hardening agents are put into it, milk will be as dangerous as tea with its tannin. The astonishing fact is that formalin is a strong poison—so much so, that the German manufacturers urgently recommend their customers in Germany and other continental countries to abstain from adding it to any article of food or drink. The use of formalin is much more

common on the Continent than with us, and it would be interesting to know to what extent our imported milk and cream have been preserved with it.

Salicylic acid is also obnoxious, inasmuch as those who take milk preserved by its means are innocently dosing themselves with a drug which will retard or arrest digestion, and even affect the heart. Nor does it give security against all disease germs, though it kills cholera bacilli. Antiseptics are, without doubt, injurious to all who, being constant milk-drinkers, consume them regularly, and especially to children. There is no doubt whatever that practically the whole of this foreign milk and cream is treated with antiseptics to insure its keeping.

As already noted, it is boracic acid that is chiefly used for the purpose. Meyer's experiments show that three and three-quarter grains of boracic acid per pint are necessary for it to have any good effect as a milk preservative. Now, the minimum medicinal dose for a child three years of age is one grain, and the maximum dose six grains. So that a child of three years of age who daily drinks a pint of milk preserved with boracic acid, will be daily receiving fairly strong doses of the drug; and should this continue for two or three months running, it must injuriously affect the child. Against disease germs boracic acid is powerless. Lazarus and Freudenreich agree in condemning the use of all chemical preservatives in milk.

All milk consumers should bear in mind three facts. First, that in dairying the use of antiseptics is entirely uncalled for, and that they are never employed in any good dairy. Secondly, that when used in Britain, even by second-rate dairymen, it is only occasionally, to meet some difficulty which through ignorance or laziness they are unable otherwise to safely overcome. Thirdly, that the importation of foreign milk and cream is only possible by the regular and systematic use of antiseptics.

It is well to draw attention to our foreign importations of milk and cream while the trade is but in its infancy, and before it develops. Now is the time to make such regulations as will assure us that, in purity and wholesomeness, this milk is equal to what is home-produced; for perhaps the day may come when, as with our wheat and flour supply, we may be dependent on imports from foreign sources for over seventy per cent. of our milk-supply. All the advices we receive indicate that our continental neighbours intend to develop this industry, specially Holland; the Belgian Government designs to develop this trade at an outlay of £25,000 for three years; and from Denmark we learn that a company at Copenhagen has completed arrangements for the regular export of frozen milk, erected the necessary plant, and entered into contracts for the delivery of 110,000 pounds of milk weekly. Freezing milk, it should be noted, does not kill disease germs.

We largely import milk in another form, tabulated by the Customs officials as 'condensed or preserved'; but, as we have already shown, what is termed 'fresh' in our statistics is nothing of the kind, but is specially preserved. In 1894 we imported over 529,000 cwt. of condensed milk, valued at over a million sterling.

Here, again, we are seemingly willing to waive all guarantees. Condensed milk is simply milk which has a large proportion of its water evaporated, and is preserved by combination with sugar. What security have we that the milk was originally produced under the conditions we think necessary for safe-guarding our own milk-supply? What guarantees have we that antiseptics were not added to the milk before being submitted to the process of condensation, or during the process? The introduction of the centrifugal separator has revolutionised the art of dairying, and at the same time it has raised milk adulteration into a science. Separated milk is pure fresh milk, with the butter fat taken out—in other words, fresh skim milk. It cannot be called 'whole' milk, but it may be called both pure and fresh. In former days, the dairyman who desired to make four pints of rich milk equal six pints, had recourse to the pump; now he adds separated milk, and knows that he is not so liable to be found out, for by judicious adulteration of rich whole milk with separated milk, he can defy the lactometer. Some of the condensed milk in the market is little better than separated milk. The Special Commission of the *British Medical Journal* reported that seventeen brands of so-called condensed milk were found to consist of condensed separated milk, containing exceedingly low percentages of fat—so low as to be negligible quantities in so far as the consumer is concerned. Now the usual standard adopted by public analysts is 3 per cent. of fat, while the Somerset House lowest limit is 2.75 per cent.

If the foreign milk came to us from such sources as Bolle's dairies in Berlin, it might have safely been welcomed; or if it had been exported from Copenhagen, where the regulation of the milk trade is so exemplary that such a thing as tainted or adulterated milk is rarely heard of. But there is too much reason to believe that the milk that was imported into this country last year would not have been accepted for consumption either in Berlin or Copenhagen. As our sanitary regulations are at present adjusted, they affect only the home milk-producer, and accordingly the foreign producer at present has the field to himself—no inquisitive questions being asked.

## AN ELECTRIC SPARK.\*

### CHAPTER XXVII.—THE HOUR OF SUCCESS.

BRANT wrote his defiant letter to Whitehall, and then turned matters over in his mind.

'That Levinson's a fox,' he said to himself in mute admiration of the man's cunning. 'Wouldn't be in the matter a bit, and he would lick me. Fox with two tales—no, a dozen. Well, I must be sharp too. Things may go wrong. Why shouldn't I have a second hole for bolting in case things do go to the bad? By George, I will.'

The result of his self-communings was that the same evening he made his way to Endoza's flat in Victoria Street.

\* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

The Count was out, but Miss Endoza was at home, the servant said, and Brant was shown in at once, as a consequence of various half-crowns which had fallen into the man's hand when helping with hat or coat.

'You, at last!' was Isabel's greeting. 'I began to think you had gone off somewhere with *Rénée* to get married.'

It was on Brant's lips to utter some angry retort, for he was growing very weary of Isabel's childish coquetry, and felt ready to come to an open rupture and end a connection which had been growing wearisome, and which, now that he had pretty good hope of there being an unbridgeable gulf between *Rénée* and Wynyan, he felt more than ever burdensome.

But matters were not yet ripe, and he met her pouting look with a smile.

'No, you didn't, little one; you gave me credit for better taste.'

'Not I,' said Isabel, turning away from him. 'I'm sure you are desperately fond of her, and you tell me nothing but untruths.'

'What a beautiful little tyrant it is!' he said.

'Not half so beautiful in your eyes as *Mademoiselle Renée*.'

'Shan't answer you—shan't defend myself, because this is all talk, and you know better,' cried Brant.

'No, I do not; and the sooner everything is at an end the better, for I'm not going to break my poor little heart about such a fickle man.'

'Fickle! Oh, come, I like that!' said Brant, laughing. 'And if I were not a man, I think I ought to talk about breaking hearts. Oh, I say, beauty, you shouldn't torture me like this now I have come.'

'Well, you deserve it, sir. I'm horribly disappointed in you, I am indeed. You profess to love me, and yet you have nothing hardly to say. There is no passion—no romance.'

'What?'

'I say no romance. It's all cold matter of fact, just as if I were English.'

'But you are so unreasonable, beauty,' cried Brant. 'This isn't *Deconcagua*.'

'No; unhappily no,' said Isabel, with the tears in her eyes. 'No bright nights, no fireflies, no oranges or lemons or olives.'

'Get out!' cried Brant. 'Plenty of bright nights. Look at the gas; look at the lamps on hansoms and carriages; and as for fireflies, I'll be bound to say that our electric lights beat them hollow.'

'No fruit, no flowers.'

'Heaps at Covent Garden; and as to olives, I'll go to Fortnum and Mason's first thing to-morrow, and buy you a bottle.'

Isabel sighed.

'Everything is so terribly matter of fact and commonplace. Ah, you should hear the music and serenading in *Deconcagua*.'

'Ah, we don't get much of that here, except with the street bands, and at the theatres. You wouldn't have me come with a guitar, and begin strumming down below on the pavement.'

'Why not?' cried Isabel eagerly. 'Some

night when all is hushed and still, beneath the clear moonbeams.'

'Never is hushed and still,' protested Brant, laughing. 'There's generally a hansom on the way; and when there isn't that, there's sure to be a policeman on the tramp.'

'Ah, now you mock at me,' cried Isabel.

'Not I; serious as a judge, little beauty. I'll come the first clear night and serenade you.'

'You will?' cried the girl excitedly. 'Then swear.'

'Whole truth, and nothing but the truth; kiss the book,' said Brant solemnly. 'I say though, what lovely pearls! A present from the Count?'

'Ah now, that's like what you used to be,' cried Isabel, brightening up, so that Brant was fain to confess she was very pretty. 'The pearls? You shouldn't ask. Do you like them, Brant?'

'Yes, of course,' he replied. 'I say, though; it's all very well, but how was I to go on being the same as I used to be, when a certain lady was always pitching me over for some one else, and nearly driving me mad with jealousy.'

'I wasn't,' said Isabel, letting the hand he took stay in his after a very faint struggle to escape. 'You never cared enough for me.'

'What? Oh, I say! Of all the cruel little beauties! I was at last afraid to be as fond of you as I wanted to be. It was so maddening.'

Isabel shook her head.

'That's right; don't believe me.'

'It was the other way on, Brant,' she said softly, as she began picking at one of the brilliant rings on her fingers, so as to allow that hand to be imprisoned too.

'Now you are talking in riddles,' he said.

'No. You were always making me miserable by being so fond of *Rénée*.'

'*Rénée*'s a cold marble statue with no more life in her than—than— Well, you know what I mean.'

'Some people are very fond of cold marble statues,' sighed Isabel.

'For ornaments in the front hall.'

'Do you want to have *Rénée* for an ornament to your front hall?' cried Isabel, shrinking from him, and trying to draw away her hand.

'You know I don't, beauty,' he whispered earnestly. 'Haven't I shown you ever since we first met how I loved the beautiful piquant little birdie? I want no ornaments in front halls; I want you always in my breast, and to feel that you nestle there, and'—

'I say, Brant.'

'Yes, but don't struggle so to get away.'

'Why not? The lady did in that play.'

'What play?' he said, as he drew her nearer.

'That one where the gentleman talked as you did then.'

'Oh, I say!' he cried. 'You are too bad, when every word was all true and original. Acting, am I? Is that acting—and that—and that—and that?'

He clasped her in his arms, and kissed her again and again, while for a few moments she

resigned herself to his caresses, and then began to struggle so violently, that in a fit of temper he let her go.

'Oh, very well!' he said sulkily.

'Papa!' she whispered; and darted away through one door, while Brant turned sharply to the other, where Villar Endoza stood silent and stern, with the light upon his face, giving him more than ever the look of an old Spanish portrait.

The two men stood gazing at each other for a few moments in silence, Brant flushed and, to use his own expression, 'staring like a fool,' Endoza calm, and with his face diplomatically expressionless, and giving no key to his opinions upon the scene, a portion at least, and probably the most of which he must have witnessed.

Then he bowed in his most stately manner, and pointed to a chair.

'That's better,' thought Brant, and he sat down, Endoza slowly following his example, crossing his legs, and leaning back with his eyes half closed.

'Now, Mr Dalton,' he said gravely, 'I am at your service. You wished to see me.'

'Yes, of course,' cried Brant, recovering his equanimity to some extent. 'The fact is, Count, I have for some time past been thinking over the proposal you made to me.'

'The proposal I made to you, Mr Dalton?' said Endoza with an inquiring look.

'Yes, of course. Don't you remember what you said about Deconcagua—what a grand country it was?'

'Oh yes. It is a grand country, Mr Dalton. Magnificent!'

'Exactly; and what fine opportunities there were for young and enterprising men.'

'Y-e-e-e-s!'

'And suggested to me that if I would throw in my lot with you, and go over, with my experience as an engineer—'

The Count smiled faintly.

'You could offer me a position at once, where I could win wealth, title, decoration, and that sort of thing, and—er—er—that there was every reason for me to expect that I might marry—er—er—form a matrimonial alliance with some beautiful wom—lady of birth and position.'

'Indeed! Did I say that?'

Endoza's face was a wonder of calm inquiry; eyes, brow, lips, all seemed to be asking the question at the same time.

'Oh yes; you said that, sir, more than once to me,' cried Brant; 'but of course such a step required a good deal of thinking about.'

'Naturally,' said the Count blandly. 'A man should be very particular in such a case.'

'Exactly so, sir. Well, as a business man I have been very particular, and I have thought it out carefully. For you see, Count, it meant for me giving up a big position in connection with our firm, and risking a great deal; but circumstances have—er—so shaped themselves, that I have come to the conclusion that I would accept your offer.'

'You would accept my offer,' said Endoza thoughtfully; and he deliberately changed the position of his legs, giving the left, which had borne the right, a rest and a ride in its turn.

'Yes, sir,' cried Brant, warming up now. 'You see the truth must out. For a long time past I've been getting desperately fond of Isabel, and she loves me in return, and I feel sure that you will do everything you can to make us happy.'

Brant felt that he had spoken out in a thoroughly frank, manly fashion, and he stopped now, congratulating himself, and waiting for the Count to take his hand, shake it warmly, give him a few words of encouragement, and make him think that he would be no loser by the change.

But Endoza showed not the slightest trace of emotion; his face remained perfectly blank and expressionless, and he sat back nursing the resting leg, and gazing at Brant through his half-closed eyes.

'I'm afraid, Mr Dalton,' he said at last, in the most velvety tones, 'there has been some misunderstanding here.'

'What? Oh no, not a bit,' cried Brant. 'You remember what you said?'

'About the opening for a young man—a clever engineer in my country?'

'Yes, of course, to me over and over again.'

'To you, yes, Mr Dalton, but not of you,' said the Count blandly.

'What?'

'The fact is, Mr Dalton, I was thinking of quite another gentleman at the time.'

'You—you were thinking of—of some one else?' faltered Brant.

'Certainly, my dear sir. My memory is very clear and good. I mentioned no names; perhaps I had better now. I was thinking what an admirable thing it would be for my country if I could induce Mr Wynyan to join us out there.'

'Curse Mr Wynyan!' cried Brant, springing up in a passion.

'I think you English have a proverb about curses, Mr Dalton,' said Endoza with a smile; 'I have heard it, but I cannot quite recall the words. You have been in error, my dear sir, so we had better clear away all misunderstandings at once. You were in error about that matter, and you are in error about my dear child.'

'No, sir, I swear!'

'Don't, pray, my dear sir. Let me assure you. She is but a sweet innocent child—too girlish and young to even think about such matters. You are in error, sir, and it is my duty to reprove you for your conduct towards her. In my own country I would have felt it my duty to call you severely to account, but in this cold damp place, I am but a diplomat, and if I had serious cause against you there would be no duel: I should have to appeal to a lawyer, I suppose. But there, you are young and impetuous. I saw what passed: you forgot your duty to the host who has made you welcome in his house, and the poor child fought bravely and well against your advances. Señor Dalton, we do not approach a lady in that fashion in my beloved land. But you Englishmen— Ah, well! I will not rake up the past. Central America can tell a sad story of the attacks of English filibusters and buccaneers.'

'Count Villar Endoza!' cried Brant; 'if you think'—

'Tut-tut! my dear sir, do not raise your voice—do not be angry. I came here to make friends, not enemies. I, in my large heartedness, made an error in asking you here. You, in your English impetuous way, made two—the first about my words, the second with respect to my dearest child. But we will part as friends, and in forgiveness. Go back to your business and learn to be a great engineer, and then marry the pretty cousin. There,' he said, rising, 'I must send off despatches. Let us shake hands and say good-bye.'

'No: we will not say good-bye, sir. Isabel'—

'Hush! here she is,' said Endoza, as, perfectly calm now, Isabel entered the room, looking keenly from one to the other. 'Ah, my darling,' he cried, 'come here. Mr Dalton and I have been talking about that little scene. You do not wish to wait a few years, and then marry Mr Dalton?'

'Oh no, *padre mio*,' cried the girl, flinging herself into his arms.

'There, Mr Dalton, you see I am right,' said Endoza, smiling. 'Now, sir, good-morning. I must ask you to leave us entirely alone. Our acquaintance is at an end.'

Brant stared at him for a moment or two in utter amazement, and tried to speak, but no words would come. Then, catching up hat and cane from where they occupied a chair, he strode out of the room and down the great staircase into the hall, where the first person he encountered was Levinson, who passed him quickly with a smile and a nod.

For a few moments the scene in the Count's drawing-room filled Brant's brain, and with his teeth set he strode on.

'That's it, is it?' he muttered. 'Pitched overboard. No more use to him, and I may go. Two can play at some games, old chap. Just now too, when the game's up. "Oh no, *padre mio*," eh? Tchah! we shall see. "Go back to business; learn to be an engineer, and marry the pretty cousin," eh? No, my dear, smooth, Spanish emissary, that game's up, and this is a better mine to work. Curse Wynyan! Always Wynyan. Stop a moment.'

His thoughts influenced his legs, for he stopped short in the street and half turned back.

'What was Levinson doing there? I didn't know he knew Endoza. What! The foreign government—the plans and drawings sold? Why, you blank blind fool! it was for him—and I never thought of that. Thinking of Mr Wynyan, was he; and now he'll get him to go out there and make his fortune out of the cursed thing I — Oh, I say, am I going mad?'

'Aren't you well, sir?'

'Eh, well?' said Brant in response to the rough, friendly advance of a bluff-looking policeman who took his arm. 'Oh yes, Robert, it's all right. A little giddy—that's all. Just see me into a cab.'

'It's them big drinks as do it,' said the constable to himself, as he saw the cab he had hailed drive off. 'Your champagnes and burgoinies and things like that. Much better stick

to a drop o' good old English beer. That chap's brain is all like yeast, and if he don't mind, he'll be having a good big doctor's bill.'

## THE ENGLISH ARMY OF THE 'FORTY-FIVE.'

LET us realise, if we can, the quaint soldiers of the time of George II. The coats were loose and long, with broad lapels laced with gold, and adorned with a multiplicity of heavy buttons, yellow cotton being substituted for gilt in the case of the privates. In marching or on parade the skirts were folded back and buttoned behind, to give freedom to the leg. Beneath the coat was the indispensable waistcoat—to all intents and purposes a second coat—with an infinitude of smaller buttons. The legs were cased in breeches and spatterdashes, the latter reaching above the knees. The officers carried half-pikes, replaced after Fontenoy with 'spontoons,' which were simply half-pikes with larger blades; halberts and long swords with brass hilts were the weapons of the non-commissioned officers. The conical sugar-loaf hat was general in the line; but in the artillery and cavalry, the clubbed pigtail was surmounted with a huge, three-cornered hat fringed with gold-lace, such lace in the case of the privates being of cotton. The three-cornered hat, by the way, was common to all the officers. The men carried muskets with bright barrels, 'browning' being unknown; while short swords with basket hilts, and bayonets, depended from the broad, clumsy waist-belts. As if the equipment was not sufficiently clumsy, heavy, and cumbersome, huge cartridge-boxes, with a brazen 'G. R.' sprawling over the flaps, depended from the waist-belts. Such was the martial panoply in which the British soldier of that period went to war.

The state into which the English army had fallen in 1740 was pitiable: the reader will gain some idea of it by referring to Hogarth's 'March to Finchley,' painted in 1746. The speech which John, Duke of Argyll, delivered in 1740, touches the administration of the army, the manner in which commissions were granted, the lack of *esprit de corps*, and the interest and favouritism by which promotion was alone obtainable. 'To make the army useful,' said the Duke, 'it ought to be under the sole command of one man, exalted to the important trust by his known skill, courage, justice, and fidelity, and uncontrolled in the administration of his province by any other authority. . . . Those who have most opportunity of observing military merit have no power of rewarding it; and therefore every man endeavours to obtain other recommendations than those of his superiors in the army, and to distinguish himself by other services than attention to his duty and obedience to his commanders. . . . Our generals are only colonels with a higher title, without power and without command. . . . To gratify the leaders of the ministerial party, the most despicable triflers are exalted to an authority; and those whose want of understanding excludes them from any other employment are selected for military commissions. . . . We have seen the



same animals to-day cringing behind a counter, and to-morrow swelling in a military dress. We have seen boys sent from school in despair of improvement and entrusted with military command . . . and every man who is too stupid or infamous to learn or carry on a trade has been placed by this great dispenser of honours [Walpole] above the necessity of application or the reach of censure.' To such a state of degradation had the English army sunk, that Dorrington says it was common for tradesmen and others in difficulties to enlist in the Foot-guards. This was done with the collusion of commanding officers, the latter, in consideration of receiving their pay, exempting them from military duty. As the uniform protected them from arrest, the object of these shopkeeper soldiers will be readily understood.

Apart from the great military experience of John, Duke of Argyll, every word of this extract deserves to be considered by the reader, its truth being borne out by the writers and novelists of the day. It is not sufficient to say that no inducement was held out to the officer to distinguish himself; he was positively *discouraged* from showing himself a capable and meritorious soldier. He knew perfectly well that if he *did* distinguish himself, officers who might not have been in the action were certain to be elevated over his head. The man must have interest, or, failing interest, must be 'able to sing a good song'; and 'if he had a handsome wife or sister' (we are quoting from Charles Johnston), 'so much the better.' To those who know anything of the corruption of the time, the inference will be obvious. A young man then *invested* his money in the purchase of a commission because it would bring him a fixed income for his money. Knowing that no efforts of his own would advance him, or procure him an addition to his pay, he was 'satisfied to enjoy his bargain as easily as he could.' The case was the same with those who 'got into the army by interest.' They depended on the same interest to push them forward, and gave themselves no trouble to deserve a promotion, 'which they were convinced no desert of their own could ever procure them.'

With all this, the officer of George II., whatever his social standing, was liable to petty annoyances which would be possible only in an army commanded by a martinet. For instance, in February 1748, Lord Robert Bertie (third son of Robert, first Duke of Lancaster), afterwards general in the army, and colonel of the 2d Regiment of Foot-guards, received a reprimand, such reprimand being conveyed to him by the Duke of Cumberland's aide-de-camp. His military offence was that he had blown his nose, *as he relieved guard*, beneath his grace's window in St James's Palace: this, and this only, was all he had done. It was said there were at this time at least a hundred and fifty officers who desired to resign through sheer disgust and annoyance at their equivocal position. It is not in a military school of this kind that capable officers are made.

Henry Hawley, lieutenant-general, commander-in-chief of the forces in Scotland in 1745, was a fair type of the general officer of that period. Hawley commanded the second line of cavalry

at Fontenoy, and commanded troops also at Culloden. We know that he was compelled to make an ignominious retreat from the Highlanders at Falkirk, losing seven out of his ten pieces of cannon. In allusion to his frequent recourse to capital punishment, his soldiers had dubbed him 'Chief-justice,' and 'Hangman Hawley.' General Wolfe, who served under this martinet, wrote of him: 'The troops dread his severity, hate the man, and hold his military knowledge in contempt.' That such an officer should distinguish himself by his cold-blooded cruelty after Culloden, is scarcely astonishing.

A sad memento of this incompetent savage still exists in the blackened ruins of Linlithgow Palace. On the night of the 17th of January 1746, General Hawley paused there in his retreat before the Highland forces of Prince Charles Edward, of whom only the day before he had expressed the utmost contempt. He quartered his demoralised troopers in the chambers of the palace, where they kindled such blazing fires that the safety of the building was endangered. A lady of the Livingstone family, who occupied some of the apartments, expostulated with the general on their reckless proceedings, and receiving a contemptuous rejoinder, retorted with spirited irony, that she 'could run away from fire as fast as he could.' She took horse accordingly for Edinburgh; but ere she dismounted, the palace was in flames, and by the following night there remained only a blackened ruin. The roofless walls, mellowed with the tints of another century, remind us of the incapable soldier who, in sheer culpable carelessness, destroyed one of the finest monuments of Scottish antiquity.

The military punishments of that day were terrible. The Duke of Cumberland's general orders contain on *three consecutive days* sentences of eight hundred, five hundred, and eight hundred lashes for thieving, 'mutinous expressions,' and 'insolent behaviour.' Three days afterwards a sentence of 'one thousand lashes' is recorded: it is fair to say the man deserved to die; but death would have been a merciful punishment. A martinet of that day might be and was a terrible tyrant to his men. Strange, out-of-the-way punishments were inflicted for trifling offences, without adding one iota to the efficiency of the army. The soldier might either be 'picketed' or made to ride the 'wooden horse.' In 'picketing,' the culprit's naked heel rested on a sharpened stake driven into the ground, his right wrist and right leg being drawn up as high as they could be to a hook fixed in an adjoining post. The whole weight of the body rested on the sharpened stake, which, though it did not break the skin, inflicted exquisite torture; the only means of alleviation was to rest the weight on the wrist, the pain of which soon became unendurable. Soldiers were frequently sentenced to stand on the 'picket' for a quarter of an hour; and in the cavalry it was often inflicted by order of the colonel, without authority of court-martial.

The back of the 'horse' was formed of planks so arranged as to form a sharp ridge eight or nine feet long. The legs (six or seven feet in length) rested on a stand moving upon wheels; to complete the resemblance, a rough

wooden head and tail were added. The offender was placed on the back with his hands tied behind him; and to increase the punishment, a heavy musket was not unfrequently tied to his legs. This punishment, which might be inflicted by sentence of court-martial, or by order of the colonel of a regiment, wrought so much injury to those subjected to its discipline, that it had to be discontinued. Francis Grose tells us that, so late as 1760, the remains of a wooden horse were standing on the parade at Portsmouth.

A charge of cowardice against British officers is rare, and we are not surprised to find the only case we have met with occurring at this degenerate time. An artillery officer was 'broke'—as it was called—for cowardice after the battle of Falkirk, in 1746. The sight must have been a degrading one even in an age which was not distinguished either for delicacy or refinement. 'The line being ordered out under arms, the prisoner was brought to the head of the oldest brigade, completely accoutred, when, his sentence being read, his commission was cancelled, his sword broken over his head, his sash cut in pieces and thrown in his face, and lastly, the provost-marshal's servant giving him a kick in the rear, turned him out of the line.' So the poor degraded man—whose want of nerve was probably due to the hard-drinking habits of his time—went his way.

We have seen something of the officers, something of the discipline, something of the military 'system,' such as it was, and it seems to us that our subject would hardly be complete without mention of the commander-in-chief, William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland. Shutting our eyes to what was said of him after Culloden, our duty is impartially to consider him in his character of a military commander. That the Duke was on the whole popular with the officers and men who served under him is borne out by the testimony of General Wolfe, and the generally censorious Horace Walpole. But his tactical ability was small; and his memory (with the single exception of Culloden, fought against irregular troops dispirited by dissension) is connected only with disaster and defeat. He commanded at Fontenoy, where he was defeated by Marshal Saxe in such fashion that all that was really left to him was to compass his own retreat. In 1757 he allowed Marshal d'Estrées to enclose him between the Elbe, the Weser, and the German Ocean—the result of his extraordinary generalship being that he was compelled, on the 8th of September, to sign the inglorious convention of Closterseven (disowned by his own father), by which the Electorate of Hanover was left in the hands of the French, while the whole confederate army, some forty thousand Hessians, Hanoverians, and Brunswickers, were disarmed and disbanded.

Not being received after this achievement with all those signs of satisfaction which he seems to have expected, he threw up his appointments in high disgust, and took no further share in any civil or military transaction. It would be curious to inquire how far, up till the re-organisation of our system of army

administration elaborated this autumn, the 'Horse Guards,' in its mismanagement of English military matters—its contempt of reproof, objugation, and appeal—was still governed by the obsolete traditions of William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland.

## AN ADVENTUROUS WEEK.

### CHAPTER III.

WE had been four days among the Sphakiots—four healthy, exciting, memorable days. I had shot a Turk, and made up my mind that, come what might, I would not fire at another man. The poor fellow had come almost up to my revolver in clambering over the rocks; and, to save myself, I pulled the trigger, severely wounding him. To the patriots it was a proof of the genuineness of my sympathy with them; but to myself it was nothing of the kind. I had almost taken the life of a man—in self-defence it is true, and not in pure wantonness—but my very uncomfortable feelings on the subject prove clearly to myself that I was a better civilian than soldier.

There was joy in Sphakia. After the Zurra affair, for two days and the better part of two nights, it seemed to the patriots that they had only one thing left to them—to divide the island among themselves. Greece was a fine enough name to conjure with, and the *Panhel-lenion* periodically brought them arms, black rice (alias 'gunpowder'), and provisions. But few indeed were the Athenians who came to put themselves in the way of Turkish bullets and knives. And therefore, argued Sphakia, though Greece deserved thanks, she did not merit Crete. Crete, in fact, should be independent, and the Sphakiots should administer the island.

Naylor enjoyed himself. He said so, and looked like it. He wrote much 'copy,' but was unable to get rid of it. The *Osman*, we heard, had returned to Constantinople, and though there were two or three cunning little craft in the bays of the coast under the mountains, they were unable to get out for the Turkish cruisers. These last we could see from our eyries, the drift of their funnel smoke lying in motionless, long lines across the horizon, above the sparkling water.

'Never mind,' said Naylor, when I remarked upon his useless expenditure of energy with ink and paper. 'A time will come. My narrative bristles with actuality, and sooner or later it will get a billet.'

We had a companion here among the rocks and snow-drifts in the crevices; one Gaston de Blessant, a roving blade like Naylor himself, only with tastes more classic than ours. He was a lively, open-hearted fellow, with Homer at his tongue tip. He was also a capital shot, as the Moslems had learned to their sorrow.

The three of us were honoured guests with the mountaineers, and though we were willing enough to take pot-luck with the patriots, the best of everything obtainable was given to us first of all. Not that 'the best' meant much. But it meant good wine, which was something; and it meant plenty of mutton and hard Sphakia cheese.

Meanwhile, the news of the Zurra incident had reached Canea. It was received furiously—so we heard. Warm reprisals were expected, and we prepared for them. The blockhouse on its perch, with some four hundred Turks in it, still stood as a menace to our part of Sphakia, though daily half-a-dozen or more of the warriors engaged in desperate sorties upon us never re-entered it!

It was now decided to storm the blockhouse without loss of time. That done, Sphakia might again acclaim itself, and there would be fair cause for hope that the Moslems might in a month or a year be expelled the island for ever.

Each hour saw an addition to Thyatis's forces after this determination had been made. They came from the plain of Anapolis to the south on the seaboard, and from Askyfo to the east. And there was hardly any direction in which we could look among the gray needles and crags of the Madara Vouna whence blue-breeched, long-legged mountaineers had not by twos and threes scrambled into our midst. They all moved with the agility of goats, and with their gun-barrels ready at an instant's notice to be levelled at a red-coat.

The night before the attack, our village gave itself up to revels. All took part in them: old white-haired men, women, girls, and children. And we Europeans did our little best to add to the fun.

While there was daylight, shooting at the Turk's head was the sport most relished. This effigy (not a real head, thank goodness!) provided Naylor, poor fellow, with a telling paragraph or two about the Sphakiot as a marksman. I could do nothing with it at any creditable distance; but both Naylor and De Blessant were applauded by the crowd for their skill.

Dancing and eating and drinking followed. There were also prayers in the little church. The priest's maledictions on his country's oppressors were evidently joined in heartily by the congregation. For my part, however, I was even more struck by the picture made by these stalwart insurgents as they packed the dimly-lit, mildewed building. I declare the fire in their eyes was a better illuminant than the lamps overhead. The clink of their arms and ornaments was also more melodious than the worthy priest's eccentric chanting.

The improvised songs by the bonfires later, with wine passing freely, were as odd as the priest's discordances. The vocalists put us in their stanzas, and civilly exaggerated our good qualities, or what they took for such. De Blessant translated some of their eulogistic adjectives. These ought to have stimulated us very much.

But the chants were not all warlike. The Sphakiot is as ardent in love as in his hatred of the Turk, and he shows it in his verse. I was fain to finger the rose-leaves in my waistcoat pocket when these softer sentiments were in the air, to the accompaniment of the native 'bulgarie,' a rude kind of mandoline. But alas! I felt more and more that Helena Nicolopoulos was destined to become little better than a dream-image to me. How could I, after my conduct with these insurgents, ever

again hope to be allowed to walk openly to Khalepa and the rose-bowered garden? Unless, indeed, the insurrection succeeded—a consummation scarcely likely, according to precedent. Yet even as a mere dream-image this lovely girl was dear to me.

We three sat together among the five or six leaders of the Sphakiots. The mountains formed a black wall close behind the village, the houses of which seemed to advance and recede with the rising and dwindling of the flames of the fires.

De Blessant diverted us with his presentiments. He pretended to be as superstitious as the mountaineers themselves.

'That's all stuff, you know,' said Naylor, with a laugh. The Frenchman had declared gravely that he knew he should fall on the morrow.

'I do not think so, my friend,' retorted De Blessant. 'Protect my body from outrage; that is all I beg of you.'

'All right, old chap; and we'll drink a bottle of Parnasse with it in Athens by-and-by.'

'You English are so cold,' protested the other. 'I am in love too. That is the sadness of it. But, *mon Dieu*, it cannot be helped.'

This with a downright French shrug.

'He jests at wounds who doesn't mean to get one,' said Naylor: 'that's about it, isn't it, Graham?'

'We'll hope so,' I replied.

'Then jest yourself, my boy.'

'Set me the example, and I will. I'm afraid I'm not a humorous subject. But, look here, Naylor,' I could not refrain from adding, most conventionally, 'if anything should happen to me'—

For answer, he burst out laughing, and said: 'My dear fellow, none of that, for mercy's sake. It's played out. We're not going to die, either of us—any one of us, I mean, *mon cher*,' with a nod to De Blessant. 'It will be a little pistol practice—nothing more, on my honour.'

But the Frenchman sighed, and professed to disbelieve Naylor's sentiments.

'You do not know,' he said mournfully.

Now this sort of thing was not inspiring, even if it was all mere imagination. It had its effect on me for one, and when we lay down to sleep, in a room full of warriors, I could do nothing but toss about until the cold dawn light slid stealthily upon us.

The morning made these weak anticipations seem as absurd as perhaps they were. With the sound of gay voices, I, too, found something like courage in me. The Sphakiot cocks crew in the village as valorously as the mountaineers, and the hissing sound of swords and knives getting their last touch of sharpness on the village grindstones was as enlivening as a tonic.

No time was lost. The summer heat-mist was still on the Mediterranean when Thyatis and the other leaders began to marshal their men into companies. We could not see the cruisers. But, as if specially to encourage us, just at this time the slim body of the famous insurrectionary blockade-runner, the *Panhellenion*, was noticed gliding close inshore towards the port of Sphakia. She had successfully made

yet another of her many trips from Athens, past the stern fortress-prison of Grabusa, on Crete's north-western headland, and so round, under cover of the night, to the people who longed for her. The cheers that greeted the sight of her might almost have been heard on board.

'This night,' said Thyatis, with a proud uplifting of his chin, 'she shall carry great news to the continent.'

'Let's hope it,' responded De Blessant.

For a man who was prepared to be a corpse ere sunset, the Frenchman was singularly solicitous about the future. He expected letters by the patriotic boat, and was precise in his orders that they were to be brought up without delay, to be perused after the taking of the blockhouse.

Naylor, on the other hand, was in his old dare-devil mood. He went whistling to and fro, clapping the Sphakiot warriors on the shoulders, and airing his Greek phrases on them, with glorious carelessness whether they could be understood or not.

The parting with the womenkind was not without its notes of pathos. They are doughty souls in Sphakia, men and women alike; but this was a grave occasion. If the attack failed, it might mean the overrunning by Moslem troops, in their worst humour, of this part of the highlands. There were young brides in the village, as well as the mothers of many well-knit patriots. Poor souls! It was not to be wondered at if they had the glisten of tears in their eyes as they embraced their dear ones, and blessed them with the floridity of language that comes naturally to the southerner at such times.

The best touch of all was given by the blessing of our banners. An old priest with a white beard was led out (he was blind), and in the presence of us all he appealed to God and the saints on our behalf, with his palsied hands first on one flag and then on another. He had been through several insurrections, poor old fellow, and though enthusiasm still lingered in him, he was evidently not without his doubts.

We three were under Thyatis. Our banner was of blue silk, with the head of Leonidas worked on it, and the words 'Enough of servitude' for a device.

I confess it was not without a thrill that I heard our leader inquire: 'You will desire to be in front, gentlemen?' and Naylor's assurance that that was precisely what we wished most.

But, after all, what did it matter, methought? I tried, with fair success, to play the fatalist. If I was destined to end my life in the mountains of Crete, and leave the firm of Renton and Graham without its junior partner on such and such a day, of what use to wriggle meanly against the iron hand of the inevitable? And so I gripped my revolver and squared my shoulders, and smiled as if we were bound on a mere picnic excursion.

'We're in for it now, old chap,' said Naylor, with a chuckle. 'Shoot straight when the time comes.'

'Right, Naylor,' I replied, though still resolved, if I shot at all, it should be as crookedly as possible. I had acted the fool ere this in

life: the other day at Khalepa, perhaps, for example: why not once more?

And so the start was made, and soon we lost sight of the houses beneath us, and the rigid forms of the sad-hearted women and helpless veterans who watched us go.

The blockhouse was some two or three miles from the village. Awful miles! indescribable miles! I was prepared to have my heart brought towards my throat by Moslem muskets, but not to be frightened by rocks and precipices. Yet these last were perfectly appalling. We had to crawl along the edges of some in single file, with the subdued roar of water a thousand and more feet below, clamouring for us if we slipped. And we had also to get up the face of rock-walls that I would never have touched but for this desperate game of 'follow the leader.'

For two hours this sort of thing lasted. Then came a quiet halt and collection of forces. There was much mopping of brows and a certain amount of drinking—very necessary under the circumstances. The sun blazed on us from over the shoulder of one of the highest peaks of the Madara Vouna close by, with a great patch of snow in a dimple on its side. But it was no time to think of nature's grandeur, for barely half a mile away was the straight line of the roof of the blockhouse. More than that of it was at present invisible.

'We're in luck, my friends,' De Blessant confided to us after some words with the chiefs. 'It was expected to find certain of the "accursed ones" exercising outside. We shall perhaps now take them better unprepared.'

The last words of instruction were given, and then our army of nearly a thousand fighting men (less one, myself) was divided into three bodies. We remained with the central contingent. The other two made flank movements. I thought it rather comforting not to lose sight of the fine blue banner with the head on it. I thought also (odd how one does think of immaterial concerns at critical moments) that it was a pity the artist had not studied the real human head a little before attempting a Leonidas on silk.

The irrepressible Naylor must needs get to work with his pen during this half-hour or so. The Sphakiots looked askant at him across their great noses, and evidently wondered at his scholarship and his choosing such a time for the display of it. But Naylor remained unperturbed, nor could De Blessant's remarks and mine distract him, either.

'There!' he exclaimed, when he had done. 'If the worst happens, you can tell them at home I died writing. A bit of a fraud, perhaps; but literature itself is a pretty warm battle, I do assure you.'

The order to proceed was given. We laughed at Naylor, and obeyed it.

Our course was by the base of the cone of the high peak already mentioned. We had to descend a little and then pick our way across a small rugged upland basin of rocks and herbs. This brought us to the corresponding gentle acclivity on the other side. The blockhouse was set with its back to the rocks a little above and beyond—unseen, though so near, but felt by me, if by no one else.

I shall never forget the exciting moments of our final scramble upwards to the level of the fortress. Every instant I looked for a line of red-coats to pop up on the ridge and bowl us over like ninepins. We three were in the van. This was bad enough for me merely as a mountaineer, since the men behind were infinitely more expert climbers, and gave me no mercy. The idea of the easy target practice we should offer was worse.

Thyatis now regulated our every movement scrupulously. He was the first to get his head over the ridge; his bared head and nothing more.

Then, by twos and threes, he brought up his men and set them recumbent on the ground, with their guns levelled. We were well up the slope, and so had the better view of what was being designed. And the blockhouse was scarcely thirty paces away, and sufficiently beneath us to be covered by our men in an extraordinarily simple way. It seemed to me that Turkish heedlessness in a campaign could nohow have been better illustrated.

Red-coats were moving to and fro in the restricted courtyard of the building, with washing and cooking materials. A bugler began to stretch his lungs. The sunshine gleamed on the barred windows, and a breeze shook the crescented flag that capped this most bleak of abodes. Beyond, however, was the plain of Canen, with its gardens and villages, the dun-coloured capital itself, and the Mediterranean. It was a sublime perch. The cloudless blue heavens seemed almost to press upon our backs.

I made these observations as methodically as if I were a recognised non-combatant. But I was not allowed to continue so calm an occupation. Our left flank body began to show below, creeping towards the strong gate of the blockhouse.

'Get ready,' whispered Naylor. 'They're bound to spot them.'

It was even so. The blockhouse seethed with hubbub, and the courtyard was crowded with men running about to arm themselves. Then Thyatis gave the word to fire, and our men poured a terrible volley right into the thick of the Turks. I counted eleven motionless Moslems as the result.

This was the beginning. It seemed to me that we had the foe at a ghastly disadvantage; at any rate, if they were obliged to use the courtyard.

But a different tale had now to be told. From the windows and loopholes on the side that faced our flank body, a hot fire was soon being turned on the patriots. Before these could get near the walls, they had lost a number of men. Cover there was none for them, and the Moslem marksmanship made Thyatis groan and wrestle with his moustaches.

Worse followed. While our leader was anxiously looking for the appearance of our third body, I was engrossed by the movements of four huge Sphakiots from the attacking party. These, between them, carried two great sacks of gunpowder. They were protected as much as possible by their comrades. But the latter fell so fast that there was no guessing if they would ever reach their bourne, much less be allowed to place their charge conveniently in position and fire it.

Rockets were being sent up from the blockhouse even while this critical movement was in progress. Thyatis apparently liked the look of the rockets as little as the rest of the enemy's proceedings.

Word at this stage was loudly given to us to fire and advance; as a distraction, I presumed, since there was nothing very obvious for us to attack. A volley rang out against the windows and loop-holes, wherever a glint of red showed itself. The Sphakiots can shout, and they did shout. And, under the stimulating contagion, Naylor and I joined in with the ghost of a British cheer.

A roar of noise checked us—responsive and antagonistic shouts—and, after a prodigious explosion, a dense cloud of smoke rose from the spot where I had last seen the brave fellows with the powder. The fatal calamity had happened, as it seemed bound to do. The blockhouse was not destined to fall into our hands, unless we made ladders of each other, and could force our way over the walls.

'By Jove!' cried Naylor, 'that looks bad.'

We had all brought up close under the blockhouse, which here seemed as unassailable as Newgate. A rocket-stick dropped oddly between De Blessant and me. It made us laugh, though, Heaven knows, our situation was not an amusing one. There were dead Sphakiots on the slope down which we had come, and dozens of dead and wounded on the left side of the building.

An order to join our forces with these others was obeyed pell-mell. But of what use was it? There we were before a massive, iron-banded door that only a battering-ram or a piece of ordnance could have smashed.

A conviction of mismanagement and failure was upon me. It seemed to be reflected in the stern, angry faces of the patriots.

But an instant later I lost all particular interest in the siege and the Moslems' resistance to it. Naylor slanted backwards, and his right hand started to his breast.

'I've got it,' he stammered, as he fell.

De Blessant and I gave him all our attention. There seemed little else for us to do, which, from one aspect, was comforting enough. Between us we carried him under the wall of the blockhouse in the direction whence our other detachment might be expected to come. There was no doctor with the patriots in their death-or-glory enterprise. But the Frenchman said he knew a little about wounds and their treatment.

Ere we could do more, however, than lay the poor fellow on the ground, we were joined by several of the mountaineers, with the word 'Betrayed!' on their lips.

A body of Turkish soldiers was making its appearance from below. The rockets were hurrying them forward.

The thought of leaving Naylor was not to be entertained. Nor was it entertained. The mountaineers made slings of their gun-straps, and four of them took the poor fellow between them, and started at a great pace down a ravine that sprang from the eastern side of the blockhouse. Our movements were briskened painfully by the singing of bullets about our

ears, as for a time (brief, yet terrible) we again got in range of the Moslem muskets.

Then for hours, as it seemed, we did nothing but speed for our lives, reckless of precipices and aught else, except an increase of the distance between us and the victorious red-coats.

Naylor was alive, and smiled whenever we spoke to him. This sufficed to keep us from halting. He signified, moreover, that we were on no account to stop for him. But it was a miserable business. I had never felt such a coward as I felt during this headlong flight.

## GOLD-MINERS IN THE PAST.

### SOME EXPERIENCES IN CALIFORNIA.

Now that the attention of the entire world has been attracted to gold-mining by the magnitude of the outputs from South Africa and West Australia, perhaps a few of the experiences of a gold-seeker may not prove uninteresting. But I am not a miner of the present day: it is nearly half a century since I first set foot in California, and there is a vast difference between the way in which the precious metal is now extracted, and the primitive methods which were considered perfect in my time. The miner of fifty years ago never dreamt of machinery, costly and magnificent, capable of crushing thousands of tons of quartz per week. He 'dolloed,' or ground, his little bits of rock by means of a contrivance resembling a pestle and mortar, and it was only the very richest stone that repaid him for this labour. In fact, there was very little crushing in those days, quartz not being easily found sufficiently rich to make such work a paying concern, and it was therefore alluvial gold which was chiefly sought for. The gold-seeker having decided on the place where he was to make his first venture, provided himself with a shovel and pick and started for the 'diggings.' Gold-mining was then carried on all over California, and he had his choice of many camps.

But what a wild and lawless place was California in those days! Here in these gold-fields were gathered together thousands of the greatest desperadoes that the earth could boast of, and thousands of needy, if harmless, adventurers from every country in the world. Fortunately with them were mixed thousands of honest hard-working men, of every condition in life, from the peer to the peasant, men who had been doing well, or fairly well, at their professions, or in their business offices at home, but for whom the attractions of this El Dorado had proved too powerful. Law of the land there was none, but 'Judge Lynch' dispensed what was known as Justice, instead. His jurisdiction was certainly very summary, and he was far too inclined to convict on the slightest evidence; but I must say that without him no man would have been able to retain the fruits of his labour, or even to call his life his own. And yet, even as it was, human life was of very little account. Men went about armed to the teeth, and the slightest provocation was considered an excuse for drawing knives or pistols on each other. In this way hardly a

week passed without the occurrence of some horrible tragedies. We would call the majority of the affairs murders, but Lynch law took a more lenient view; and provided there were witnesses to prove that there had been at least some kind of a quarrel, the assassin invariably got off.

But to do 'Judge Lynch' justice, I must acknowledge that he was stern enough when anything like a cold-blooded murder was brought under his notice. In fact, in cases of premeditated murder, public opinion frequently ran so strongly against the accused, that the greatest difficulty was experienced in securing him anything like a fair trial. On purely circumstantial evidence—sometimes of the weakest description—hundreds of men were hanged, many of whom were undoubtedly innocent. One of these trials in particular made a very vivid impression on me.

A claim not far from ours was owned by three very curiously assorted partners—namely, the son of an English nobleman, a German ex-waiter, and a discharged—or escaped—convict. The claim turned out very well, and after some months' labour they were able to divide a very large sum between them. The Hon. Mr Blank immediately took himself off to San Francisco for a few weeks' holiday; the other two remained at their work. A few mornings after the departure of Mr Blank, the waiter was found dead in his tent, with a black mark on his throat, and a face which presented every appearance of death from strangulation. The only other occupant of the tent was his partner, the late convict, who was known to be a man of bad character, and with whom the deceased was not on very friendly terms. Suspicion of foul play at once fell on the convict, especially as the waiter's gold was nowhere to be found, and he was arrested on the capital charge. It did not take them very long to settle matters of this kind out there. A court consisting of a president—or Judge Lynch—and a jury were quickly elected and sworn. The 'court' having heard some unimportant evidence, which simply proved that deceased was intoxicated when he went home, entered the tent where the body was lying, and viewed it. When they came out, the 'judge' announced that they were satisfied that the man had been murdered, and also that the prisoner was the only person who could have committed the crime. Still, before hanging him, it would be a great satisfaction if they could have some medical evidence, for—though most improbable—there was nevertheless a slight chance that the cause of death was other than that which they suspected. He then asked if any miner in the camp belonged to the medical profession. Now it happened that though there were four or five hundred men on this gold-field, there was not a doctor among them, and the question was therefore answered in the negative. He was then about to give the order for the prisoner's execution, when some miners near him made some remarks which I did not catch. Presently I heard my name mentioned, and immediately afterwards the 'judge' addressed me, saying: 'I am told, Mr X., that you are a doctor.'

I assured him he was misinformed, and that

I knew nothing whatever about the medical profession. Upon this several miners declared they once heard me say that I had 'studied medicine.' I replied that what they heard me say was, that I had been intended for the medical profession, but that just as I had commenced to study, the gold fever seized me, and I ran away to the diggings.

I solemnly affirmed that there was not a man on the field knew less on the subject than I did, and made several energetic but perfectly useless protests against his order. The crowd of miners, however, became quite threatening in their demeanour towards me, declaring that I was only trying to shirk the job, and that it was my duty to assist them in the administration of justice. Seeing that it was useless to contend against such opposition, I proceeded to the tent, not quite certain whether I stood on my head or my heels. Nor was this feeling lessened when I heard the order given to supply me with some sharp knives. But the most serious part of the matter was the consideration that the unfortunate prisoner's life was now practically placed in my hands, and that I was utterly incompetent to give the decision on which rested his only chance. I certainly could not swear falsely, nor had I any desire that my evidence should cause a miscarriage of justice; but, on the other hand, the deceased *might* have died of heart disease or of some such complaint. And how was I, without the slightest knowledge of anatomy or medicine, to ascertain the fact?

In this dilemma I entered the tent and looked at the body. It was lying on its back; the face appeared much swollen and distorted, and the shirt being open, the black mark on the throat was distinctly revealed. The moment I saw this mark, I felt more helpless than ever. I had expected to see a number of black spots about the windpipe, and probably some abrasions of the skin—such marks as a man's fingers, tightly compressed, would be likely to make; but what was before me was entirely different. It was a straight black line about half an inch deep, and ran right across the throat from ear to ear. I saw at once that it was most unlikely such a mark could be caused by a man's hand, and then an idea suddenly occurred to me. I had been informed that when the body was first found, the shirt was buttoned at the throat. I now tried to button it again, but found it was almost impossible to do so. The fact was, the collar was much too small, and no doubt, when the man lay down to sleep—intoxicated as he was—his neck had swelled, and he was consequently suffocated. I looked at the band of the shirt, and saw that it corresponded exactly with the black line which stretched across the throat. Much relieved by this discovery, I was quickly giving my evidence before Judge Lynch and his court. There was not a little excitement when I announced that I had found, by superficial examination, that deceased had died from a natural cause. Some of the jurors were at first incredulous; but when I took them to the tent and explained matters, they admitted that my theory was undoubtedly correct. The ex-convict had certainly a very narrow escape, and as for myself, I was

known as 'the doctor' from that day forward. The missing gold was also satisfactorily accounted for, for when Mr Blank got back, he proved that the dead man had given it to him to bank in San Francisco.

Another very curious trial was for robbery only; but the punishment on conviction was the same as for murder. Indeed, my experience taught me that, of the two, the miners were, if anything, most severe on the former offence.

A miner, whom we will call Brown, reported one morning that a bag of gold-dust, which he had buried at the foot of a certain tree immediately outside the camp, had been stolen during the night. Brown declared that when he had passed by the place at a late hour the previous evening, the ground was undisturbed. He passed the spot again in the morning on his way to work, and then noticed that it had been freshly dug, and that his treasure was gone. An affair like this became everybody's business at once; so a party of miners went to look at the spot. When they returned they announced that they had a clew. It appears it had rained during the night, and the ground about the place was consequently muddy and impressionable. On this soft clay they were able to distinctly trace some footsteps, and according to these impressions, a small triangular piece of leather must have been upon the sole of the left boot. Now the question was, who owned such a boot? The patch was such a very peculiar one, that it was hardly possible that a second of the kind existed. The miners were all called together, and a committee having been appointed, every man turned up the soles of his boots for inspection. The triangular patch not, however, appearing on any of them, the committee was requested to proceed from tent to tent to examine the spare boots of each miner. This was a work which occupied a good deal of time, and aroused much interest, a crowd accompanying the committee. At last, amidst great excitement, the members of the committee emerged from a tent with a pair of boots, which corresponded, to all appearance, with those they were in search of. Accompanied by the entire camp, they proceeded to the spot where the robbery had taken place, and there a careful comparison of the soles with the impressions was made. The length and breadth of the boots corresponded exactly with the footprints; and what was still more important, the dimensions of the triangular patch were found to be identical in every particular with the impressions made on the mud. The examination established beyond doubt that these were the boots worn by the robber. The owner of the boots—a miner whom we will call Jones—was about the only respectable man in the whole camp, and certainly the last upon whom suspicion of being concerned in such a case as this would be likely to fall. His good character, however, was powerless to shield him under the circumstances, and half an hour afterwards he was being tried for his life.

Brown swore that he had seen the prisoner loitering near the spot where the gold was hidden, a couple of days before the robbery. Several witnesses also deposed to having seen Jones passing through the camp to his tent,



considerably after midnight on the night of the robbery. The accused admitted this, but explained that he had been 'up country' all day prospecting, and was unable to get back earlier. He also admitted that he wore the boots in question on the day of the theft. Asked whether they could have been abstracted from his tent and replaced while he slept, he said he did not believe it could possibly be done, he was such a very light sleeper.

This was the substance of the case against the prisoner. The 'judge' told the jury that he considered the weight of evidence was against the accused, and the jury endorsed his opinion by returning a verdict of guilty. Poor Jones was accordingly sentenced to be hanged, his execution to take place in an hour. There was a large tree just outside the camp, known as 'the gallows tree,' and here the final scene was generally enacted. The method of hanging was certainly primitive, but it had the merit of simplicity. A rope was thrown over a stout bough, and the end with the noose adjusted around the condemned man's neck. The other end was then seized by a number of miners, who pulled until they hoisted him some feet from the ground. They then tied the rope, and the body remained swinging until next day.

When the hour had expired, Jones was taken to 'the gallows tree,' the great body of the miners accompanying him. While the rope was being arranged, my attention became fixed upon a tall thin Yankee, who held in his hands the incriminating pair of boots. This individual was leaning lazily against a tree, apparently absorbed in deep thought, and chewing with evident relish a piece of tobacco. As the preparations approached completion, he appeared to wake up, and suddenly startled us by drawing out, 'I say, Jidge.'

Several miners, as well as the judge, gave a glance in his direction, but no further notice was taken, and he relapsed again into his sleepy condition. A few minutes later, the noise of the rope being thrown across the bough again aroused him, and once more we heard 'I say, Jidge.'

These interruptions were evidently considered unseemly by the crowd, but the Yankee apparently thought that he had something worth saying, for after another few moments spent in meditation, he again bawled: 'I say, Jidge, I guess you've got the wrong man.'

Having delivered himself of this speech, he looked as if he had acquitted himself remarkably well, complacently shifted his tobacco from one cheek to the other, and prepared to enjoy another doze.

But Mr Justice Lynch had been irritated by his interruptions and remarks, and now sharply demanded what he meant by such behaviour.

'Just this, Jidge: I reckon you've got the wrong man.'

'Confound you and your reckoning; why do you say that?'

For answer the Yankee held up the boots, and then his nasal twang was heard: 'Cause, Jidge, the patch is on the *right* foot.'

For a moment the significance of the remark was not fully comprehended; then a light

dawned on the crowd, and the scene that followed was an animated one. Judge, jury, and spectators all struggled with each other for a look at the boots. The Yankee's statement was quickly proved to be quite correct—the triangular patch was indeed on the right boot. It will be remembered that, according to the impressions, this patch should have been on the *left* boot, and strange though it may seem, this important difference was overlooked when the otherwise careful comparison was made.

Of course the discovery proved Jones's innocence; but it was a 'close shave,' and the incident, with that previously related, goes to show that many innocent persons must have suffered in those days when Judge Lynch held sway.

Though there were many very successful miners on the Californian gold-fields, I would be inclined to say that, on the whole, the men who did best were the storekeepers. These charged enormous prices for everything, but then they had to bring their goods long distances—sometimes hundreds of miles—through a difficult country, and contend with every species of transport disability. They had also to frequently give considerable credit, and as may easily be imagined, made plenty of bad debts. Under these circumstances, such charges as I have seen—as, for instance, ten shillings for a head of cabbage—were not perhaps so very extraordinary. Until the Chinese came to the diggings, every man had to be his own servant. There was no such thing as getting any kind of menial work performed except on payment of prohibitive wages. In fact, it was known that—expensive as every kind of clothing material was—it was cheaper to buy a new shirt than to get the soiled one washed. The advent of the Chinese, however, changed all this. When they arrived they were generally penniless, but they were willing to do any kind of work, and through industry and an enviable capability of living on next to nothing, they soon saved money. As soon as this desirable result was attained, a dozen or so of them would club together to buy a claim, and such was their perseverance and energy, that they invariably did well.

Notwithstanding that they were so very useful, they received much bad treatment from their white neighbours. I have constantly seen them taken by the pigtail and brutally kicked upon the slightest provocation. They hardly ever resented these assaults, being either too cowardly, or feeling themselves physically unable to cope with the white man. But if they were no match for the European or American in one way, they were more than his equal in another, and he might be put down as clever who could 'best' a Chinaman. I remember an incident in this connection which may be worth relating.

A man named Jackson and his partners were working a claim near ours, for a long time without any success. They had resolved to give it up and try elsewhere, when it occurred to them that they might succeed in 'pawning it off' on a gang of simple-looking Chinese, who had just arrived from a neighbouring camp, and who were looking out for a claim to buy. Accordingly they induced

some fellow-miners to make them a 'bogus' offer for it in the presence of the Chinamen, which offer they declined. The Celestials were soon seen consulting together, and they apparently came to the conclusion that they could not make any great mistake by improving a little on the white man's offer. So their spokesman presently advanced to Jackson's mine, and shaking his fat body from side to side, asked: 'Willee sellee claim?'

'No,' was the answer, gruffly given.

The Chinaman returned to his companions, but after a few minutes' talk with them, went back to Jackson's, and again we heard: 'Willee sellee claim?'

'No, I tell you: be off out of that.'

The heathen, however, did not stir. He has unlimited faith in the power of money, and does not believe there is anything in the world which may not be bought, if only the proper price is bid. Instead of going away, therefore, he offered to purchase, for a sum which was a considerable advance on the 'bogus' bid, and after some further bargaining, bought the worthless claim for about five hundred dollars.

Next morning the Chinamen were early at work on their newly acquired holding. No doubt they quickly discovered that they had been 'sold,' but being of a persevering disposition, they toiled away hopefully for several days. At the end of a week their untiring industry received an unexpected reward, and the news went through the camp like wildfire that the Celestials 'had struck it rich' in Jackson's claim. The story turned out to be well founded. Some miners hearing that the Chinamen were getting good 'pans,' had gone over to their claim, and were astonished at the richness of some 'pannings' made in their presence. The good-luck of the Chinese increased next day, when quite a number of tidy nuggets were unearthed. But it reached a climax on the following morning when—several whites being present—one of the Chinamen brought out on the point of his pick a lump of pure gold which was found to weigh twenty-seven ounces. No such 'find' had been made in the camp for a considerable time, and it caused quite a stir. The Chinese were very visibly excited, and became most reticent and jealous of supervision, while Jackson and his friends were unmercifully 'chaffed' on all sides. It was another case of 'the biter bitten,' and for the biter there is rarely ever any sympathy. But a number of the principal miners put their heads together and came to the conclusion that it would be a shame to leave such a good thing to the 'heathens.' Accordingly a syndicate was formed, and negotiations opened for the re-purchase of the claim. The Chinese would not at first hear of selling, but were finally bullied into giving a reluctant consent. By the terms of agreement they were to get five thousand dollars and be allowed to continue working until dark that night. Needless to say they did not give up possession while there was a ray of light. When work was no longer possible they handed over the mine and were paid the sum agreed upon. Early next morning the syndicate—of whom Jackson was a prominent member—commenced operations, but

were astonished to find that their 'pannings' were quite barren. They tried all parts of the mine, but only with the same result—not a particle of gold. It presently became known that the Chinese vendors had disappeared during the night, and then it began to dawn upon the unlucky investors that the simple-looking 'heathens' had been a trifle too clever for them. Some very strong language was used, and I am afraid that, if the Celestials could have been laid hold of, they would have had a very unpleasant experience. Fortunately for them, they were many miles away, and in some unknown direction. Their stratagem was very simple, and it was admirably carried out. Finding that they had been duped, they determined to try to sell back the claim again—if possible at a profit. With this intention they hid their nuggets (they had previously done well at another camp) in the clay, and also shook some handfuls of gold dust through it. Then nothing remained but to bring all this auriferous matter to light again, which they took care to do in the presence of some of their white neighbours, and we know the result.

If gold-miners are occasionally fortunate beyond their wildest dreams, they meet also with many great disappointments. My last venture in California partook of this latter nature.

Accompanied by three companions, I left the camp and started on a 'prospecting' tour. We travelled for about two hundred miles through a wild and almost uninhabited country, until we reached a rather large river. The 'pannings' we here made were so good that we came to the conclusion that, if we turned the river from its course, its bed would prove rich enough to reward us for our labour. We set to work, but it took us fully four months to effect this object. At last, however, we had the satisfaction of knowing that our expectations were fully realised, for the first pannings we made were extremely rich. Everything pointed to the probability of our having a most successful season, when one night after some heavy rains up country, a huge flood swept down the river, bursting through our dam, and carrying all before it. This was a terrible misfortune, for not only had we our four months' work for nothing, but all our implements were lost, and we found ourselves two hundred miles from camp without a pick or a shovel. Of course there was nothing for it but to retrace our steps, and after such a bitter disappointment we never had the heart to return to that river.

#### SALTA AND JUJUY—JABEZ LAND.

A GOOD deal has been heard about Salta in connection with Jabez Balfour, and now that he is once more in England owing to circumstances over which he had no control, it may be as well to say a few words about that city before it fades from the public mind and relapses into its usual state of semi-oblivion.

It was founded long ago by the Spaniards, who came down from Peru, and is one of the oldest towns in the Argentine Republic. Even

now it retains far more evidences of those old Spanish days than most of the other Argentine cities—perhaps largely due to the fact that only within the last three or four years has it been connected by railway with the outer world. Formerly, travelling was attended by real peril and difficulty; but as these regions are now opening up, they will probably receive the attention they deserve.

Any one inquiring in Buenos Ayres as to what sort of provinces Jujuy and Salta may be, will be invariably horrified by tales of waterless *caches*, deserts, and fever-haunted swamps, where malaria and mosquitoes render existence, to say the least of it, undesirable. In point of fact, these two provinces are not only really healthy, but are full of natural wealth, and abound in beautiful panoramas. Salta itself lies in a valley, surrounded by picturesque hills; fifty miles to the west, the snowy Cordillera rise like a wall into the blue, and form a picture of comparative grandeur. Looking down on the town from any of the surrounding slopes, one sees a city more Eastern than American in character, the white houses, the shining cupolas of its old churches, only half emerging from masses of luxuriant foliage.

In the valleys around Salta, lying away among the ranges of the mountains which rise up to the far-off Andes, are the vineyards and wine-making villages which, with a few cattle or sugar estates, bring the greater part of the revenue to the provincial treasury. And on the tops of the hills, and hidden away in almost inaccessible ravines, are to be found a population belonging, not to the Argentine, but to a far older world. Many years ago, numbers of Bolivian and Peruvian peasantry were brought from the north, and settled in these wildernesses, where, to this day, they pasture their herds on as many leagues of country almost as they desire. So little connection have they with the outer world, that very few can speak Spanish without difficulty; they are of old Indian descent, and their tongue is Quichua, the language of the old Inca empire.

Jujuy, farther north than Salta, and on the Bolivian frontier, is a more uncivilised province. Here the one or two sugar factories which represent industry place less reliance on Christian than Indian labour for the fields. From the forests of the Gran Chaco, far away in the east, come down every year tribes of red shaggy Matacos, tattooed, and almost naked, armed to the teeth with bows and arrows, old muskets and blunderbusses of great danger to the possessors. For a couple of months they are on the march in single file, the warriors in front, to guard against surprise by a hostile tribe, and then the women, with the babies and household wares packed indiscriminately on their backs. They come down ostensibly to work—really, to get fat on sugar-cane, of which they consume immense quantities, and depart when the crop is over. On the estates, they live in villages of grass huts, well away from each other, for the different tribes on a plantation are almost always at feud with each other, and collision

between two hostile bands is an ugly affair, and productive of bloodshed. The Mataco is, in fact, a very wild type, little above the brute creation.

A far more advanced type of Indian is the Chiriguano, who comes down from Bolivia to earn mares and clothes and go home rich. All the year round bands of these men are coming and going to and fro from the north across some five hundred miles of country. They have a melodious language, are cleanly, and are some of them Christians. A curious feature about them is that they all wear buttons in their chins; their hair, long and black, is bound in masses round their heads. They come in bands of from six to sixty, under a captain—usually the deputy of some big chief up above. There are two or three big Chiriguano chiefs in the Bolivian Chaco who have supreme power over as many as three or four thousand men. They hold their own courts of justice in their own towns, wage wars with their neighbours or the Bolivian Government, and counteract the influence of the Jesuit mission among them. On the whole, the Chiriguano is a desirable labourer, is cheerful and good-humoured, clean and thrifty. A little drink, however, arouses the Indian instinct here too, and fearful fights with knives occur when there is liquor about.

It may be well to add a word as to the natural resources of these provinces. In Jujuy especially the country is almost entirely covered by virgin forests, clothing hill and valley in all directions with dense vegetation. Small palms, cedar, and hard woods abound; the timber supply, indeed, is magnificent. Tobacco, rice, sugar, maize, tea, and a little coffee are the chief objects of cultivation; but the population is small, owing to the lack of water and difficulty of communication with any market. Only a small part of the province is opened up. Minerals are said to be plentiful, and there are considerable deposits of petroleum. The climate is by no means unhealthy; the soil is extremely rich; and as the country advances it will probably be found that these districts are as worthy attention as any of the provinces of the River Plate.

#### SONNET—FOR A PICTURE.

WELL pleased am I, fair damsel, to have seen  
This sweet resemblance of thy flawless face;  
Thy snowy shoulders' rarest maiden grace;  
That flower-crowned brow, where kissing fringes lean;  
Those tender eyes, beyond all else serene;  
Those hallowed lips, where passion leaves no trace;  
That dainty neck, where tresses interlace;  
And white-robed bust, as of a virgin queen.  
When strife shall my tranquillity impair,  
And poignant sorrows fill my heart with pain,  
Let me behold thy face, so sweet and fair,  
That, as I gaze into those eyes again,  
I may some inward quietude attain,  
Caught from the deep soul-calm depicted there.

SAM WOOD.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,  
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 617.—VOL. XII.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1895.

PRICE 1½d.

## UNDERGROUND LONDON.

THE commercial prosperity of large cities depends so much upon the facilities afforded to their inhabitants for rapid and convenient travelling, that such an important and novel undertaking as the construction of the Central London Electrical Railway must naturally be regarded more as a public benefit than as a private enterprise.

When we remember that at the beginning of the present century the stage-coach was considered not only a luxurious but even a speedy mode of travelling, the opportunities of which we are now able to avail ourselves are so numerous, that we are lost in admiration at what has been accomplished in recent years for our welfare and comfort. Carriages, cabs, and omnibuses are now to be found everywhere, and horseless carriages (see *Chambers's Journal*, No. 610, Sept. 7, 1895, and page 683 below) threaten to give a new aspect to road traffic, already diversified by the ubiquitous bicycle. And our islands are covered with a network of railways, the construction and maintenance of which are alone able to give continual employment to a vast number of people.

The principal object of the new underground line which is about to be made, is to provide a means of travelling which the Metropolitan and Metropolitan District Railways are unable to offer, since these, while encircling the busiest portion of London, leave the general traffic along the main thoroughfares to be dealt with by the omnibus and tramway companies. Recognising the importance of travelling in a straight rather than in a circuitous route, the promoters of the Central London Railway have naturally decided to adhere to this principle wherever possible; and thus commencing at Shepherd's Bush, at the extreme west of London, their line runs nearly due east, passing under the Uxbridge Road, Oxford Street, Holborn, and Chapside to the Bank of England.

There being no railway in this country along

a route so crowded as that between the Marble Arch and the Bank, it is almost impossible to estimate the number of people that will be likely to avail themselves of the great convenience offered by this line; but the development of passenger traffic on the Metropolitan Railway during the last thirty years would seem to indicate that at least sixty million people will use the new railway annually.

The first attempt to construct underground railways was made in London in 1853, when Parliament sanctioned a scheme to construct a line from the Edgeware Road to King's Cross, a distance of two and a quarter miles, and from this small commencement grew the two lines now known as the Metropolitan and Metropolitan District. It was at first intended that these lines should be confined exclusively to a local business, much in the same way as the elevated railways of New York—that is, without direct communication with other lines. This arrangement, however, did not prove to be very profitable, and it was then sought to obtain additional revenue by making connections with various main lines for the interchange of passengers, and to enable these railways to run their trains into the central portions of the City, while at the same time the new company, by making various extensions, began to develop a suburban business.

The construction of all these early underground lines is similar in principle, although subject to considerable variations, necessitated by the different localities through which they pass. They are worked by steam locomotives which discharge the products of combustion directly into the tunnel, and no method of artificial ventilation is attempted. The evil consequences attending this system are minimised as much as possible by burning the best quality of coal, which is practically free from sulphur, and which makes but little smoke. The engines employed upon these railways are of a condensing type, so that the steam, instead of being exhausted through the chimney, as in

the case of an ordinary locomotive, is conveyed into a water-tank and condensed, by which means the air in the tunnels is kept drier, and is therefore less disagreeable than it would be were this precaution not adopted.

The cost of making a double line of railway of this kind may be assumed generally to be about a quarter of a million pounds per mile; but where great difficulties are experienced, such as were met with on the portion under Cannon Street and the immediate neighbourhood, where the work had to be carried on below one of the busiest thoroughfares in London, the cost per mile amounted to four hundred thousand pounds; and it is probable that, when all other expenses are included, the cost for such a portion as that would not be much less than one million pounds.

It is unfortunate that the earnings of these two companies cannot be regarded as entirely satisfactory. The immense capital required to construct such railways, and the low fares they are obliged to charge owing to the keen competition with which they have to contend, are the two principal reasons why the profits appear comparatively small; and although such a state of affairs is to be regretted, it does not necessarily indicate that underground railways generally are unremunerative.

The City and South London Railway, which, commencing at the Monument and passing under the Thames, terminates at Stockwell, is one of the most interesting lines that has been recently constructed. This railway, which was opened to the public only in 1890, consists of two cast-iron tubular tunnels, generally placed side by side at a depth varying between forty and eighty feet beneath the surface of the streets. These were built by means of the 'Greathead shield,' a method of construction now being so successfully employed at the tunnel which the London County Council are making under the Thames at Blackwall, and one which it is also proposed to adopt for carrying out the work in connection with the Central London Railway.

Between the Monument and Stockwell there are only four stations, and these being generally some fifty feet below the ground, hydraulic lifts are provided for the convenience of the passengers using the line; the cost of working these lifts is, however, considerable, amounting to about five per cent. of the earnings of the company.

A uniform fare of twopence is charged for any distance, and there being but one class, no tickets are issued, the payment being made on passing through the turnstiles on entering the stations. During last year nearly seven million people travelled by this railway, and the financial prospects of the company are now considerably brighter than during the early days of its existence. Ventilation is secured automatically by the piston action of the trains, each train propelling in front of it a column of air, which ultimately finds its way to the streets through the shafts provided for the stairs and lifts: meanwhile the train draws down a supply of fresh air through the similar openings behind it.

As electrical locomotion is adopted, the air in

the tunnels is comparatively fresh, the carbonic acid gas exhaled by the passengers being the chief source of vitiation; but although in this respect it is considerably better than at various places on other underground railways, it will be generally admitted that the quality of the atmosphere is even yet susceptible of further improvement. This railway has received both the warmest commendation and the most stringent criticism. It offers to the public a direct route to many places on the south side of the Thames, and does not suffocate it during the journey; but at the same time the inconvenience of small carriages, and several other minor defects, are very apparent. It must be remembered, however, that the company experienced considerable difficulties in making the line at a reasonable cost; and when the work was undertaken, one of the objects was to demonstrate the feasibility of this method of construction, but as financial resources were limited, the smallest practical tunnel was adopted in order to reduce the expense as much as possible.

Any carriage that can be run in a tube which is only a trifle over ten feet in diameter cannot easily be made very comfortable, while its restricted dimensions are also responsible for the air in the tunnel not always remaining as fresh as it might be. In all future railways that will be built of this type, these drawbacks will no doubt be either wholly obviated, or at least much reduced, by making the tunnels of considerably larger diameter, thus allowing both the volume of air and the size of the carriages to be increased.

As will be readily understood, the electrical locomotion on this line is of a very interesting character. The engines, which weigh from ten to fourteen tons, are capable of hauling trains consisting of three carriages, each thirty-two feet long, and of sufficient size to contain thirty-two passengers. The average speed from terminus to terminus, including stoppages, is eleven miles per hour, or, excluding these stoppages, thirteen miles per hour. Between the stations, however, from twenty to twenty-five miles per hour is attained.

The quality of the air in any underground railway is necessarily of paramount importance, and a careful study of the various systems of ventilation that could be adopted is naturally one of the first considerations with those responsible for their construction. Since the quantity of carbonic acid gas exhaled by a human being in one hour scarcely exceeds half a cubic foot, while that produced by an ordinary locomotive in the same time is fifty thousand cubic feet, we are able to appreciate that steam-engines for such railways are inadmissible, as one engine will destroy as much air as one hundred thousand people. By the employment of electrical instead of steam locomotion, however, nearly the whole cause for a vitiated atmosphere is at once removed.

The Central London Railway, which it is estimated will cost nearly three million pounds, and which will be some six and a half miles in length, will consist of two tunnels, each eleven and a half feet in diameter, placed close together some fifty to eighty feet below the

surface of the ground. There will be altogether fourteen stations, that at the Bank of England (the site for which is beneath the open space in front of the Royal Exchange), forming one of the features of the railway. Here the company undertake to construct, in addition to the station, several subways for foot-passengers, which will connect together the various streets terminating in the immediate vicinity, thus enabling people to pass under the road and escape the dangers attending the tremendous traffic above them. These subways will be at least fifteen feet wide, and being lined with white glazed bricks, and lighted at all hours with electric lamps, they will constitute an important public improvement, which it is astonishing has not been provided long ago.

Other subways will also be constructed for the reception of the ever-increasing number of gas and water pipes and electrical wires, and it is to be hoped that such being thus all collected together will prevent the interruption to traffic which is so often caused when they have either to be repaired or augmented.

The station itself will be at a much lower level than the subways, and four hydraulic lifts will be provided for passengers in addition to the usual stairways.

It is hardly necessary to say that here, as in the City and South London line, electrical locomotion will be used, and consequently we may rely on the atmosphere in the tunnels being comparatively pure, although it is not proposed to provide any artificial means of ventilation. The whole of the journey of six and a half miles will be accomplished in twenty-five minutes, while that from Oxford Circus to the Bank will be performed in ten minutes, a rate of speed some thirty per cent. higher than that attained on the Metropolitan Railway, and comparing very favourably with the omnibuses, which now take about three times as long to travel the same distance.

The construction of a work of this character will necessarily occupy considerable time, and although it has been estimated that only two years will be required for this purpose, the previous experience of large engineering undertakings indicates that it is probable a further length of time will be needed before the railway is available for passenger traffic. The nature of the work, however, admits of its being carried on simultaneously at various points along the route by sinking vertical shafts about a mile apart to the level of the line, and afterwards driving the tunnels from the bottom of these in both directions. By this method of construction very little interference would be caused with the traffic along the streets under which the railway passes, and only at the shafts would it be possible to discover that hundreds of men were busily at work, far below the surface of the ground, in forming the tunnels for the new line.

The space at our disposal will not permit us to deal with the many other interesting features of Underground London, although the new railway which is now being made from Waterloo to the central part of the City deserves more than a passing notice. This line, after running under the Thames, emerges near Blackfriars,

and here passes beneath the present underground railway, which, it will be remembered, is itself just here below the London, Chatham, and Dover Line.

At the present time there are practically no difficulties which the engineer considers insurmountable, provided sufficient time and means are placed at his disposal. It is only, however, by the co-operation of hundreds and perhaps thousands of willing hands that these great achievements are successfully accomplished, and it must not be thought that such depend for their existence solely upon one individual, however capable he may be. Only by the combined efforts of all, from highest to lowest, are we able to carry out those great works which contribute so materially to our own comfort and national welfare.

## AN ELECTRIC SPARK.\*

### CHAPTER XXVIII.—TEMPTER AND TEMPTRESS.

WHAT to do?

Paul Wynyan's constant question which he could not answer.

'I want your clear, calm judgment, old man,' he said to himself, as he adjoined the memory of his old employer, for his brain was torn by conflicting emotions. Rage against Brant; bitterness for *Rénée*, who was not worthy of his love; desire to rehabilitate his character, and let her see that even if reviled, he was the honourable gentleman she might have loved.

But how to shape his actions—that was the task.

Brant, he felt, must be the culprit; but he could not openly accuse him. No: his disposition was rather to screen him for *Rénée's* sake.

Something, he felt, must be done, or the grand old business of Robert Dalton might become bankrupt, smirched with the brand of dishonourable dealing; and the hours went by, and Paul Wynyan had done nothing.

By degrees, though, he had calmed down to one definite purpose: to do everything possible to save the Dalton business for *Rénée's* sake—for the allegiance he owed to his old chief.

His musings were interrupted by a messenger with a letter marked 'immediate' and sealed with the arms of the presidency of Deon-cagua.

He opened it and read that the Count Villar Endoza would esteem it a personal favour if Mr Paul Wynyan would favour him with a call upon important business at his earliest convenience.

Wynyan obeyed his first impulse to say that he would come on at once.

'What does he want?' he said to himself, as soon as he was alone. 'Some fresh scheme, or a renewal of his offer about the engineership in connection with their navy?'

'No: I can't go. My work is here. It would be like showing myself as a coward and thief. She would think I ran away to avoid the exposure, and look upon me with greater con-

\* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

tempt than ever. Let him make what offer he likes, my place is here.'

At that moment a light seemed to flash through his brain, and he recalled the count's former offer.

'Surely'—he began aloud; but the light was gone, and the thick darkness of ignorance had closed in once more.

'Impossible!' he muttered with a half laugh. 'A strange coincidence—that is all. Pity though that I could not go. One might get the yellow fever and be put out of one's misery for good. Well, anything for an hour's rest. Perhaps I may think more clearly after seeing him.'

He reached the Count's flat in Victoria Street within half-an-hour of the messenger's return, and was respectfully shown into the drawing-room to be warmly welcomed by Isabel, who rose from her chair where she was making believe to paint in water colours. She advanced toward him with extended hand, and with a tone of reproach in her voice, a saddened look in her eyes.

'What have I done to offend you, Mr Wynyan?' she said softly. 'I never see you now.'

'Well,' he said, trying to talk lightly and pleasantly to the gaudy little tropic butterfly, as he mentally called her. 'What can you expect from such a busy, patient drudge as I am.'

'But you should not be a busy, patient drudge,' she said with a sigh, as she fixed her large dark eyes upon him timidly. 'Papa says that if you liked, you could occupy such a splendid position; that the world is open to a man of your genius.'

'A man of my genius!' he said with a laugh.

'Don't, please,' she said plaintively. 'You hurt me.'

'I? How?'

'By speaking so mockingly of yourself.'

'Then I'll begin to praise myself,' he said.

'No, please don't do that, Mr Wynyan,' she said with another shrinking look, 'for that would hurt me more, because I should know that it would not be sincere.'

'Then what am I to say?' he cried.

'Only talk to me as you used—in that quiet grave way I always liked so much.'

'Indeed?'

'Yes: people I see,' she went on naively, 'are so fond of talking nonsense and silly flattery, till I feel disgusted and hate them. Of course I know I am a little bit pretty; but I can't help that, Mr Wynyan, and I don't want to be told that I am the most beautiful girl in London. Just as if I was so weak and had no common sense.'

The tears stood in her eyes for part of the time she was speaking, but she finished with an indignant flash.

'Well, a great deal of the society talk is rather vapid,' he said quietly.

'Yes: isn't it?' cried Isabel. 'You never talk to me like that. What you say always sounds sincere.'

'I hope so,' replied Wynyan; 'so let me be sincere now, and talk about business. Your father sent for me.'

'Yes: I know,' she said with a little pout, 'or else you would not have come. He has a gentleman with him for a few minutes, and he asked me to see you till he was at liberty. I'm sorry I am so dull and stupid.'

'Didn't you say you wished me to be sincere?'

'Oh yes, please,' she cried, with an eager flash of the eyes; and her hand moved toward him, but only to be drawn back, and a look of confusion overspread her features.

'I will, then,' he said quietly, 'and tell you that I don't believe you.'

'Oh! Mr Wynyan! What do you mean?'

'I don't believe you think yourself dull and stupid.'

'Ah,' she cried, with an arch look, 'you are scolding me; please go on.'

Wynyan did not go on, for he was conscious of the movement in the great curtain which screened a door; and the Count entered, bland, handsome, and courtly.

'This is very good of you, Mr Wynyan,' he said. 'How I do admire the prompt way of you English business men! I do not wonder that you rule the world.'

'Promptitude is a matter of habit, sir,' said Wynyan, who resented the effusive complimentary manner.

'One I never could acquire, my dear sir. Isabel, my darling, may I ask you to leave us? I have very important business to discuss with Mr Wynyan.'

'Oh yes, papa dearest,' she said, innocently raising her lips to his. 'Good-bye then, Mr Wynyan. Come and see us soon—in the evening, when papa does not want to talk business. He ought to come, ought he not, papa?'

'If Mr Wynyan can spare the time, no one will be more glad than I.'

'Then you will come, Mr Wynyan?' she cried with girlish eagerness, as she held out her hand, over which the engineer bent for a moment, and then waited as the graceful little figure glided over the soft carpet, passed behind the great curtain, and was gone.

'My little flower,' sighed the Count to himself, as his eyes followed his child. Then he seemed to drive away his paternal weakness, and faced his guest.

'Thank you for coming, Mr Wynyan,' he said, speaking now blandly, but with a good deal of decision. 'May I ask whether you divine the reason for my note?'

'Certainly. I can only place one interpretation upon it, sir. You are ready to renew the offer you formerly made to me.'

'That is correct, sir. And you, Mr Wynyan, you have well thought over the matter, and are ready to accept?'

'I do not say so,' replied Wynyan, gazing at the handsome courtly face before him fixedly.

'But you will before you go, Mr Wynyan, I sincerely hope. I received a despatch yesterday, urging me to come to such an arrangement at once, and—well, I like you, Mr Wynyan; I always have liked you, and I will be perfectly frank with you and undiplomatic; I place myself, sir, in your hands. Make your own terms.'

Wynyan still sat gazing at him fixedly.



'Do not be afraid, my dear sir. I think I can manage to endorse your proposal. Your position will be princely, and I tell you this, my dear Wynyan: I fully expect to return soon to the dear old country with my darling child, and when I am back I shall only be too glad to welcome you to my house as one of our warmest friends—you understand; one of our warmest friends.'

'I thank you, sir,' said Wynyan, still gazing at him.

'My dearest Isabel would be delighted. I told her, dear child, and in her girlish enthusiasm, she clapped her little hands with joy. Mr Wynyan, you ought to be a happy man. Come, sir; let me despatch a telegram to-night to my president, to announce that we shall in future have with us one of the most skilful engineers in England, who is at the same time one of my dearest friends.'

'One moment, sir. Kindly tell me what would be expected of me if I accepted this appointment.'

'Of course; I ought to have been more explicit,' said the Count. 'Forgive me. To help us by making our little navy one of the most powerful in the world.'

'By means of a new motive power?' said Wynyan quietly.

'Exactly.'

'What motive power?' said Wynyan; and the Count was silent for a few moments, meeting his visitor's gaze with an equally searching look.

'I will be frank with you, Mr Wynyan,' he said at last. 'It is a secret power—a new invention.'

'Whose, sir?'

'That I am not prepared to say, Mr Wynyan; and it does not affect our arrangement in the least.'

'I beg your pardon, sir.'

'Very well then, I am speaking in confidence, to a man of honour. I cannot tell you whose invention it is, but the right to use it—the secret of the invention—was sold to my government some little time back, and we are now waiting to carry it out.'

'I thought so,' said Wynyan sternly. 'Are you aware, sir, that your government has connived at a theft; that the purchase of this secret was part of a base, disgraceful, dishonourable action?'

'Mr Wynyan!' cried the Count, drawing himself up.

'Yes, sir; I am speaking plainly, for I feel warmly on the subject. I see now clearly enough that which my nature as that of an honest man would not have insulted another—especially my old employer's friend and guest—by believing true.'

'Mr Wynyan, what are you saying, sir?'

'This,' cried Wynyan sternly, 'that you, sir, have taken advantage of your position as the trusted friend of Robert Dalton, to gain possession of one of his most cherished secrets.'

'You are talking wildly, sir,' cried the Count.

'No; calmly and to the point. How you have worked I do not know. I cannot think that Robert Dalton would have confided in you

—he would not, I am sure. There has been some miserable underhanded scheming, and you must have been mining with a tool which I suspect; but as I cannot say for certain, I will be silent and make no further charge.'

'I am glad to hear it, Mr Wynyan,' said the Count with dignity. 'You have said enough.'

'No, sir; not enough,' cried Wynyan, 'for I do charge you of having been guilty of a piece of chicanery which'—

'Sir!' cried the Count, 'I do not accept that I have done this. If I had, I have been fighting as in duty bound, in a patriotic way, for the good of my great country. As a patriot'—

'Patriot!' cried Wynyan, interrupting in his turn. 'Sir, there is no word in our language more scandalously abused than that word patriot. An adventurer fights at any cost to win pelf and success for himself, and he calls it patriotism. We have plenty of so-called patriots here, sir, but none who have been guilty of a more scoundrelly trick than yours in this theft.'

'Mr Wynyan!' cried the Count, 'in my country this would mean a meeting, possibly, sir, your death.'

'But in this country, sir, but for the fact that your position screens you, your action would probably mean the police and a visit to a court of justice.'

'I will not quarrel, sir,' said the Count sternly.

'No, we cannot quarrel,' cried Wynyan; 'but you shall hear the truth. You may, or you may not be aware that you have been tempting me to carry out my own invention for the benefit of your people, and in opposition to my own government, the rightful owners of the secret.'

'Mr Wynyan!'

'Silence, sir. You shall hear me now. Let me tell you what your dishonest act—your patriotism—entails. You will not win me over to your side, even if you have learned that I stand in a position which made me likely to be tempted.'

'Pray, go on,' said the Count coldly.

'I intend to, sir, as a stubborn Englishman should. Now listen. You and yours will reap no advantage from your purchase—for purchase it must have been—for it is a secret, and there is only one man living who can carry out the plans to success.'

'And you are that man,' said the Count with an almost imperceptible sneer.

'Yes, sir; for years I lived in the invention of that motor, and I tell you the truth; I am the only man who can carry it out to success. Lastly, let me tell you this: our government has discovered by some means that the secret has been stolen. They must know that it has been taken to Deconcagua, and they have begun their inquiries as to the way in which they have been defrauded. Are you prepared to answer them? You are a nobleman, the representative of your republic.'

The Count was silent.

'In case they do not know, sir, let me tell you this: I have been charged with the theft of the plans, with selling them; and I am

seeking to clear my name. To-morrow I go straight to the government officials, and I tell them everything I know.'

'To clear your good name?' said the Count quickly.

'Yes.'

'What, then, if I play my card as well, Mr Wynyan?'

'This is England, sir. You cannot play Spanish American tricks here without risking our gallows,' cried Wynyan proudly.

'Assassination?' said Endoza with a contemptuous laugh. 'Oh no, my dear sir, I am a diplomat. I shall play a very different card, what you call the trump ace. Go and tell your officials—you, the employé of Dalton's firm, that I bought the rights in the invention. I, the accredited gentleman, will simply say yes, it is quite true; I did buy these plans—this secret—for my country in ignorance that there was anything wrong, for the inventor offered them to me.'

'Mr Dalton—the dead?' cried Wynyan, staggered.

'No, sir; Mr Wynyan the quick—I bought them of you.'

There was a dead silence after this blow had been delivered.

'You cowardly liar!' cried the young man at last.

'Diplomacy, Mr Wynyan,' said Endoza calmly. 'You have your reputation to save; I have mine. Come, sir, we have fenced enough. Had we not better sheathe our swords, and become friends. I renew my offer to you, even to my daughter's hand.'

'Sir,' said Wynyan bitterly, 'you know our language thoroughly, but of the sturdy English character you have much to learn. English credit stands good the world round. We have exceptions, I own, but we have such a being in my country as an honest man.'

'Stop one moment, Mr Wynyan. Do you mean you would say war.'

'As you would say, sir,' replied Wynyan, 'to the knife.'

The next minute the Count was standing, with his brow knit in many creases, alone.

'Yes,' he said at last; 'that will be the best. Cold-blooded dog!'

*(To be continued.)*

## THE RISE AND FALL IN PETROLEUM.

It has long been an axiom in commercial circles that, when trade was good, prices were high, and when trade was bad, prices were low. Doubtless, one of the compensating benefits of bad trade has been the low price of all necessities. Moreover, every one must have noticed the strong tendency of every commodity to fall; improvements and increased facilities in transport from all parts of the world, combined with cheapened production, have enormously lowered the value of everything compared with values ten years ago. Some articles indeed seemed to have no bottom; their value fell below the actual cost of production. Petroleum has been no exception to this rule, as it has

been steadily falling in value for years. When, therefore, this product some months ago suddenly marked an extraordinary rise in value, and continued within the space of a week to double and treble this rise, such an unprecedented state of affairs occasioned a wave of excitement in the mercantile world, and an immense amount of speculation as to its cause and effect. The probability of an oil famine became a serious subject of discussion, and no wonder, when it is considered that mineral oil is largely used for illuminating purposes, and required in almost every industry that can be named as an important constituent in lubricating oils, and for other purposes too numerous to mention. On one British industry the effect was immediate and most welcome. For some years past the Scottish mineral oil trade has been in a very languishing condition, and the relief has but just come in time.

No trade has had a more checkered career, or has oftener appeared on the point of extinction, but some ingenious discovery in the utilisation of a by-product has always appeared to save it, and give it a new lease of life. Paraffin oil for burning was the original object of manufacture, but for many years the by-products have alone been earning a profit. The statement early in the year that the Standard Oil Company, which mainly controls the oil trade in America, had come to an arrangement with the Scottish companies to advance the price, would now appear to be part of a scheme to anticipate the rise which the former saw was bound to take place, due to a cause which even it could not influence, namely, lessened production by the oil-wells. An agreement of the Standard Oil Company with the proprietors of the Russian oil-fields, reported, but subsequently denied, was regarded as in the same interest.

The annual report of one of the principal Scottish oil companies says: 'The position and outlook of the trade are now more favourable than they have been for a lengthened period. An agreement for three years has been concluded between the Standard Oil Company of America and the refining companies in Scotland, by which the prices of scale and candles have been advanced; and, consequent upon the greatly diminished production of crude petroleum, an increase has taken place in the prices of burning oil and kindred products.'

Though an inconvenience to the consumer, a moderate rise in the price of mineral oil is of very little importance compared with a large permanent increase in price, which is a very serious contingency to have to face. It is the possibility of this which has agitated the public mind and rendered the situation interesting. From all accounts it appears certain that the Pennsylvania oil territory has become much less productive than it

used to be. The explanation of the Standard Oil Company is to the effect that the consumption of petroleum is at least 10,000 barrels a day in excess of the output. Now, in America, oil is sold in what are called Pipeline Certificates, and while there used always to be outstanding certificates for 40,000,000 barrels of oil, these have been reduced to about 4,000,000. An independent authority says that in the past two years the stock of oil has fallen off from 18,000,000 barrels to about 4,500,000, and that at present oil production is 5,000,000 to 6,000,000 barrels a month behind consumption; so that it is plain that at the present rate, if no big oil strikes are made, it is only a question of time until the stock on hand in the United States is consumed. The Standard Oil Company is said to have lately expended about 2,000,000 dollars for oil rights in Pennsylvania and West Virginia in anticipation of the scarcity. 'Wild-catting'—that is, prospecting in territory not known to be oil-bearing—is immensely in favour, we are told, and it is to be hoped will soon yield a plentiful result.

Two years previous to January 1895, the price of oil was fifty-three cents per barrel; in January it had risen to one dollar, while less than four months later it touched two dollars.

Owing to a peculiar policy of the American oil trade, until recently the price of refined oil has been lower than crude oil; but this condition has now experienced a sharp reversal, and during the first quarter of the year, refined quality rose from \$5.70 to \$7.10, while during the same period crude oil has advanced from six to seven dollars. Petroleum statistics from other centres all tell the same tale.

Next to these oil-fields, one of the most important is that of Ohio. For illuminating purposes this oil is not nearly so suitable as that of Pennsylvania; it resembles the Russian oils in this respect, that there is a considerable waste in refining it, though some of the waste can be utilised for making lubricants and for fuel. Crude oil from the Ohio region is said to yield only thirty-three per cent. of illuminating fluid, as against nearly ninety per cent. from Pennsylvania; but the Ohio refined oil is nearly as good as the Pennsylvanian.

Naturally, the oil territory is being prospected to an extraordinary extent in the endeavour to increase production, while something like one thousand five hundred new pipe-wells have been sunk, a number constantly increasing. Oil-wells which had been abandoned as unprofitable have been reopened, and every means taken, such as the explosion of dynamite in the shafts, to stimulate the flow.

The view that has so far been here presented is that a permanent rise in the value of this indispensable commodity has been established, but it is right to state that some people do not hold this opinion; they consider that a combination of the interests controlling the supply is chiefly responsible for the advance in petroleum, and the scare over for the time being, they are doing their best to test the question,

though time only can solve it. The highest price paid for American refined was 9½d. per gallon; a month previously this had been 5½d.; Russian oil, which had been less than 5d., went up to 9d. quite as rapidly. These values have not been sustained; the trade held aloof, and the price of American oil went back to 7d. per gallon, and of Russian to 6½d.—about 2½d. below the highest recorded. In September the price both of American and of Russian petroleum 'on the spot' was 5½d.

Another feature of the situation to be considered is, that in America the consumption of oil as a fuel and heat generator has been making great strides, and that, given a reasonable price, it possesses some very great advantages over other fuel. Its efficiency is specially great in heating furnaces, forges, puddling furnaces, and in boilers of all kinds; and that the combustion is much more perfect than coal is shown by an almost total absence of smoke.

Other applications are in glass-works, potteries, ovens, dryers, refuse destructors, and many other industries. Less attendance is required, it is far more cleanly in the way of dust and dirt, and less expensive in the matter of repairs. As compared with coal, about one hundred and ten gallons of crude oil will do the work of a ton of the best coal, and there is no reason to think that finality has been reached in this result.

As is well known, one of the causes of the hitherto cheap price of petroleum has been its successful conveyance in bulk by means of tank steamers. One of the most conspicuously successful examples of the experiment of using petroleum residuum as fuel in the furnaces of marine boilers has been a voyage of the *s.s. Baku Standard*. This tank steamer had her furnaces altered, to enable them to burn liquid fuel instead of coal; thus adjusted, she steamed from the Tyne to Philadelphia, meeting with heavy weather all the way. Her consumption of fuel is said to have been twenty tons of oil instead of thirty tons of coal, and it is claimed that besides the advantage of much greater cleanliness, a considerable saving in space and cost of fuel was obtained. Probably there is yet required a good deal of further information before an exact comparison can be made, but at any rate, here we have a case of a vessel that has steamed across the Atlantic and back, using oil fuel only. The time taken on the homeward run to Avonmouth, namely fourteen days, is not unduly long for a small-powered steamer in bad weather. The substitution of oil for coal in steamships, if ever it came about, would be a wonderful improvement, and one that would confer untold benefits on marine firemen. But the applications of mineral oil are endless in possibility, provided it continue cheap enough.

Allusion has been made to the Russian petroleum trade; this is of much later growth than the American. Russian petroleum only began to enter the British market in large quantities ten years ago. The oil-fields of Baku are by far the most productive known, and since 1883 (practically, operations on any important scale only commenced in 1872) the production has undergone enormous expansion, rising from five

and a half million barrels in 1883 to over twenty million barrels in 1890. It has been stated on good authority that of the four hundred wells open in the Baku fields in 1883, one has thrown up as much oil in one day as the whole of the twenty-five thousand oil-wells of America. In another case, over £11,000 worth of oil has run to waste in one day from a single well. There is therefore good reason to believe that Russian oil can easily supply the deficiency caused by a considerable falling off in the supply of American petroleum, although it must be borne in mind that Russian crude oil only yields thirty per cent. of refined, as against ninety per cent. in the case of America. The Russian trade is largely in the hands of Messrs Nobel Brothers, who occupy a position much in the same relation to this industry as does the Standard Oil Company in America. That there are probably immense undiscovered oil deposits in Siberia is partly confirmed by the recent discovery of naphtha springs in the Transbaikalian region. In the Amur Valley, these promise so satisfactorily that a syndicate of Russian capitalists has been formed, and has applied for permission to the authorities to be allowed to exploit the territory on a large scale. Oil-fields of some importance exist in Java and Sumatra, and there are several Dutch companies established in these islands, which possess wells varying in depth from 75 to 1850 feet. The Java petroleum yields a large proportion of valuable by-products, such as lubricating oils; the Sumatra oil produces more kerosene and less paraffin.

There are other petroleum fields in the east of Europe and in Asia, that of the Bolika district in Galicia yielding three hundred and fifty barrels of raw petroleum per day in 1883. Mineral wax is found at Boryslav, on the north slope of the Carpathians. The petroleum fields of Roumania are hopeful. In Japan, the petroleum fields were worked at one time, but latterly, owing to the competition of American oil, the industry is said to have been abandoned. Whether the increased value of oil will now make it worth while to reopen and develop these Japanese oil-fields is, however, a doubtful question. One of these days, too, the virgin oil territory in Canada and India will be tapped, so that a decreasing supply from Pennsylvania may be faced with something like equanimity. The petroleum basin of the Mackenzie River is reported as one of the richest in the world; but its distance, four hundred miles north of the Canadian Pacific Railway, has been against its exploitation hitherto.

An extremely interesting problem awaits us much nearer home, and that is, are there oil-fields in England? Since petroleum has been found in many different strata, there is no *a priori* reason why it should not be found in England. Professor Boverton Redwood is sanguine on the point, and after having made as exhaustive an investigation on the Ashwick estate in Somersetshire as circumstances permitted, reports that appearances strongly favour the existence of petroleum in large deposits, and at any rate in quite sufficient quantity to warrant provisional expenditure for boring. On the recommendation of Professor

Redwood and other scientific advice, dynamite was used in the spring, with the result that the water came up thickly coated with oil. The official report is that the specimens of oil obtained were transparent, of straw colour, exhibited practically no fluorescence, and had an odour resembling that of refined rather than crude oil. It had a specific gravity of .816 at 60° Fahrenheit, and a flashing-point of 175° Fahrenheit by the closed test. In other words, here is a high-class oil, which should require very little process of refining to render it able to compete with some of the best products in the market on terms of equality.

From the foregoing, it is pretty apparent that we need not fear any oil famine in the near future.

## AN ADVENTUROUS WEEK.

### CHAPTER IV.—CONCLUSION.

It was noon when our flight ended in a gray, faded settlement, girdled by cliffs save where we had come upon it, and where a narrow defile led from it down to the coast. The church-bell was jingling for some unapparent reason as we reached the dishevelled building itself.

We were soon surrounded by the villagers, agape for intelligence. They received the news of the patriots' reverse in silence—at least the men did; the women wept.

Happily, there was an apothecary here. We conveyed Naylor to his house, prepared to hear the worst, for the poor fellow's face told its own tale.

The man wore horn spectacles that gave him an owl-like look. His tedious pedantry was also suggestive of the owl's sham demeanour of exceeding wisdom. De Blessant was worth two of him as a medical man. But neither of them, nor all the physicians in the world, could give Naylor his life-blood again.

'Do stop them bothering about me, old fellow,' he whispered at length. 'I know I'm booked.'

I said what I could to persuade him to think otherwise, and told him we were within a mile or two of the port in which the *Panhellenion* lay.

'Once we get you on board, you'll do,' I said, hoping against hope.

The mention of the steamer seemed to brighten him.

'Are you sure you can get to her?' he asked.

The apothecary laughed to scorn the idea that one little defeat in the mountains meant the collapse of the insurrection. According to him, it was rather the very thing that was most wanted to make the Christians fight their best. No Turk would dare from the north to invade the southern ravines of the Madara Vouna; and that was the only direction open to them.

'Then there's one thing you can do for me,' Naylor continued, speaking with more and more difficulty as the internal bleeding progressed.

'Whatever it is, I'll do it,' I said.

'My notes—take them with you. You'll be returning to England?'

'As soon as I can—with you.'

He shook his head, smiling again. He knew better than that.

'Made on the spot, you know, they have value,' he murmured. 'You promise?'

I told him I would try to do something more arduous than that if he wished it.

'There's nothing else,' he replied. 'I'm just a straw in the wind: no wife, brother, sister, or any one. Thank God for it, too!'

We could do nothing but watch over him to the last. There were moments when I should have enjoyed the excitement of defending the apothecary's house against attack: this patient waiting for the end of a bold, reckless life was so miserable. But no such chance offered. The village was still as the grave, except when the cracked church-bell jangled periodically, and that was worse than the brooding silence.

Once he rallied De Blessant about his inadequacy as a prophet.

'Oh, but, *mon cher garçon*,' retorted the Frenchmen, 'who knows? I may follow you soon. I shall revenge you, for one thing. Give me a death like yours a thousand times sooner than on my feather-bed in Paris.'

To which poor Naylor replied almost inaudibly, with a painful attempt to laugh: 'Bunkum, my dear fellow!'

Towards eight o'clock he breathed his last, making me feel wretchedly alone. Though I had known him but a few days, I had learned to love him as a friend. Almost his last words were an injunction to us not to bother ourselves with his body. The Sphakia churchyard, he said, was good enough for him, if it was good enough for the Sphakiots.

And that was what we did with him the following morning. There were graves ready dug in the churchyard—ominous sign!—and in one of them (which the sun shone on more than on the others) we laid him, in the presence of all the village, including several other patriot refugees from Thyatis's army.

What had become of the bulk of our fighting friends we did not learn until that afternoon. Then we made our way to the coast and, under guidance, skirted the tremendous spurs of the Madara Vouna until we reached the snug creek in which the *Panhellenion* lay like a nut in its kernel. Here the confusion was bewildering. The patriots made bright patches of colour in the cramped place, and their chatter and declamations raised echoes for the mountain walls to toy with and cast out (so one fancied) almost to the lazy cruisers in the offing. Some two hundred of them were believed to have been killed; and, worse still, the wounded had had to be left. Under the circumstances, it seemed small consolation that more Moslems than Christians had come to their end in the affray.

Thyatis was not here when we arrived. But he was looked for every moment. Pending

his and the other leaders' coming, the captain of the *Panhellenion* could say nothing about his return (or attempted return, as might be) to the *Ægean*. He had already disembarked the cargo of arms, ammunition, and provisions sent by the insurrectionary agents in Athens, and had ballasted the boat in readiness for his next trip at an hour or two's notice.

De Blessant got his letters.

'I stay here,' he repeated, when I asked him if they made him alter his plans. 'I am like *le bon Naylor*; there is no one except *la petite* to whom I report myself, and she will excuse.'

He was not to be dissuaded. It was the first defeat with which he had been associated in Crete, and his French blood thirsted to avenge it. So he said, and his gallant looks bore out his words. The Sphakiots could have done with a hundred men like him; and so, perhaps, could Crete.

As for me, I was very uncomfortable. The old business instincts were fidgeting in me. I was wronging my partner and all who depended on us by this misapplication of my time. Moreover (and chiefly, I daresay), I had had quite enough of war, especially this guerilla warfare in the mountains. My legs were stiff as an old man's with their unwonted exercise.

The captain of the *Panhellenion* could speak a moderate amount of English, and was disposed to be friendly. I was, he said, welcome to sleep on the steamer, so that I might not miss the chance of getting to Greece, whenever that presented itself. But he warned me of the new danger I was facing in thus getting aboard a vessel that would be blown to bits by the first Turkish gunboat that got the opportunity. Of this, however, I took small heed. Merely on the balance of risks, the *Panhellenion* was the thing for me. And besides, from the twinkle in the captain's eye, I surmised that the patriot ship was not to be overtaken by any ordinary cruiser of the Sultan's fleet.

The rest of that day was spent amid the babble of the insurgents. De Blessant and I both agreed that they were even better at talking than fighting. But they need not have quarrelled among themselves as they did. This seemed to be the worst portent of all as to the final issue of the revolt.

Thyatis was expected hourly, but he did not show until the next day. Then he appeared, haggard, fierce, with a bandaged arm, and a 'do-or-die' demeanour that was not encouraging. The Turks had so far been content to establish themselves securely in two of the blockhouses. Their aim, he said, was to get some light artillery up from the plain. Until that was done, they would not venture on aggressive movements to the south.

So far well.

This news, and the knowledge that there were still thousands of fighting Sphakiots left, restored the spirits of the warriors by the sea-board. Whatever else had happened to Thyatis, he had not lost energy, and in a few hours his influence invigorated the tone of the place. The *Panhellenion's* cargo was very welcome, and the letters from Athens about future supplies were also favourable.

As the upshot, it was decided that, weather

and the situation of the cruisers permitting, the *Panhellenion* should be off that night. And so I prepared to look my last at Crete—if not for ever, at least for a very long time. I had, of course, resisted Thyatis's warm invitation to continue with him and his men. Even for the moral encouragement's sake, I did not think it worth while to offer myself as a sacrifice to the Sphakists, like poor Naylor.

The cruisers somehow seemed to have got an inkling of what was in the wind. As the day waned they stood closer inshore than hitherto, and, either for pastime or a menace, fired big guns landwards. Probably the victorious Moslems above had found a means of signalling their news to them, and this had momentarily inspirited the lethargic admiral who was in charge of the blockade.

'It is nothing,' said Thyatis, with a contemptuous upheaval of his nostrils, when I mentioned the firing, and hoped it did not imply increased vigilance. 'We would run under their noses, and they would not see us.'

But I was not so sure. The highlander's temperament was of too unreasonably sanguine a kind to fit well into what I suppose I may call my British prudence.

There was a young moon this night. The thing was pretty to see, in combination with the silvery rippling and throbbing of the Mediterranean and the stupendous dark mountain wall at our backs. But I would rather not have seen it. The young thing would grow in size and luminosity every day, and thus the loss of each opportunity of getting out of Crete would add to the probability of our not getting out of it at all.

But such thoughts were not to be encouraged. The *Panhellenion's* furnace fires were already glowing, and when the captain gave the word, it only remained for the engineers to let us loose. Eleven o'clock was the time fixed for the start. Once again my pulse began to rise as this hour drew near.

I had but to shake hands with Thyatis and De Blessant and wish them 'Godspeed' in their enterprises.

The former humiliated me by thanking me for what I had done for the cause: he did it with his old exuberance of speech and earnestness; and he ended by entreating me to try to interest the British Government on the patriots' behalf. I made no rash promises.

'Adieu, *mon ami*, et bon voyage,' said De Blessant, when we had drunk to each other; 'we shall meet in Paris some day, and you shall see me *décoré* by the Cretan Republic.'

'Yes,' added Thyatis, 'that will be it—remember.'

I am still remembering. But there is no Cretan Republic, and therefore no decoration for Gaston de Blessant, whom besides I have not seen since. He may be dead, like Naylor; or he may be the sage, corpulent father of two well-grown children, and the husband of a discreet wife in the *Chaussée d'Antin* or elsewhere, for all I know to the contrary. The enthusiasms of youth die with one's youth: very properly, no doubt.

We were on the point of starting, when there was a cry to stop. A little boat pushed off,

with three men in it and two rowers. Our passenger list was to be increased by these three. I watched them come aboard, and suddenly my heart became agitated as I recognised the venerable beard of Nicolopoulos. Yes, it was he, unmistakably. I went up to him, held out my hand, and said I was glad to see him. But I was really nothing of the kind. It would have been very different had his daughter been with him. Alone, however, bound for Athens at such a time, and that beautiful girl left by herself in a land like Crete!

He said 'Good-evening' in Greek mechanically, as he just touched my palm.

The *Panhellenion* began to move. There were subdued shouts of goodwill towards us, as we stole darkly towards the rocky mouth of our haven. Not a light was allowed on board to give the least hint of us to the cruisers.

Nicolopoulos was about to lose himself in the throng on deck, when I checked him. I was impressed by a sort of hang-dog expression on his face seen in the starlight. Also, I was sure he had not recognised me.

'Forgive me,' I said, 'but has anything happened?'

Now he seemed to realise that it was English, not Greek, that was spoken. He looked at me. I do not want to see a look like that again on any man's face.

'Oh,' he said hesitatingly, with a bitter smile, 'it is you, Mr Graham. So we are to be fellow-passengers! It is well.'

'What is wrong?' I urged. 'Is *anything* the matter?'

'The matter! Yes, much, sir. They have taken my daughter from me. She is condemned. She is a leper, like her mother. Gracious Heaven! I knew it was in her; but I loved her so much. The demons! It is because I hate the Government. That is what is the matter, Mr Graham. I wish to see the captain.'

Helena a leper, and cast out into that settlement of pitiable misery, that place of horror! Nicolopoulos's words seemed to blast me as her seizure must have blasted him. I sat on a heap of rope, and could think of nothing else as we sped rapidly along, hugging the shore, with hardly a whisper on board.

I did not go to bed that night. Somehow, too, I did not feel as glad as I ought to have felt when the captain came among us and told me, as well as the rest, that the worst risks were over. It must have been two o'clock in the morning then.

With Nicolopoulos I did not exchange another word. What could I say? But I felt for him, deeply, unforgetably.

We reached Athens in the evening, and all was well. A week later I was in London, considerably browner than when I had left Victoria Station some five weeks earlier, and considerably more experienced.

A few dried rose-leaves are now all the visible remembrances I possess of my stirring week in beautiful, and still unhappy, Crete.

I fulfilled poor Naylor's request. His 'copy' was printed and read; but it would have been better appreciated if the readers could have

known him as I had. After all, perhaps, he was not greatly to be pitied. He might have died in a worse cause than that of Cretan freedom; hit in front, too.

### THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE annual meeting of the British Association has always been looked forward to with interest, not only by those who take part in its proceedings, but by the general public who like to have this periodical report of the world's progress in the field of scientific knowledge. Perhaps these meetings are not regarded in quite the same light as they were a few years ago, for now the proceedings are to a great extent anticipated by statements in the technical press, and even in the general newspapers. For a scientific man admits every one to his confidence, and no matter what the importance of a discovery may be, it is given as freely and quickly to the world as if it were a mere piece of gossip. In matters of first importance, the British Association is also anticipated by the learned societies before which papers are read, which, so to speak, take all the cream. Still the Association does useful work, and provides an annual outing for a number of ladies and gentlemen who are interested in its proceedings. More than this, it spends about £1000 annually in the great cause of original research, and has put away a handsome reserve fund in case of need.

The Association met this year at Ipswich for the second time, after an interval of forty-four years. It is noteworthy that on the former occasion the meeting numbered amongst its members Tyndall, Huxley, Murchison, Owen, and Nasmyth, besides other names which have become famous. Ipswich has since the year 1851 nearly doubled its population, and naturally, when Sir Douglas Galton took the chair the other day as president, he addressed a far larger audience than did Sir George Airy on the previous occasion. The subjects dealt with were of the most varied nature, and, generally speaking, the meeting of the British Association this year has been a success.

The subject of motor-propelled carriages (see *Chambers's Journal*, No. 610, Sept. 7, 1895) is just now exciting great interest, and there is little doubt that a new and important industry is springing up in their manufacture. Sir David Salomons, who is a skilled electrician, has recently been describing in glowing terms the different vehicles of this type which he had had an opportunity of examining in Paris. One of them was a tricycle driven by a tiny petroleum motor, weighing ninety pounds, and costing £52. 'In order,' he says, 'to set the machine in motion, the rider mounts, turns a tap to admit the petroleum, which at the same time turns on the electric current (this is to furnish the spark to ignite the petroleum vapour); he then propels the tricycle with his feet in the usual manner, until he finds that the motor is working. Another handle releases the treadles, and the tricycle is then in full

swing. On mounting a hill, the rider can assist the speed by gearing up the pedals again, and using the feet, thus adding the animal to the engine power.' There are also being constructed a chaise, Victoria, phaeton, &c., at prices varying from £350 to £500. Nor must we omit to mention the 'steam-horse' which can be joined to an ordinary carriage instead of bone and muscle.

Mr G. J. Symons, F.R.S., the celebrated meteorologist, has lately been 'interviewed,' and as a result, some very interesting particulars relative to his work have found their way into print. Mr Symons describes himself as a collector and compiler of the observations of others, for he is in correspondence with no fewer than three thousand voluntary workers scattered over the United Kingdom, who transmit to him at regular intervals records of rainfall in their particular localities. These records are of the greatest value, for the whole science of hydrology depends upon them. Our supply of water, the first requisite of existence, depends upon the rainfall, for rivers and springs are fed from the clouds. When any question therefore arises relative to water supply, the records furnished by Mr Symons through his three thousand coadjutors to the meteorological office are first of all consulted. The daily reading of the rain-gauge found in the grounds of many a country-house and rectory through the kingdom is considered a pleasant duty, and is none the less valuable because voluntarily performed.

The railway companies have lately once more proved their ability to cover the distance between London and Aberdeen in a remarkably short time, but all will feel relieved that the 'race to the North' has been a mere demonstration of what steam on good roads can do. Prudent people consider the excessive pace attained to be unsafe, and many experience something akin to sea-sickness as a result of the excessive vibration. Trains have since been run from London to Carlisle, a distance of three hundred miles, without, a single stop, and without any undue heating of the bearings. This is a remarkable achievement. The most useful outcome of these wonderful exhibitions of power on the part of our northern railways will probably prove to be the attention which they have directed to the shortcomings of some of the other lines. Two of the southern railways have become quite notorious for their bad service, ill-equipped trains, and constant want of punctuality, and it is difficult to understand how this lamentable state of things is allowed to go on year after year without any apparent attempt at amelioration.

Some very fine photographs of the moon have lately been exhibited by MM. Lœwy and P. Pruisseux at the Academy of Sciences, Paris. The negatives have been enlarged, and copies have been sent to all the principal societies. These enlarged pictures offer great facilities in the study of the moon's surface, for every detail is shown with wonderful clearness. Each picture embraces a great expanse of surface, and it is believed that by their help many undecided points with regard to our satellite may be cleared up. The authors of these pictures



have given to the Academy some of the results at which they have arrived after studying them. They agree with Laplace's theory in believing that the great reflective power of the moon is due to its crust being of solid matter, similar to our volcanic rocks. And they then proceed to theorise upon the origin of the craters and valleys seen on its surface, suggesting hypotheses which will no doubt be contested, but which show that the photographs have raised many important questions with regard to our nearest neighbour in space.

The Isle of Man now possesses a mountain electric railway, which runs from Laxey, where the famous gigantic water-wheel is found, to the summit of Snaefell, a distance of nearly five miles. The gauge of the railway is three feet six inches, and between the rails there is a central one which is clasped by double wheels attached to the bogies of the cars. The overhead wire system has been adopted, and the current is generated by four Lancashire boilers of one hundred and fifty horse-power each, five horizontal engines of over one hundred horse-power each, and five powerful dynamos of the Mather and Platt type. The power exerted is sufficient to work three or more cars, each loaded with forty-eight passengers, the speed being about eight miles per hour. The railway has a remarkably even gradient throughout its length.

It would seem that light railways worked by electricity have a very great future before them in opening up districts which at present are cut off from our great trunk lines. For a long time such a railway has been projected between Derby and Ashbourne, in order to provide an outlet for dairy and agricultural produce from some of the richest milk-producing districts in Derbyshire. Such a railway, too, would doubtless be largely patronised by tourists to the famous Peak scenery. This scheme has lately crystallised into a proposal that the railway should be of the electric type. The cost of an ordinary railway worked by steam was estimated at from £30,000 to £50,000 per mile. An electric railway is of course very much cheaper than that, and the cost of running per car mile is 4·06d., as against 8·57d. by steam. It is proposed that the line should run by the side of the existing road between the two places, and that in the villages it should take the centre of the roadway. There would be fixed stopping-places, but the cars could stop anywhere to take up or set down passengers. It is estimated that the total cost of the line would be £62,300, and that the passenger traffic alone would realise £7500 per annum, to say nothing of the agricultural produce, for the conveyance of which the railway is primarily intended.

A most interesting letter on the effects of lightning has been sent to the *Times* by Mr Tomlinson, F.R.S., who gives in it the early history of lightning-conductors. Architects believed that they did harm by attracting the lightning, and the Admiralty seems to have shared a similar belief. In 1841 Sir John Rennie was employed by the Admiralty to build two victualling-houses at Devonport, and each of these had a tall chimney—one being

protected with a lightning-conductor, and the other left bare. Rennie called on Snow Harris—the great advocate for the application of conductors to ships—and most indignantly pointed out that the charge for conductors for the chimneys had been struck out of the estimates. Harris said, 'Well, never mind, nature will avenge us.' And the words came true, for shortly afterwards a bifurcated stroke of lightning fell on the two victualling-houses; the protected buildings suffering no injury, while the unprotected chimney was torn open, with other damage to the building. The accident made lightning-conductors popular. Harris was knighted, received a civil list pension of £200 per annum, and a sum of £6000 in addition.

A new road skate has recently formed the subject of a demonstration at Celtic Park, Glasgow, upon which occasion James Smart, the champion, and two other well-known skaters gave the invention a thorough trial on the cement cycling track. Two miles were covered by Smart in seven minutes, and his action, which is much the same as when skating on ice, was much admired. The new skate is eighteen inches in length, and it runs on two rubber-tyred wheels, one behind the foot and the other in front. It is patented by Messrs Anderson & Son of Edinburgh.

At the autumn meeting of the Iron and Steel Institute a number of papers were read, most of them, from their technical character, being interesting only to those immediately concerned. Mr Wiggan's paper, however, in which he took for his subject the advantages of the comparatively new and remarkable alloy known as nickel steel, has a much wider interest, for it deals with a subject of great importance to the community at large. He opened his paper by pointing out the long-continued opposition which was made to the introduction of steel, which only ceased when improvements were introduced into the manufacture of mild steel, and greater uniformity was secured. In the same way that steel had superseded the use of wrought iron, he believed nickel steel would gradually take the place of ordinary steel. Nickel steel was now being produced with a tensile strength fully 30 per cent. higher than ordinary steel, and an elastic limit at least 75 per cent. higher. The alloy possessed remarkable uniformity, the nickel being evenly distributed throughout the ingot; and for structural purposes, as well as for boilers, ships, and artillery, it was unequalled. A terribly severe test to which this alloy was put at the ordnance works, Sweden, well demonstrated its marvellous strength. In a cast nickel-steel gun tube was placed a cast-iron shell charged with picric acid. This shell was exploded in the tube, the only result upon the tube being that it was expanded 0·07 inches. A second explosion of the same kind, in the same tube, had no further effect upon it. Successful results had also been recorded with the use of nickel-steel armour-plates for ships. This new alloy is being much employed in the United States, as well as in Germany, France, and Russia, and it is a matter for surprise that it has not made as forward a progress in our own country.

Most of us have long regarded our system of

trial by jury as an almost perfect method of obtaining even-handed justice, for the men on the jury are chosen hap-hazard, and any one of them who from any circumstance may be suspected of having a leaning towards the prisoner or prosecutor, is at once disqualified from service. It is therefore with uncomfortable feelings that we read the results of some investigations into the psychology of jurymen which Dr T. D. Crothers has recently brought before the notice of the Medico-legal Society of America. The bad air, the cramped position, and the hurried meals to which jurymen are, as a rule, subjected affect them in a marked degree. In addition to this there is a brain fatigue in following a tangled skein of evidence in a protracted or complicated case which would be in itself enough to upset a rational being; and owing to these causes some jurymen will get vindictive, some careless, and some ready to agree to anything. Should a jurymen be already the victim of dyspepsia, or suffering from any nervous complaint, he is more powerfully affected still; and we fear that there is a great deal of truth in Dr Crothers's assertion that 'the psychology of a jury on a long trial furnishes a range of facts which, when once understood, might make it possible to predict a verdict with great certainty, no matter what the evidence.'

Dr Schweinfurth pleads for less vandalism in Egyptian excavations. He complains that while the searchers are attracted by everything in the shape of an inscription, statuettes, pictures, papyrus rolls, and scarabs, organic materials are lost, and often ruthlessly trodden under foot. He tells us that this ignorant and contemptuous destruction of materials of botanical and zoological investigation is depriving students of the means of solving important problems. An exact study of the bones of domestic animals, as well as those of the chase, should have been especially inviting, as it would have been possible to fix the order of appearance of each kind by means of chronologically established finds. An examination of the vegetable remains, originally placed in the tombs as offerings to the dead, or in the form of garlands of flowers, would also lead to invaluable results. At present, explorers neglect these things altogether, and Dr Schweinfurth does useful work in calling attention to the subject.

## RUNGA'S REVENGE.

By MRS FRANK PENNY.

It was Nellama's wedding day. The tom-toms were drumming and the panpipes were wailing their strange music through the Hindu village. The nautch-girl from the temple was there, and at intervals her voice was heard in wedding-song. Nellama was a proud and happy girl, although she looked so shy. When addressed, she dropped her chin upon her breast in decorous and speechless modesty, which was quite the right and proper thing for a Hindu maiden to do. All the same there were moments when she stole a peep at the handsome Peroo so gaily decked out with wreaths of jasmine and

oleander. The marriage ceremonies had been completed, with all their rites of fire and oil and sugar-candy—a strange mixture of the mysterious and the childish—and Nellama was to be conducted to her husband's house.

Peroo was a conjurer by profession. It had been his father's and his grandfather's before him for many generations, and he was reckoned a prince amongst his people, for he had restored to the tribe the art of suspended animation. This was his story.

Many years ago his great-grandfather had made a reputation which still survived in the village, though the old man had been dead many years. The tale was still told in the place, of how the old Peroo—they all bore the same name—had been buried alive before some great English Sahibs; how rice had been planted above his grave and had blossomed into ear and yellowed to harvest; how it had been cut; and then only had the grave been opened. The opening took place before the English gentlemen, and—so it was reported and unhesitatingly believed by the villagers—Peroo was found alive. It was a great triumph for the tribe, and brought them much wealth. People from all parts came to see the wonder, and to bring offerings to one who was so favoured by the gods. Time passed, and Peroo became an old man; the trick was beyond his powers, and he began to think of passing his mantle on to the shoulders of others. But heredity had something to do with it; and, alas that it should be so! none other of the tribe was found to be so gifted. They brought him strong young men, handsome boys and fine babies; he prepared them and made the necessary passes, but without result. Great was the consternation and grief as year after year went by and no one was found to perform the miraculous feat. One day, when the old man's son and grandson were absent on one of their long itinerating rounds, performing their tricks and gathering rupees from town to town, a girl of sixteen came screaming into his room. She was the wife of his grandson. 'My son is dead! Stiff and cold I found him in his little bed. Come and see.'

Old Peroo hobbled off to the women's side of the house. The women had already begun their weeping and mourning. He thrust them all aside with small ceremony and bent over the boy. As he examined him, a sudden light sprang into the old man's eye. He stood up and clasped his hands as he cried: 'The gift! the gift!'

Then passing his hands over the body, the rigidity disappeared; under his touch the child heaved a deep sigh, drew in his breath, and opened his eyes. The women stood looking on in awe and wonder, and one old crone, who remembered Peroo's performances in his young days, took up the joyful cry, and sped through the village to tell it. Peroo ordered some food to be brought. When the child had been fed, he sent away the women; five minutes later he was leaning over the rigid form once more. Yes, it was true; power had been restored to the family once more, and his old eyes had lived to see it. He sat by the charpoy on which the unconscious boy lay, and watched him for the space of an hour; then

he recalled him to life. The little lad sat up and rubbed his eyes.

'I have had dreams, grandfather; I dreamt that I was a bird on a cliff, and I saw myself sleeping below; you watched by my side, even as you are watching now.'

The old man smiled; he had not forgotten his own dreams. When the two men came back they were told the great news. Old Peroo had a long interview with his son and grandson, and he showed them many strange things. He gave minute directions how the ears and nostrils were to be stopped with clay; how the body was to be clothed; how the restorative passes were to be made. He told them about the tomb for incarceration, and the care that must be observed in its preparation; failure in this respect might cost the performer his life. Then the old man took to his bed; there was nothing more to live for; he had laid his mantle on the shoulders of another, and the honour of the family was preserved. The next morning they found him dead.

The younger Peroo grew up to strong and lusty manhood, and on this important day, when the whole village was rejoicing, he was taking to himself a wife, the sweet and gentle Nellama, as good and obedient a girl as ever breathed. Who shall say that there is no love amongst these Hindu maids? It is only the highest castes that are *gosha*, or hidden. Nellama's family, though wealthy, was not of high caste, and she had never been doomed to a life behind the curtain. She and her companions had run about the village as children, and from babyhood she had known Peroo. When her parents had betrothed her to him, both he and she had allowed their thoughts to dwell on each other, and mutual love had sprung up with tropical rapidity. The young people were not allowed the liberty permitted to English lads and lasses in their courting; but these very restraints only served, like the blast on the fire, to fan the flame the brighter.

Nellama's sisters, aunts, and cousins stood around her as she awaited the escort which was to take her to the house of the bridegroom.

'Lucky girl!' exclaimed a young matron still in her teens. 'Peroo has plenty of fine jewels to hang round your neck; and his house is full of brass and copper pots.'

'But what says Runga? Look at his scowling face! It is ugly with disappointment and anger,' said another girl.

Nellama gave a little shiver of fear at the mention of the discarded suitor's name. She had had nothing to do with his rejection; Hindu maidens are the last people to be consulted in such matters, even though they have to play the important part of bride.

'Ah, Nellama! The bridegroom is coming to carry his bride to his house!' cried the girls in the greatest excitement.

As the procession approached the house, it was met by an official in gorgeous dress, scarlet coat, and turban of white and gold. He was only a servant, but the glory of his master's office was reflected in the magnificent person of the man. He was the *chuprassee* of the English Government agent who ruled the province in

the Queen's name. It had come to his worshipful ears that Peroo could perform that most wonderful feat of being buried alive, and he would see it. He could honour his poor village with his presence, if he would consent to perform before him. Peroo signified his willingness to accede to the Commissioner's request, after receiving a hint as to the remuneration.

The wedding festivities proceeded with even greater zest and spirit than before. This was good news; and the profits of the show would pay for all the wedding expenses, which, as usual, were large in proportion to the means of the family. There was one person, however, who did not join in the general rejoicing, and that was Nellama. She was proud enough of her handsome husband; and she meant to sing his praises loudly every morning, when she went to the well with the other women to draw water for the house. But in her secret heart she feared Runga's jealousy. The man had taken his jilting with a bad grace; he had not been treated well over the matter of the wedding, although Nellama's father was quite justified in giving his daughter, according to their custom, to the richer suitor. Moreover, he was consumed with envy over his rival's professional success. He considered that the precious gift should by right have been his, he being Peroo's senior by two or three years, and he imagined that he had in some way been deprived of his birthright by the younger man. If Peroo were removed, it might come to him. He had let drop sentiments of this kind in Nellama's hearing in days gone by, and they returned upon her with force, now that Peroo had grown so dear. Indian women love passionately, and their instincts teach them to guard vigilantly and look with suspicion on their enemies. Runga was an enemy, and the beautiful girl trembled for her prosperous husband as his success increased.

'I will watch him like a mother,' she whispered to herself, as she crept away from his sleeping form that wedding night, and laid herself before the door like a faithful hound. 'No hand but mine shall prepare his food; no foot shall cross the threshold of his sleeping room except over my body.'

Four days later the *chuprassee* in his gorgeous coat and turban appeared again in the village. He was more important than ever, and made almost a royal progress to Peroo's house, attended by a crowd of admiring villagers.

'He bade me say that he would be here at four o'clock,' was the message from his Excellency. All was now ready. The news spread through the village rapidly, reaching the outlying hamlets by noon, and a steady flow of visitors set in for the two hours preceding the performance. At eleven the grave was finished, and the men returned to their houses for dinner—a meal of curry and rice. Nellama had everything ready for her Peroo. She had taken infinite pains in the preparation of his last meal; and she was more than rewarded for her trouble by the evident approval and pleasure written on his face,

as she placed the dish of white rice and the basin of savoury curry before him with the little brass bowls of various chutneys he loved so well. Hindu women do not dine with their husbands, and Nellama had no appetite for the portion of food she had put aside for herself. Her mind was too uneasy about her husband. Drawing her cloth over her head, she slipped out into the field, intending to run across and have one more look at the grave, now that the workmen had all departed, and before the sightseers began to arrive. As she passed behind the cactus hedge that divided her little pumpkin garden from the field, she caught sight of a form stealing away from the grave. He turned his head and looked at her, and she shuddered, for there was an evil smile upon Runga's face as his eyes met hers. What could he have been about?

'I will sift his villainy to the very bottom!' she said, as she hurried towards the spot. 'Nothing shall escape my eye. I will look into every nook and cranny to see that the wicked Runga has not put any cunning and deadly poison to destroy the life of my husband. Ah, if I can only catch him in his wickedness, I will appeal to the Commissioner himself to have him punished.'

Nellama found nothing but bare walls smooth with freshly plastered mortar. The little room was like a box, and perfectly empty. There could be no room for villainy there, surely, with the midday sun shining down into its moderate depth, illuminating every inch of space. Her fears subsided, and she sat down by the vault determined not to leave it again till Peroo's father arrived. She saw her husband come out of his house and look round for her. But she knew that he did not want her; it is not the thing for a Hindu to be seen chatting with his wife in broad daylight. So she sat there, patiently keeping guard till the appointed hour.

The crowd gathered during the afternoon, and after looking at the grave, the people sat down to chat and watch for the procession. It came from the village with the usual accompaniment of tom-toms and horns, and with apparently the whole village in its wake. It was one of those tropical scenes of colour and light which it is impossible to place upon canvas. The centre figure was that of Peroo, dressed in white and gold, and adorned with garlands of oleander flowers. He was carried on the shoulders of his tribesmen and brother conjurers. The Commissioner and his friends walked apart with a look of amusement and interest on their faces. When they reached the grave they were invited to examine anything they pleased. This they did, and in no cursory manner, for it was a scientific experiment to them of the keenest interest. They found the grave to be nothing but what it professed—namely, a square vault, with unburnt brick walls and floor. Peroo had eaten his usual dinner, cooked for him by his faithful little wife, and his father had given him a drink of some herbal mixture just before starting.

The eyes of all were fixed upon Peroo's father as he commenced the mysterious rite of

putting his son to sleep. The chattering of the crowd ceased, and there was a breathless silence.

'What are you doing?' asked the Commissioner.

The man made no secret of it, but readily explained each process.

'See, your honour, I place these small pellets of clay in my son's ears, and these in his nostrils.'

He made some passes, and Peroo showed symptoms at once of mesmeric slumber. Then he turned back the tongue so that it formed a stopping to the throat. One of the Englishmen laid a hand upon the unconscious man's shoulder and shook him, but there was no response. The men who were assisting now began to arrange the body as if for burial; they folded his arms on his breast and straightened out his legs. Apparently life had fled, for there was no respiratory movement, and a yellow tinge crept over the face, replacing the ruddy brown tint of health.

'I don't like that colour,' said one of the visitors, who possessed some medical knowledge. 'It is uncommonly like death.'

He laid his finger upon the man's pulse.

'And I believe he is dead, too,' he continued in evident consternation. 'His pulse has ceased entirely. They have killed him to get the money!'

The Commissioner was startled; no one knew better than he how small a value the Hindu puts upon the human life.

'Wake him!' he cried imperatively.

Peroo's father hesitated.

'My son lives,' he said confidently.

'That may be, but we would see for ourselves,' replied the Englishman in a tone that intimated he meant to be obeyed.

The man was loth to undo his work, for he understood nothing of the fear that influenced the other. However, the Commissioner's will was law. The pellets were removed, the tongue drawn back from the throat, and Peroo began to breathe softly and regularly like a child in its sleep.

'Shall I wake him?' the father asked, waiting for further orders.

'No, you may finish the performance,' said the Commissioner. He was relieved of anxiety and satisfied that the men were acting fairly. The pellets were accordingly replaced, and the body resumed its death-like appearance. Peroo was laid in the vault just as though he were dead, but without the usual signs of mourning which mark the presence of death. Even Nellama's vague fears of evil were allayed, and she watched the preparations for closing the tomb with relief and satisfaction. He would be safe from Runga's malice there, and never a doubt crossed her mind of the power of Peroo to return to life when his father should bid him.

A stone was placed on the mouth of the grave, and the masons mortared it down; soil was spread on the top and sown with corn in rows, so that it would be impossible to disturb it without detection. The Commissioner and his friends watched the process from beginning to end, and were the last to leave the spot,

excepting for the faithful Nellama; but she too had to creep away as the night fell.

But all unseen to the watchful eyes of Nellama, on the morning of the fourth day a tiny insect entered the grave. It moved timidly—pausing, hesitating, and making as though it would go back, yet always returning and steadily progressing. With the unerring instinct of its species it advanced until it reached the motionless body. It mounted inch by inch with laborious perseverance, retracing its steps, exploring, feeling, testing with its tiny antennæ, till it came to the closed and sightless eyes. There it stood as motionless as the unconscious man except for the nervous tremor of the antennæ. Suddenly it turned and left the body, making straight for the hole by which it had entered, so cunningly bored through the unburnt brick and the plaster into the soft earth beyond. Hours passed, and nothing moved within the living grave. At midnight two slender horns were pushed through the tunnel, and the pioneer descended the wall on its old track. It had carried its message to the hordes of its clan, and legion upon legion followed in its train. The soul saw it all, and a great agony seized it. It strove to speak; it strove to move that mortal log, through which it was wont to find means for the expression of its emotions and to feel earthly pleasure and pain. One shake of the hand, one thrust of the foot, and the foe with its legions would flee. But the soul was powerless. On streamed the torrent in an ever-increasing flood, till it grew to a vast, seething mass of busy atoms. On, on went the pioneer of the band till once more it stood before the sightless eyes.

Peroo was to lie in his grave till the green blade sprang above it. Both he and his father had expressed their willingness to make that period longer. The old Peroo had been buried from seed-time till harvest, and the younger man had no reason to doubt that his powers were inferior to those of his ancestor. But the Commissioner willed it otherwise. He said that he would be content to have the corn in the green blade—so goes the story. Nellama was counting the days to her husband's release. She had chosen the fowl which was to make his first dish of nourishing mullagatawny. She promised herself that the broth should be strong and good, and enriched with stimulating herb and seed.

On the morning of the appointed day, Runga chanced to pass her in the village street; there was a grim and evil smile upon his face which she did not understand. Why should he smile as his successful rival's hour of triumph drew near? A large crowd gathered to see the opening of the grave. Men with shovels stood ready to remove the earth at the bidding of the Commissioner. But before the order was given, he and his friends fully satisfied themselves that there had been no trickery.

'Neither food nor air can possibly have been introduced, as far as I can see. By all the laws of nature the man ought to be as dead as a red-herring,' said one of the scientific men.

But the Commissioner did not look at all anxious.

'We shall find him alive all right, but rather exhausted, probably. These Hindus undoubtedly know something about this mysterious state called suspended animation,' he replied.

At the given signal the coolies set to work; the stone was bared, the mortar was chipped away, and the heavy slab levered up. The Commissioner himself was the first to descend into the grave, followed quickly by Peroo's father. Nellama, prompted by love and curiosity, pressed forward through the throng, and leaned over to look into her husband's tomb. The air was rent by a terrible shriek; there was a cry of consternation from the Englishmen, and a groan of despair from Peroo's father.

A white skeleton lay at their feet. Peroo had met with the one dread fate that is so much feared by all who practise his art. He had been eaten by ants. No call save the last Great Call on the Judgment Day could ever reclothe his departed soul with flesh.

Bitterly did his young wife blame herself that her eyes had failed to detect the hole so cunningly bored. But detection was impossible, for the fiend who had made it had plugged it with sweetened rice flour, knowing well that no creature on earth but an ant would discover it, and that the discovery would be swift and sure.

#### FIVE O'CLOCK TEA.

WHAT shall we find when the play is done  
At the sign of the Pekoe Tree?  
A cup and a welcome for every one,  
And a corner for you and me.  
A glimpse of æsthetic daintiness,  
An air of Bohemian ease, no less,  
And a corner for you and me;  
Where one may sip and dream if he will,  
And fancy the world is standing still,  
At the sign of the Pekoe Tree!

Fair Phyllis as well, polite, alert,  
We shall find at the Pekoe Tree;  
Not over demure, nor yet too pert,  
As she waits upon you and me.  
Prettily gowned, and daintily neat,  
With deft white hands, and a smile discreet,  
As she waits upon you and me.  
So, please, no excuse. Fagged out or 'fit,'  
Or merry, or dull, what matters it—  
We can meet at the Pekoe Tree!

J. J. D.

#### \*. TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed to the 'Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.'
  - 2d. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
  - 3d. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the writer's Name and Address written upon them IN FULL.
  - 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.
- If the above rules are complied with, the Editor will do his best to ensure the safe return of ineligible papers.*

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,  
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 618.—VOL. XII.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1895.

PRICE 1½d.

## HIS HIGHNESS'S PLAYTHINGS.

BY HEADON HILL,

AUTHOR OF 'THE RAJAH'S SECOND WIFE,' &c.

### CHAPTER I.

'So you find him an apt pupil, Morrison? You think that our new policy is likely to bear fruit?' said the Colonel, in the confident tone of one who expects, or at least hopes for, an affirmative.

'Yes—without reservation—to your first question,' began the reply, promptly enough. 'And yes—in a sense, yes—to your second,' it concluded after a pause just long enough to be significant.

'Confound your Scottish caution! There is something in your mind,' said the Colonel, eyeing his companion askance. 'Why should my second question require a half-hearted, or, let us say, a "hedging" answer?'

'Well, for the matter of that, the changes in the Maharajah's education—the direction of his tastes into fresh channels—have borne fruit already,' said the other. 'There is the fate of Burton's youngster, for instance, and the boat-load of coolies swamped and drowned by his steam-launch, not to speak of the dog-boy he peppered the other day at the quail drive, and sundry other little incidents. Perhaps I was hoping that there would be no more fruits of that kind.'

The eyes of the two men met fair and square this time; those of the last speaker inscrutable and expressionless, while his interrogator's blazed with a mixture of startled inquiry and angry protest, which found vent at last in the exclamation:

'You hint at intention? My dear Morrison, this is too absurd!'

'I have hinted at nothing,' was the reply, 'and I fail to see that the expression of such a hope is absurd.'

Colonel Sadleir was the Political Agent in charge, during the Maharajah's minority, of the ancient native state of Jettore; and Mr Angus Morrison, of the Uncovenanted Civil Service, was the tutor intrusted by the British government with the young prince's education. The conversation was taking place in the veranda of the residency bungalow, and had drifted into its present tenor from a friendly and purely unofficial chat—the sequel of a *tête-à-tête* tiffin.

Seated side by side in long deck-chairs, the pair presented a striking contrast, and yet each was typical in his own way of one or other of the qualities by which India is held—unflinching resolution, and shrewd, far-seeing patience. Colonel Sadleir was a dapper, slightly-built, iron-gray man of fifty, with an obstinate under-jaw and firm unyielding mouth, which, had they not been relieved by thoroughly honest, sympathetic eyes, would assuredly have prevented his thrice-proved success as Resident at the courts of nominally independent native princes. The tutor, ten years or so younger, was built on different lines, being of the large-framed, ungainly order. Yet, lacking all the Colonel's soldierly briskness, and much of his decision of manner, Morrison might well have been taken for the older of the two. He had the true student's stoop, and an introspective air which, in conjunction with natural slowness of speech, would perhaps have given an impression of solemn dullness, had not such been at once put out of court by the massive forehead and deep-set, thoughtful eyes. A man of wide attainments, he had already moulded the character and inspired the tastes of more than

one promising ruler; evolving from the raw, zenana-bred article fair semblances of decent gentlemen, and earning for himself the high reputation which had brought him to Jettore.

In Colonel Sadleir's eyes the selection had been more than justified. A year before, when he had penned to the supreme government as urgent an appeal as could be couched in official language to send him a strong man and an able who should come and save his young charge of sixteen from moral ruin, things had been going badly indeed at Jettore. Up to the time of his father's death two years previously, the Maharajah had been brought up entirely among the soul-and-body-destroying influences of the zenana. From that hotbed of vicious enervation Sadleir, as soon as appointed to the care of the state, had promptly extricated him, placing him with an adequate male suite in the royal rooms of the palace, and with an English tutor to superintend his education. Unfortunately the first tutor conceived a mistaken notion of his duties, and, when he had finished the day's lessons in English and French, geography and history, took no heed to, or part in, the boy's recreations. The Political Agent's appeal to Simla was caused by an accidental discovery that these recreations consisted of throwing live goats into a tank of crocodiles and pricking out the eyes of dogs with hot needles. The secret was out. The salient attribute of the Maharajah's character was malignant cruelty in its most hideous form.

To counteract, to restrain, and stamp out this tendency was Angus Morrison's task, and from the day of his arrival he threw himself into it heart and soul. His views as to the means to be employed were entirely in harmony with those of Colonel Sadleir, and were directed at providing healthy and manly substitutes for the degrading diversions in which his charge had found enjoyment. There was no need for economy in the business. Jettore was a rich state with a full treasury, and no expense was spared to supply the young prince with the most costly amusements, so long as they were those in which a gentleman might indulge. He was taught to ride and shoot; a steam-launch was imported in which he could navigate the river that ran past the city; a miniature real railway, with a complete train of engine and carriages, was constructed in the palace grounds; and he was instructed in all the technicalities of his new toys so that he might handle them practically himself.

After this there was no more demand for live goats and pariah dogs for the palace at Jettore. The steam-launch, the shooting excursions, and the railway—they were not introduced all at once, but at intervals—opened up a new world of delight to the young Maharajah, and so readily did he assimilate knowledge that he mastered the technicalities of each in turn with wonderful rapidity. He became a keen shot, a fairly good horseman, a proficient engine-driver and pointsman, and a skilful steersman. Morrison devoted more attention to humouring an interest in these things than to regular 'lessons,' and spent much of his time in the young prince's company, encouraging him also to prefer European society generally to that of

his own *entourage*. The Maharajah had always been accorded the run of the residency, but under the first tutor's régime he had hardly ever availed himself of it. Now, however, he came over from the palace frequently, and Mrs Sadleir was fast shaking off the horror with which his former practices had inspired her. Even Bessie, the fourteen-year-old daughter of the house, who had come out from England a few months before full of ready-made loathing for one whom she had heard of as a monster, was beginning to appear outwardly reconciled to him, and at least tolerated his presence.

Unhappily the otherwise beneficent change in the Maharajah's tastes had been attended by a series of accidents, entailing the loss of more valuable lives than those of his previous dumb victims. It was now nearly a year since the steam-launch, steered by the young prince in person, had run down and sunk a boat-load of coolies returning from the opposite bank of the river. Despite all efforts, in which the Maharajah joined, six of the coolies were drowned. Then again, six months later, the little son of the European engine-driver who had been engaged to look after the miniature railway met with a terrible death on the private line in the palace grounds. This accident was the more deplorable because the father, Burton, was himself driving the locomotive, and ran over his child through mistaking the signals which the Maharajah was manipulating. And now, within the last few days, the Maharajah's gun had gone off prematurely, nearly tearing the thigh from a boy who had the dogs in leash.

'I really must press you, Morrison,' rejoined Colonel Sadleir, after a pause. 'I know you well enough to be sure that there is something in your mind, only you don't think it fair to speak out without proof. That is it, isn't it?'

'It certainly would not suit me to make an accusation which I could not substantiate,' said Morrison slowly. 'I am quite unable to substantiate anything. But,' with a momentary flash of meaning, 'I do not wish to prevent you from drawing your own inferences.'

The Colonel seemed to understand, and sat for some seconds without speaking.

'An undefined suspicion, eh?' he said at length. 'Well, even that, coming from you, is worthy of respect. And yet, good Heavens!' he continued hotly, 'apart from the collapse of our system, it would be too horrible. It would mean that we had to deal with a human fiend; and we had begun to think him something better than that—that his faults were the result of zenana up-bringing, and therefore curable. You formed that opinion yourself, I believe?'

'I have been trying to,' replied Morrison. 'But it never reached that stage—never got beyond a hope. I do not rapidly arrive at conclusions, and I have not come to a definite one in this case yet. I am waiting—for the next "accident."'

'The electric light installation, and electricity generally, is his latest craze,' said Colonel Sadleir. 'There is very little scope for an "accident" in that line, is there?'

'It would be difficult, and would require a good deal more knowledge than has been



acquired yet,' said Morrison. 'Still, it would be possible eventually. I mean to keep my eye on the dynamos and connections when the time comes. Very little progress has been made yet, and— How do you do, Miss Bessie? You look as if Jettore agreed with you.'

The interruption was caused by the sudden appearance of a young girl, who stepped on to the veranda from the room outside of which they were sitting. She had a firm little mouth, and pleasant eyes which were the counterparts of those which greeted her from the depths of the Colonel's chair. A taking child rather than a pretty one, and flushed just now with the traces of some excitement.

'Why, Bessie!' said her father, as she came forward and shook hands with Morrison, 'you are back early from the Snelgar's. The doctor's tiffin party must have been a very brief function. Has mother come home too?'

'Yes,' was the reply; 'Doctor Snelgar thinks we are going to have a thunder-storm, so mother insisted on coming away before it began. You know how nervous she is. I have just been talking to Burton, father. We met him in the compound as we came in, and he is as depressed and miserable as ever.'

'Poor fellow!' said the Colonel.

'Yes, and his trouble has been opened afresh by a discovery he has made,' said Bessie, seating herself on the arm of Sadleir's chair. 'He has found a bolt-screw, I think he called it, belonging to the signal apparatus, lying under a prickly-pear bush in the palace garden. You know he always contended that the signal was at "safety," whereas the Maharajah maintained that he had pulled the "danger" lever, and so blocked the line on which little Willie was playing round the curve. The state of the lever after the accident seemed to prove that His Highness was right, and that it was all Burton's own fault through mistaking the signal. But the finding of this broken bolt-screw shows, Burton says, that they may both have been right—that the danger lever may have been pulled down, and that the signal-arm may yet have remained at safety long enough, before it acted, to cause the accident, provided the bolt had been removed beforehand.'

'But the signal has been working properly ever since. How is that accounted for, if the bolt has been missing?' said Colonel Sadleir.

'There was a duplicate set of fittings supplied with the apparatus,' Morrison suggested.

'That was just it,' exclaimed Bessie. 'On finding the broken bolt, Burton went to the engine shed where he keeps these things, and sure enough the duplicate bolt was gone. Of course he cannot tell when the signal was tampered with, but there is no doubt that at some time or other some one removed the old bolt and, having broken it in doing so, substituted the duplicate.'

'If the tampering took place at the time of the boy's death, the new bolt must have been put into the apparatus within a few minutes of the accident, or the absence of one would have been discovered,' remarked the Colonel thoughtfully. 'I remember the conflicting statements of the Maharajah and Burton led to an

immediate examination of the signals.' And the eyes of the two men met, this time, in a glance of mutual intelligence.

'That is just what Burton says, father,' began Bessie eagerly; 'and yet there was no one near the spot but'—

'His Highness the Maharajah Sahib!' announced a *khitmutghar*, coming on to the veranda from one of the further windows, followed by a corpulent, rather undersized youth in white tunic and elaborately jewelled turban. Bessie jumped down from her perch and disappeared into the house, her face clouding quickly, while the political agent and the tutor rose to greet the visitor. He was fairish for a Hindu, but he made up for any national deficiency in his complexion with a sleepy smile, heavy-lidded, beady eyes, baggy cheeks, and a fat double chin. The *khitmutghar* brought him a chair, and he seated himself between the Colonel and Morrison.

'Miss Bessie ran away,' he remarked, smoothing one podgy hand over the other, perhaps nervously. 'She look cross at me; but never mind. The electric light installation soon be finish now. Then I show her, and she come back to good temper again.'

Colonel Sadleir's recollection took him back to the Mutiny. He thanked God that these were not troublous times, for both he and his wife had noticed signs and tokens that if His Highness of Jettore had a care for any one but himself, it was for the self-possessed little maiden who would have none of him. But the Colonel had not won his spurs in diplomacy by allowing the members of his family to ruffle native dignitaries, so he said:

'Miss Bessie was not looking cross at you, Maharajah Sahib. She was feeling sad because she has been talking to your engine-driver, Burton, about the accident.'

The young prince's eyes goggled from one to the other, though he did not move his head. 'Ah! I see,' he said. 'He has been telling her about the bolt-screw he say he find. What you think of that for a yarn, Colonel Sahib?' The late tutor had been a young Oxford man addicted to slang.

'I think the whole thing is very mysterious,' was the best answer the Political Agent could find.

## THE MECCAN PILGRIMAGE.

THE outrage at Jeddah, by which the British vice-consul lost his life, and serious injury befell the British, French, and Russian consuls, was probably the outcome of late attempts on the part of European governments (acting through the Turkish authorities) to sanify Jeddah and its vicinity, to furnish a better water-supply, and to introduce measures for lessening the risk of spreading cholera and other diseases, on the return of pilgrims from Arabia to Egypt, Turkey, and southern Russia. Such measures are looked upon by Moslem fanatics as interference with the Meccan pilgrimage, and they resent it accordingly.

What is the Meccan pilgrimage? Ages before Mohammed, people flocked annually to

Mecca to worship at the Kā'aba, and to adore the sacred Black Stone. The Arabian prophet saw that this custom was too firmly grounded to be upset, and he grafted it on to his 'ism,' so that the pilgrims who have gone to Mecca for the last twelve hundred years, and those who go now, have been, and are Mohammedans. Mohammed forbade the use of alcohol and swine's flesh. He enjoined fasting, praying five times per day, frequent ablutions, and made of *pilgrimage a religious duty*.

Every Moslem who is in health and circumstances which will permit him to perform the journey, is under compulsion to visit Mecca once, at least, in his lifetime. Having performed it, he is a Hadji, a pious person, and is considered safe for paradise.

Very extended efforts and arrangements are made over a large part of the earth's surface every year to carry out the pilgrimage. The conveyance of pilgrims to and from the sacred places, together with providing for their sustentation while there, is a considerable branch of commerce, in which great numbers of ships are engaged, and much capital invested.

Of late years the number of pilgrims has vastly increased, owing to the facilities afforded by owners of steamers, by which passengers are conveyed for one-tenth of what it formerly cost to travel by camel-caravan and sailing-craft. For instance, from Suez to Jeddah crowds are taken by steamer at a fare of about half-a-crown each, the passengers providing their own food. At the time Burckhardt was in Mecca (1813-1814) the number visiting the shrines was under ten thousand per annum, but it is probable that the war then being waged by the Turks against the Wahābis lessened the number. In 1873 Mr Wilfrid Scawen Blunt stated the number at under one hundred thousand, whilst in 1893 it has risen to between three hundred thousand and four hundred thousand (according to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, May 1895). Pilgrims travel from all parts of the Moslem world, from Morocco in the west, from China in the east, from all parts of the Malay Archipelago, and from India. Great numbers go from Egypt, and also from the African coast of the Red Sea (that is, from Nubia, the Soudan, &c.). Persia sends a large contingent by steamer down the Persian Gulf, as well as by camel-caravans right across Arabia. From Khiva and far-distant Bokhara men travel painfully across the Asiatic deserts, taking a whole year to perform the double journey.

From many parts of the vast territory of Arabia itself the same process goes on, whilst from Turkey a camel-caravan sets forth, passing through Asia Minor to Damascus, at which place it rests for a fortnight; and then, being joined by other caravans, it starts on its long journey to Mecca, crossing the great Syrian desert, and taking some six weeks on the way. This gigantic caravan consisted in 1893 of no less than fifteen thousand camels. Travelling takes place mostly during the night, it being cooler for the pilgrims, and besides that, the camels feed better in day-light. Every fifth day a halt for a complete twenty-four hours is made, in order to rest the camels, and to pre-

vent serious results to them from the chafing of the saddles and heavy burdens which they carry. Even with this care many of them knock up, and are abandoned. Many pilgrims are taken ill on the way, and some die. This Damascus caravan must be a marvellous sight, with its fifteen thousand camels, moving along in strings miles in length; and terribly fatiguing work the travelling must be, with the heat, the dust, the offensive smells, the trying motion of the 'ships of the desert,' and the scarce and bad water; all these must go a long way toward upsetting even the strongest of men, more especially as the strain lasts for so long a time. Sir Richard Burton, a man in the prime of life, joined this caravan at Medina in 1853, and went on with it to Mecca, taking eleven days on the journey, but he found the strain quite as much as he could stand. Until a few years ago a similar caravan travelled from Morocco, right along the northern coast of Africa, through Algeria, Tunis, and Tripoli, to Egypt, and there joined the Cairo caravan, the whole gigantic affair then going on *via* Suez, striking across the northern part of the Sinaitic peninsula, and down through the desert to Medina, and on to Mecca. The Morocco and North African pilgrims now voyage per steamer through the Suez Canal to Jeddah, and for the last year or two the Egyptian pilgrims have gone from Suez by steamer to the same port.

It goes without saying that the crowding at Jeddah and the sacred places is necessarily excessive. Epidemics are frequent, and the mortality fearful. It has been found impossible to enforce sanitary regulations, or to ensure a sufficient supply of good water for the extraordinary demand.

The Sanitary Commissions which have been appointed have failed to do much, if any good. They have found it impossible to cope with the enormous difficulties which beset them, or with the ignorance and prejudices of half-crazy fanatics, who are careless as to whether they live or die. Those who die are buried—after a fashion—that is to say, very carelessly, with the result that the air is rendered noisome, and the water-supply is polluted. The proceedings in this regard are awful. The number of pilgrims who die in their holy land varies of course. Sometimes thousands land who never re-embark. In 1893 there were landed at the port of Yembo (for Medina) some eight thousand odd, of whom only about five thousand were reshipped.

Painful as all this is to contemplate, there seems no prospect of a change for the better: crowds of fanatics cannot be controlled by reason. But so long as nothing can be done, a terrible danger exists for every country to which pilgrims return, and indeed for others also. Cholera in Egypt, Asia Minor, or Turkey is a danger for all Europe, and of this fact the governments of Europe and the medical faculty are only too well aware.

From Jeddah 'the faithful' have to make their way some fifty to sixty miles through a desolate, dried-up, sandy and rocky country to Mecca. Those who can afford to do so ride on camels and donkeys, whilst the impecunious walk. Every devotee must, on approaching

Mecca, have his head shaven, put away his usual clothing, and put on an *imahl*, which is a garment very near akin to a thin cotton shirt. In this thin raiment wearers suffer much from cold if the time happens to be winter. It is very cold even in Arabia in December, January, and February, and as the ceremony shifts fourteen days yearly, it takes place at all times of the year. Many pilgrims owe their deaths to wearing nothing but the *imahl* in severe weather.

The sherif of Mecca is in all likelihood the only man who knows how many devotees visit that city, for he levies a stiff toll on every one, and makes a very handsome income out of the business.

There are many other men who prosper in Mecca. Hundreds act as guides, philosophers, and kind friends to the bewildered pilgrims—for a consideration. They show them where to kneel in the great mosque, where to pray, where to repeat certain parts of the Koran—in fact they utter the words, and their pupils follow suit. These people are naturally opposed to all innovations, and so also are the purveyors of food, which is excessively dear during the pilgrimage.

Every year the Sultan of Turkey sends a magnificent carpet, costing twelve hundred pounds, for use in the great mosque. This carpet is carried all the way from Turkey on the finest and strongest camel that can be procured.

The Khedive of Egypt sends a like costly carpet every year. In each case the camel which bears the gift is called the 'mahmal,' and is looked upon as a sacred animal. Now the sherif of Mecca has the right of disposing of the old carpets, which are cut up, the pieces being sold as sacred relics at smart prices. The pilgrim who can afford to purchase a piece to take home considers himself a fortunate man. In this and other ways the faithful and simple are exploited.

The actual religious ceremonies occupy only five days, of which two are devoted to worship in or near the mosque. The crowding is as a matter of course fearful, and in summer time the heat is stifling and overbearing. One day is devoted to a visit to the Hill of Arafat, some miles from the town, the object of the journey being to listen to a sermon by one or more moollahs. The sermon is long, and one moollah is sometimes unable to sustain the effort of preaching in the open air to a vast multitude for the prescribed time. The preachers stand on the top of the hill, and the audience ought to stand on the hill slopes. This was probably done in former times, but the crowd is now too large to find standing room on the hill; and the result is that the people stand, sit, or lie about over a large expanse of plain, not one in ten, or one in a hundred, hearing a word of the sermon. The truth seems to be that the excursion to the Hill of Arafat has degenerated into a rowdy and disgraceful proceeding, in which talking, laughing, joking, and flirting go on whilst the sermon is being preached. When the preaching is over a general rush back begins, and of late years it has been very dangerous. At one part of the

way the road is narrow, and is hemmed in on either side by steep and lofty rocks. Through this narrow pass the enormous crowd has to make its way, and the consequence is that limbs and lives are put in jeopardy. Last year thirty persons were crushed to death in this rocky pass.

On another of the five days, a very curious and grotesque performance takes place, called 'stoning the devil.' Each person must provide himself with a certain number of stones, which he must wash, and then throw at a stone effigy of the prince of darkness. This is also a dangerous occupation, owing to the crush. Broken limbs, gouged-out eyes, and fatal results are quite common occurrences.

Another day is given to the wholesale slaughter of sheep. It is probable that originally (that is, before Mohammed's day) a few sheep were sacrificed to the gods, as was common among many oriental peoples; but in the year 1893 no fewer than twenty thousand sheep were slain, and the valley became one vast and disgusting slaughter-house. No decency was observed. The viscera, offal, and a good part of the flesh were left scattered about, sending up their noisome effluvia for weeks. Camels, goats, and oxen are also slaughtered.

The holy well of Zem-zem disputes with the Black Stone built into the wall of the Káaba the honour of being the most sacred thing in Mecca; and some authorities hold that it, rather than the Black Stone, is the original cause of Mecca's becoming a holy place in the eyes of the old heathen Arab tribesmen. Its perennial supply is a specialty, and as the water is slightly brackish, containing several alkaline constituents, it may rank as a mildly aperient mineral spring. One of the chief duties and privileges of the pilgrims is to drink, to drink often, and as much as they possibly can, of the holy water. It has of late been assumed that the holy well is itself a source of infection, and a deadly centre for the distribution of cholera poison. But Dr Snouck Hurgronje, who spent six months in Mecca in 1885 in the successful guise of a pilgrim, zealously denies this. From an analysis of the water, as well as from consideration of the soil, climate, situation, and sanitary arrangements (such as they are!) of Mecca, expounded in a paper read to the Geographical Society of Berlin in 1887, he argues that no dangerous organic poison, still less the cholera bacillus, is present in the water. And though the sacred enclosure, like the rest of the narrow valley in which Mecca stands, is liable, on the rare occasions when heavy rain falls there and on the hills around, to be partially flooded for a time, he holds that the high and solid wall of masonry round the mouth of the well is sufficient to prevent contamination by surface water. Further, the pilgrims, clean or unclean, have never direct access to the well; only the established officials attached to the well are entitled at any time to draw its water, and this they give to the pilgrims for a duly exacted fee.

When the religious ceremonies are ended, the proceedings take the form of a fair, for business and for pleasure, whereat the most extravagant debauchery and the wildest orgies

prevail. Probably no gathering together of mankind in the world exceeds this one in that way, and it is stated that steady-going, respectable, and well-meaning pilgrims are scandalised by what they witness, and return home thoroughly disenchanted, so widely different are the realities of the pilgrimage from what they had pictured to themselves beforehand. Burckhardt and Sir Richard Burton agree in saying that Mecca is one of the most vicious cities of the world—an opinion not confined to Christians.

The monstrous yearly Meccan pilgrimage goes on (and probably will go on) growing in magnitude. There is no power which can stop it. To attempt to interfere with it would provoke the whole Moslem world into revolt, and bring about a jihad or holy war. The Turkish government is sorely put to it to maintain even the imperfect order now existing. It is not unlikely that, even if some terrible catastrophe were some day to destroy a large part of the assembled multitude, it is not in the nature of things that the crowd would be any smaller the year after, so little amenable to reason are men when actuated by fanaticism.

Medina, the burial-place of Mohammed, is one of the sacred places; but though it is considered an act of piety to visit Medina, and worship in the mosque wherein the dust of the prophet is supposed to lie, it is not looked upon as of the same importance as pilgrimage to Mecca.

Since the above was written, the government of India has prepared a measure which it may be hoped will go a long way toward improving sanitary conditions as far as Jeddah is concerned. The upper deck of every pilgrim ship leaving Indian ports is to be kept free for pilgrims, their goods and chattels being transferred to the hold. All pilgrims are to be inspected by qualified persons prior to embarking, and there are to be proper hospital arrangements on board, whilst the space per head is to be considerably increased. This will naturally result in greater cost of transit, but it is the demand of all the European powers, including Turkey. The Turkish government requires security that it shall be paid the heavy expenses of the lazaretto off Jeddah, and the cost of sanitizing processes in the town. It is proposed to include such cost in the price of the pilgrims' tickets, each of whom will have to pay about twenty-five shillings extra.

These proposed regulations under the new Pilgrim Ship Bill have been received with strong disfavour by most Indian Mussulmans. In a memorial to the Viceroy from the Mussulmans of Bombay, it was pointed out that raising the cost will prove prohibitive to many. Disease is most likely to be disseminated by the neglect of sanitary precautions by the Turkish authorities. The Indian government has previously legislated for the health of pilgrims till they reach Arabian ports, while the Turkish government has done nothing, and the sanitation of their ships is not equal to that on Indian vessels.

Excellent as is the measure of the Indian government, it will not, as a matter of course, touch the caravan traffic from Persia, Turkestan, and other Asiatic countries. With a rigid

quarantine at Jeddah, and a strongly backed-up medical police in that port, the danger there will be greatly lessened. If the insanitary horrors at Mecca could be dealt with in a similar way, there would be far less likelihood of cholera spreading from that centre.

## AN ELECTRIC SPARK.\*

By G. MANVILLE FENN.

### CHAPTER XXIX.—THE RENDEZVOUS.

'But, my dearest Rénée, you must see her,' said Miss Bryne. 'This is very wrong of you. You are verging, my dear, really.'

'Aunt dear, I can't play the hypocrite. Isabel has, I feel sure, been playing a double part.'

'Oh no, no, my dear; she is so young, such a child—well, I might say so innocent—*La Belle Sauvage*.'

'I cannot think of her as you do, aunt dear. You like her.'

'Of course, my dear.'

'Well, there, aunt, if you wish it, I will come and see her.'

'That is right, my dear; and I'm sure you will feel more satisfied when you come to know her as I do.'

Miss Bryne kissed her niece affectionately, and they went together into the little drawing-room, where Isabel Endoza sprang from her seat to embrace Rénée with the greatest effusiveness.

'My own sweet,' she whispered, 'my heart bleeds to see you still so pale and worn.'

'My darling!' cooed Miss Bryne, as the visitor turned to her, looking flushed, and extremely attractive. 'Why, you are lovely this morning in this sweet simple costume. Those yellow roses too, how they do accord with your dark hair, and what a delicious scent! It must be quite new.'

Isabel laughed nervously as Miss Bryne kissed her and then held her at arm's length.

'Oh, Miss Bryne,' she cried, 'you shouldn't. It is what you English people call spoiling me. You will make me vain.'

'No, my dear, you are too wise and good; and I know you are losing a great many of your foreign ways, and are growing into a beautiful little English lady.'

'Am I?' said the girl innocently. 'Oh, I do wish dearest Rénée would think of me like that. You don't, do you, Rénée dear?'

'I am afraid my aunt flatters us both too much,' said Rénée coldly.

'Yes, I am sure she does,' cried the girl. 'No; I mean me. She could not spoil you, Rénée; you are so wise and good and different from other people. But, Rénée dearest, have I offended you in any way?'

'Oh no, my child,' cried Miss Bryne. 'What nonsense!'

'I fancy sometimes she is quite cold to me,' said Isabel rather piteously; 'and it does hurt me so when I try to make people love me.'

'We do love you, my dear,' said Miss Bryne hurriedly. 'You forget that dearest Rénée has suffered so much lately, and it has made her seem changed.'

\* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

'Yes,' cried Isabel, springing from her seat to go down on her knees by *Rénée*, and impulsively catch her hand to hold to her cheek, while she looked up at her with her beautiful great dark eyes wearing a spaniel-like look of reverence. 'I do forget all that sometimes. I am so different from you English girls. I am always with papa, and I get mixed up with his diplomacy and politics, and it all makes me seem strange.'

'Oh no, my darling, not strange,' cried Miss Bryne. 'That is exaggerating; now you are verging; you are indeed, my darling.'

'Am I?' said Isabel, with the tears now filling her eyes. 'I—I don't want to. I want you both to love me always very dearly.'

'As we will, my darling,' said Miss Bryne, crossing to bend over her caressingly.

'But you—you, *Rénée*, dear,' cried Isabel, clinging to her hand.

'I will try always to be your friend, Isabel,' said *Rénée*, with her brow wrinkling with perplexity.

'But that isn't loving me, dear.'

'Well, then, I will try to love you—and forgive,' she sighed to herself.

'But it doesn't want any trying to make me love you, dear,' cried the girl piteously. 'I'm afraid papa is not so fond of me now as he used to be.'

'Ah, fie—fie! my love,' cried Miss Bryne reprovingly. 'I have often watched him, and seen how he idolises you. Count Villar Endoza is too great and good a man not to be devotedly attached to his child. There, there, you must not cry. And mind too, you are going to crush that pretty bonnet. Come and sit down now by me.'

'No; I want to stay by dearest *Rénée*; she says she is going to try and love me, and it is so delightful to be here once more. You won't come for a drive, will you, *Rénée*, dear?' she cried excitedly.

'No; pray excuse me this morning.'

'The brougham is waiting. Never mind; let it wait. I like being here best.'

'She does not ask me to go for a drive with her,' sighed Miss Bryne to herself. 'Never mind: some day.'

'There, let me kneel here by you, *Rénée*. I want to talk to you.'

*Rénée* noticed that her visitor seemed excited. The next minute she felt that she had divined the cause.

'Let me see,' cried the girl quickly, and Miss Bryne noticed how the colour came and went in her cheeks—'have I any news to tell you? No—yes, I have. You both know Mr Wynyan.'

*Rénée*'s face twitched, but otherwise she remained unmoved.

'Yes, we know Mr Wynyan,' said Miss Bryne coldly.

'Why of course! How silly I am!' cried Isabel. 'Papa has been a good deal in communication with him lately.'

'Indeed, my dear.'

'Yes,' said the girl, answering Miss Bryne, but talking with her head partly turned to *Rénée*. 'Papa wishes him to go out to Deconagua to take the management of some great engineering works.'

'And is he going?' said Miss Bryne, with a furtive look at *Rénée*'s pale face.

'Oh yes, I think so. It will be such a great thing for him, a hundred times better than his staying here.'

'Poor *Rénée*!' thought Miss Bryne.

'Papa thinks so much of Mr Wynyan, and of course I like him very very much.'

An awkward silence was impending, but just then there was a diversion. The arrival of a visitor had not been noticed till the door was opened, and the servant announced Mr Brant, at the mention of whose name Isabel started to her feet, as if ashamed of being caught in such a position.

'Morning,' cried Brant. 'This is a surprise. How are you, Miss Endoza? How do, *Rénée*? Well, auntie, all right?' Then without waiting for replies, he continued: 'Why, Miss Endoza, one does not often see you here now.'

'No, no,' said Isabel, avoiding his eyes, 'not very often, Mr Dalton. But—but I am obliged to come and see dear *Rénée* sometimes.'

'Of course, so am I, and auntie here, too.'

'But you'll excuse me now, won't you, *Rénée* dearest? I think I'll go now.'

'Oh, I say, don't let me drive you away.'

'Oh no: don't think that, Mr Brant, please,' said the girl with a troubled look. 'I—I must go now. Good-bye, Miss Bryne dear,' she cried, kissing her affectionately. 'Do come and see me soon.'

'Of course I will, my dearest; as soon as ever I can persuade *Rénée*.'

'Yes, do, please. And you will too, *Rénée*, love. I do so want you to come to me.'

'Wait,' said *Rénée* coldly; and she submitted to the effusive kisses of her visitor, feeling anger against herself, as she thought how earnest they were, and saw the genuine tears in the girl's eyes, as she turned to offer her hand to Brant.

'Good-bye, Mr Dalton,' she said in a half-choking voice.

'Wait a moment,' he said. 'I'll see you down to the carriage.'

'Oh no; don't let me drag you away,' said Isabel, with a mocking look.

'Why not? I'm idle now. Only just dropped in here for a bit. Why, it's like old times having to see you down.'

They passed out, and Miss Bryne stood gazing after them with a smile on her lips.

'There, *Rénée*, my child,' she cried enthusiastically; 'what have I always told you? Poor child! she is affection itself, and loves you dearly.'

'Yes, aunt,' said *Rénée* sadly; 'but I cannot feel towards her as you do.'

'I know—I know, my darling,' whispered Miss Bryne tenderly; 'but we cannot rule these things. There, dearest, it is woman's fate to suffer. Let us only hope that all things are for the best, and that he will prove worthy of her. Did you notice how she changed colour when she mentioned his name?'

*Rénée* was silent, and Miss Bryne bent down, kissed her forehead, and feeling that she had made a mistake in her allusion, wisely held her tongue and went off to her work-table; while

Rénée picked up a book, and opened it to sit and think.

'Do you think Brant had come to talk about the business, aunt—that trouble there?'

'My dearest Renée, don't; pray don't drag up that dreadful affair.'

'Why not, aunt?'

'Because these terrible things settle themselves best without poor weak women interfering. There, let it all go, my dear, and let's cease to worry. Everything will come right, you'll see—Mr Wynyan!'

#### CHAPTER XXX.—MENTAL DUST.

Rénée started from her seat as the servant announced the engineer's name like an echo of Miss Bryne's ejaculation, and Wynyan entered, looking very stern and intent, as he glanced from one to the other, waiting for the servant's departure before he spoke.

Rénée stood cold and statuesque, with her head erect, but eyes lowered, making no sign of welcome, while Miss Bryne took her cue from her niece, tried to look dignified, failed utterly, and uttered a feeble 'Good-morning.'

'Good-morning,' said Wynyan, who felt the blood rush to his brain in his resentment, as he saw Renée's proud, disdainful look, so ill deserved at such a time. 'I am sorry to intrude upon you, but I came upon business of vital importance—to the firm, Miss Dalton.'

Rénée bowed coldly, but without glancing at him, for like a flash a painful suspicion had entered her mind, making her brow begin to knit; and a feeling of angry bitterness against herself for her weakness increased until it could hardly be borne.

'I have just come from Great George Street, after a visit to your cousin's chambers. I learned at the offices that the messenger who came this morning with a note to you from Mr Hamber saw him enter the house.'

Rénée bowed coldly, and after glancing at both, Miss Bryne said weakly: 'Yes, Mr Wynyan, my nephew came here this morning.'

'Hah!' ejaculated Wynyan, with a sigh of relief. 'Kindly send word to him that I must see him directly. If he saw me come, and has left the room to avoid me, pray tell him, for Heaven's sake, that all differences that have existed between us must be at an end—that I have been to the Government offices this morning—had an interview with the under-secretary. Excuse me, Miss Dalton, for entering into this detail, but I am working in the interest of the firm, and I fear that after what has passed, your cousin will decline to see me.'

'But Mr Brant Dalton cannot see you, Mr Wynyan,' said Miss Bryne, while Renée stood with a singing noise in her ears, hardly hearing the words about the business, for the emotion caused by Wynyan's presence, and the recollection that by a strange coincidence—no, no coincidences—a cruel arrangement, Isabel Endoza and Mr Paul Wynyan should have met at her house.

'Miss Bryne,' cried Wynyan imploringly, 'I fully expected this; but let me beg of you, for his and your niece's sake, to see him, and persuade him to discuss this painful affair with

me. I cannot act alone—I have no right—but the Government officials are ready to listen to our explanations, and to join with us in discovering the offender who broke faith with them; if necessary, to go as far, perhaps, as to forgive, if we can prove to them that the invention will be useless to a foreign power. Now,' he continued earnestly, 'I am in a position to prove all this; but I cannot act alone. I have no claim upon the firm—no rights. I am,' he continued bitterly, 'nothing but a discharged servant.—But, believe me, Miss Dalton, I venerated your father, and I would do anything sooner than this great, this ruinous trouble should rest upon your credit.'

'It is very good and nice of you, Mr Wynyan,' said Miss Bryne feebly, after waiting for her niece to speak, 'but Mr Brant Dalton is not here.'

'And I tell you, madam, that this is on a piece with Brant Dalton's cowardly malignance toward one who is fighting for him. He will not see me.'

'Mr Wynyan,' said Miss Bryne indignantly, 'really you are verging.'

'I cannot help it, madam,' cried the engineer angrily. 'I know what he would say.—Miss Dalton, I appeal to you. I tell you that my poor old friend's business is in peril. I appeal to you as his child to try to save it. I know your opinion of me, but I wait, knowing that some day the truth will prevail. That is nothing now. I only ask you, for your own sake, to go and fetch your cousin to me.'

Rénée looked at him now, with her eyes flashing with indignation. What was the business or its fruits to her now? What the honour of the firm? Her breast was filled with but one emotion: rage against this man, contempt for herself that she could ever have felt love for one who was full of subterfuge and falsity. Brant must be right: he was not to be trusted, and he had—she was convinced then in her blind passion—come there to meet Isabel.

'You hear me, madam,' he said. 'There is no time to spare.'

'My cousin is not here, sir,' she said scornfully; and then with a feeling that had she been dying she must have launched the sting at him with its weak, pitiful poison: 'He was here a short time back, but he left with your betrothed, and has not returned.'

The moment she had uttered the words, she would have given life itself to have recalled them, feeling, when once uttered, how contemptible she must look in his eyes; and then her pale face flamed up scarlet, as he uttered a low laugh, and gazed at her, not in anger, but with a half-pitying look, full of reproach.

'My betrothed!' he said gently. 'But there, I cannot waste time. Listen to me, please, both of you. Brant Dalton has gone from here with Miss Endoza. Has he gone, do you think, to the Count's?'

'I—I do not know,' faltered Miss Bryne. 'I think not. I fancied he would come back.'

'Thank you,' said Wynyan quietly. 'I will go there.—But before I go, Miss Dalton, will you help me by telling me anything you know that will assist me in finding him?'

There was a change in *Rénée's* manner as she looked at the speaker now.

'No,' she said quickly. 'I do not often see my cousin now.'

'Indeed?' he said, looking at her wonderingly. 'Well, I must ask you to help me, Miss Dalton. If he returns here, be good enough to tell him what I have said, and use your influence to get him to come on to me at the offices. If I am not there, I shall have left a message saying where I may be found.'

He turned to go, but was checked by the entrance of the servant, who announced Count Villar Endoza and Mr Levvinson.

The Count entered, looking haggard and excited. Levvinson was close behind, and the two men gazed sharply at Wynyan, who was passing out when Levvinson spoke a few words in an undertone to his companion.

'Yes, exactly,' cried Endoza; and he turned to Wynyan.—'Have the goodness to stay a few moments, sir,' he said haughtily.

'I do not know by what authority you order me, sir,' replied the young man, 'but I will stay. Tell me first, though: has Mr Brant Dalton gone on to your house?'

'Then he—has he been here?' cried Endoza, turning to *Rénée*.

'My cousin was here a short time back.'

Levvinson looked sharply at Endoza, and gave him a meaning nod, which made him turn away angrily; and, without paying the slightest heed to Miss Bryne, who was trying to catch his eye, he turned to *Rénée*.

'I beg pardon for calling at this unusual hour, Miss Dalton,' he said, courteously; 'but would you mind telling me—answering me a question or two?'

'Oh yes, of course, my niece will, Count,' cried Miss Bryne. 'Pray speak; is—is—anything wrong?'

Endoza paid not the slightest heed to her words, but fixed his eyes on *Rénée*.

'You have not gone out, then, this morning?'

'I? No,' said *Rénée* quietly.

'But my daughter—Isabel—received a note from you asking her to come over'—

'No; I have not written to her for some time past,' replied *Rénée*.

'Then she has not been here?' said Endoza excitedly; and Wynyan saw that Levvinson craned forward his head to catch the reply.

'Yes, oh yes, the dear child came here, Count,' cried Miss Bryne eagerly.

'Will you be silent, madam! I am speaking to this lady,' cried the Count fiercely; and Miss Bryne turned pale, and looked feebly from one to the other.

'My aunt is quite right,' said *Rénée*, rather sternly, and she took the trembling woman's hand. 'Miss Endoza came here about an hour ago, visiting me, but not upon my invitation.'

'You see,' said Levvinson with a peculiar smile, such as a man might wear to hide intense suffering.

'Thank you,' said the Count. 'Will you tell me how and when she went?'

'She stayed some time and then went down to her carriage, I believe.'

'Alone?' cried Levvinson in a harsh, cracked voice.

*Rénée* looked at him wonderingly, asking herself who was this stranger who questioned her.

'No: my cousin saw her down to her carriage,' said *Rénée* distantly.

'Am I a fool now?' cried Levvinson furiously, as he caught the Count by the arm. 'You see? Every bit of it planned.'

'Silence, man!' cried the Count sternly.

'Silence? No,' cried Levvinson; 'you will find me hard to silence. Well, are you going to stand there in that idiotic manner while they are perhaps on the way to Dover? Or have you had a hand in it—a fresh piece of diplomacy?'

The Count wrenched his arm away, and, black now with fury, turned to find that Miss Bryne had raised her hand to touch his arm.

'Pray, pray tell me,' she whispered. 'Isabel—is anything wrong?'

'Will some one keep this cursed woman away!' roared the Count excitedly.—'Come on quickly,' he whispered to Levvinson: 'we may overtake them yet.'

'If we go at once,' said Levvinson coldly. 'I sent a message on as soon as I believed it was so.'

'You?—sent a message?' cried the Count, who was half-way to the door.

'Of course. As soon as my man brought me the news. I have had him watched for days.'

'What! You had him watched?'

'Yes, and the lady, too. I had begun to have my doubts.'

The Count uttered an oath in his own tongue, and passed out, closely followed by Levvinson, while Miss Bryne uttered a piercing cry, and fell back upon the carpet.

*Rénée* ran to her, and caught her hands, then dropped them, and turned to Wynyan, who took a step or two to assist the hysterical sufferer, lifting her easily and laying her upon the couch.

'Don't be alarmed,' he said quietly. 'A little cold water, and she will soon come round.—One moment, Miss Dalton. You are, it seems, to be alone. Will you give me your authority to apply directly to your father's solicitors to take charge at once of the business and your affairs?'

'I—I do not know what it all means, Mr Wynyan.'

'Indeed?' he said, with a shrug of the shoulders; 'it seems plain enough to me.'

Miss Bryne ceased her cries, and lay back sobbing piteously.

'Leave her: she will be better soon, poor thing. Now Miss Dalton, to business, please. If I go to your father's solicitors, and call upon them to act, will you endorse my orders?'

'Yes—no—yes—Mr Wynyan, what does it mean?' cried *Rénée* wildly.

'Only that, just at this great emergency, your cousin has gone away and left everything to take its chance.'

'Gone away? My cousin Brant gone away!'

'You do not understand?' cried Wynyan.

'No, I do not understand,' she cried; 'my head is in a whirl. Brant was here only a short time back. He came here by accident.'

'By accident!' said Wynyan with a scornful laugh.



'Yes, by accident,' said *Rénée* indignantly; 'he met Miss *Endoza*, and went to see her down to her carriage.'

'Yes,' said *Wynyan* gravely. 'You see now.' 'Ah!' cried *Rénée* wildly, as a light flashed in upon her darkened mind.

'Yes,' said *Wynyan*, and his manner changed now. There was a mocking triumph in his tones, as he looked at *Rénée* fixedly. 'I might ask you how you could have been so blind, Miss *Dalton*, but I was equally in the dark. Am I not to be pitied? Your cousin saw Miss *Endoza* down to her carriage. It is plain enough now; he has eloped with—*my betrothed!*'

'*Rénée!* my child, my child!' sobbed Miss *Bryne* wildly; and after darting an indignant, reproachful glance at *Wynyan*, *Rénée* turned to sink upon her knees beside her aunt.

*Wynyan* stood for a few moments looking down at her, as she raised the sobbing woman's head to her breast, and then he spoke in a quiet, grave way.

'Miss *Dalton*, I am going straight to your solicitors, to ask them to act. If in the course of a few hours you consider that I, your father's old servant, have done wrong, you can counter-order all that I have said.'

He waited for her to speak, but she did not even turn her head, and the next minute he was on his way to Great George Street, where he bade *Hamber* act as if he were master in the place, and then hurried off to the solicitors, with whom he was closeted for a full hour before he made his way home.

#### MAN-OF-WAR PETS.

A HAPPY ship is nearly always an efficient one. Owing to the close proximity of officers and men, cheerful and willing service is much more necessary afloat than in any disciplined body of men on shore. Right hearty good-will, fore and aft, is the secret of contentment; and when the men are certain that every privilege which does not interfere with duty is allowed them, they will strain every nerve to do their work smartly and well.

No privilege is more appreciated than being allowed to keep pets on board. During four years' absence from home in Australian waters, and among the cannibal and semi-civilised islands of the South Pacific, many weary hours were whiled away by the numerous pets we had at various times on board. The first was a goat which was bought in Sydney by the captain, and presented to the lower deck. There are few better pets for a ship than a well-conducted goat. She soon gets passionately fond of her quarters, and will eat anything from a banana to a marlinespike. This goat became a sadly debauched character. She acquired in a few days such a taste for tobacco, that she would refuse the most enticing delicacy in the way of green stuff for the noxious weed, and indeed she was never happy without a quid in her jaw. But this was not her worst bad habit. No one on board knew the grog bugle better than she, and punctually she

was standing beside the tub at one bell in the afternoon watch, when two glasses of water and one of rum per man are served out to the different messes. There is naturally always a glass or two left when all are served. This was poured into a can, the grog tub turned upside down, the liquor poured into the shallow bottom; then *Nanny* drank her tot like a man. It was too absurd to watch her conduct after this. She would skylark with any one, charge up and down the deck, butt anybody who came in her way, and, in fact, play the 'giddy goat' all round for half an hour or so; then, like other depraved human beings, she would coil herself up in a corner and sleep off the effects of her indulgences. There was also a little pig on board once in the islands. He was only a temporary acquaintance, and he was ultimately designed to be served hot with apple-sauce and vegetables. He used to chase *Nanny* round the ship as hard as they could go. The midshipmen soon improved the show by making jumps in the gangways with sponges, rammers, and broom handles; and many a half-hour in dreary tropical climates was spent by all hands watching the sport, and cheering the pair over the hurdles with 'Yoicks,' 'Tally-ho,' and 'Over.' Working-parties used to take *Nanny* ashore to give her a 'fly round' on the grass. She would never go far away from them, and was always ready for the boat to return to the ship. Sometimes one man would hold her while the others climbed into the cutter, pretending to leave her behind on shore. She would struggle and whine to the best of her abilities; and when loosed, would gallop to the shore as quick as her legs could carry her, and jump into the boat with much delight.

She got into a somewhat delicate state of health, and we gave her to a man living on Cockatoo Island in Sydney Harbour, where the ship was in dock. Two years after, we returned to dock, and found *Nanny* tethered on the hillside. She had forgotten none of her particular friends, but came up at once to be petted, and whined and tugged at her chain as hard as she could to get to her old ship again. *Nanny's* place was taken by a more fashionable animal—an angola. She has never become anything like so popular, though she is a much more properly conducted animal. She cares little for tobacco, and is a rigid teetotaler. Sad to relate, she is now very ill indeed, and likely to die. She was addicted to eating brass, rags, and rope ends, instead of wholesome 'baccy' and rum, and the liver of even a teetotal goat cannot successfully tackle sail-makers' yarn with needles attached. I am afraid we shall soon have a funeral at sea.

In annexing twenty-one islands in the Solomon group, we arrived one forenoon at a steep little hill in the ocean, densely wooded right down to the beach. The captain landed in his galley with a number of officers, to hoist the English flag and read the declaration of protectorate. He was as usual accompanied by the cutter, carrying the guard of honour of armed blue-jackets and marines, and the carpenter's crew to erect a flag-staff, and to cut down a new pole for the next island. No armed and naked cannibals came to

meet us, as at the other places, and the interesting ceremony was performed in the presence of an opossum, who was perched, blinking in the sun, in the fork of a mangrove tree. A lieutenant and half-a-dozen sailors went in chase, and without much difficulty captured the quaint little animal. He was brought on board in a basket; but immediately after his arrival he gave signs of trouble. The padre let him out of his basket on the quarter-deck, and before you could say 'Knife,' he was up in the main-topgallant-rigging with half-a-dozen young topmen in his wake. After much cunning chase, he was captured and placed in a cage. Very soon he became tame, and gave much amusement by his smartness on the tight-rope. But opossums never do well at sea, and this one, with many others which we tried at different times, died in a few months.

The next pet was a kangaroo. He was presented by a lady in Hobart to one of our lieutenants. He never became quite at home on board, and in a few months took a passage overboard, when nobody was looking, through a gun port, and was seen and heard of no more. He was addicted to keeping late and irregular hours. He would hide himself away and sleep all day, and then wake up and become aggressively active at about 11 P.M., when everybody had turned in. Kangaroos are extensively hunted in the country parts of Australia, and give excellent sport. Our friend did so to the sentry and quartermaster of the watch at night. He had a particular fancy for the navigating officer's cabin, which is on the upper deck. For various reasons the owner of the cabin did not appreciate this flattering preference, and left strict orders with the men on night duty in the neighbourhood not to allow his highness to disturb him in his rest. The kangaroo used to 'lay off' very quietly behind the bits at the other end of the quarter-deck, and wait his opportunity. When he thought he had a good chance, he would make a rush, and in nine cases out of ten he succeeded in breaking through his enemies' lines and reaching his favourite corner; only, however, to be at once captured and ignominiously evicted. His hop, hop, hop on deck was curious to watch, but the sound of it overhead at night was ridiculously irritating; and no one mourned very much when he took his voluntary departure.

We had also a dear little flying fox. This bird or beast bears somewhat the same resemblance to a fox that a bat does to a mouse—except for size. This pet rarely came aft, and was usually to be seen in the men's messes, hanging on to an overhead rope or rafter. He was a silent friend, but still most popular. His time was chiefly occupied in discussing, in the most ridiculously serious manner, half a banana or a small fid of soft bread. He was very quiet and cautious in his habits, but at last he fell a victim to the dangers of a sea-faring life. He dropped into the soup copper in the galley, and was scalded to death before he could be got out.

But the dearest pets of the whole commission were two cassowaries which were bought at New Guinea for a few sticks of trade tobacco

by Lord K., a midshipman, and Mr I., the clerk. They were quite young and small when they joined the ship, but they very soon became accustomed to their surroundings. They grew rapidly, and it was the regular routine after church on Sunday to have up a pair of scales from the 'sick bay,' and weigh them, to find out how much they had gained during the week. The male bird used to gain about two ounces and the female about one and a half ounces per week. Their house was a large wooden box with bars in front, and it was located under a gun platform in that part of the upper deck where the officers smoke. During all smoking hours the cassowaries expected to be allowed out, and to have delicacies in the way of fruit brought up for them. If they were not liberated, they would set up such a continuous and angry piping as to show they considered themselves very badly used indeed. Then they would lie down on their sides in the sun to be stroked and petted. When they were inclined for exercise, they would watch some one walking up and down the quarter-deck, wait till he had a good start, and then run after him so quickly as to be close under his heels at the forward end; then wait and race him back again. Alas! a sad fate awaited them. We were in dock at Auckland, New Zealand, and the birds had to be landed. A comfortable house was made for them by the midshipmen under a pile of shoring timbers, when one night a baulk tumbled down (Oh, sorry log!) and killed the male bird. The female at once began to pine away and to refuse her food, and in a few days she died, universally lamented by all on board. She was buried by the midshipmen beside her mate, with all due honours. This ceremony took place during school hours, but the chaplain and naval instructor could not find it in his heart to administer any serious rebuke when he found the young gentlemen standing mournfully around the grave, whistling, with evident emotion, the 'Dead March in Saul.'

A quartermaster had a gray parrot for a long time. He was a prime favourite, and had learned to say 'Let us pray.' This he said one Sunday during church, just at the wrong time, and upset the gravity of both parson and people. He was a standing guest in the ward-room when ladies came off to tea, and never failed to be well conducted and amusing. He also came to a sad and violent end. He flew outside the ship one day at sea to exercise his wings, and soon got into a flock of sea-gulls. They resented his intrusion, and speedily pecked him to death in sight of us all, who were unable to render him any assistance.

We have of course got a pretty cat and also a bow-wow. The cat is a great friend with all hands; but the dog, perhaps wisely, refuses the advances of all except the captain, who is her master, and has so far weathered the many dangers of the commission. There are other pets of which I could tell, only time fails me. At this moment, as we are homeward bound, special privilege has been granted to the men to bring home birds, &c.; and there are quite a score on the lower deck, living the happy life which all animals enjoy on board a well-

conducted ship. No doubt some of them will succumb to the colder climate of the English coast, but I hope a number will be seen accompanying their owners to the homes of Merry England.

### SOME NATIONAL AIRS AND THEIR ASSOCIATIONS.

RICHARD WAGNER has somewhere said that the first eight bars of 'Rule Britannia' contain the whole character of the English people. And if this be true of our famous national song, a similar remark might with equal truth be applied to many airs of the Continent which at different times have summed up the hopes and aspirations of a whole people. Many of these, gathering around them in process of time a wealth of associations, have become part and parcel of the national life to a greater extent than in our own country. More especially has this been the case in France, whose ancient Government is said to have been absolute monarchy tempered with songs. Many of these gained a fame out of all proportion to their intrinsic merits, as a result of some historical association. Thus the simple ditty 'Vive Henri Quatre,' with its three verses, came to be of Royalist importance after its introduction into Collé's play, *La Partie de Chasse de Henri IV.*, in the year 1766. During the Revolution it formed one of the many prohibited songs, but took a fresh lease of life at the restoration of the Bourbons, and was performed amidst great enthusiasm at the opera in the presence of the Emperor Alexander and the king of Prussia on the evening of their arrival with the allied armies at Paris.

Another well-known air, that of 'Partant pour la Syrie,' dates from the year 1809, shortly before the battle of Wagram. The words are attributed to a poet—Count de Laborde by name—and the story has it that one evening Queen Hortense showed him a picture of a knight clad in armour, cutting an inscription on the shore with the point of his sword, and at the request of the company the poet illustrated this on the spot by a little romance. Subsequently, Queen Hortense set the verses to music, and 'Partant pour la Syrie' became the national air of the Second Empire during the reign of her son.

Of wider interest is the famous air 'Malbrook s'en va-t-en Guerre,' never more familiar in England than since the publication of *Trilby*. There is hardly a fact about it that has not been made the subject of dispute. Chateaubriand, hearing the tune sung by Arabs in Palestine, went so far as to suggest that it had been carried there by the Crusaders, either in the time of Godfrey de Bouillon or in that of Louis IX. and Joinville. It was sung by Marie Antoinette, and was used as a lullaby for

the infant Dauphin in 1781. The most probable account of its origin is that it was composed in the bivouac of Marshal de Villars at Quesnoy, three miles from the field of battle, on the night after Malplaquet. The soldier who composed it was probably acquainted with the lament on the death of the Duke of Guise published in the middle of the sixteenth century. However this may have been, the air became wonderfully popular throughout France, and was introduced by Beaumarchais into his play, *Le Mariage de Figaro*. It figures as the symbol of the French army in Beethoven's *Battle Symphony*. Bourrienne tells us in his memoirs that Napoleon was wont to whistle this air when about to join the army, and that his valet always knew when he heard him that a campaign was imminent.

The tune was adapted to the words of 'For he's a jolly good fellow,' and a story is told of Janiewicz the Polish violinist, when in London in the closing year of the last century. One day he lost himself, and could not remember the name of the street in which he lived, but calling a coach, he hummed the tune of 'Malbrook' to the coachman, who, recognising it, drove him to Marlborough Street, the required place! The story is doubtless the product of a lively imagination, for cabby, though perhaps familiar with the convivial strains, would hardly have associated them with the name of Marlborough.

With regard to the majority of famous French songs, it may be truly said that they were the outcome of civil dissensions and party conflicts, and therefore hardly 'national' in the best sense, though some of them attained a wide celebrity. Such were the songs inspired by the Great Revolution and its outcomes, whether on the Royalist or opposite side. The touching air, for instance, 'O Richard, O mon Roi,' from Grétry's opera of *Richard Cœur de Lion*, became one of the most celebrated of Royalist songs, and was played at the historic banquet at Versailles in October 1789. During the first Republic this play was prohibited, but was restored to the stage by the first Napoleon. In contrast to this song we have the 'Ça Ira,' probably first heard when the Parisians marched to Versailles, the words being suggested to a street singer by General Lafayette. The words recall Benjamin Franklin's favourite saying at each step of the American insurrection. The tune is said to have been the production of a certain Bécour, a side-drum player at the opera, and, as a contre-danse, was very popular under the title of *Carillon National*. The 'Carmagnole,' associated with so many sinister memories, was originally a popular dance-tune of Provence, or, according to Grétry, a sailor song often heard in Marseilles. Another once popular song was Joseph Chénier's 'Chant du Départ,' composed for the concert celebrating the fourth anniversary of the fall of the Bastille. This is said to be the only patriotic song written during the Reign of Terror; the music is by Méhul. After much controversy, experts seem inclined to accept the tradition that Rouget de Lisle actually composed at Strasburg and in one night both words and music of the famous

hymn known as 'The Marseillaise.' In dealing with airs of historical interest, one must perforce omit many of the most beautiful songs of every nation breathing of country sights and sounds, the fond vows of lovers, the peaceful joys of home—such, for instance, as the Volkslieder of Germany.

Of the martial songs more particularly connected with the various periods of storm and stress in Germany, one of the most celebrated is that of the Rhine, composed by Becker, and answered by Alfred de Musset in other well-known verses. The 'Wacht am Rhein' by Max Schneckenburger was composed about the same period as the Rhine song, but attained its widest popularity during the war of 1870. Unlike Becker's song, it cannot boast of having been set to music by seventy composers. The patriotic song of 'Deutschland, Deutschland über alles,' was the work of the popular writer, poet, philologist, and historian, August Hoffmann, who was born at Fallersleben in the year 1798. For a time we find him acting as librarian, and later as professor, at the university of Breslau; but the liberal tendency of some of his writings caused him in 1838 to be deprived of his professorial chair. For many years he was librarian to the Duke of Ratibor, and died in this sheltered post in 1874. The German national anthem, 'Heil Dir im Siegerkranz,' was written originally for the birthday of Christian VII., king of Denmark, by a Holstein clergyman. The words were written to the air of 'God save the King' in 1790, and a few years later were modified for Prussian use.

The national airs of America have some curious associations. The 'Star-spangled Banner' was written by Francis Scott Key, on board the frigate *Surprise*, during the bombardment of Fort M'Henry by the British in 1814. Key, the story goes, had gone to release a captive friend, but was not permitted to return to Baltimore. He witnessed the engagement all night, and at dawn, when he saw that the star-spangled banner was still floating from the ramparts, wrote the verses, which, on his return to Baltimore, he had printed, with the direction that they should be sung to the tune of 'Anacreon in Heaven.' This song had been many years previously adopted by the Society of Amateur Musicians, called the Anacreontic, which held its merry meetings at the 'Crown and Anchor' tavern in the Strand. A certain president of the society—Ralph Tomlinson by name—wrote the words of this somewhat bacchanalian song, while John Stafford Smith set them to music. The strains of 'The Star-spangled Banner' are supposed to have been first heard in a tavern near the Holiday Street Theatre, Baltimore. Like so many more songs, it arose in stirring times, and from a somewhat obscure origin ultimately developed into one of the most popular of American national songs.

'Yankee Doodle' is probably a tune of English origin not older than the middle of the last century. The earliest mention of it is said to be contained in the Boston *Journal of the Times* for the month of September 1768. It informs us that 'the (British) fleet was brought to anchor near Castle William that night . . . those passing in boats observed great

rejoicings, and that the Yankee Doodle song was the capital piece in the band of music.' The original name of the song is 'The Yankee's return from the Camp.' In the middle of the last century, General Amherst had under his command an army of regular and provincial troops. Among the former was a Dr Shuckburgh, to whom the air is traditionally ascribed, though it is probable enough that the words only are to be attributed to him. The colonial contingent seems to have presented a rather sorry appearance with its ill-fitting and incomplete uniforms, and, like our own militia in the last century, formed a continual butt for the humour of the regular troops. Thus Dr Shuckburgh was but falling in with the prevailing vein of pleasantry when he recommended the tune to the colonial officers 'as one of the most celebrated airs of martial music.' Thus, once again, a song that may almost be called the American national anthem owes its origin, not to any lofty conception of national destiny, but to the efforts of a worthy doctor to enliven the tedium of routine in a provincial camp. Of the other popular song, 'Hail Columbia,' little of interest can be said. It was written in the closing years of the last century by Judge Joseph Hopkinson, and was adapted to the music of the 'President's March.' The words had been written for the actor Fox, and are said to have been first sung by him in a Philadelphian theatre in 1798, from which time the song began to rise in popular favour.

One of the most beautiful of national anthems is that of Austria, entitled 'Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser.' It is said that Haydn, during his visits to this country, had often envied the English 'God save the King,' and the outcome of his desire to provide the Austrian people with an expression of fidelity to the throne in the days of the French revolutionary war was the celebrated hymn, for which Haschka—a somewhat minor poet—wrote the words. To Von Zedlitz, a better-known writer, we probably owe the words as now sung. On the Emperor's birthday, February 12, 1797, the air was sung simultaneously at the National Theatre in Vienna and all the principal theatres in the provinces. Haydn is said to have regarded this anthem—often used in England as a hymn tune—as his favourite work, and towards the close of his life, to have often consoled himself by playing it with great expression.

Not much remains to be said concerning other national anthems of Europe, which are mostly of comparatively modern origin. Thus 'La Brabançonne' dates from the Revolution of 1830, when Belgium became an independent country, both the words and the music being composed during the struggle. The author of the words—Jenneval, a well-known actor on the Brussels stage—was killed in one of the actions near Antwerp. The Russian national anthem was composed three years after 'the Brabançonne' by Alexis Lwoff, who, besides being a violinist and musician of note at the head of the imperial orchestra in St Petersburg, held the honorary rank of general and adjutant to the Emperor Nicholas. The air met with an enthusiastic reception in Russia, the Czar on

its appearance giving orders for its performance at concerts and theatres. Gounod has written a fantasia on this air, and it is also a leading theme in Rubinstein's *La Russie*.

### AUSTRALIAN BRUMBIE HORSES.

THE Brumby Horse of Australia, though not a distinct equine variety, possesses attributes and qualities peculiar to itself, and, like the wild cattle and wild buffaloes of Australia, is the descendant of runaways of imported stock. At no distant period of Australian pastoral history the Brumby was as great a scourge to the western pastoralist as the rabbit has since become; but a scourge, fortunately, that could be dealt with more easily, and by perseverance abolished. The stature and breeding of Brumbies varies in accordance with the circumstances of origin in different localities. In some places, magnificent horses, showing great quality, have accumulated in very large numbers. As the result of well-bred, and, in some cases, imported sires having been lost, strange to say, the in-breeding did not apparently affect the good quality. In other places the veriest weeds swarm over the country; and yet these same creatures, rubbishy in stature and appearance, will, both in their wild state and when broken, accomplish feats of endurance almost incredible.

I at one time possessed a mean-looking, ill-shaped mare of true Brumby breeding. One of her feats was to carry me—in all, fourteen and a half stones—over bush roads, a distance of eighty-five measured miles on a summer day of thirteen hours, with only an hour's midday rest. In their wild state, Brumbies will, when, in dry times water 'gives out,' travel immense distances to the next water; and even in good seasons, when twelve or more miles from the water they will travel that distance daily to and fro to drink.

In Brumby country, the passing traveller must needs tend his horses closely; for the young Brumby stallions, constantly driven from their haunts by the older sires, wander in search of companions, and show marvellous intelligence and tact in taking these, when found, into seclusion. It is at all times a difficult matter to recover stray stock from the Brumby mobs. The term 'with the Brumbies' is a common one throughout bush Australia to signify hopelessly lost.

Portions of western New South Wales and southern Queensland were some years ago almost devastated by Brumbies; and all sorts of devices were resorted to by squatters to rid themselves of the pests. Many sheep-owners fenced in their water-holes with barbed wire in such a way that nothing larger than a sheep could enter to drink. In this manner tens of thousands of horses perished. Other holders destroyed immense numbers by means of strong trap-yards built in scrubs, having, near the yard, long wings or guide fences strongly made of timber, and extended outwards by means of calico strips from tree to tree, like a wire fence, for ten or more miles beyond. Except in close quarters, wild horses will not approach the fluttering strips of calico. The

trap and wings being ready, a number of horsemen started the mobs in such a way as to meet the wings, along which they galloped into the yards. Once entrapped, the horses were shot; but, it being laborious to clear the yard of the dead animals, an easier and less expensive plan was resorted to.

A crush—that is, long lines of parallel fences just wide enough for one horse to pass at a time—was erected; they were driven into this long lane, at the end of which stood an expert, armed with a keen knife. As each animal passed, its jugular vein was severed, and the bleeding creature tore madly away into its native scrub, only to stagger and die from loss of blood, within half a mile of the trap. This device, though barbarous, did away with the difficulty of removing carcasses, and became the universal method of destruction.

In this work of destruction animals showing extra quality were occasionally reserved for use; but in order to enable the horsemen to drive them away, it was necessary to stop their galloping, and this was done very simply. A packing-needle and strong twine were run through the point of each ear; the twines being left in, these were then tied under the horse's chin, bending the ears down on the cheeks. Tied in this way, a horse will not gallop, and may be turned and driven quietly.

Of late years, however, the extension of railways, the utilisation of waste lands, and constant destruction, have so thinned the Brumby haunts, that they have ceased to affect the pastures; though they are troublesome in the other ways referred to. In many cases ineffectual attempts are made to yard the mobs, and when this has been tried once or twice, it is astonishing how cunning they become. Even when by good riding a number of horsemen have brought a Brumby mob into close quarters, it not infrequently happens that old stallions turn and charge open mouthed at the horsemen, and thus invariably break away; in which case the mob will follow in spite of all efforts made to stop them. Sometimes the riders succeed in shooting the old stallions; but even then a panic and stampede of the mad creatures follows, and they are lost. Often when old wild horses find themselves imprisoned, they charge the fences and destroy themselves.

For a time I was associated with a man named Mooney, who made his livelihood shooting Brumbies for their hides and hair in a locality within reach of a railway. Mooney used to ride a steady old mare—if one with a young foal, all the better. He would follow the Brumbies' track until the grass indicated close approach to the mobs; then he dismounted and removed his saddle. Driving the old mare in front of him, he would creep forward. He was alert to sight the mob without giving alarm, and when he did sight it upon the plain or patch of scrub, he took care to approach on the leeward side. He would creep on, well hidden behind his mare, until the wary lookout of the wild mob gave alarm; then he would hobble his mare, and sneak away into the grass, fifty yards or more. Meantime the mob would run together, and with erect crests gaze on the dull-looking stranger.

A wild, inspiring thing it is to see a startled Brumby mob. The old stallion, hero of a hundred battles, trots around them, while they stand like statues, with ears pricked forward, and gaze. Then the old General comes forward slowly, a picture of equine beauty and grace of movement, treading as if the very ground sprung beneath his feet. Cautiously an old mare will follow the sire, and the mob will follow her, though snorting and wary, as if waiting a signal to turn and be off. On they come, until the old fellow is satisfied the new-comer is peaceful, and then he whinnies; Mooney's mare answers, and he trots up boldly. Mooney lies low in the grass the while, gripping his Winchester, alert and on the lookout for the old sire's favourite, always an old mare. There she is! the black with the yearling foal. Note how her mane and tail touch the ground, note how solicitous the old fellow is about her, and how she answers his whinnies. This is Mooney's mark, and he fires. The old favourite staggers, shot through the shoulders. Then succeeds a momentary panic, and they are off like the wind; but only for a few yards. The sire has discovered his favourite is missing, and he dashes across the lead. They stop; wild whinnying follows. He gallops back to his poor old mate; her yearling follows. They stand by her in her agony; shot perhaps in some by no means vital part. The mob returns, whinnying and stupid, running this way and that. The Winchester is going all the time. Other mares fall, then colts and fillies drop dead, only the first old mare being wounded. One by one they die, until at last the old sire is alone among his dead and dying followers. The keen-eyed destroyer sights along the shining barrel again, and the grand old fellow drops, shot through the heart.

Mooney rising now finishes the old mare, and the revolting carnage is over. This man had a lot of assistants. Once the shooting was over, his work was done. Making a fire, he would pile on armfuls of green bushes, causing great columns of white smoke to shoot upward into the clear air: this was the signal to his followers, on watch at his camp. They came, guided by the smoke, to skin the carcasses. Mooney was one of the best marksmen I have known, if not the very best.

### THE METAL PLATINUM.

THE curious and useful metal Platinum was probably known to the natives of South America many centuries ago. Travellers and workers in metals report that at the end of the seventeenth century it was already generally spoken of as *platina*, which in Spanish means 'little silver,' pure silver being called *plata*. It was meant by this that platinum was a less valuable metal than silver; it was not so white, did not take so fine a polish, could not be worked so easily, and it was also far less abundant.

In the year 1736, a Spaniard, named Antonio d'Ulloa, a great traveller, mathematician, and meteorologist, who had a special gift for obser-

vation, found this metal in the gold-bearing sands and gravels of South America, and drew the attention of scientific men to it in 1748. But, previous to this, Charles Wood, an English chemist, who was assay-master in Jamaica, had seen the metal about the year 1741, or perhaps rather earlier, and gave specimens of it to Dr Brownrigg, who showed it to the members of the Royal Society in London, during a meeting held in 1750. By this time Wood had published a paper on it in the forty-fourth volume of the *Philosophical Transactions* for the years 1749-50. This was the first truly scientific account of the new metal in question, and it establishes once again the priority of English chemists in metallurgical discovery.

Since those days it has been examined by scores of chemists and metallurgists, and has become one of the most important of metals, its price being frequently higher than that of gold itself. Its peculiar properties have made it most useful in the construction of scientific instruments, and apparatus employed in certain branches of industrial art and manufacture; of late years it has even been used in notable quantities in photography.

When sulphuric acid, or oil of vitriol, is manufactured by the usual process, it is not at first obtained as strong as the trade requires it; it has to be heated to drive off the superfluous water that it contains. This was formerly done, and is still done in many works, by heating the acid in large glass vessels, which are very apt to break if a current of air play upon them, or by the bumping of the acid when it happens to boil, thus causing serious loss, besides severe accidents to the workmen. This is avoided by using vessels of platinum for the concentration of the acid, and these vessels, or retorts, as they are called, would be used everywhere were it not for the enormous cost—over £1000 is not an extraordinary price for one—and when platinum is dearer than gold, the latter metal is occasionally used in its place.

Little platinum crucibles and dishes are in daily use in the chemical laboratory, and it would be difficult to do without them. No ordinary heat will melt them, and acids, except aqua-regia, do not attack them. They are, nevertheless, liable to injury by certain substances, such as tin, arsenic, potash, phosphorus, and carbon, which are always avoided as much as possible when platinum utensils are employed.

Salts of platinum, especially the chloride, which is obtained by dissolving the metal in aqua-regia, are used in testing, and in photography; the metal itself is extensively used in many kinds of electrical apparatus and for the electric light, on account of the difficulty with which it melts; and these two latter uses especially, together with the employment of platinum apparatus in the manufacture of pure sulphuric acid, have of late years done much to keep up its price to a very high figure. For, strange to say, new deposits of this precious metal come to light very slowly and only at

long intervals, though search for it is carried on more or less strenuously in all parts of the world.

The principal districts which afford platinum are the slopes of the Ural Mountains, where it forms an important source of revenue to the Russian Empire. It is found also in Brazil, Peru, and Antioquia. Traces of platinum have been discovered in almost all the gold-washing districts of Borneo, Africa, Australia, and America. Along the coast of the South Sea and on the western slopes of the Cordilleras of the Andes, between the second and sixth degrees of north latitude, platinum often occurs in the alluvial soils and in the adjacent rocks. The most productive washings appear to be those at Condoto in the province of Novita, also those of Santa Lucia, and other localities in the same district. In Brazil, in the provinces of Minas Geraes and Matto Grosso, grains of platinum are also met with in the alluvial sands and gravels which produce gold. Recently, minute quantities of platinum have been found in certain rocks where their presence was quite unexpected, notably in certain syenitic rocks of Hungary, and in the veins of manganese ore which occur in the weathered or decomposed syenite near Santa Rosa d'Oso, in Columbia. It is interesting to note that the writer discovered manganese in the weathered syenite rocks of Hungary, which contain a little platinum and gold.

As there are syenite rocks in Scotland, Norway, and other countries where such stone is sometimes used for paving the streets, it is possible that a discovery of platinum may, some day, be made nearer home. The precious metal has also been obtained from the valley of the river Jacky in St Domingo, and latterly we have heard of its being extracted from certain copper and nickel ores in British Columbia, and some parts of Canada. However, though perhaps more widely distributed over the surface of the globe than is generally supposed, often accompanying grains of gold, diamonds, and other precious stones in what are termed by geologists 'alluvial formations,' it does not appear to be anywhere very abundant.

From 1824 to the present time, platinum-working has been carried on amongst the Ural Mountains, and considerable quantities are annually produced there. The grains are found in alluvial deposits along with grains of several other metals (iridium, osmium, palladium, gold, and silver), and they have also been discovered in the greenstone rock and serpentine of that district. The process by which the crude platinum grains are purified is long and expensive, so much so, that most of the 'platinum ore,' as it is termed, which is received at St Petersburg from the Urals, is exported in its crude state to other European cities.

Pure platinum has a white colour approaching to that of silver: it is remarkable by its great weight, being heavier than any other metal, gold itself not excepted. It is no less remarkable for its infusibility; it does not fuse in any of our ordinary furnaces which soon melt copper, iron, or gold. But at a white heat it can be welded and fashioned into various shapes.

In the new electric furnace, and by means of the oxyhydrogen blowpipe, it can, however, be melted, and even volatilised. It is exceedingly malleable, and can be beaten out into thin plates, and drawn into wires which are only  $\frac{1}{1000}$  of an inch in diameter; wires even ten times thinner than this can be made by a special process. Air and moisture have no effect upon platinum, even when it is heated to a very high temperature; and it will not dissolve in acids, with the exception of aqua-regia, which is a mixture of hydrochloric and nitric acid.

All these extraordinary properties are quite sufficient to account for the great value of platinum in the industrial arts; and should it ever be discovered in much larger quantities than has hitherto been the case, its high price would still be kept up on account of the numerous circumstances in which it would be demanded. At the present time the demand is restricted simply by the exceedingly high price of the metal. When all the surface gold—that is, the loose nuggets and grains found in alluvial soil and streams—is exhausted in any country, the metal is sought for in the rock, and quartz reefs are attacked by powerful machinery and stamps. The same will some day occur for platinum; in fact, we may say it has already begun. Hitherto, the rocks in which it has been found are syenite, serpentine, and greenstone. Probably it will, sooner or later, be found in others. The hope of making some such discovery lends additional interest to explorations in Central Africa, Australia, and other little known districts of the globe.

#### TO A STREET SYCAMORE.

HERE in the narrow street you stand,  
Built round about on every hand;  
Only your topmost boughs can spy  
The blue waves breaking on the land.

Yet all the changes of the year  
Above you in the skies appear—  
The daily marvel of the dawn,  
Storm-cloud and star-light shining clear.

Yours are the sunset and the dew,  
And many a wandering wind that blew  
By wood and mountain over-sea,  
Whispers his secrets sweet to you.

To you with each returning Spring  
The crows their clumsy courtship bring,  
And the blithe starlings come and go  
Among your boughs on restless wing.

In the gray, narrow street you bear  
Glad Summer's banner, green and fair;  
The music of the woods and hills  
Dreams all about you down the air.

And you, green hermit of the street,  
Make all our daily duty sweet,  
Preaching Life's beauty and her joy  
To us who sit about your feet.

D. J. R.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,  
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.



# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

*Fifth Series*

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 619.—VOL. XII.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1895.

PRICE 1½d.

## ARTELS: CO-OPERATION IN RUSSIA.

By EDITH SELLERS.

WHENEVER a Russian has anything to do, no matter what it may be, he straightway organises an artel; for work alone he cannot, and will not. There are artels of every possible kind: harvesters, shepherds, masons, carpenters, porters, navvies, dockers, all have their own artels; and so have railway officials, bankers' clerks, nay, even beggars, thieves, and probably, though the fact is not recorded, murderers and highwaymen. If a bridge is to be built, or a marsh drained, the first thing done is always to form an artel; and the same process must be gone through before a picnic can be given, or a public dinner. Some artels are permanent, others are temporary; some have hundreds of names on their rolls, while others have perhaps half a dozen. In one form or another they are to be met with at every turn: Russia, in fact, without its artels would not be Russia.

An artel is an association of persons who agree to throw in their lot together, and stand by each other for better for worse. If the artel is 'productive,' the members work together, and divide equally what money they earn; if it is 'consumptive,' they share equally the expense incurred. The most marked characteristic of these associations is the perfect equality which prevails among their members. No matter what may be a man's personal gifts or deficiencies, from the moment he enters an artel, he is simply on a par with his comrades. He must bear the same burdens as they do; and he receives the same rewards. In his turn he will be the artelman, or chief of his artel; in his turn, too, he will be its hewer of wood and drawer of water. As the former, he will be neither richer nor poorer than as the latter; for the only emolument attached to the office of artelman is shoe-money—that is, a small sum granted as a compensation for the shoes worn out while tramping about transacting official business.

Artels are one of the most ancient institutions in Europe. As early as the tenth century they were in existence among the hunters and fishermen in the Dnieper region; and they seem to have been organised on much the same lines then as they are now. A number of men would join together, choose a chief, and agree to hunt or fish under his direction. They regarded their booty as common property, and divided it equally at the end of each expedition. A modern productive artel is arranged on the same principle. In a village, the peasants who have not enough land of their own to keep them employed, form themselves into an artel (sometimes into two or three) and elect one of their number to be artelman. This artelman, who is their representative, director, and manager, must try to find out where there is work to be done, and arrange for them to do it, on the best terms he can. He allots to each member the work he has to do, and sees that he does it. He provides the whole company with food and lodging so long as the job lasts; and then, after defraying all expenses, divides among them equally what remains of their joint earnings. The authority of an artelman is unlimited; whoever disobeys his orders must leave the artel. As his tenure of office, however, is short, and depends on the votes of the members, there is little chance of his abusing his power.

One of these unions often undertakes to do all the harvesting or haymaking on a large estate. In that case the owner has nothing whatever to do with the work from the time the members of the artel take possession of his fields, until the crop is safely housed. They collectively are responsible for its being properly handled and stored by the appointed time; and they must make good any damage it suffers through carelessness or lack of punctuality on their part. Thus their interests are all bound together, a fact that leads to their keeping a sharp watch on each other, and showing scant toleration for loafing and all other

reprehensible practices. Sometimes an artel agrees to do all the work on the farm for a year, or even a series of years. Under this arrangement the men generally receive one-half of the produce of the land for their labour. Many of the mines, especially in the Ural district, are worked entirely on the artel system; and the clearing and draining of the great marshes are managed in the same way. Several important industrial undertakings, too, are carried on by artels; and a few years ago a number of workmen volunteered to form one to work the great gun factory at Tula for the Government. Needless to say their offer was declined.

Oddly enough, many of the dockers' artels consist entirely of women—of the Amazon type, of course. They manage their affairs in an eminently business-like fashion, loading and unloading ships most expeditiously. The tobacco-growers' artels, too, are formed chiefly of girls and women, who do all the work on a plantation in return for half the produce, and sometimes lodging, fuel, and lights. In the ferry-men's artels, all the members act as artel-men in regular rotation, without any form of election; and in those of the fishermen, the boats and tackle are counted as members, and receive—or rather their owners receive in their stead—a share of the joint earnings of the crew.

The most important of the artels are those called the Artels of the Bourse, owing to their headquarters in St Petersburg and Moscow being near the Bourse. These are in reality powerful labour unions, organised on communist principles. No one is admitted into one of these artels unless he is known to be honest, sober, and industrious, and is able to pay an entrance-fee of at least one thousand roubles. There are some three hundred of them, and they are divided into two classes—labourers' artels and clerks'. The former are under contract with the railway and shipping authorities to load, unload, collect, or deliver all goods sent by rail or water to or from St Petersburg and Moscow. They are bound under a heavy penalty to keep the railways supplied with as many porters, guards, and other officials as they require. If any accident occurs through the fault of any one of their members, they must pay for all the damage done; and if anything is stolen while under their care, they must replace it. The clerks' artels are organised in the same way as the labourers' and peasants'. They undertake to provide the leading banks and commercial establishments with cashiers, clerks, and all the officials they need. The whole artel is responsible for any loss resulting from the carelessness, stupidity, or dishonesty of any one of its members. If a cashier embezzle money, his fellow-members must repay it within a week; or, if that be impossible, work without salary until it be paid.

Artels for distribution or consumption are more numerous even than for production. People whom the merest chance throws together while working, travelling, or even loafing, form artels for supplying themselves with food, and some-

times also with lodgings, clothing, &c. They depute one of their number to cater for the whole party, and then leave the matter entirely in his hands, dividing the expense. Then there are lending artels, the members of which club their earnings together and lend them to the one of the number who stands most in need of them, or who can put them to the best use.

Of all the artels, however, the beggars' are the most interesting and—the most immoral. In no European country but Russia would such institutions meet with toleration. But there begging is a recognised profession. In many villages, as soon as the harvest is in, the whole population form themselves into a huge artel, which is split up into a number of parties. The halt, blind, maimed, &c., are divided out equally among the parties, so that each of them may have an equal claim on public sympathy. They then start off on a begging tour, in the course of which they sometimes go two or three hundred miles away from their homes. During the day they go about in different directions, no two parties being allowed to enter the same village; but at night they all meet together, and then, if all tales be true, they have 'high jinks.' They put everything they receive into a common stock; they eat the food and sell the clothes, dividing the proceeds. During a three months' expedition they often clear enough money to keep them in idleness for the six months that follow. Some of the beggars' artels are permanent institutions, the members of them doing nothing but beg from one year's end to another. They are said to have a fairly pleasant life on the whole, and to be better fed and better clothed than the majority of those who give them alms.

## AN ELECTRIC SPARK.\*

### CHAPTER XXXI.—BRANT'S MAD JOYS.

THERE was a striking little scene outside the hotel at Newhaven a couple of nights later, just before the starting from the harbour of the Dieppe boat.

A couple of ordinary-looking men were down there, apparently taking a good deal of interest in the passengers already on board, and after a time, evidently with the intention of affording their bodies varied refreshment, they had made their way into the hotel coffee-room to discuss in tankards a mixture of claret and soda-water.

Here, too, they seemed to take a quiet interest in the people who were about to cross by the night packet.

'No go,' said one of them quietly.

'Well, I'm not quite sure, but I think we're right.'

'What shall you do?—go over?'

'Not if I can help it, dear boy. Rough night, and I'd rather sleep here if I can.'

Just then an official made an announcement, and the greater part of the occupants of the room moved out to the quay, the two men finishing their 'cup,' and following, ending by

\* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

crossing the gangway and going on board the steamer, which was loudly blowing off steam.

There was the customary bustle and confusion, and the two men lit cigarettes, separated, walked round the deck, met in the saloon cabin, did not look at each other, and met again a minute or two later on deck.

'Well?'

'No: I don't know, though. Let's try.'

The speaker walked slowly aft, to where a passenger stood in a thick ulster with a carefully muffled lady companion clinging to his arm. Stopping short a couple of yards behind the two travellers, one of the men cried loudly: 'Hanged if here isn't old Brant Dalton!'

The passenger in the ulster swung round sharply with an oath, and the two men stepped up on either side.

'Thought it was you, sir,' said the chief speaker. —'No nonsense, please. You're wanted.'

A dozen pairs of eyes were turned upon them directly as they stood just beneath one of the swinging lamps, and the lady began to sob violently, as she clung to her companion, who recovered himself directly.

'Here, what is it?' he cried in a loud, hectoring voice. 'Some mistake here.'

'No mistake, Mr Dalton. Come ashore, please.'

'Not a bit of it. Who are you?'

'Police, sir. You answered to your name. The game's up.'

'Where's your warrant?' cried Brant.

'Never your mind about my warrant, sir. We want you, and you'll come ashore.'

'Here, who are you—the captain?' cried Brant, as a burly man in uniform came up.

'Yes, what is it?'

'These men are pretending to be police-officers, and are trying to get me ashore.'

'Where's your warrant?' said the captain.

'We don't want any warrant,' said the first speaker. —'Here, you bring the lady.'

'Oh, that's it, is it?' cried Brant, as the chill of horror passed off, and with it the dread that he was to be arrested in connection with the stolen plans. —'Here, captain, I claim your protection. We are saloon passengers. I'm not going to enter into explanations here, but this lady is my wife.'

'Yes, yes, yes,' came loudly from the little trembling figure muffled in wraps. 'Señor, it is my husband. You cannot take him away.'

The captain chuckled.

'Runaway match, eh?' he said.

'Well, yes,' cried Brant. —'They can't do this sort of thing.'

'No,' said the captain quietly. —'You can't come that,' he continued to the two men. —'Hadn't you better go back, sir, with them and settle matters quietly?'

'No,' cried Brant. 'You've got to protect us, and if you don't, I'll appeal to the passengers and crew. I've married the lady, and if any one dares to try and arrest me—it isn't the law.'

'Go back and wire,' said the first man to his companion. 'I'll cross and stick to him like a leech.'

The next minute the last bell rang, the hawsers were cast off, and Brant Dalton,

who had been married at a registry office in Clerkenwell, assisted his trembling hysterical wife down into the cabin, a hero and heroine to the rest of the passengers till the boat began to rise and fall outside the harbour. Then the love match was forgotten in more serious thoughts, and Isabel Dalton, *née* Villar Endoza, succumbed to the general malady. At this point Brant handed her over to the stewardess, and went on deck to have a smoke, conscious directly after that some one else was smoking close at hand, the detective making himself as comfortable as he could in the process of his self-imposed task of sticking to his man like a leech.

Brant walked up and down two or three times, and then stopped in front of the detective.

'Have a cigar?' he said shortly.

'Thank ye, sir,' and the case was offered, and a cigar taken and lit.

'That was a clever dodge of yours,' said Brant at last.

'Oh, I don't know, sir. It answers sometimes when you're in doubt. Takes a party by surprise.'

'How came you to think I should go this way?'

'I didn't, sir. My instructions were to come and watch the Newhaven boats, same as others were doing with the Southampton, Dover, and Folkestone.'

'When did you see the Count last?'

'Day before yesterday, sir; but it was his friend who sent me down here.'

'What friend?'

'Perhaps I oughtn't to talk, sir, but I suppose it don't matter now, and I expect he's a friend of yours—Mr Levvinson. You know him, sir?'

'Oh yes, well,' replied Brant wonderingly.

'I've done a deal of business for him in my time, sir.'

'Watching people?'

'Yes, sir, and other work. He's a busy gentleman in his way.'

'No use to be rough with the fellow,' thought Brant: 'he could make things very uncomfortable;' so he stopped, chatting to the man for the greater part of the night, with the result that the officer informed him, just before they reached port, that he was not going to make things more unpleasant than he could help, for the lady's sake, but that he must keep an eye on him till he got his instructions.

'Going on to Paris, I suppose?'

'Of course,' said Brant. 'To the "Continental." I shan't try to run away.'

Brant saw no more of the man till they reached the hotel, where a message was sent to his room that the officer wanted to see him, just as he was trying to comfort Isabel, who was certain that the Count was on his way to come and kill them both.

She gave a faint cry when the man appeared with a smiling countenance.

'It's all right, sir. My mate wires me that he has seen Count Endoza and Mr Levvinson, and that I am to go back directly.'

'But about us?'

'Oh, you're all right, sir. No instructions about you.'

'Look here,' said Brant in an undertone so that Isabel should not hear: 'what does this mean?'

'Well, sir, I should say, speaking from old experience, that the old man and his friend wanted to catch you and stop what was going on; but as soon as they heard you were married, they knew that couldn't be undone, so there you are.—Oh, thank you, sir. T'other side pay me, of course, but thank you all the same. Wish you and your good lady all happiness. Happier match for her than to have been Mrs Levinson.'

'What!' cried Brant excitedly.

'I beg your pardon, sir. That was only how it struck me from the taking he was in. Good-day, sir. Happy to do business with you in our way again.'

The officer crumpled up the piece of paper he had received, and bowed his way out, while Isabel ran to her husband's side.

'Oh, Brant dear, don't say that you are to be dragged away from me!' she cried tearfully.

'Wasn't going to, little woman,' replied Brant, who somehow felt chilled, and as if a great deal of the romance had gone out of his evasion. 'They've given us up, and we are to go on and be as happy as we like. But I say, Bel dear, why was Levinson along with your father?'

'Oh, the horrid man!' she cried. 'I hate him.'

'But you don't mean, dear, that he ever pretended to'—

'Oh no, dear,' cried Isabel; 'he was in real earnest. He was always sending me presents and watching for me in the Park.'

Brant said something to himself, looking furiously at his young wife, but directly after, a grim smile began to dawn upon his face as he realised what a triumph he was having over his old enemy, though some of his thoughts did not augur well for the happiness which the detective had wished.

## HER MAJESTY'S SERVICE ABROAD.

APPOINTMENTS in Her Majesty's Service abroad are not only very valuable but also of great importance and distinction, and the prospects of promotion are so brilliant that the situations are eagerly sought after by sons of persons in the highest social rank. The entrance examinations, however, are hard, the prescribed subjects covering a very wide range. The vacancies in all departments average about one hundred yearly, and in most cases competition is very keen.

As the work lies for the most part in tropical climates, candidates are not allowed to enter the literary examination until they have satisfactorily passed a severe medical test. In regard to service in India, candidates are examined by a Medical Board sitting at the Indian Office. Great stress is laid upon good vision

and hearing, and their physical powers of endurance are tested in order that no one may be allowed to compete unless of active habits and of sound constitution. In particular, candidates for the Indian Forest Service are recommended to submit themselves to their private medical adviser with regard to weak constitution, defective vision, impaired hearing, or the existence of any congenital defect. This precaution, though urged by the Commissioners for one branch only, may profitably be taken in regard to all foreign offices. Further, it is to be understood that this private examination is merely suggested to lessen the chances of disappointment, and that it is by no means intended to take the place of, or to influence in any way, the official examination. And when we consider the inconvenience and expense of preparing for the literary tests, it will be seen that this advice is by no means to be lightly passed over.

The 'Indian Civil' is the most popular branch of the foreign service. The number of appointments is usually large, averaging 44 for the past ten years, the average number of competitors for the same period being 178. While the number of vacancies varies but little, competition has of late become less keen. In 1894, 131 candidates came forward for 61, as against 69 in 1892 for 32, and 250 in 1890 for 45 vacancies. The examinations are held annually in August, and a fee of £5 is charged. The limits of age are twenty-one and twenty-three on April 1st of the year in which the examination is held, and candidates must be natural-born subjects of Her Majesty. The scheme of the examination is very extensive, and embraces the Language, Literature and History of England, France, Germany, Ancient Greece and Rome, together with Sanskrit and Arabic, besides Pure and Applied Mathematics, Natural Science, Political Economy, Roman and English Law, and Political Science. Candidates are allowed to name any or all of the subjects mentioned in the syllabus; no subject is compulsory, but no credit is given for knowledge represented by less than one-fifth of the maximum. Beyond that standard, candidates might be marked up to the maximum if their work were of sufficient merit.

Successful competitors, before proceeding to India, are on probation for one year, and those who pass their probation at one of the colleges or universities approved by the Secretary of State for India receive an allowance of £100. During this year candidates are tested in their proficiency in riding, and are examined in Indian Penal and Criminal Law, in the principal vernacular language of the province to which they are assigned, in the History of British India, and in two of six optional subjects in Oriental Languages and Law.

The salary—and this is doubtless the most interesting part of the regulations—commences at 400 rupees per month, one year in every four is the 'holiday' allowed, and after twenty-one year's actual service, the happy Indian Civil Servant can retire on an annuity of £1000.

Less important are the India Forest and India Police Services. In the former, the limits of age are seventeen and twenty; in the latter, nineteen and twenty-one; while the examination

fee for each is £4. Candidates 'must be unmarried, and if they marry before reaching India, they will forfeit their appointments.' The competitions are held simultaneously, and in the same subjects and papers. The obligatory subjects are: Mathematics, English Composition, and German, the optional embracing three languages, four sciences, and English History, from which list candidates may choose two subjects. Freehand and Geometrical Drawing may be taken up in addition.

Competitors for the Forest Service have to undergo a course of special training for about three years, for which an annual charge of about £183 is made. When they obtain the Diploma in Forestry of the Royal Indian Engineering College at Cooper's Hill, they are appointed Assistant-conservators in the Forest Service of India. The salary runs from 250 through various grades to 2000 rupees per month. The annual number of vacancies is about twelve, and for these from thirty to forty competitors come forward.

The Police Service offers this attraction over the Forest Service, that the successful candidates can proceed at once to take up a remunerative appointment in India, there being no expensive preliminary training in this country. Probationers are required to proceed to India not later than the October following the examination. A free passage is provided, and a salary of 250 rupees per month is allowed. On passing the necessary departmental examination, they are appointed Assistant-superintendents of Police, with a monthly salary of 300 rupees, increasing to 500. There are excellent prospects of promotion to the rank of District Superintendent, and there are a few superior posts with salaries ranging from 1000 to 2500 rupees per month. These appointments were thrown open to competition in 1893, and examinations may now be expected annually in the month of June. Competition is fairly keen, on an average seven candidates presenting themselves for each vacancy advertised. The leave of absence is based upon the same lines as for the Indian Civil Service, and when we consider the liberality of pay, holiday, and pension, we are apt to think that an Indian Police Superintendent should manage to live comfortably and be tolerably happy. No doubt they are so.

We come now to another interesting class of appointments—those of Student Interpreters. For such there are but four or five vacancies annually in China, Japan, and Siam, and three or four in Turkey, Persia, Morocco, and the Levant. The limits of age are eighteen and twenty-four, and the examination fee is £4. Candidates must, of course, be natural-born subjects of Her Majesty, and here it is further enacted that 'persons not actually born within the United Kingdom, or born within the United Kingdom of parents not born therein, will only be allowed to compete by special permission of the Secretary of State.'

In the examinations for Interpreters in China, &c., the most important subjects of the entrance examinations are Latin, French, German, and Mercantile and Criminal Law. A special feature of the tests set for those in Turkey, &c., is the prominence given to ancient and

modern languages. Especially in Latin and French the examination is most searching.

Naturally, many candidates are not attracted to these appointments owing to the fewness of the vacancies. Still, the prospects are most enticing, and the examinations are not so hard as those for the Indian Civil Service. Successful candidates for China receive £200 a year on leaving England. Five years later they have a fixed salary of £300, and may ultimately become Vice-consuls with £600 to £750, or even Consul-general with £2000.

Successful candidates for Interpreterships in Turkey, &c., are required to spend two years at Oxford in order to study Oriental languages. During their residence there they receive a salary of £200 a year. On leaving Oxford, the students are named Assistants, and detached for service under the embassy at Constantinople, the legations at Teheran, Athens, or Morocco, or in one of Her Majesty's consulates in the East. They get £300 a year, and before receiving further promotion, require to pass an examination in the Civil, Criminal, and Commercial Law, and in the Political History of Turkey, in International Law, and in the history, language, and mode of administration of the country in which they have resided. The higher ranks in the service are Vice-consuls, with salaries ranging up to £400, and Consuls, ranging from £500 to £1600, in all cases with allowances.

To supply the Civil Service of Ceylon, Hong-kong, and the Strait Settlements, cadetships have been established. Vacancies for these, however, are very rare. Ten appointments were made in 1889 as against two in 1892. There were none in 1893 or in 1894. The limits of age are twenty-one and twenty-four, and the subjects of examination include Latin, Greek, French, German, Mathematics, History, and Law. Successful candidates are allowed, in order of merit, to choose the colony they wish to serve. Ceylon cadets get a commencing salary of 3000 rupees per annum, and a pundit allowance of 30 rupees per month for twenty-one months for the services of a teacher of the native language. On passing in Singhalese and Tamil, in Law, and in Government Accounts, they obtain 3500 rupees per year, with excellent prospects of ultimately reaching an annual income of 18,000. At present the rupee is calculated by the Ceylon Government at 1s. 10½d.

Hong-kong cadets get a salary of \$1500, and on passing in Chinese and law they receive \$1800, with prospects of rising to \$6500. Those in the Strait Settlements may rise to a maximum of \$7800 per annum, and when, as at present, the Government reckons the dollar worth 4s. for the purpose of payment in England of leave salary, and at 3s. 8d. for the payment of pension, this income is most desirable. Regulations for pensions and leave of absence are quite enough to excite the envy of any hard-worked person at home. In the case of ill-health, an officer may retire on a pension after ten years' full service; otherwise he must have attained the age of fifty-five years. For ten years' service, fifteen-sixtieths of his salary may go for a pension, and one-sixtieth may be added for each year's service beyond ten. In the

Ceylon Civil Service, a deduction of 4 per cent. is made from all salaries as a contribution to the Widows' and Orphans' Pension Fund.

A branch of the foreign service, all the more interesting because comparatively unknown at home, is the Jamaica Civil Service. Appointments in this are open to all British-born subjects over eighteen and under twenty-four years of age. The salaries rise from £80 by £5 annually to £100, thence by £10 to £200, and by further promotion to grades of £300, £400, and £500 per annum. Assistant-collectors receive £50 per annum for every horse required to be kept. Three months' leave on full-pay is granted every two years, and half-pay leave to the extent of one-sixth of their official service.

The examinations, held each year in October, are conducted by the Jamaica School Commissioners, but the answers to the papers set are sent to the English Civil Service Commissioners to be examined and reported upon. The vacancies number about twenty annually, and the examination fee amounts to 25s. The subjects prescribed are those for the Second Division in the Imperial Service, with the addition of Latin, French, and Euclid and Algebra. The marks gained are as a rule exceedingly low, the first successful candidate scoring only 51 per cent., while the twentieth had 32 per cent. When it is considered that in the competition of July 1894 for 150 clerks in the home service, the first had 80 and the last successful 67 per cent., it will be seen that, with their superior educational advantages, competitors from England would have an excellent chance of gaining appointments should they wish to migrate to Jamaica. The climate of Jamaica is excellent, the temperature averaging about 86° Fahrenheit all the year round—about the maximum in the finest British summer.

## HIS HIGHNESS'S PLAYTHINGS.

### CHAPTER I. (continued).

'THERE I am not agreeing with you then,' replied the Maharajah rudely. 'I think it same like this. Burton not be liking to have people say he kill his child through own fault, so he smash up old bolt-screw and throw him in the bush himself where he find. Then he get duplicate bolt from workshop, and put in apparatus, so people say some one tamper with signal and not his fault.'

Angus Morrison shifted uneasily in his chair. The dastardly suggestion irritated him. Colonel Sadleir said:

'I don't think that is at all likely. Though Your Highness was working the signals, they were just as much under Burton's charge as the engine itself. It was his duty to see that they were in working order before the railway was used, and the fabrication of such a story would only saddle him with a different kind of blame. I incline to the opinion that the signals were tampered with—but not by Burton.'

'Well, I not rightly see how it happen then,' responded the Maharajah sullenly, and there followed a silence which was becoming awkward, when Morrison raised himself in his seat and pointed to the sky over the city.

'The doctor was right,' he said. 'There is going to be a thunder-storm.'

The city of Jettore was built upon a flat plain, skirted upon one side by a ridge of rising ground upon which stood the residency and the bungalows of Colonel Sadleir's staff. The new palace, built during the reign of the last Maharajah, was upon the other side of the ridge, and was therefore invisible from the city, and *vice versa*, though from the residency a clear view was obtainable of the palace on one side and the city on the other. The veranda where they were sitting was on the city side, and it was in this direction that the storm was gathering. Even as Morrison spoke the great cloud canopy that had attracted his attention was split with a streak of forked lightning, and the thunder crashed. In a minute, as happens in the East, lightning-flash and thunder-peal had become incessant, and rain fell in torrents.

For a short time they sat watching the storm, and then suddenly the young prince clutched Morrison's arm. 'See! Oh see!' he exclaimed. 'Isn't that what—you—call fun? There will be explosion! The powder-house is on fire!'

A quarter of a mile away the nearest building on the city side was the magazine and cartridge factory from which the state troops were supplied with ammunition—mostly blank, nowadays, for pageants and reviews. It consisted of a range of white *chunam* buildings, forming a square, and approached by a central archway on the side facing the residency. Immediately over that portion of the block where the powder was stored a tall flag-staff rose with the lightning-conductor attached, and it was to this that the Maharajah was excitedly pointing. The lightning was playing round the copper spike of the conductor in little tongues of flame, like fiery serpents.

Morrison shrank instinctively from the touch of the flabby fingers; but professionalism asserted itself, and he began to improve the occasion. He explained how the electric fluid was diverted and carried off by the conductor to spend itself harmlessly in the earth, and that instead of threatening an explosion, the conductor was at that moment protecting the magazine and the workmen on the premises from any such risk. 'And I do not understand what you mean, Maharajah Sahib, when you speak of an explosion which would kill or maim a score of people as fun,' he added coldly.

But his pupil was now far too deeply interested in the scientific details of controlling the electric fluid to notice his rebuke. Question and answer followed in quick succession, and by the time the Maharajah had mastered the whole subject of 'earth connections,' 'copper points,' and the other technicalities of lightning conduction the storm had spent itself.

Colonel Sadleir had long ago stolen away to go to his wife, who was nervous in thunder-storms, and the Maharajah rose to return to the palace. Morrison went with him.

'Morrison Sahib, you're a very clever scientific,' he said. 'If I knew all curious things, same like you, I should have heap of fun—every day.'

The gaunt tutor and the squat, waddling hobbledehoy had gone but a short distance along the veranda when a little face, pale with wrath, peered after them round the tatty of the room near which they had been sitting.

'You wretch!' muttered Bessie, shaking her fist at the retreating figures.

## CHAPTER II.

That same night, after dinner, Colonel Sadleir took Bessie to task—rather mildly, it is true—respecting her persistent incivility towards the Maharajah.

'It is quite possible to dislike people very much without being downright rude to them,' he said, stroking his daughter's brown hair.

Bessie looked at him quizzically. 'You evidently speak from experience, father dear,' she said. 'I believe you have been trying it—on the same subject.' And then somewhat to his surprise she proceeded to agree with him quite eagerly. 'You shan't have occasion to complain again—not for a while at least,' she added. 'I mean to be extra sweet to His Highness and take an interest in all his doings. I have sent my ayah over to the palace to say that I should like a trip on the private railway to-morrow.'

This was hardly what the Colonel wanted, for doubt was thick upon him, but he said nothing—only took precautions. During the next few days Bessie had several trips on the miniature railway; she inspected the electric light installation that was being fitted in the gaudy, gimcrack-furnished palace: and she was taken to see a new elephant-house that was in course of construction. Sometimes the Maharajah was present to do the honours himself, and sometimes not; but on every occasion when she met him Bessie was exceedingly gracious, and Morrison—always at hand when the tours were personally conducted—was amused and a little puzzled by her efforts to draw the young prince out.

One day, about a week after the thunder-storm, Bessie was talking to the Maharajah's engine-driver in the residency garden. Burton was a thick-set, open-faced Yorkshireman, who had been tempted by the high pay offered him to throw up his billet on the G. I. P. R., and enter private service at the palace of Jettore. He was an especial favourite and protégé of the Political Agent's little daughter, who, coming out shortly after the fatal accident to his child, had paid many consoling visits to the sorrowing parents in their small bungalow outside the palace gates. She had been asking him if he had made any fresh discovery in the matter of the broken bolt-screw, and had received a negative reply.

'I wish you would tell me, Burton, what was your own private opinion of the accident—at first, I mean, and before you found the bolt under the prickly pear,' said Bessie.

The engine-driver glanced about him before replying, but there was no one nearer than an ancient *mahli* watering the flowers a hundred yards away.

'Well, Miss,' he said, 'I don't mind telling you, though I wouldn't mention it to another

living soul. I believe His Highness wasn't exactly truthful. You see I was positive that the signal, being at safety, told me to come on round the curve. 'Tisn't as if I wasn't an experienced man; I've been driving engines and watching signals this twenty years, and never a fault before. What I thought was as he muffed it and didn't pull the lever till after I'd passed, and then, seeing what had happened, lied, so as to shift the blame. I didn't say anything, because it's our daily bread not to offend him, and whichever it was it was an accident. I am glad I didn't now, and I'm sorry I misjudged His Highness. But if I can lay my hand on the man that meddled with the bolt, it will be bad for him.'

'Don't you suspect any one?'

'No one in particular,' replied Burton. 'There's a hundred niggers about the place, each of 'em as curious as a pack of monkeys. The wisest of them would pull the inside out of a barrel-organ to see what makes the noise.'

'Yes,' said Bessie, 'it may be difficult to find out about the pulling to pieces, but how about the putting together again? That ought not to be so hard. It must have been done almost immediately after the accident, and whoever put the new bolt in must have pulled the old one out.'

Burton tried hard to read the flushed and eager young face. 'You mean His Highness, I think, Miss,' he said at length, with a shake of his head. 'That crossed my mind, too, when I found the bolt; but it wouldn't wash, so to speak. You see if it had been him he would have had to go to the workshop for the new bolt immediately, and I'm pretty certain he didn't leave the ground before we all examined the apparatus.'

'Well, but, supposing the tampering took place then and caused the accident, *some one* must have put in the new bolt between the passing of the train and the examination of the signal,' said Bessie, adding slowly: 'What if *some one*—with emphasis—'had the new bolt ready with him, and slipped it in the moment the train had gone by.'

The engine-driver looked at her with a dawning horror which showed that he understood her drift at last. 'Good heavens! Miss, but do you know what you are charging him with?' he exclaimed hoarsely. 'To have acted like that, he must have deliberately planned the whole thing and took out the old bolt on purpose. And him so fond of my Willie, and liking to have him about! Why, it was him who used to encourage the boy to go and play there while he amused himself with the signals, and'—

'Exactly,' interrupted the girl, carried away now by the force of the conviction which had filled her ever since she had overheard the conversation—or part of it—in the veranda, 'exactly; but that all points the same way, Burton, don't you see?'

'By heavens! If I could prove it, Prince or no Prince shouldn't save him. The black heart that could plan such mischief to an innocent child'—



'Hush !' said Bessie, laying a soothing hand on his coat-sleeve. 'You cannot prove it ; it is too long ago, and there is no real evidence. Let the past alone and look to the future. Watch closely, Burton, and let me know anything curious that you can't account for. I am watching, and I think father and Mr Morrison are watching too, though they don't tell me. I have an idea that there may be mischief with the dynamos ; he is so keen on them just now. You see, if we can find out anything fresh, we could not only prevent it, but the exposure would go far to prove and bring punishment for that other horror. Instead of intrusting him with the State when he comes of age, the supreme government would have to shut him up as a lunatic—at least.'

So it was that another pair of eyes were set to work—the sharpest, and of just cause the most tireless, of those which at that time were focused on the palace at Jettore.

In the afternoon of the following day the Political Agent and the Maharajah's tutor were again sitting in the veranda of the residency, chatting, as men will when not sure of their ground, on every subject except the one uppermost in their minds. By a sort of tacit understanding that had not been again referred to, though the shadow of it lay upon them like some hideous nightmare. It was with them day and night, and the strain of it was that they were powerless to act. Public policy, the exigencies of officialism, fairness to the suspect—everything precluded action on mere surmise. Colonel Sadleir knew, and Morrison knew, that even a confidential report to Simla on such slender grounds as they could urge would go into a pigeon-hole or, more probably, the waste-basket.

Presently they were joined by Mrs Sadleir and Bessie, and shortly afterwards Doctor Snelgar looked in on his way home from a ride. The medical officer attached to the Political Agency was a garrulous, cheery little man, with an unceasing flow of gossip, and never at a loss for a topic. The last person in the world to whom the Colonel and Morrison would have confided the doubts that assailed them, he began, by some strange chance and with the airiness of evident unsuspicion, to trench upon the dangerous ground.

'Wonderful chap, the Maharajah,' said the doctor. 'You ought to be proud of him, Morrison ; the way you've brought him on is a credit all round. Unlucky though, in his amusements, to other people sometimes. I hope his latest excursion into the realms of practical knowledge won't make me busy.'

'I have seen Smith, the London foreman in charge of the electric installation, and he tells me that there is no possibility of accident yet, and won't be till a current is generated. At present they are only fixing the arcs and laying the circuit wires,' remarked Colonel Sadleir.

'Ah, but I wasn't talking about electricity, Colonel,' replied Snelgar, pouncing on the chance to impart information first-hand. 'How about gunpowder as a medium for amateur experiments?' he added with an air of mystery.

'What are you driving at, doctor?' said

Morrison, struggling to hide his eagerness. 'I thought I was pretty well aware of all the Maharajah's pursuits. He hasn't taken me into his confidence on any new departure in that line.'

'Not about the magazine?' returned the doctor. 'I thought you would be sure to know ; but this shows that the unfortunate medico who has to be out all hours scores occasionally by picking up a bit of fresh news. I was called up at five yesterday morning to Mrs Bell, the *padre's* wife, and while dressing I saw His Highness coming out of the main gate of the magazine. It is in full view of my bungalow—just as it is from here, by the way—and I made him out quite plainly. Later on I was passing the gate, and I asked the watchman what had brought him such a distinguished visitor so early. The man said that the Maharajah wanted to take a look round while the workpeople were absent, so as to see if the place was left with a due regard to safety. "But Doctor Sahib," the watchman added, "I beseech you to keep a closed lip about this matter. The Maharajah desired secrecy, and enjoined it upon me at my peril." The rogue had evidently had a tip to close his mouth, but as I hadn't one—why, there you are.'

Bessie, who had been drinking in the doctor's words, saw a glance of consternation pass between her father and Morrison. The tutor was silent, and the Colonel only said :

'What do you imagine this outbreak of royal energy portends, Snelgar?'

The doctor laughed. 'A good rousing fire-work display somewhere in the palace grounds,' he replied. 'I expect His Highness was after stealing a pound or two of his own powder. Boys will be boys, you know.'

But Morrison shook his head. 'It could hardly have been that,' he was beginning ; 'there is plenty of sporting powder at the palace available for such a purpose'—And there he checked himself on the verge of the dangerous topic, and cast about for a quick change of subject. Before he found one, the sullen boom of distant thunder came to his rescue.

'Another storm!' exclaimed Mrs Sadleir nervously. 'I will go into the house, I think,' and she disappeared through the adjacent window. Bessie ran to the end of the veranda to report on the aspect of the weather, for in front of them, over the city, the sky was as yet clear.

'It is as black as ink away to the left, and spreading this way,' she cried. 'Ah ! there's another flash.'

She had hardly returned to the group and resumed her seat when the rain began to fall, and a minute later the storm broke in its full fury half a mile off along the ridge. From the increasing loudness of each successive peal, it was evident that the disturbance was advancing sideways, and would pass across the city from left to right in a direction parallel with the residency. Already the sky above was densely overcast, and the highly charged air hung heavy on the lungs.

The only timid one of the party having retired, the rest remained in the ample shelter

of the broad veranda to watch the progress of the storm. The white walls and minarets of the city glowed every ten seconds in the steel-blue glint of the lightning, as though played upon by a man-of-war search-light, and the thunder boomed incessantly. Suddenly they were surprised to hear amid the din a shriek of wild laughter, and a moment later the Maharajah rushed into the veranda, unannounced, and in a state of gleeful excitement. He was drenched to the skin and panting for breath.

'I run over from palace to see big storm,' he explained, flinging himself into a chair. 'You not mind, Colonel Sahib, eh? Better view from here, you know.'

There was something uncanny in his appearance—something weird in the eager, gloating merriment of the beady eyes, and in the twitching of the flabby face that made them shudder—but it was necessary to extend a welcome. Colonel Sadleir qualified it, however, by adding:

'Your Highness has submitted yourself to rather a needless soaking. You could have seen the storm very well from the palace.'

'Ah, yes—the storm,' was the chuckling answer; 'but not the what-you-call lightning-conductor on roof of magazine. This beastly hill cover him all up from palace so I not see. And it funny—real *tumasha*—when flames dance round pole like zigzag. That why I come.'

A slight movement from his side caused the Colonel to turn. He was just in time to catch a glimpse of Bessie disappearing into the house—to go to her mother, he supposed; for in her more friendly relations with the Maharajah he failed to connect her flight with the latter's arrival. His Highness himself clearly did not claim to be the cause of the girl's departure, since he remarked complacently:

'Miss Bessie frightened of storm? Pity she no wait for grand *tumasha*. So glad I reach here in time.'

But half a minute later it was brought clearly home to him that whatever had moved Bessie to leave them, it was not fear of the weather. The residency, as has been said, stood half-way between the palace and the city, that portion of the road leading citywards being in full view of the veranda. For the first two hundred yards it descended a gentle hill, and for three hundred more ran across the flat as straight as a ruler to the gate of the magazine, thence onwards into the heart of Jettore. Along this road, and as yet but a hundred yards away, Bessie was speeding as though for dear life, her white muslin dress already drenched to a clinging wisp, and her bounding figure showing up elf-like in the lightning flashes.

The others did not realise at first that it was in truth Bessie whom they saw; but the Maharajah recognised her at once, and the effect upon him was as swift as inexplicable. Uttering a strange cry—partly a screech of terror, partly a howl of baffled rage—he rose and rushed away; and the three men, risen now to their feet in wondering concern, heard him dash through the house towards the entrance facing the road. They were still looking at each other in blank dismay when

he appeared on the road, running his hardest after the first figure, but a good three hundred yards behind.

'Surely that can't be Bessie ahead of him!' exclaimed the Colonel, and he rushed into the nearest room for a field-glass. When he returned the girl had disappeared through the archway of the magazine, and the Maharajah was still labouring along, sorely hampered by his flowing raiment, in the same direction.

The doctor, in his ignorance, was beginning to derive amusement from the episode; but Sadleir and Morrison were trembling like men on the verge of an unseen precipice, dreading they knew not what. Moved by a common impulse to follow, they were turning away, when a shout from Snelgar arrested them, and turned their attention once more to the long vista of road.

'By Jove! if that is Miss Bessie, she has been playing a game on the magazine *wallahs*,' exclaimed the doctor. 'See! there's a regular stampede.'

It was true enough. Out of the magazine gate came a cluster of natives, jostling and tumbling over each other in frantic haste; and behind them, no less eager to clear the archway, followed the drenched little figure whom Sadleir's glass now told him was indeed his daughter. The native work-people scattered in all directions—mostly fleeing towards the city with cries of alarm that were heard between the thunder-peals—but Bessie came straight back on her tracks for the residency, running like a fawn. Fifty yards from the magazine gate she met the Maharajah, who to the spectators on the veranda seemed to shout to her as he passed, but without stopping, for he kept right on to the magazine. The last they saw of the hereditary ruler of Jettore was a stumpy, white-swathed form, lit up by a lurid lightning-flash, as he vanished through the archway of the deserted building.

'No need to go after her now,' said the Colonel. 'She will be back in a minute at that pace. But what can have come over the child? What is *he* doing?'

'Gone to play with the lightning-conductor, I expect,' suggested the irresponsible doctor. 'If so, he is in for a lively time; the storm will be right over him directly. But here comes Miss Bessie with her explanation of the conundrum.'

She stumbled into the veranda, to sink, dripping wet and well-nigh exhausted, into a chair. To their anxious questions her sole answer was a gesture towards the gate of the magazine, and the gasping cry, 'Has he come out yet?'

They told her no—that the road was clear right up to the gate—and then fell to questioning again. But it was not from the dragged child in the chair that they got their answer—then. A blue, forked bolt shot from the sky, and flickered for the tenth of a second lovingly round the conductor on the magazine; the walls of the building seemed to bulge and crumble; and, with a roar that drowned the thunder, a burst of flame that dimmed the lightning, His Highness the Maharajah's *tumasha* came off. The state of Jettore had lost its

stock of powder, and—what was under the circumstances more to the purpose—had also lost the occupant of its throne.

That night, when the turmoil had passed, Bessie explained how her instinctive dislike had grown into active suspicion under what she had chanced to overhear, and how she and the bereaved engine-driver had been on the lookout for eccentricities.

'It was Burton, father, who heard that he had procured a roll of copper wire from the electric-light foreman,' she said. 'We thought he was going to attempt some mischief with the installation; but when he came on to the veranda, with that horrible gloating look on his face, to watch the lightning-conductor in the storm, I thought of what the doctor had just been saying about his secret visit to the magazine. He must have gone there to attach the wire to the conductor and divert it into the powder-room, intending to come here in the next storm to see the explosion. That was the only thing I could think of; so I ran down to warn the workpeople.'

'And what did he say when you passed him on the road?'

'He merely shouted: "You too much cunning, Miss Bessie. I make it all right—then people think you lie."'

'He must have been doubly a lunatic,' said the Political Agent. 'The fact of his rushing off—I suppose to dismantle his infernal contrivance—would have been enough to condemn him. As things are, it had better be kept dark and go to the world as another "accident;" but none the less are those in the secret proud of you, Bessie, for saving all those poor fellows, at the risk of your life, from a dreadful end.'

'And the state of Jettore from the rule of a homicidal maniac,' said Morrison gravely.

### LIVING BAROMETERS.

AMONGST recent advances in weather lore, one branch of this subject has received but scant attention. There is a widespread belief in the delicate powers possessed by some animals and plants of predicting the approach of weather changes: it is even said that in some cases these natural barometers seem to be more sensitive than the meteorological instruments in ordinary use. Nor could it be wondered at if the instinct, which the lower animals have acquired throughout long periods of natural selection, of foretelling the coming of the storm that robs them of their food or destroys their home and young, should prove more unerring than the more laborious observations of man.

The power of adaptation to circumstances, which man alone enjoys to its full extent, has rendered it unnecessary that he should know by intuition what the weather of the next few hours may be. But with the lower animals the case is altogether different. Defenceless as they are against the ravages of the storm, and powerless to combat the fury of the elements, it is often to them a matter of life or death should their instinct fail to warn them of approaching danger. This gift has no doubt been an important factor in determining the survival of

the fittest: it has given its possessors an advantage over their less fortunate competitors.

The gift may, however, be less mysterious than it at first sight appears. The president of the Royal Meteorological Society, in a long discourse on 'Weather Fallacies,' printed in the Society's *Quarterly Journal* this year, while not affirming that all indications derived *as to the future* from plants and animals are fallacious, practically asserted that most of those examined by scientific experts had broken down. The actions relied on as indications of future changes, indicate directly only what the animals at that moment feel, not what they feel is coming. If they act in a special way before rain comes, that is simply, he believes, because they feel uneasy by reason of actual chilliness or dampness; but in fact such dampness may precede still wetter weather. So with plants: they act in accordance with the weather conditions actually prevailing—conditions which, in many cases, precede greater changes, so that valuable hints may be derived from these sources.

The restlessness of domestic animals on the approach of rainy weather has given rise to many a well-worn household proverb. Cats and dogs are given to scratching and other uneasy movements, while their fur looks less bright and glossy; horses and cattle stretch their necks and sniff the air; sheep become frolicsome, or turn their backs to the wind, with frequent quarrels; goats bleat incessantly and leave the hill-tops for more sheltered spots; pigs run uneasily about, carrying straw to the sty, and no longer wallow in the mud and mire; fowls huddle together in the farm-yard, with drooping wings, and the air is filled with the clamorous cackle of geese and ducks. When Louis XI., astonished at the remarkable accuracy of the charcoal-burner's weather predictions, curiously asked the cause, he learned that the real prophet was the man's donkey, which always hung his ears forward and rubbed his back against the wall on the approach of rain.

But although domestic animals are undoubtedly sensitive to changes, present or coming, in the weather, it is amongst the wilder creatures that we find this power in its fullest extent. Moles become more active in digging; stoats and weasels become unusually restless and uneasy; rats and mice run noisily about in the house walls; and the hedgehog fortifies his cave against the coming storm with an unfailing prevision which has earned for this strange little animal quite a reputation amongst weather prophets.

Wild birds suffer much from inclement seasons, and might therefore be expected to have an unusually delicate perception of unfavourable atmospheric conditions. In addition to the accurate knowledge of the change of seasons which is indispensable to habits of migration, keen sensitiveness to weather conditions is abundantly shown in the daily habits of birds both large and small. Rooks and swallows, instead of taking their customary distant flight, remain near home when a tempest is brewing; sea-gulls no longer venture out to sea, but hover over the fields or fly inland when wind and rain are near; swallows and martins fly low and skim the water; herons seem doubtful where to rest; and the robin broods, melancholy,

in the bush, or seeks the shelter of a neighbouring roof. Stormy petrels have long established their claim to consideration by mariners as weather guides, owing to their invariable habit of collecting in the wake of ships before a storm. There are some, however, who ascribe this behaviour of Mother Carey's chickens rather to the superstitious imagination of sailors than to the weather wisdom of the bird itself.

Even aquatic animals are alleged to be affected by the approach of atmospheric changes. It is said that porpoises and dolphins swim to windward on the approach of rough weather, and sailors look with misgivings upon the sports and gambols of these unwieldy creatures as they circle round their ships when the sea is calm. The variable prospects of the angler according to the height of the barometer is in itself sufficient proof of the effect of the weather upon the inhabitants of our lakes and rivers. It is an interesting fact that the earliest suggestion of storm warnings for our coasts was that of Dr Merryweather, at the Great Exhibition of 1851, where he showed a living barometer, consisting of bottled leeches, which rang little bells by an ingenious contrivance when a storm was at hand. His proposal to establish a system of leech barometers at our principal seaport towns was never carried into effect, and sounds somewhat ludicrous at the present day. The president of the Meteorological Society evidently expects us to find it difficult to believe that the scheme was propounded seriously. Yet there appears to be a good foundation in fact for the connection between the weather and the behaviour of the leech. When placed in a bottle partly filled with water, a leech is said to remain coiled up at the bottom before the coming of fine, cold weather; but it rises to the top of the bottle, sticking on the glass above the level of the water, when it is going to rain. It is said to become restless on the approach of electrical disturbances.

A similar use was commonly made of frogs in Germany and Switzerland. A small green variety was kept in a glass vessel half full of water, into which a miniature ladder descended. The frog sat high and dry upon the steps in expectation of cold and wet, but remained in the water when there was a promise of sunshine. Reptiles, also, which remain torpid during the winter have this weather sensitiveness in a marked degree. Eastern superstition has even endowed snakes with power over wind and rain.

In the insect world, too, similar instincts seem to exist. The 'rain-beetle' of Bedfordshire, a long-bodied member of the large family of beetles, has acquired its name from the supposed association of its appearance with the coming of wet weather. That a bee was never caught in a shower is a familiar belief arising from the habit which this insect has acquired of remaining at home when unfavourable weather is threatening. Ants, wasps, and spiders exhibit the most watchful anxiety for the approach of inclement seasons, and in the disposition of their nests, eggs, or webs they utilise to the utmost their acquired faculty of guarding against wind and rain. Indolence in spiders is believed to be a certain sign of bad weather, for they seldom change their web unless it is going to be fine, and they make

the frame-lines of their webs unusually short, to meet the resistance of a rising wind.

Such precautionary instincts and prophetic powers as animals possess are, as has already been stated, the natural outcome of a necessity for self-preservation. In the case of plant-life, although provisions for the safety and dispersion of the species are equally necessary, we do not find this protective power against bad weather to so marked an extent. There is also a difference between the habits of plants and the instinct of animals. But certain plants are capable of giving weather indications of considerable accuracy and value.

The pink-eyed pimpernel, the 'Poor Man's Weather-glass,' as it is often called, is so sensitive to atmospheric changes that it shuts up its petals in the damp air which precedes rain, and is widely relied upon, before all other weather signs, by the British ploughman. This peculiarity is also possessed by other common wild-flowers, such as the wood-anemone, or wind-flower, the chickweed, convolvulus, and gentian. The burnet saxifrage and the chickweed even go so far as to half open their flowers again if the rain is soon to cease. The African marigold, which closes its petals regularly at nightfall, fails to reopen them in the morning if the weather is damp.

Not only the flowers, but also the leaves of some plants give warnings of approaching change. Pliny states that the clover bristles and erects its leaves before a storm; and Virgil has described the signs of coming weather given by the leaves of the almond-tree. The wild liquorice plant (*Abrus precatorius*), the so-called weather plant, is said to hang its leaves horizontally for a change, upwards for fine weather, and drooping for rain. This fact was called attention to in 1892; but the Kew observers who have specially studied it say the only movements discernible are due to the direct agency of light, heat, and moisture. In the United States it is a common saying that the leaves of the sugar-maple turn upside down before a storm, while the silver-maple shows the white lining of its leaf. In our own country, the wood-sorrel, lime, poplar, sycamore, and plane trees vary the direction of their leaves with different conditions of the atmosphere.

The well-known saying which attempts to determine the weather of the coming summer by the priority of the oak or ash in the development of leaf-buds has probably no more foundation in fact than belongs to the natural characteristics of these trees. In this country the oak is usually in leaf before the ash, and in so moist a climate the early summer is more often wet than dry.

According to modern meteorology, the greater part of the storms which traverse these islands are of the cyclonic type, in which there is always a well-defined distribution of atmospheric temperature and pressure. The front of an advancing cyclone is marked by a damp muggy atmosphere, with a general depressing effect upon the nervous system of man himself. It is not surprising that the lower animals should feel it also. The heaviness of the air renders the scent of flowers, and other odours, more apparent, and explains the habit of sniffing

the air displayed by many animals before a storm. The excessive dampness of the atmosphere, by its influence on cutaneous perspiration, accounts for much of the restlessness and feeling of discomfort which so many of the fur and feather tribe betray during the passage of a cyclone across our islands. The animal skin, and also its appendages, are peculiarly affected by the humidity of the air. The Zuni Indians of New Mexico were wont to predict rain from the appearance of the scalp-locks captured from their enemies. The fur of animals, the moist skins of toads and frogs, and the plumage of birds are very sensitive to small variations in the hygrometric state of the atmosphere.

Dampness has also a marked effect upon many vegetable tissues. If a beard of wild oat is fixed upon a stand, it twists itself up more or less according to the amount of water vapour present in the atmosphere. Pine cones can be used in a similar manner as natural hygrometers, closing up their scales in damp weather, and expanding them when the air is dry. The leaf-stalks of plants are softened by damp, causing the leaves to droop or hang unnaturally. The sensitive plant, *mimosa*, exhibits increased irritability in the warm, moist air of a cyclone front; and even the downy hairs of dandelions, thistles, and colt's-foot contract and expand under the ever-varying influence of atmospheric vapour.

Here, then, is the explanation of the movements of plants described above. The ploughman's weather-glass need lose none of its efficiency because its mysterious sensibility is thus accounted for: it tells us actual conditions, which, rightly understood, may be capable of interpretation as signifying changes to come.

After the cyclone front has passed away, the air becomes dry and bracing, and a feeling of exhilaration pervades the whole of creation. Sea-birds fly out far to seaward, rooks and kites soar aloft in the air, insects float in the light breeze in search of honey-dew, and plants expand their leaves boldly to the sun. The confidence of all nature is restored, for the dangers of the storm are over.

### PROOF POSITIVE.

By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY, Author of *Joseph's Coat*; *Aunt Rachel*; *The Way of the World*, &c.

#### CHAPTER I.

It was the Professor himself, and no other.

He was standing at the corner of the street beneath a lamp-post, and though his head was so far bent downward as to set his face in complete shadow, I recognised him by the queer old Noah's Ark coat he always wore, and the shapelessly picturesque, unmistakable old hat. I stopped my hurried walk within three yards of him, but he gave no sign of any knowledge of my presence.

The night was extraordinarily cold for London—the thermometer actually indicated zero—and the wind blew in ill-tempered gusts which sent an icy shiver through my younger blood,

though I was stoutly wrapped against the weather, and had walked swiftly. At intervals between the blasts a fine dusty snow was falling. The sky was as black as ink, and it would have been hard to picture to the mind a scene more desolate than this suburban street corner. Yet here was the Professor within thirty yards of his own cosy fireside, standing alone and dreaming wide awake, without knowledge of the frowning night. I made absolutely sure of him, and then, advancing, touched him on the shoulder.

'Professor! Dr Zeck!'

He started and stared at me as if I had been a stranger, but in a minute the beautiful infantile smile with which he always greeted his friends shone in his face, and he stretched out his hand towards me.

'It is you, Alwayne?' he said. A shiver ran through him from head to foot, and his teeth chattered as he spoke. 'But, by Heavens!' he added, hugging himself with both arms, 'it is cold.'

'You are waiting for some one?' I asked him.

'Nein!' said the Professor; 'I wait for nobody. I was thinking, that is all.'

I gave him my arm, and we moved towards his house together. He walked stiffly, as if cramped by cold, and twice or thrice he shivered strongly.

'Come,' I said, quickening my pace a little, and almost dragging him forward. 'This will not do. This absent-mindedness of yours will be the death of you some day. How long were you standing there, dreaming in the cold?'

'That,' he said, shivering so violently that he could not walk, 'I cannot tell you.'

His teeth rattled like dice in a box, and with a momentary but genuine fear of his condition I put one arm about his waist, and half carried, half supported him to his own door. There I sounded a noisy peal at the bell, and (this being answered at once) in less than a minute I had the old gentleman in his own warm arm-chair before the fire. I ordered hot coffee for him, and when it came, I gave him a stiff dose of cognac with the first cup. By-and-by, under the influence of this timely stimulant, and the restoring warmth of the room, he grew quite comfortable again, and the colour came back to his face, which was at first so leaden in its hue as to fill me with alarm.

'Ah!' he said, 'that is better. Do you know, Alwayne, I am very much of an old fool?'

'Well, no, Professor,' I responded; 'I have never thought that of you. But you need to be looked after. What were you so absorbed in when I came up with you?'

'A little experiment I tried this morning,' he answered mildly. 'I will show you of it in a day or two. It failed to-day, but I think I have him by the tail.'

There he smiled again, in his own childlike, lovable way, and fell to chafing his hands above the fire.

'Give me my pipe, Alwayne, that is a good fellow. You are thanked. What should I have

done had you not awakened me? Should I have stood still to freeze? Do you know?—my grandfather was the same sort of old fool that I am. He was a great man, my grandfather, but a dreamer. I used to see him in my youth so buried in his own thoughts that you might have fired cannon about him without result. I used to envy that self-absorption. I used to say, "What would I give to live so absolutely in my own thoughts?" And now that I do it, and cannot help doing it, it is no boon. It is pure wool-gathering half the time, and I pass for a silly old man. Eh?"

I made no answer, for my mind was full of other matter. But when he had packed the big porcelain bowl, had lit his pipe, and leaned back in his chair, puffing with an aspect of twinkling enjoyment, he asked me a question which gave me an opening for what I had in my heart to say.

"Where were you going, Alwayne, when we met just now?"

"I was coming here, sir," I faltered, and my heart began to beat thickly. He must have caught something curious in the tone, for he looked up and took his pipe from his lips with awakened attention.

"For any special purpose?" he asked.

"For a very special purpose," I responded. I took my courage in both hands and stumbled on. "I have been through my books to-night. I find that my practice is increasing in a steady ratio. In the last year I have earned two thousand pounds!"

"Good!" he said emphatically; "Good!"

"This," I continued, "is an income on which I can venture to marry. Apart from inclination, marriage is a prudent thing for a medical man of thirty."

"Undoubtedly," said the Professor, emitting a great cloud of smoke. "Prudent, if the choice be prudent."

"I have made up my mind about the choice, sir, these two years past. I came here to-night to ask your permission to offer myself to your grand-daughter."

"God in heaven!" said the Professor in his native tongue. It was spoken so queerly that to my nervous fancy it sounded like an unqualified, amazed rejection, but in another second the old man was shaking me warmly by the hand. "My dear Alwayne, I have loved you this fifteen years," he said with much warmth and feeling, "ever since you first came to me to study ghemistry." He was very German for a moment in his excitement, but he cooled down almost at once, and after a renewed hand-shake he walked back to the chair he had quitted, and sat there, his pipe pendant from his lips, a hand on either knee, and his face one cordial, delighted beam.

"I am flattered by your kindness," I began, but he spread out both hands against me.

"You have any idea?" he asked. "You have not spoken to her? Listen! that is she."

A ring sounded at the front door, and in a minute the room was bright and terrible with the presence of my beloved. Anybody is welcome to laugh at the words. They are true.

How sweet she looked, with her hair just powdered with snow, and the white woollen cloud she wore setting off the rich colour of her cheek! Her eyes shone like twin stars, and the frosty wind outside had fanned her beauty to an astonishing brightness.

"Oh," she said pantingly, "such a struggle home! I have been only a dozen doors away, and I had to fight to get here. The wind blows like a hurricane, and the snow is blinding."

The Professor arose, laid down his pipe, walked round the centre table to where she stood, and took her in his arms and kissed her.

"Stay here!" he said. "Alwayne has something to say to you."

She looked at me with some surprise, and her colour altered. The old man left the room, and we both stood embarrassed. She had half thrown off the woollen cloud of white which had obscured her head, and her beautiful chestnut hair was a little disordered. Her eyes were shy, and their lids were heavy. She had no courage to look at me, and I gathered fire from her shyness, and passing round the table, took her unresisting hands in both mine, and spoke to her.

"Kathryn," I said, "I have just asked your grandfather if he would be willing to see me your husband. I have his full consent to speak to you. I have loved you for years. I have waited for years. I have worked all the while to be able to speak to you. Now I can offer you a home if you will share it with me. Can you care for me at all, Kathryn?"

She laughed shyly and happily. She made no pretence of coyness.

"I care a good deal," she said.

"Do you care enough to be my wife?" I asked her.

She looked up, and her beautiful eyes met mine. The rich blood was mantling in her cheeks again, and I drank the warm fragrance of her breath. I drew her hands nearer to me and sideways, outward, and she swayed towards me until her lips touched mine. I took her in my arms, and I covered her with kisses until she escaped from me.

"Oh, for shame!" she said, "to use a poor girl so! Look at my hair."

It was indeed in such delicious disorder, that I should have been less, or more, than human if I had not kissed her again. But at this she fairly ran away from me, and I heard her silvery voice, as clear as ever, but with a sort of ringing tremor, calling: "Grandpapa! Mr Alwayne has something to say to you."

This was followed by a little laugh, which spoke a thousand things of happiness and shyness to my heart, and then with a soft storm of rustling skirts she ran up-stairs to her own room. The Professor came to me with open eyes, wondering, as it turned out afterwards, what had broken up this conference so quickly. In the very midst of the excess of my delight, I was conscious of looking embarrassed and absurd. I shook that feeling off, however, and I took the dear old man by the hand. I had always loved him and revered him, but never had such a full sun of friendship warmed my

breast. I could have thrown my arms about him and hugged him to my heart.

'She is mine, Professor.' That was all I had the wit to say.

'Good!' he answered, shaking my hand hard; 'good! I would not have had it otherwise. You are a good fellow, Alwayne—a good man. For Kathryn, no better girl was ever born. Ah, to-night, my friend, how she shone upon me like her mother! Her sacred mother, my dear Alwayne. She is with God these many years. She went before my wife. And sometimes, they are all so alike, I forget. I could almost dream that I am not an old man, and that Kathryn is the little girl I made love to so very long ago.'

He was moved to tears, and he made no disguise. He mopped his eyes unaffectedly, and then having blown his nose with a stentorian sound, he took up his pipe and relit it, and leaned back, smiling, in his chair. The moisture in his eyes made his smile more child-like and bright and endearing than I had ever seen it. My own happiness at that moment was so warm and tender that I had no resistance this time for the impulse which overcame me. I stooped above him and kissed his cheek.

'You won't lose your grand-daughter,' I said. 'There will be room for all of us, and my dear old master shall have a lifelong welcome.'

He pressed my hand in answer, and with a tap at the door before she entered, Kathryn was back again.

'I am going to the kitchen,' she said, thrusting her head round the door, and laughing and blushing at once with an exquisite prettiness. Her happiness made my heart ache with joy. It was the certainty of my love which lent that new charm to her beauty. She had loved me. I divined it all with a pleasure which was pain. She had loved me long before I had spoken, and now our hearts and our wills were one. It was all as real as the solid earth, and yet, I had a fear lest I might awaken and prove it a dream. 'I am going to the kitchen,' said Kathryn, laughing and blushing and shy and saucy in the same breath. 'For grand-papa will allow no one else to make his omelette. You shall have some if you're good—Robert.' It was the first time she had ever called me by my Christian name; and there was something so captivating in the grace of it, it was done with so rosy and harmless and dimpled a mischief, that if I had not been fathoms deep in love already, I should have dived at that instant. 'Sans adieu!' she said, nodding to each of us, and so was gone, leaving me staring at the blank door as if heaven had gone from my gaze.

That 'Robert' was like a gift of herself. It was as if she had hidden the name in her breast till then, and dared now to own it for the first time.

The Professor had very simple and old-fashioned habits. He dined at two, took tea at six, and supped an hour or two before going to bed. I had often sat at these innocent banquets—these nine o'clock regales of fish or omelette or the like—some simple, inexpensive

thing which it was Kathryn's delight to prepare for the old man's enjoyment. He had but one costly taste. His cellar held the best Berncastler I ever saw poured, and he took a glass or two of it at supper-time unfailingly.

'Come!' he said. 'We will commemorate this great hour, Alwayne. I will ring for a candle, and you shall light me to the cellar. There is one dozen such wine—well, I will not boast. Emperors drink it, kings and kaisers, and among common men I am the sole possessor. I saved the life of the grower, and ever since, for fifty years now, I have had my yearly half-dozen—my tribute. Come! We will fetch out the oldest of them all.'

The maid had entered whilst he was still speaking, and she now returned with a lighted candle, which she left upon the table. I led the way which I had travelled many a hundred times before, for the bringing up of the bottle thrice a week or so had been my duty when I had lived with the Professor as his pupil, and the old man, chatting excitedly, followed in my footsteps. By some little bit of ignorance or carelessness the way to the bin had been blocked by a heap of dusty firewood, and we had to clear all this away before we could get at the precious vintage on the lower shelves. We made merry over this, but we grew very grimy in the process both of us, and on our return to the sitting-room, each laughed at the other's aspect.

'This is soon removed,' said the Professor. 'Come up-stairs.'

I followed him, and when we had made ourselves presentable once more, he laid a hand upon my shoulder, and said rather gravely that he would like to show me something. He led me to another apartment which I knew at once must belong to Kathryn, and for a moment I hesitated to stay in it, for my mere presence there seemed almost like a desecration of its virginal privacy. It was beautifully ordered everywhere, and there was an odour of lavender which reminded me tenderly of its occupant. The Professor took the candle from my hand and moved before me.

'I do not earn much of late years,' he said, 'but I spend so little. One of these days this will be yours, Alwayne, and even if I am not proud, I do not like you to think that Kathryn is portionless.'

I noticed an iron safe let solidly into the wall. It proved to be without a key, for, when the Professor laid a hand upon the brass knob of the door, it yielded to the tug he gave it, and opened. He took from it an unlocked common cash-box, and showed me layer upon layer of Bank of England notes.

'There are four thousand pounds there,' he said simply, as he closed the box and returned it to the safe. 'That is for Kathryn when I am gone.'

'But surely,' I said, 'it is unwise to keep so large a sum of money in so unprotected a place. The safe-door is open.'

'Ah!' the Professor answered with his innocent smile, 'I have lost the key. That is my fault. But nobody knows of it except Kathryn and myself. The two servants have been with us for years, and are as honest as the day. There is no danger.'



'Surely it would be safer to send it to the bank,' I urged him.

'I daresay,' he answered carelessly. 'It can go,' he added. 'There is no reason why it should not go. It is the saving of my life. Whenever I have had money I did not want, I have put it there. Some of it is there for forty years.'

I might have given him the advantage of a little business common-sense on this matter, if he had not told me that one day the money would come to Kathryn, who, many years before that happened, would, I hoped, be my wife. That consideration kept me silent, but it seemed a pity to have kept money unproductive and idle all that time.

We went down-stairs together, and by-and-by Kathryn summoned us to the dining-room, and there, with her own hands, served the omelette she had made. The Professor himself uncorked the precious bottle and poured out the wine, and we all three touched glasses and drank.

'I made songs once,' said the Professor, 'when I was young and foolish. I made a song about this wine:

'Not a moonbeam ever fell  
On the stream, I know so well,  
But the wine has kept its spell.

'Never lover strolled along  
Moselle's leafy woods among,  
But the wine preserves his song.

'There was more of it, but I forget. But all the kindly Moselle valley, all the pretty stream, and the green banks, and the quiet little towns, and the girls and the boys with their pretty little fancies—they are all in that bottle. Eh?'

It was a happy hour, and I can see Kathryn yet as if she were actually before me in all the guileless pride and beauty of her youth. It was a happy hour, and it came to an end. I had to rise at last, and make ready to go; but Kathryn was afraid of the night, and prophesied that I should never reach home. She accompanied me into the hall to say good-bye, and how shall I ever forget the joy and sorrow of that parting? It was hard to leave her for an instant. It was hard to surrender such a rapture as her presence gave me.

At length I took my last farewell and threw open the door. The blast drove me back, and my head came into unpleasant contact with the wall of the corridor. The snow rushed beating in, in flakes as large as a child's hand, and in a mere instant the floor of the passage was covered to the depth of an inch or more by the blowing in of the drift which had piled itself outside.

'Close the door!' cried Kathryn, and I set myself to do it, but the wind blew so fiercely that she had to come to my assistance. The rushing tempest had tumbled half-a-dozen objects in the hall, and amongst the rest had thrown down an engraving and a weather-glass. The tumult brought out the old Professor, who looked about him with amazement.

'You must sleep here to-night, Alwayne,' he said. 'It is not a night to turn out a dog.'

I made some little objection, but I was over-

ruled, and, to tell the truth, I was not sorry to be housed. I was three miles from home, and that blinding storm would have cleared the streets of every vehicle. There was a little bustle whilst the corridor was swept and the debris which bestrewed it cleared away, and then Kathryn ran off to superintend the preparations of my chamber, which had not been occupied for years. She came down with laughing reports of a smoking chimney, and as she opened the door I had a sight of the two females of the household in the act of mounting the stairs, the one carrying a great pile of blankets, and the other a heap of folded bed-linen.

Then, when the preparations were completed, I had a quiet half-hour together, which, to me, was like a bit of heaven. We separated for the night, but the old man came to my room and sat with me. By-and-by we heard Kathryn's voice calling softly at the door of his room.

'I am here, my treasure,' said the Professor, opening the door. 'What is it you want?'

'You will find all that carbon paper on the chest of drawers,' she answered. 'It blackens everything that touches it, and I want to take it away to my own room.'

'Good!' said the Professor, 'I will bring it to you. I have been teaching my little girl how to take carbon prints of the skeletons of leaves,' he explained. 'You know the process? No. It is very simple. See.' He held up against the light a skeleton leaf of exquisite filmy texture, like the very finest lace. 'You prepare your paper with sweet-oil and candle smoke. That is plain enough, eh? You macerate your leaves in water until nothing but the skeleton is left. You rub your skeleton leaf on the carbon, so. You transfer it to a sheet of clean paper, so. Then you rub again, and you have a print of the leaf. A pretty toy, eh?'

'Kathryn is waiting,' I said, and the Professor, gathering all the blackened sheets and the white-leaved book and the skeleton leaves together, carried them out to her. She took them from him, and smiled a last good-night to me.

I did not see her again for many terrible and agonised years, and but for those sheets of carbonised paper, I should never to the day of my death have known what it was that parted us.

## A RESUSCITATED INDUSTRY.

THE establishment of a new industry is rightly regarded as a matter of considerable congratulation; but the benefits derivable from the revival of an old one can scarcely be said to rank lower in the scale of the commercial life of any community. Bearing this fact in mind, no small importance and interest attach themselves to the vigorous efforts recently put forth to resuscitate the ancient Irish charcoal iron industries.

Ireland in prehistoric times was noted for the superior quality of its iron, and it has even been suggested that the famous oriental steel of Phœnician times had its origin in iron 'made in Ireland.' Be this as it may, Irish iron bore a high reputation in Strongbow's

times, and portions of an iron-work of that date have recently been discovered between Rathdrum and Aughrim. Turning to more modern times, Chichester reports having found native smiths at work in Ulster at the beginning of the present century, fashioning steel from native iron. The industry seems to have succumbed through sheer lack of fuel; the woods were not replaced, and as they disappeared, so did the iron furnaces. The iron ore remains in abundance, and the problem has been to find fuel for its reduction.

Not unnaturally, attention has been paid for a considerable time to the extensive peat-bogs of Ireland with a view to their utilisation for iron-smelting purposes; but until recently, no success has rewarded the efforts made. Hitherto, experimenters have worked on the theory that raw peat should be compressed to form a good merchantable article; and a large number and a great variety of machines have been patented and invented to carry out this idea. Peat, however, is a curious substance, and its tenacity of water and general india-rubber-like character have rendered futile all attempts to reduce it by pressure to a solid and dry compact mass.

In view of these repeated failures, a new process in which the water is evaporated and thus disposed of, and the by-products distilled, leaving a residuum of 'peat charcoal,' which can be formed into blocks, and burns as an excellent fuel, merits considerable attention. The by-products, which consist of ammoniacal liquor, acetic acid, spirits of naphtha, and volatile oils, are valuable, and command a ready market. In this connection, it may be pointed out that peat possesses the great advantage of being entirely free from sulphur, a substance, as is well known, most injurious to the quality of iron.

Without unduly entering at length into the minutiae of the new plant, it may briefly be stated that the apparatus consists of horizontal retorts of steel set in brickwork, with flues in the form of a triangle. Inside each retort a specially constructed screw propeller is placed, actuated by external gearing. Channels for feeding in the peat, and pipes for conveying away the products of distillation, are also provided. The retorts are arranged in groups of three, and the peat in its passage through them, under the process of distillation, yields up its volatile parts, and is finally ejected by the propellers as charcoal. The charcoal powder then passes automatically into an improved 'briquette' machine, which compresses it into blocks suitable for melting iron ores in the blast furnace.

Every effort to economise waste products and utilise all sources of heat will be made; and it is proposed to convey the gases evolved in the blast furnaces during the smelting of the iron back to the retorts, both for drying the peat and heating the retorts.

The various expedients proposed for the development of the use of peat and the resuscitation of the ancient Irish iron industry, have been carefully examined by a number of experts, the whole of whom have presented reports of an entirely favourable nature. Over a thousand

acres, estimated to contain more than eight million tons of ironstone, have been secured on the Creevelea estate, in the Barony of Drumahair, County Leitrim, where ample water-power can be obtained from three lakes, seven hundred feet above the level of the works, and yielding an abundant supply for the one hundred and fifty horse-power turbines it is proposed to erect.

The peat on the property covers at least six hundred acres, varying in depth from six to twelve feet, and being a good heavy black turf, with but little fibre, and suitable in every way for the purpose to which it is destined. It only remains to be added that peat is employed on the Continent for the manufacture of iron, and that at Königsbronn, in Würtemberg, both the refining and second fusion of pig-iron, as well as its reheating for rolling and puddling, are performed solely by peat.

The late Sir John Anderson devoted his attention to investigating the quality of iron manufactured by means of peat, and found it to be in all respects of a very superior kind; whilst at the Mersey Steel Works, peat-smelted iron behaved admirably under a series of particularly severe trials.

Enough has been said to demonstrate that a very determined effort is being made to enlist new apparatus and fresh appliances in the revival of an industry which at one time brought considerable prosperity to Ireland. These, it is to be hoped, may, under the guidance of the engineer, the metallurgist, and the chemist, succeed in again establishing as a commercial and industrial success an important branch of manufacture, which has unhappily lain dormant for many generations.

#### THE NOVELIST.

THE man with a head for a tale,  
Who trusts to his fancy for bread,  
Will find even fancy bread fail  
When he hasn't a tale in his head;

When he has, he must toil on his plot  
With an 'Ah, but this writing is woe!'  
And envy his easier lot  
Who works on his plot with a hoe.

What wonder an author should mope  
When (the metaphor's simple and neat)  
He must 'climb on his head' in the hope  
That he one day may fall on his feet!

If Fate on his hope never shines,  
In vain all his wrongs he may write;  
Though he skillfully puts out his lines,  
He will starve while he waits for a bite.

And if he succeeds—what is Fame?  
Though a lion he roars among men,  
At home he is plodding and tame,  
And goes like a sheep to his pen.

A. ST JOHN ADCOCK.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,  
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 620.—VOL. XII.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1895.

PRICE 1½d.

## SOME ENGLISH GHOSTS.

ALTHOUGH little more than a century has elapsed since Dr Johnson died, the astounding strides made in the sciences of enlightening the ignorant and refining the unrefined during that period do not seem to have nullified to an appreciable degree the best part of his *dictum* to the effect that 'All argument is against the appearance to the living of the spirits of the dead; all belief is for it.'

No doubt during these hundred and odd years a great many time-honoured ghosts have been hunted from their haunts by the prosaic influences of modern life and the unsparing broom of practical common sense; no doubt there are fewer educated people who believe in ghosts than when London crowded to Cock Lane one hundred and thirty years ago; no doubt the village Hampden is prompter nowadays to tackle mysterious nocturnal visitors than of yore. Yet he who wanders through rural England—preferably on foot, for he is then enabled to penetrate by-ways and sequestered nooks and corners not attainable on wheels—cannot fail to be impressed by the sturdy vitality of so many old ghosts.

As a rule, he does not meet men who have actually seen ghosts, for a sneaking sort of self-respect seems to stop Hodge's admission of the fact; but he meets many men who know men who have seen ghosts, and multitudes who have heard that a ghost is to be seen at such and such a place, and who will not commit themselves to a denial of its existence. As for the prejudice against lonely places on dark nights, it is not merely general but universal, just as the profession of disbelief in ghosts amongst educated people is universal.

No one district of England seems to be particularly patronised by ghosts, although naturally one meets them more frequently in counties which are of lonely and romantic character, or which possess romantic histories, than within the metropolitan area. Ghost-hunting may be

accounted an idle and unworthy pursuit, yet it is not altogether unprofitable, as ghost legends are not infrequently the channels through which historical facts have been passed down to us which would otherwise have been lost, and, moreover, are illustrative of the fact that the *auri sacra fames* has not quite knocked all sentiment and imagination out of the English people.

Well, there is at any rate one ghost in London, for the first Lord Holland is said to walk the Sir Joshua Room in Holland House with his head in his hand—a very fashionable ghostly proceeding—on certain nights of the year; and it is a known fact that there are many houses which never have been let, never are let, and never will be let for any length of time on account of uncanny traditions associated with them. The people who take these houses are ready enough to stay, but no servants will stay, and so they are driven elsewhere.

We may be pretty sure that there are not many people in modern suburbanised Kingston who believe in the time-hallowed tradition that on All Souls Night the dead walk on Kingston Bridge; but no stranger to Epsom was ever shown Pit Place by a native without being told the 'Wicked' Lord Lyttelton's ghost-story—the white bird which fluttered at his window on the night of November 24, 1779, changing into a white-robed woman, who approached the foot of his bed and told him that he would be dead in three days, which actually happened.

Sussex, which of all the home counties has retained its old characteristics the most, has a good many ghosts who are still realities in the eyes of the rustics of that little-visited district, which was once the centre of England's iron industry. There is old Oxenbridge of Brede Place. There is the headless man of St Leonard's Forest, known as Squire Paulett, who jumps upon the crupper of a horseman entering the forest, and remains there until clear of it. There is the Drummer of Hurstmonceaux. Black dogs—a favourite shape assumed by ghosts all over England—haunt all dark lanes and lone by-

roads, and under many a sequestered wooden bridge a headless woman may be seen spinning; whilst on the old cattle-road between Kingston, near Lewes, and the Marshes, known as the Drove Way, a goblin may be seen on any dark, wild night, incessantly spinning charcoal!

The same species of 'general' ghosts, as they may be called, is recorded by Mr Rye, the Norfolk topographer, to be strongly developed in his county. There is the pale, long-haired woman, who runs shrieking amongst the pits on Aylmerton Heath. There is the great black 'Shuck Dog'—the word 'Shuck' said to mean the Devil—who at Coltishall Bridge is headless, and at Salhouse has a blazing eye in the centre of his forehead, and who has a brother at Peel Castle in the Isle of Man, the spirit of a murdered prisoner, known as the Mauthe Dog. But the historical ghosts are more interesting objects of study. In this same county of Norfolk, says Mr Rye, young Lord Dacre, who was murdered in 1565 by his guardian, Sir Richard Fulmerston, who arranged that a rocking-horse on which the boy sat should fall, still prances about on a (headless, of course) rocking-horse. Anne Boleyn still rides down the avenue of Blickling Park, once a year, in a hearse-like coach, drawn by four headless horses, and driven by a headless driver, with her head in her lap; and her father, Sir Thomas, does the same thing. At Caistor Castle there is another coach and headless team, and yet another near Great Melton. This last rises from a pool every mid-day and midnight, and with its load of four headless, dripping, white-robed ladies, passes slowly round the field and sinks again; and tradition says that at this spot, long ago, a bridal party were upset into this pool and never seen again.

Then there is the Gray Lady of Rainham—not to be confounded with the Brown Lady of Rainham in Durham—who represents Lady Dorothy Walpole, forced, it is said, to marry Lord Townsend in 1713; and the ghost of one Lush, who committed suicide and was buried near Redenhall; and many others.

A firmly believed in coach-ghost is that of Lady Howard, daughter and heiress of Sir John Fitz of Fitzford, in Devonshire, about 1600, who, Mr Baring-Gould says, travels nightly from Okehampton Castle to Fitzford Gate, Tavistock, in a coach of bones, preceded by a phantom dog. The Devonshire folk believe this to be the subject of the quaint, weird ballad of 'My Lady's Coach,' which opens:

My Ladye hath a sable coach,  
And horses two and four;  
My Ladye hath a gaunt bloodhound,  
That runneth on before.  
My Ladye's coach hath nodding plumes,  
The driver hath no head;  
My Ladye is as ashen white  
As one that long is dead.

But, as Mr Baring-Gould says in his Introduction to the *Songs of the West*, the Ladye of the ballad, no doubt, personifies Death.

Gabriel Craddock is a well-known Essex ghost. He was famous in the middle of the last century as Jerry Lynch the highwayman, who with the proceeds of his exploits built Lapwater Hall, near Leigh, so called because, upon the application of the workmen for drink,

he bid them 'lap water.' He was run to earth in his new house, wounded, and drowned in the pond to which he had directed the thirsty workmen's attention, and he is still believed to be seen on wild nights, bandy-legged, and mounted on an earless mare, fleeing from his pursuers as they came from Shenfield, Ingrave, Horndon, Laindon, and Pitsea.

Mannington Hall, the residence of the Walpoles, Earls of Orford, has its ghostly associations. Horatio, second earl, removed all the tombstones of the Scalpers, the former possessors of the Hall, from Wickmere Church, and one of the buried ladies is still believed to walk round the churchyard. To atone for the sacrilege, every Earl of Orford at his burial was driven in his hearse three times round ruined Wickmere Church before being finally laid to rest.

Very well known is the stile at Littlecote, near Marlborough, on the old Bath Road, whereat Wild Darrell, the principal in the terribly weird tragedy at Littlecote Hall, is still believed to be seen, followed by his howling hounds, as on the day when he met his death here—riding madly along, reckless in his conscience torture, and confronted by the apparition of a babe burning in a flame.

All the unhappy ladies of history 'walk.' Ann of Cleves paces up and down the gallery bearing her name in Hever Castle; Fair Rosamond walks on the river-bank at Godstow; Amy Robsart on the side of Cumnor; Mary, Queen of Scots, at Fotheringhay. We have noted Anne Boleyn's procedure at Blickling. Canterbury King's School boys faithfully believe, until they attain that age of absolute wisdom when no creeds are tolerated except that in self, that the unfortunate Nell Cook, famous in the Ingoldsby legend, haunts the Dark Entry every Friday night. At Apethorpe, the Earl of Westmoreland's seat in Northamptonshire, Lady Grace, wife of the first earl, walks in a corridor, scattering silver pennies as she goes; but the pennies are air, and woe to him who tries to test their solidity—so say, and probably believe, the good folk around.

In the romantic North Country these poor dames abound. There is the Brown Lady of Rainham—stately in coif and rich brocade, but eyeless. There is 'Silky' of Denton Hall, near Newcastle, in a flowered, long-waisted satin gown and a satin hood. There is the White Lady of Skipsea Castle; Lady Derwentwater of Dilston Castle; the Gray Woman of Willington; Meg of Meldon in a broad hat; the White Lady Blenkinsop, who still wails over a chest of gold, the cause of all the unhappiness of her married life, *cum multis aliiis*. The famous Cauld Lad of Hylton, on the river Wear, was only 'laid' during the last century, but his wail, 'I'm cauld! I'm cauld!' has been sworn to as heard at a much later date! He was not quite a stock ghost of the silent, gliding type, but was more of a brownie or pixie, working hard in the kitchen during the night if the maids were sluggards—very much contrary to the usual rule of his kind.

The Gray Man of Bellister is another well-known North Country ghost. His original was a wandering minstrel who called at the castle, which is near Haltwhistle on the South Tyne,

was admitted, and pleased the Blenkinsop owner for a time, until he got suspicious that the poor old gray-clad singer was a spy from a neighbour baron with whom he was at feud. The minstrel got wind that he was suspected, and stole away. Blenkinsop sent bloodhounds after him, and he was torn to pieces. As this happened in 1470, and the Gray Man is still spoken of in a district by no means behind the age in refinement, intelligence, and education, who dare hope that argument can ever overthrow superstition? Corby Castle, near Carlisle, has been modernised, but in its wainscoted, tapestried 'Ghost Room' the Radiant Boy still walks. At Chillingham Castle in Northumberland there was also a Radiant Boy, until the skeleton of a boy found in one of the bed-room walls, not very long ago, was buried, and then he disappeared; and at Coatham in Yorkshire, popular tradition speaks of a shining child who vanishes when pursued.

Apocryph of ghostly children, a pretty tradition is connected with a certain West Country house, to the effect that every cold morning is seen on the window the scribbling of little fingers, not to be effaced by any amount of rubbing.

The ghost of Knaresdale Hall, near Haltwhistle in Northumberland, was a steady belief not very, very long ago. In this case a brother murdered an inconvenient sister by drowning her in a pond, and the lady revenged herself by walking from the house to the pond upon every occasion that a member of the family happened to be about after dark. But if one were to enumerate what may be termed the 'Private Ghosts' of England and Wales, the walking ladies and gentlemen who, having been nobodies during their lives, are determined that something more than the mere epitaphs over their graves shall keep their memories green, the limits of this paper would be very far exceeded. The very house in which the author of the paper is writing is well known by the villagers to have a White Lady on its uppermost stair-landing, a discovery which very much unlied some American visitors, who declared that if they had known it, nothing would have induced them to sleep so soundly in rooms abutting on the said landing during three months of the present year. But who she was, History sayeth not.

What Canon Jessopp says about his own county of Norfolk is true elsewhere: 'If the Norfolk peasant's mind be never so dull, the old traditions, handed down from ages past, come in to help him. He thinks it would be impious to doubt that disembodied spirits still hover about the scenes of their earthly pilgrimage.' So the Lincolnshire folk say that not only does Hereford the Wake still, on wild nights, ride furiously along the road from Bourne to Peterborough, but that he haunts the site of his old home close to the Well Head in the town of Bourne. So they believe that at Thorp Hall, near Louth, the ghost of the Spanish lady who fell in love with Sir John Bolles, as commemorated in the old ballad which commences:

Will you hear a Spanish lady,  
How shee wooed an English man?  
Garments gay and rich as may be,  
Decked with jewels shee had on

(known from her dress as the Green Lady) still haunts a particular tree near the mansion.

Now and then—not often—ghostly appearances or sounds are explained to the peasant's satisfaction. Thus, in the county of Durham, 'Gabriel's Hounds' were for long, long years believed to shriek and howl through the air on dark nights, and to forebode death to him who heard and saw them. But prosaic modern research has proved them to be nothing but flocks of wild geese migrating southward on the approach of winter, and choosing dark nights for their journeys. Similarly, the Ghost of Irbydale in the Lincolnshire Wolds, a goblin who terrified travellers at night with its heart-rending cries, and who is said to be a witch who had been worried to death by dogs in a long past age, has been shown to be nothing but an owl. On the other hand, no true Cornishman will ever be induced to relinquish the belief that the spirit of King Arthur still haunts the ruins of Tintagel in the shape of a white chough; and assuredly the many English families who possess a white bird of omen, such as that which Mr John Oxenham saw in *Westward Ho!* cling firmly to the tradition, if not to the belief in it.

And so, ghosts or no ghosts, the position is just the same at the end of the nineteenth century as at the end of the eighteenth—all argument is against them, and if all belief is not for them, a very great deal more is than people like to acknowledge.

## AN ELECTRIC SPARK.\*

### CHAPTER XXXII.—A HAIR OF THE DOG THAT BIT.

'WHAT?' cried Dr Kilpatrick: 'you don't mean it?'

'I do. It is a fact. The matter was being talked over at the club last night, and he has gone.'

'Do—you mean to tell me that Villar Endoza has gone?'

'Yes: back to his own place—recalled.'

'But why?—what for?'

'It seems to be considered that his people have thrown him over. Government found out, or some one betrayed the fact to them, that he had set people to work to buy those plans and drawings. They attacked the president about it: he professes utter ignorance of their coming to him save in a fair business way; they make a scapegoat of Endoza, profess to be very virtuous, and recall him at once.'

'But they have the plans worked up all the same,' said the doctor.

'Not they,' said Wynyan drily. 'I'm afraid that they have spent some thousands of pounds in vain, and Count Villar Endoza will be in hot water when he goes home.'

'But they did get the plans, didn't they?'

'Yes,' said Wynyan drily; 'but they did not get me.'

'You mean that they will prove to be useless without you?'

'I couldn't have said so a few months ago, but I can now: utterly useless without the

inventor. Doctor, if ever there was an invention that needed no protection, it is mine.'

'Well, I'm very glad he's gone,' said the doctor.—'But one moment: think he'll ever come back?'

'Never,' said Wynyan decisively.

'Then I'm off.'

'Patients?'

'No, sir, impatience. I'm off to South Audley Street.'

Wynyan started.

'I'm going to propose for that lady's hand, Paul, my lad, like a man, and if she won't have me'—

'Well, what then?'

'Humph! we shall see.'

Dr Kilpatrick kept his word. He went straight to South Audley Street, where, upon asking if the ladies were at home, the servant looked surprised, and showed him up at once to where Rénée was seated alone, looking very pale.

She started up with extended hands.

'Oh, how quick you have been!' she cried.

'Quick, my dear? What do you mean?'

'You got my note? Marks was sent up with it half an hour ago.'

'Note? No: I've been out these two hours. Just come from Paul Wynyan's.'

Rénée started perceptibly, and slightly changed colour.

'I sent up to beg you to come. I should have sent yesterday, only aunt begged me not to.'

'Your aunt! Eh! Not ill?'

'Very ill, I'm afraid,' said Rénée, with the anxious look in her face growing more marked. 'She has been ailing for many days past, growing more strange and hysterical. I would not wait any longer without having advice.'

'Good girl,' said the doctor. 'But you ought to have sent sooner, my dear. If there is any garment in which the stitch in time saves nine, it is this earthly robe. Well, we will waste no more time. Tell me the symptoms before you take me up to her.'

'She is not in bed, only lying down on the couch in the little drawing-room; and it is so hard to explain. At first I thought it was only a little hysterical attack. She was continually breaking down and having fits of weeping; she will hardly touch food, hardly speak. She will only lie gazing straight before her as if thinking deeply, and I cannot rouse her in the least; she takes no heed of anything. Did you ever treat any one for such a complaint as this?'

'Yes, my dear, often.'

'You have?' cried Rénée eagerly. 'What is the matter?'

'A thorough atonic state, brought on by a perversion of the mental organisation, my dear. There is no assimilation, and the absorbents having no work placed upon them, have ceased to act.'

'Oh!' said Rénée.

'And I should advise you to be careful, my dear, or you may take the same complaint.'

'Is it so catching?' said Rénée. Then quickly: 'I can't help it, doctor: I cannot stay away from her now.'

'Good girl!' said the doctor, rising. 'Quite right. It is a catching complaint, decidedly, but neither infectious nor contagious. It is more mental than bodily.'

'You don't think'—began Rénée, turning pale.

'Yes, I do, my dear; that's it. If the disease is not checked and cured, she'll go melancholy mad.'

'Pray come to her at once,' whispered Rénée; 'don't let's lose a moment.'

The doctor nodded, and followed Rénée into the darkened room, where, carefully dressed, Miss Bryne lay, with her eyes half closed, gazing at the window, looking worn and despondent in the extreme.

'Is that you, Rénée?' she whispered faintly.

'Yes, dearest aunt,' said Rénée softly, as she sank upon her knees by the couch and laid her soft cheek against the sufferer's brow. 'I've brought you some one to do you good. I could not let you go on like this.'

'Oh Rénée!' cried her aunt reproachfully, 'how could you! I did trust you so, my child. You are verging now. Go and say I cannot see any one.'

'But you must, aunt dearest; it is for your good, and he is here.'

'He? Who is here? You have not been so foolish as to send for a doctor?'

'So wise, ma'am,' said Kilpatrick. 'She has done quite right. Now then, let us have a little quiet chat together,' he continued, taking a chair and placing it by the couch as Rénée rose to make way; but Miss Bryne clung now to her niece's hand.

'Thank you, my child,' said the doctor, taking the hand into his. 'You don't understand feeling a pulse.'

He held the thin, hot, trembling hand in his for a few moments, and then let two fingers slide into the hollow just above the wrist, while Miss Bryne closed her eyes, and seemed to resign herself to her fate.

'Sit down, Rénée, my dear,' said the doctor in a confidence-inspiring tone, 'and don't be alarmed. I think we can soon put this little matter right.'

Rénée uttered a sigh of relief; and as she sank into a chair the tears began to fill her eyes, and trickled over down her cheeks.

'Hum! Ha!' ejaculated the doctor, after comparing the patient's pulse with the seconds of his big gold repeater, and then carefully laying the hand back, as if it were some breakable ornament that he had come to inspect. 'Now then, Miss Bryne, be good enough to tell me a few of your symptoms, and we will see what can be done.'

'Nothing, doctor, nothing,' she said feebly. 'I have no symptoms but this terrible weariness of life. I know I am slowly passing away.'

'No doubt about that, ma'am,' said the doctor; and he gave Rénée a meaning look; 'but we must stop it.'

'No, no, doctor; nothing will stay it now. If you could give me something that would deaden this mental pain, and help me to die slowly and painlessly.'

'Hum! Well, yes, I could, ma'am; but wouldn't that be rather risky?'

'No, no: I wish it—I wish it.'

'But I meant for me, ma'am. I should not like to risk a hard-earned reputation by playing Caesar Borgia to a good old friend.'

'I would relieve you of all responsibility. It would be to save me weeks, perhaps months, of agony,' said Miss Bryne feebly.

'Oh yes; but then, you see, after all, it would be—well, I don't like to say ugly things to a person in your state, but that would be hardly the thing, eh? for you. What do you say to Hamlet's views about the fardels, and there's the rub. Oh no: you are very bad, and look naturally at things from the worst point of view. We must not think of dying, when yours is a case which I can cure.'

'No, no: you think it is some poor bodily ailment, doctor. It is the brain.'

'Yes, aunt dear,' said Rénée excitedly; 'that is what Doctor Kilpatrick said.'

'True, my dear, but look at your aunt: you can almost see for yourself. Dyspepsia is rampant.'

Miss Bryne uttered a piteous little laugh, but the doctor went on.

'Quite true, ma'am: our organs are like the card-houses a child builds in a row. You touch one, and it upsets all the others. Your heart was wrong first. If the heart is affected, the brain suffers; then the digestive organs—liver, spleen, and the rest of them. Final result: terrible despondency, weariness of life, longing for the end.'

'Yes, yes, yes,' sighed Miss Bryne. 'It is hopeless.—Ah, Rénée, my child, I begged you not to send for medical advice. Why did you?—why did you?' and the tears stole from between the closed lids.

'Because she was a good, sensible little woman, and wanted to see her aunt as she always used to be.—Didn't you, my dear?'

'Of course—of course,' said Rénée, with a sob.

'Ah!' cried the doctor sharply; 'none of that, my dear. That's not the way to behave in a sick-room.—Now, Miss Bryne,' he continued breezily, 'you've known me a great many years.'

'Yes, doctor, yes,' sighed the patient.

'Never liked me much, but you'll acknowledge, I suppose, that I am fairly able as a physician.'

'Aunt has often said that in a case of emergency she would trust you sooner than any one in London; haven't you, aunt?'

'Yes,' said Miss Bryne faintly.

'Thank you, ma'am,' said the doctor gravely: 'that's very nice of you; and I'm glad that I won so much of your respect. Very well then, you may believe me when I repeat that I thoroughly understand your case, and tell you that if you will help me, by following out my advice, I can make you a healthy, happy woman once again.'

'Impossible, doctor!'

'Nothing is getting to be impossible, ma'am. A hundred years ago the profession let folk die over things that we laugh at as trifles nowadays. Say the word, ma'am, and I'll set you right; for if you don't, really I believe you will die or go melancholy mad.'

'Oh doctor, why should you wait for her to speak!' cried Rénée, almost indignantly. 'She does not know what is good for her.'

'Quite right, my dear; quite right,' said the doctor, sitting back and frowning; 'but I tell you frankly, that if she does not work with me, heart and soul, I can do nothing.'

'Oh, but aunt will be good, and do exactly what you wish, for my sake—won't you, aunt dear?' cried Rénée, going round to the other side of the couch, to kneel down and pass her arm beneath the sufferer's neck.

'I cannot—I cannot,' murmured the sufferer.

'But you must, aunt; you shall,' cried Rénée passionately. 'I am so lonely now; what should I do without you?'

She went into a fit of sobbing, and Miss Bryne's thin arms clasped her neck; and straightway the aunt began to weep piteously in unison with her niece till the doctor spoke again.

'Thank you, my dear,' he said; 'that has done her good. I like to see those emotions stirred. That's right: good, honest, womanly tears, such as come from the heart. Shows that there is not so much wrong there as I thought.'

'Then pray, pray go on,' cried Rénée, holding her aunt's head to her breast, and softly rocking herself to and fro, as the weak woman still clung to her. 'Do something. What would you prescribe?'

The doctor looked at her curiously,

'Well, not a little gray powder in jam, such as I used to mix with a paper-knife, and then put upon your pretty little red tongue, my dear,' he said with a little chuckle.

Rénée looked at him almost indignantly, he seemed to her so heartless; but he only nodded, took out a gold snuff-box, helped himself to a pinch, exclaimed 'Hah!' loudly, and then, with a great deal of decision, bent toward the couch, and said: 'Now, madam, will you trust your adviser? Am I to set you right?'

'Yes,' cried Rénée decisively.

'No, no, my child,' sobbed Miss Bryne; 'it is too late.'

'Not a bit,' said the doctor, frowning and looking fixedly at the patient. 'Once more I tell you, I know from your symptoms and from my genuine knowledge of you as a woman—I beg pardon—a very estimable lady, that I can cure you. May I begin?'

'Yes,' cried Rénée, again with a puzzled look beginning to appear in her eyes.

'Well then,' sighed Miss Bryne piteously, 'yes.'

'Hah!' ejaculated the doctor; 'getting better already.'

'For your sake, dearest Rénée, I'll try to live.'

'Oh, it will not take much trying,' said the doctor, turning his keen gaze now from the half-averted face with its tightly closed eyes, to meet those of Rénée, now fixed searchingly on his in a half-wondering, still more puzzled way. 'To begin with—*ab initio*, as we medical fellows say—I shall have to give you a very nasty dose.'

'I could not take it,' said Miss Bryne faintly.

'Aunt dear, you must,' whispered Rénée,



averting her eyes for a moment as she lowered the patient gently back upon the pillow to turn again her inquiring look upon the doctor.

'There, ma'am, you hear,' he said quietly; and he took the patient's hand in his. 'A very nasty dose, but the sweets shall come afterward. You will take it, then?'

'Yes, doctor,' she said faintly, 'I will try. What is it I must take?'

He did not answer for a few moments, but answered *Rénée's* questioning eyes in silence before replying aloud:

'Me, madam—at last.'

*Rénée* uttered a wild hysterical laugh, and ran from the room.

'*Rénée*!'

But she was gone, and the doctor held Miss *Bryne's* hand tightly, and went on one knee by the couch, to whisper earnestly: 'It was a bitter dream, my dear: he never cared—he never knew you for the woman you are. You are awake now, and you know the one ambition of my life. Let the past be dead. I have your promise now. Only an old man's love, but you know how true.'

Half an hour had passed when *Rénée* stole back, to find her aunt sleeping gently, with the doctor seated by the couch, softly waving a fan about her peaceful countenance.

He rose slowly with his finger to his lips, and they stole together into the other room.

'Weak as an infant, my dear; but she'll soon come to herself. Let her sleep, and then you must feed her up.'

'But doctor?' whispered *Rénée*.

'Don't laugh at me, my dear, and call me an old fool. I'm a tolerable physician, but as weak as the rest of the world about the heart.'

*Rénée* pressed his hand warmly.

'Thank you, my dear. She couldn't help it, poor thing; but, knowing what I did, I've often felt as if I should like to crack that scoundrel's head as I would a nut. A heartless brute, that he was.'

'I am so glad, doctor; but you think she will get well?'

'Get well? Of course. But, I say, *Rénée*!—'

'Hush, doctor, please—for pity's sake! Tell me, when will you come again?'

'Come again?' he cried, with his eyes twinkling. 'Three times a day, till I dare prescribe a change.'

### IVORY.

IVORY is, as every one knows, the product of the elongated incisors of certain animals such as the elephant, narwhal, walrus, sea-horse, &c. These remarkable teeth, or tusks as they are usually called, differ from ordinary teeth in a most important particular—namely, they continue to grow as long as the animal exists, and thus in many instances attain an enormous size. Physiologists tell us that the reason of the extraordinary development of these special teeth is that they spring from what are called permanent pulps—that is, the roots of these

teeth do not, as in man and most other animals, become sooner or later absorbed, but continue in a soft living condition which permits of a continuous increase taking place.

The name ivory was at one time given to the main substance of the teeth of all animals, but it has become restricted to the modification of dentine or tooth substance, which in transverse sections or fractures show lines of different colours or striæ proceeding in the arc of a circle, and forming by their decussation minute curvilinear, or lozenge-shaped spaces. This engine-turned, decussatory appearance is essentially a characteristic of true ivory, and forms a test by which it can be distinguished from any imitations or closely allied substances.

Leaving out of consideration the extinct mammoth elephants whose teeth are found in Siberia, the largest tusks are found to be those of the African species, those from India being about half the size only. It is curious that whilst in Africa both the males and females are found with large tusks, in India those of the female project only a few inches from the gum, and in Ceylon tusks are at times absent in both sexes. There are, however, some exceptions to this rule, and one to two hundred years ago, Ceylon ivory was in this country esteemed the best in quality; it is still distinguished by its fine grain, small size, and pearl-bluish tint. Apparently it is the male elephant that is usually found tuskless in Ceylon, and the reason seems to be a scientific mystery. Sanderson writing upon the subject, says: 'It is difficult to imagine what can cause the vital difference of tusks and no tusks between the male elephant of continental India and Ceylon. The climate may be said to be the same, as also their food, and I have not seen any theory advanced that seems at all well founded to account for their absence in the Ceylon elephants.'

African ivory is now conceded to be the finest. The first quality of this comes from near the equator, and it has been remarked with regard to this fact, that the nearer the equator, the smaller is the elephant, but the larger the tusks. The ivory from equatorial Africa is closer in the grain, and has less tendency to become yellow by exposure than Indian ivory. The finest transparent African ivory is collected along the west coast between latitudes 10° N. and 10° S., and this is believed to deteriorate in quality and to be more liable to damage with increase of latitude in either direction. The whitest ivory comes from the east coast. It is considered to be in best condition when recently cut; it has then a mellow, warm, transparent tint, as if soaked in oil, and very little appearance of grain or texture. Indian ivory has an opaque, dead, white colour, and a tendency to become discoloured. The characteristics of that from Ceylon we have already mentioned. Of the Asian varieties, however, Siam is considered to be the finest, being much superior in appearance and density. The ivory of the mammoth tusks is not very much esteemed, particularly in England; it is considered too dry and brittle for elaborate work, besides which it is very liable to turn yellow. As a matter of fact, the largest tusks very rarely leave Asiatic Russia, being either too rotten for industrial purposes,

or so heavy that the natives are obliged to saw them up before removal.

The bulk of the ivory that we receive comes from Africa. In India the animal is never hunted for the sake of the tusks, and the quantity exported is therefore not so great as it otherwise would be. In 1893 we received 1234 cwt., valued at £62,391, from India; whilst from Africa we had 3008 cwt., valued at £142,078.

The public sales of ivory take place in London once a quarter, and the produce is on show at the London Docks. The sight is well worth seeing, and visitors to the metropolis during the week preceding the fourth Tuesdays in January, April, July, and October, would be well repaid by spending a few hours amidst the magnificent collection.

The value naturally depends upon the variety, condition, and the question of supply and demand. It varies from ten to ninety pounds per hundredweight, the highest price being generally paid for what are known on the market as cut points for billiard balls, and for the largest tusks.

In the trade, fine ivory is known by having no cracks or flaws; tusks that taper very gradually are preferred, sharply tapering and much bent ones entailing great waste in cutting up. The coat should be fine, thin, clear, and transparent.

When we take into consideration the large quantity of ivory imported annually, it is not surprising that those interested in it should at times become somewhat anxious about future supplies. An authority upon Indian matters some few years back was particularly struck by this thought, and wrote: 'It is reported that England alone imports 1,200,000 pounds of ivory, to obtain which thirty thousand elephants have to be annually killed, and the world's supply must, it has been estimated, necessitate one hundred thousand being annually slaughtered. It may safely be assumed that, if this rule of destruction continues, a comparatively few years will suffice to exterminate the African species of elephant.'

The assumption is, fortunately for the world at large, quite incorrect. As a matter of fact, our imports average about the same year by year, but there is a very important factor which the Indian authority just quoted has evidently overlooked—namely, that most of the ivory that we receive is technically known as dead ivory, that is, tusks which have been taken from elephants long since dead, and stored up in the interior of Africa. Of live ivory or tusks taken from recently killed animals we do not receive, comparatively speaking, a considerable quantity. There is no fear whatever of the supply being exhausted during the next two or three generations. The following report, which was published a few years ago by the United States Commercial Agent at Boma, will be particularly interesting reading in this connection: 'The ivory shows a most remarkable increase, and is the most valuable article exported from the Congo district. It all comes from the high Congo, both north and south of the river. Steamers bring it as far as Stanley Pool, and from there to Matadi (two hundred

and fifty miles) native carriers bring it on their backs. I have seen in one day five hundred carriers come into Matadi, each man carrying a tusk averaging sixty-five pounds in weight. When tusks weigh two hundred pounds, which not infrequently happens, four men carry them. Most of the ivory now coming down is what is known as "dead" ivory. Some of the elephants from which these tusks came were killed one hundred years ago, and the kings of villages have been storing it, placing the last tusks brought in on top of the pile, and when they required some goods from the coast traders, the tusks from the bottom layers were taken. This system has prevailed for years, and it is estimated that there is enough ivory stored in the interior to supply the world for the next century. It is estimated, but upon whose authority I cannot discover, that there are still at least two hundred thousand elephants in Central Africa. The only live or new ivory which now comes down is that procured by hunters attached to the different trading houses. I may add that live ivory commands a higher price than the dead. A state expedition visited a king some months ago in the interior. Upon leaving, the commanding officer presented the king with a uniform coat, cocked hat, and a sword. The king in return presented the officer with one hundred and fifty tusks of ivory, averaging two hundred and twenty pounds each, and provided carriers to take them to the river. These people do not recognise the value, and laugh at the trader for buying. Some of these kings have stockades of ivory built round their dwellings.'

Partly on account of the question of its final exhaustion, and partly on account of the high price it always secures, inventors and others have from time to time sought to introduce substitutes, but nothing really satisfactory has yet been produced. The material known under various names, but generally called celluloid, has not served more than a limited purpose, and other introductions have failed signally; none of them will take the peculiar polish of ivory, and cannot therefore enter into serious competition with it.

Vegetable ivory, derived from the nut of the *Phytelephas macrocarpa*, can hardly be ranked as a competitor, although it is sometimes regarded as such in some quarters. It can obviously only be used for small work such as fancy articles and buttons, whilst the bulk of true ivory is used by cutlers and billiard-ball makers.

*Phytelephas* is a word manufactured to describe the substance, being compounded of two Greek words, meaning plant and elephant; for as the elephant is the ivory-bearing animal, so the Tagua, as it is sometimes called, is the ivory-bearing plant. It grows in the low hot valleys of the Peruvian Andes, and is utilised in many ways by the natives. The fruit at first contains an insipid and limpid juice with which travellers quench their thirst; the liquid gradually becomes milky and sweet, and increases in consistence until it becomes as solid as ivory. The taste varies: if the fruit be cut while soft and filled with fluid, the latter becomes sour if kept long. The natives, it is said, form handles

for knives (which, by the way, considering the size of the nuts, must be fairly small ones), spindles, and other ornaments of the nuts, which are whiter than real ivory. They retain their colour and hardness provided they are not kept too long under water; even after immersion for a long time, they again become white and hard when dried. The largest leaves of the plants are used by the Indians for thatching their cottages. The nuts themselves are about the size and have the appearance of an average potato, flattened on one side. The fruit is composed of several of the nuts, and so much resembles the head of a nigger that the Spaniards out there have given it the name of *Cabeza de Negro* (Negro's head).

In commerce, the nuts are known as Corosso or Corozo nuts; they were first imported into Europe in the early twenties, but their use did not become general until about 1840. They were first sold by the thousand, and in 1854 or thereabouts realised about eight shillings for that quantity; they are now sold by weight, and the present market price is about ten pounds per ton.

It is said that, at first, articles manufactured from them were sold as made of real ivory; but we fail to see how this could have been done, as vegetable ivory has not the engine-turned pattern that we have already mentioned is always present in true ivory. Possibly it was the public who were imposed upon; they, of course, are not supposed to be conversant with the technical characteristics of everything they purchase, and it must undoubtedly have been for their benefit that a Belgian chemist invented a ready means of distinguishing between animal and vegetable ivory. His plan was to place the two substances into contact with concentrated sulphuric acid; the animal ivory remained unaffected, but the vegetable at the end of several minutes developed a rose tint that was easily removed by simply washing with water.

Corosso nuts are very largely used in button-making; they are easily dyed with aniline colours, and after being polished with soap, are as smooth and bright as porcelain.

## PROOF POSITIVE

### CHAPTER II.

I LINGERED long alone before I began to undress. The fire, however it may have misbehaved at first, burned brightly and cheerily now, and made a pleasant companion to my thoughts. There was no reason why marriage should be long delayed, and I planned a matrimonial trip to the Riviera, which Kathryn had never seen. I knew it well from hasty annual visits of a fortnight at a time, and Kathryn and I, in my own fancy, wandered to many a lovely spot on the old Corniche Road, 'by seas the peacock's neck in hue.' And whilst I sat thus happily musing, I could hear her moving directly overhead. I prayed with all my heart for her happiness, and I made resolves, as I suppose all lovers do, that nothing should ever cloud her life, or bring her a care, if I could help it.

I daresay I had sat thus for a full hour, when my waning candle warned me to undress at once, and then I noticed for the first time that, let into the wall beside the fireplace, was a second safe, which looked the precise replica of the one I had seen up-stairs. I looked at it with no particular interest, but when I pulled the door open, I noticed that it was provided with a latch, and that if it were once closed, it could not be opened without the key. That was a sounder receptacle, I thought, than the other safe in Kathryn's room. At least, a thief would have to force this, or to find the key, whereas he had but to give a tug at the door of the other and it opened to him at once. I remember drowsily thinking that I would remind the Professor of this safe in the morning, and drowsily resolving to do nothing of the kind, but to advise him again to send his money to the bank for safety, and then I fell asleep.

I awoke from a horrible nightmare, and the fire was still burning redly in the grate. I had dreamed that from the storm outside, the roaring of which I could hear distinctly in my sleep, a face had been thrust in at Kathryn's window—a face so vile and brutalised that I had never fancied the like of it. I do not know from what point of view I saw my dream, but Kathryn was sleeping tranquilly, though the wind tossed her hair, and the snow fell on her cheek. The eyes at the open window gazed around stealthily and menacing, and the owner of the eyes dragged himself softly into the room and closed the window. He wore list slippers, and his footsteps made no sound. He moved towards the safe, opened it softly, and drew out the cash-box. Then he went stealthily back again towards his place of entrance, and on a sudden the box fell with a clatter to the floor, Kathryn started with a cry, and the villain stood over her with a gleaming knife in his hand. The cry which awoke me was my own, and the noise of the falling cash-box was translated into the sound of a falling coal from the fire. But though the dream was broken, I lay sweating and trembling for many minutes under the terror of it, and it was long before I could calm myself to sleep again.

I lay late next morning, though I am and had been by custom an early riser. I had no guess as to the reason, but there was a heavy weight upon me; a sense of impending mischief quelled my spirit. The house was as quiet as a grave, and something made me listen with strained attention for a sound which did not come. I could have believed myself alone in it, but when I had dressed and descended, the maid came into the room to lay breakfast.

'I am very late,' I said. 'I am afraid that Miss Gordon and Dr Zeck have breakfasted without me.'

There was something curiously disconcerting and chilly in the glance the girl sent in my direction. It seemed made up of wonder and repulsion.

'The Professor has gone out,' she said. 'Miss Gordon is ill.'

'Ill?' I asked. 'What is the matter?'

'That's what I was to tell you,' the girl

replied, and with this she left the room. Her manner was as unexpected as the intelligence she gave me. Kathryn had looked the very picture of rosy health last night, and only last night I had been met by the whole household with the cordiality to which I had been accustomed for years. The Professor had left, apparently without a message, and it was no fancy which led me to think that the whole atmosphere of the place was changed.

Before the housemaid returned, I had written a hasty note on one of the blank leaves of my professional memorandum book. I found an envelope, and enclosed my message within it.

'Let Miss Gordon have this at once,' I said, as the girl re-entered with the tray.

'She's not to be disturbed,' she answered, with an openly expressed aversion in her face and voice.

'Did the Professor say at what time he would return?' I asked her.

'He left no message with me,' the girl responded insolently.

'Let your mistress have that note as soon as she awakes,' I said, 'and tell her that I will return at five o'clock this afternoon.'

I held the envelope towards her, but she recoiled from me, with a pale face and eyes full of disdain.

'What on earth is the matter with you?' I asked her angrily.

'Oh, nothing that need trouble you,' she retorted, with a scornful emphasis on the last word, and flounced out of the room with a backward glance of anger and contempt which left me altogether stricken and bewildered. I drank a cup of coffee in a mechanical way, and after lingering indeterminate and miserable for half an hour, I left the house, not in the least understanding what had befallen me.

My patients were already awaiting me when I reached home. The bitter cold and the heavy snow made them fewer than common, so that they were soon despatched, and I was able to start upon my rounds at the usual hour. Throughout the day I was never free of wonder and indignation, and no sooner were my duties over than I gave orders to my coachman to drive me to the Professor's house. It was the cook who answered my summons at the door—an elderly woman, who had been in the Professor's employ when I had first known him. She had evidently been crying bitterly, and in answer to my inquiry for her master, she gave me a flat 'Not at home,' and closed the door in my face.

I often think that words are made for commonplace uses, and that they fail us when we most seem to need them. To say that I was amazed, angry, and wounded all at once, seems to say nothing. I went away doubting my own sanity, wondering if the events of the past twenty hours were all a dream. On reaching home I wrote a letter to Kathryn and despatched it by messenger. It was returned unopened, and this completed the sum of my misery and my mystification.

My feet took me to the house again that evening, and I walked dismally up and down before it, not able to decide on anything. There were lights in the Professor's room and

in Kathryn's, and every now and then every room in the house was by turns illuminated, as if some unusual bustle were going on within. A dozen times at least my hand was at the bell, but I found my courage fail me, and I went back into the street without having again solicited an entry. Before midnight the whole of the tenement was in darkness, and I walked homewards, denouncing myself bitterly for my cowardice and irresolution. On my return I wrote an impassioned letter to Dr Zeck, and then feigning to have hurt my hand, I made my man-servant direct a plain and unmarked envelope. No answer came next day, and, as it happened, I was detained by professional business to a late hour. By this time I was so far my own master that I had resolved, if necessary, to force an interview, and to learn by what strange circumstances a beloved pupil, an honoured friend, and an accepted lover had been suddenly turned to a person whom it was permissible to treat with so much contumely. As I sprang from my cab and ran rapidly up the steps, it did not at first strike me that all the house was dark. I rang, and at the first peal of the bell, a sense of desolation, such as I had not felt until then, struck me through and through, for I knew instinctively from the sound that the place was empty and deserted. In spite of this surety I rang again and again, and with increasing violence, stepping into the street between whiles, and staring up at the blank, unwinking windows. Some belated tradesman's-boy came by with a basket on his arm, and stood to watch me, whistling, and jiggling to his own music on the frozen pavement. Some sense of shame in my own futile employment forced me to address him.

'Do you belong to this neighbourhood? Do you know what has happened here?'

'I seed 'em movin' this morning,' said the boy. 'They went away in two big Pickford's vans.'

At that I surrendered all further effort, and drove home broken-hearted. Gusts of passionate anger came over me at moments, and sometimes, in a very exasperation of bewilderment, I found myself pacing about the room clutching my hair with both hands. But for the most part I sat quiet, like a man made of frozen lead, conscious only of an unspeakable bitterness of misery.

Day after day went by, and week after week, but the speeding time brought no solution of the mystery. I advertised in all the newspapers, beseeching for an explanation, but none came. My patients began to fall away. Acquaintances passed me in the streets with averted looks. I felt as if a curse had fallen upon me.

At last I found an opportunity for a question. An old comrade of mine, more than an acquaintance, Emile Dupré, with whom I had studied at the Hotel Dieu for three years, cut me point blank in Regent Street. His eye had met mine, and I knew of course that he recognised me. I had already put out my hand towards him when he screwed on a frozen stare and went by me. For a second or two I was as helpless as if I had received a mortal stab;

but I recovered swiftly and made after him, and took him by the shoulder.

'Dupré, a word with you. You recognised me when you passed just now?'

'I recognised you,' he answered.

'Will you tell me why you passed me by?'

'I passed you by,' he said, with a freezing self-possession, 'because I learn on excellent authority that you are not a person with whom a gentleman can associate.'

'Will you favour me,' I asked, as quietly as I could, 'with your excellent authority?'

'No,' he responded, and made a movement to continue his walk.

'Pardon me, Dupré,' I said, passing my arm through his. 'I shall insist upon my right, and I shall give you yours. It is your right, in the first place, to have my solemn assurance that I have no knowledge of any circumstance in my life which could justify your treatment of me, and it is my right to demand an explanation.'

He turned and looked me in the face, with hard scrutiny.

'For Heaven's sake, Dupré,' I broke out, 'act like a man of honour and a friend. I swear to you, by all I hold most sacred, that I have never been guilty of an act which denies me the right to hold up my head amongst men of honour, and yet my oldest and dearest friend runs away and hides from me; the lady to whom I was to have been married returns my letters unopened; acquaintances cross the street as I draw near, as if I had the plague. You are the first man I have a right to question, and I will have an answer. What is this blight which has fallen on my life?'

'Come,' said Dupré. The people were gathering about us with curious eyes. 'This is no place for such a talk as this.'

Fortunately, Dupré was but a poor speaker of English, and I had naturally addressed him in his native tongue. It is probable that not more than two or three of those who had heard had understood.

He waved his disengaged hand, and a hansom cab drew up at the curb. I gave the driver my address, and in a very few minutes we were at home. I fed the man at random, and entering by the aid of my latchkey, led the way to my consulting-room. Dupré laid his hat and stick upon the table, and drew off his gloves with an air of grave deliberation.

'Tell me,' I said, 'what is this hidden scandal which has broken my heart, and is driving me to ruin?'

'Innocent or guilty,' he returned, 'it is not agreeable for me to speak, or you to listen. But as you say, you have your rights, and I have mine.'

'Go on,' I said. 'Let me know what I have to fight against.'

'To begin with,' said Dupré, looking me in the face with an eye which seemed full of a fatal purpose. 'You know'—He hesitated, and, looking downward, strained strongly at the glove he held in both hands. 'You know that Professor Zeck is dead?'

His eye shot upward to meet mine, as if he had laid a trap for me.

'Dead!' I cried. 'Dead!'

'Dead,' he answered, like an echo. 'He died of a broken heart, literally and simply of a broken heart, in Paris. We buried him the day before yesterday. He told me that you had killed him as surely as if you had shot or stabbed or poisoned him. Need I go on?'

For anything I can tell, my agony and amazement may have looked like guilt. I shook and stammered.

'I had killed him? I loved him as I loved no other man alive.'

'It is not my business,' said Dupré, 'to measure your capacity for the common human affections.'

'In God's name, what had I done?' I cried.

'I can hardly bring myself to tell the story,' Dupré answered, 'for, to say the truth, I am quite open to a feeling of vicarious shame; but if you want it, you shall have it.'

I stammered that I knew nothing, and besought him to go on. I could see that he disbelieved me; and I knew even then, in the midst of all my desolation and my agony of mind, that he looked at me as at an actor who was trying to make the expression of one emotion pass for that of another.

'Three months have gone by since Professor Zeck hurriedly withdrew himself from his adopted land,' Dupré began. 'As I understood him, you had only a day before, or a day or so before, offered yourself as a suitor for the hand of his grand-daughter, Miss Gordon.'

'Yes, yes,' I answered.

'He accepted your proposal, and a little later, the lady confirmed his acceptance.'

'Yes, yes!'

'A little later, he showed you his grand-daughter's dowry, a sum of a hundred thousand francs or so, which he kept in an unlocked cash-box in an open safe, in the lady's bedroom. I am right so far?'

'Absolutely.'

'A snow-storm of unusual severity induced him to offer you the hospitality of his house. You stayed the night there. Sometime in the night, the safe was opened, the box was abstracted, and—Do you wish me to go on?'

'Go on.' I hardly knew of what I thought.

'The thief was recognised.'

'Well?' And still the blow had not fallen, and still I hardly knew of what I thought.

'Recognised by the miserable girl who had plighted her faith to him for life that very night.'

'A lie!' I cried. 'A wretched, base, malignant lie.'

'That is your answer,' said Dupré, with a face as hard as iron. 'Your *fiancée* is a wicked, base, malignant liar? And your old friend, who, awakened by a cry of horror, came from his room in time to see you stealing down the stair—is he also a base, wicked, malignant liar?'

'It is Kathryn,' I exclaimed, 'who makes this hideous charge against me? Impossible!'

'She and her grandfather both knew you. Both saw you plainly. You have my answer to your questions now, and I see no use in staying longer.'

'One minute, Dupré,' I begged him. 'You know where she is?'

'I know,' he answered, 'but I shall not tell you. I surprised your story at a time when Professor Zeck was so broken with mental anguish that he betrayed himself. He made me promise solemnly that I would never breathe a word of it to a soul. I made that promise, and I do not reckon that I have broken it in answering your questions.'

He would have gone then, but that I stood between him and the door. I have no power to recall the words I used, but I protested my innocence. I begged him to consider the chance of error, to remember the mad impossibility of the charge. How could a man of honour be suddenly transformed into a thief so base? What motive was there in robbing Kathryn, of all people in the world? I had been prosperous, unencumbered, without a care. Why should I have stolen what I was told would one day be by own? The very violence of my suffering—the passion of my revolt against this intolerable, mad suspicion—may have had a sinister influence. He listened, since without force he could not escape from listening, but it was with a look divided between weariness and loathing. At last I flung the door open and released him. I heard his footsteps as he retired. I heard the hall-door close behind him, and then something seemed to snap within my head, and I fell.

I learned afterwards that I was found and carried up-stairs, that medical aid was called in, and that I was ill for months with brain fever. When youth and constitution asserted themselves, I was sent to the sea-side. A whole half-year elapsed before I was able to go back to my work. Then everything that had been done in the past five years was to do over again. My practice had gone to pieces. Nobody wanted me. I seemed to have no place in the world.

The expenses of a medical man in London practice are heavy, and my savings had been small. Such as they were, my long illness had bitten terribly into them, and now they dwindled more and more. The lease of the house realised something, and the furniture was sold at auction. I bought a small practice in the country, and my story followed me. The cook and the housemaid had talked, as was only natural. I dragged along in bitter hatred of the world, and in bitter exasperation at it, and at last I settled down as an apothecary's assistant. I lived that life seven years, and then came the end of care.

### SOCIAL LIFE IN ARGENTINA.

WHEN preparing to come out to this far-away land, I made many attempts to find out something of the every-day life I should lead; what society I should find; what amusements were to be got out of one's surroundings; and what opportunities of making home-life pleasant and interesting. I could get little information, for few people knew anything of Argentina, except as a country which had swallowed up much English gold, and where revolutions were as common as strikes are at home. No books seemed to have been written about life out there, and in the magazines I could find no stories or incidents, stirring or picturesque, from

life in Argentina. I had to fall back on a traveller's tales of grotesque animals wandering over a hideous land. Indeed I came to the conclusion that I was going to a country where social life was too uninteresting to be worth describing. After a year or two I have found that time has not passed so monotonously, but on the whole pleasantly, so I venture to describe something of the style in which we spend our days, for the benefit of those at home.

Of course in a country which is equal to the united area of Great Britain, France, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Belgium, Holland, and Greece, and whose population is made up of natives from all these countries and a few more, one finds every sort of life and many strange customs. The city of Buenos Ayres, the first in South America, is a great capital full of stirring life. It is not beautiful in itself or its surroundings; the shops are good, and you can buy anything you want, if you care to pay a heavy price. English people on the whole seem to find the life pleasant and sociable; they can enjoy good theatres, operas, and balls, as well as any amount of outdoor amusements in a delightful climate. The smaller towns are more or less provincial and unattractive, with the exception of Cordoba, one of the few old cities in the southern hemisphere. For three centuries it was the centre of learning, under the despotic rule of the Jesuits. It has many fine churches and a cathedral worth seeing, fortified and showing traces of Moorish art. There old families lived in great houses with innumerable retainers, all the luxuries of Europe being brought (at enormous cost) in bullock carts over the leagues of grassy plains that lie between Cordoba and the ports of Rosario and Buenos Ayres. There were to be found the finest types of Argentina refinement and learning. The city itself is beautiful, a green oasis with a background of noble hills.

But I must turn to the camp and the life of the English there. Camp is the Argentina name for the country as distinguished from the town (the Spanish *campo*), and is the word always used by the English residents. We talk of a man buying a bit of camp, of going out to the camp; and there is no mistaking a camp man in boots and breeches, with a wide-brimmed hat, a revolver in his belt, and a riding whip in his hand.

There are two styles of camp—inside and outside. *Inside* consists of the district round Buenos Ayres, where the land is well populated, many railways, all centring in Buenos Ayres, making it easy to come and go, sell the products of the estancia, and bring out in return the luxuries of town. Here you find old-established estancias with houses as well furnished and as comfortable as you can find in a country where in general comfort is little understood. Well-grown *montés* (as woods are called), and gardens rich in flowers, surround the houses.

*Outside* is a very different world. Where trenches and earthworks of the simplest form, to keep out the Indians, once stretched league upon league, with forts at short distances, from which barbarous soldiers defended the frontier,

by degrees killing out the miserable Indians, there are now long lines of railway, with small wayside stations, and here and there an attempt at a town, and estancias, from small enclosures of two or three leagues, to huge estates owned by companies (one of these covers a thousand square miles). Here, outside, all is new; the oldest house has perhaps a record of twelve years, and we look with respect on its watch-tower and loopholed walls, for Indians were still lurking round when it was built. Their former presence is still to be traced in the dark skin, straight hair, and narrow eyes often noticed in a gaucho, and also in many words used by the natives when working in the corrals amongst horses and cattle.

It is in this district that so many of the young Englishmen who arrive by every mail from England, full of high hopes and courage, are chiefly to be found. They are, of course, eager to make money, and for the most part capable of doing so, aided by the few (as yet very few) wives and sisters who have the courage to rough it. The first years of a new estancia have to be years of hard toil and rough living, but when wells have been sunk and fences put up, then one can turn to building a comfortable house and laying out a garden; and though the work is still hard and constant, yet there is time for recreation and amusement. On the whole, life is very cheerful in a land where the sun always shines, and the air is peculiarly clear and bracing. Of course there are days when a furious north wind sweeps unchecked over the great level land, bringing clouds of scorching dust, its hot breath seeming to burn up all tender vegetation, being almost as fatal to a garden as a sharp spring-frost. Then again, there are cold winter days when it is impossible to get warm, and one realises only too well what a precious thing firewood is in this fuel-less country. Nothing could be more perfect than the spring and autumn weather, and it is then, when the days are long and the sun not too hot, that one can enjoy a *paséo*. It is difficult to find an equivalent in English for this word, as it means anything from loitering round the garden, or paying a call, to a trip to Europe. To us a '*paséo*' generally means a few days' holiday, getting away from the estancia and its everyday cares and worries, leaving them all to some kindly friend, who is left in the solitary house with a bewildering number of parting injunctions about things on no account to be forgotten.

How pleasant it is to start in the cool sweet-scented dawn, when the early sunbeams are glinting over the purple alfalfa fields, the horses eager to be off in the keen air! Then come long hours on the road, until at sundown twinkling lights tell that we are near our friend's house, eager voices welcome us, and kindly hands help to unsaddle or unharness the horses. After their simple wants (very simple in this country) are seen to, comes a cheery evening meal in the plain but snug sitting-room. Next day is spent 'looking round,' inspecting the horses to see what new ones have been bought or broken in. There is always something new about an estancia, and this is the most interesting thing in

camp-life, that new schemes have to be made and carried out continually. Then messages are sent out to summon the neighbours, who shortly turn up from all sides to play in or watch a game of polo. There is a great slaughter of ducks and turkeys, and where the company includes ladies, cakes and pies are baked, and a dainty dinner served. Extra beds are easily arranged, for every house has a large supply of *cattris*, and in cold weather every one travels with *ponchos*. A *catri* is the simplest form of bedstead, made like a camp-stool, easily folded up and put aside, and without a mattress most cool and restful on hot nights. The evening is spent, if hot, in the veranda, or indoors round the fireside, playing games, and dancing or singing where there is a piano. The custom of visiting all the estancias in the neighbourhood in this way, passing a day or two at each, answers to a round of calls, in camp the distance between neighbours being usually too great to allow of paying a visit and returning in the same day. I have heard many amusing descriptions of going a *paséo* in the old times, when things were done on a larger scale than nowadays. In one house all the neighbours gathered for Christmas, two tents being put up in the *patio*, one for ladies, the other for men. The young fellows on their arrival would secure a *catri* and hide it in the *monté* so as to make sure of a bed, the less fortunate having to sleep on their *recatu* (as the native saddle is called), which being made up of about half-a-dozen saddle-cloths and skins, is not a bad substitute, and is indeed the true gaucho's only bed.

Polo is fast becoming the game of the Englishmen of South America. Wherever there are a dozen to be found within reach (that may mean a ride of a dozen miles or more), a club is formed. No game could be more suitable to a country where all men ride and possess horses. Sunday is the great day for polo. I know this will be much disapproved of by many of my readers, who do not realise what possibilities there are for *mis-spending* Sunday in camp. There are no churches of any sort, no clergymen or missionaries. Even books are limited in number, and few people possess a piano; so, when no work is going on, there is nothing to do. Sunday is always a holiday; the *peones* pass it visiting friends, sucking maté, and talking by the hour; or at the *pulperias* (camp-stores), where often on Sundays races take place, and raffles are got up, and the poor peon is cheated out of his money and encouraged to get drunk on *caña*, the native drink, made from sugar-cane. With nothing to do on the estancia, it is natural enough for a young fellow to ride over to the *pulperia*, just to see what is going on; once there, it is not easy for him to avoid the *caña* and the betting, and even the fighting that often follows up.

On the other hand, a game of polo brings all the English together—some to play, some to look on. We all meet at lunch; the afternoon is spent on the polo ground, where two or three ladies and a few children are often to be found as spectators. Then comes a cheery party round the tea-table. As the sun



gets low, those who live near mount and ride off in good spirits, after a stirring game and the sight of fresh faces. Some stay for the night, enjoying a sociable evening round the piano, when sacred music and hymns recall home Sundays in the past. It is a bright day in the week for those who during the other six live a solitary life, without hearing English spoken from morning till night, getting up at dawn to spend the day in the saddle, working cattle (that is, counting, marking, and separating them), and superintending ploughing, harrowing, or sowing.

Far less stirring is a lady's life: except for a ride or drive, she never leaves the house. If she has children, she must be always with them, for a good nurse is not easily found, and, even with one, she cannot leave home with a mind at rest, knowing that there is no doctor, or even an experienced friend at hand, who can be summoned in case of illness. I have seen some brave matrons go off for a *paseo* with all their boys and girls and babies; but this can hardly be an enjoyable holiday for them or the friends they visit. As a good cook is quite an impossibility in camp, the lady of the house has to spend most of her time in the kitchen. The dairy also must be under her special care, as no native understands how to make butter. Naturally, if a woman is interested in house-keeping, she has plenty of scope and material for her talents, and nowhere is a comfortable home more appreciated than in this land of roughing it. Of course, in the more civilised parts it is different, and indeed life is much the same as life at home in an ordinary country house. Both inside and outside it is a life free from many irksome conventional restraints, and from all passing fashions, where each household is modelled and directed according to its own ideas of what works best and is most comfortable; but it is usually a life wanting in culture, and art, and good music, such as may be found in the most out-of-the-way corners of Old England.

S. S. M.

## AN AWKWARD FIX.

### A BUSH ADVENTURE.

By JOHN MACKIE.

WHEN I went out in '82 to the Gulf of Carpentaria, it was undoubtedly a wild and unsettled place. Burketown, a resurrected township smelling of sawdust and whisky, was the *Ultima Thule* of civilisation in that part of Australia. The country to the west of it was inhabited only by a few squatters at long intervals apart, or by roving bands of wild blacks, and was the happy hunting-ground or hiding-place of a number of men wanted by the police for horse-stealing or something worse. The latter were dangerous and troublesome neighbours to have anything to do with. For obvious reasons, to recognise a man and call him by his proper name then, was, in nine cases out of ten, to commit an unpardonable error, and apt to lead to disagreeable consequences.

It was in the month of October, about the commencement of the thunder-storms and the hot weather, when, in charge of a wagon-load of goods, I found myself on my way to a

cattle-station called Lily-lagoons that had just been opened up one hundred and thirty miles to the west of Burketown. It might have been about three o'clock in the afternoon when, seeing a storm gathering, our party pushed on so as to reach the shelter of one of those back-block shanties that spring up as if by magic wherever there is a chance of intercepting a few stray cheques, and to unhitch before the tropical downpour overtook us. I remember as I rode up to the rough slab building, with its bark roof, strip of veranda, and general air of untidiness, that I caught a glimpse of some men disappearing into the bush in rear of the buildings; they were making for a yard hard by, where I made sure their horses were. Such an experience is by no means an uncommon one in certain outlying parts of the Gulf country, where, generally speaking, there are always a few men keeping out of the way of the police, and who are apprehensive on the approach of strangers, and make themselves scarce until they are assured as to their identity.

Let the reader not put any erroneous construction upon my conduct when I admit sending a certain precocious larikin, whom I had met before, to make their minds easy and fetch them back. I could not afford to be other than on good terms with such a crew—horse flesh was a costly and difficult commodity to replace in the Gulf in those days. When I entered the rough bar-room, Cassidy, the publican, held out his right hand patronisingly towards me, and with his left placed a black bottle on the counter.

I shook hands with him and exchanged compliments; for Jack was as good as his master in the Gulf, so not to be hail-fellow-well-met with every one argued a sad lack of policy, and marked one as the possible victim of future misfortune. According to the custom of a stranger when entering a bush 'hotel,' I called upon the bleary-eyed and shaky-looking devotees of old Silenus, in the guise of several bushmen present, to 'breathe the bar.' This they did with an alacrity which, if expended in a better cause, would have been praiseworthy in the extreme. As soon as possible, however, I escaped from the noisy and unpleasantly demonstrative little crowd, and went outside to await the team. I was selecting a spot on which to halt the wagon, when, from behind a huge blood-wood tree, there came a sound as of some one moaning, and going round, I discovered a man lying on his face, evidently in the clutches of that demon of the Gulf, malarial fever. He nervously grasped an empty canvas water-bag in one hand, and did not seem to be aware of my presence. I appropriated the bag, went down to the lagoon, filled it with water, and came back to him. Tapping him on the shoulder, I said: 'Here, mate; have a drink.'

Now, no one knows, save those who have experienced the torments of the fierce fever-thirst, what a pleasant salutation this is. When addressed, he rolled over on his back, and I saw his face for the first time. Having a good memory for 'descriptions,' I recognised him. He was Billie Main, a young fellow not yet four-and-twenty years of age, and who had at

least half-a-dozen warrants out against him for horse-stealing in various parts of the colony. Not utterly bad, however, or without certain good points, strange as it may seem; but, alas! easily led: one who, from the commission of a foolish and unpremeditated act of dishonesty, and the keeping of bad company, had been led to commit more serious crimes, until he had cut himself off from all chance of honest employment, and now led the miserable life of a hunted wild animal.

There is little that is in reality attractive in the lives of such as Billie, in spite of what a certain absurd and pernicious kind of literature says, and which is generally penned by those who know nothing of the stern and hideous truth. There was nothing in Billie's face that was suggestive of the criminal and foolhardy deeds for which he had been noted. As it was, I was an utter stranger to him, moreover, 'some one whom he could not exactly make out;' so for the minute he regarded me with not a little apprehension on his face, and said: 'Then you're not a trap?'

'What do you take me for?' I responded, knowing there was only one way of talking to such men, and I confess feeling not a little sorry for him in his helpless condition; he looked so utterly wretched and neglected. 'You'd better take a drink, like a good fellow. And look here; you want to get back to the shanty, for there's a thunder-storm coming up. I'll stow your saddles and gear under the tarpaulin of my wagon when it comes—and here it is.'

And up lumbered the heavily-laden wagon, with its driver, 'offsider,' and twelve horses. I stowed away Billie's belongings; he all the time watching me with a strange mixture of surprise and curiosity.

'You're a new chum, I s'pose?' he remarked at length.

'Well, yes,' I answered; 'I don't suppose a couple of years in the country counts for much. But get up; it's going to rain.'

'Thought as much as how you were a new chum,' he said, paying no attention to my last remark, and taking another drink. 'When you've been in this country a little longer, you won't trouble your head 'bout every poor beggar you happens to find lying under a gum-tree, and whom you don't know.'

'Well, Billie Main,' I said, 'I happen to know you; and I do not mean to assert that the honour of your acquaintance is such that I'd care to go blowing about it to any of my very particular friends. But that has nothing to do with it. I've had the fever myself, and don't intend to let you lie here; so get up, my bold hero. Here, give me your arm: a drenching in the state you're in now would just about fix the business for you.'

'Well, you are a rum un,' he said, raising himself wearily on his hands into a sitting position. Then looking at me with a somewhat more reassured and pleasanter expression on his face, he added: 'S'pose I've got to do as you tell me, boss.'

His was a pinched, pale, weary-looking face—not the kind of face one would associate with the companionship of horse-thieves and,

perhaps, murderers. His voice was pitched in that soft, drawing intonation peculiar to natives of New South Wales; and, in spite of the reputation he bore, he could look one squarely enough in the eyes. 'A good man gone wrong,' I thought, 'and neglect and ignorance at the bottom of it all.' That his natural inclinations were neither of the ungrateful nor vicious sort when uninfluenced by the 'flash,' bad company he had a weakness for, I knew; and despite what he said, I believe that Billie would have been the first man to help a stranger.

He was weak as a kitten; so giving him my arm, I led him over to the shanty, where he muttered a few words—of thanks, I suppose—and flinging himself down on a rude stretcher under the veranda, lay silent with his head in his hands. An hour or so later, when the fierce and sudden thunder-storm had lifted, we hitched up our team and went on again. But as for Billie, I did not see him again for two years. Strange rumours were afloat concerning him in the meantime; and once he was reported as having stolen horses at three different places, widely apart, at the same time, which goes to prove the truth of the adage, 'Give a dog a bad name, and you may as well hang him.'

A cold-blooded murder had been committed on the Georgetown gold-diggings, and the police wanted a man named M'Donell, badly, for it. Indeed, he had committed more than one murder; but as he was well known to be a desperate and dangerously reckless man, those who were inclined to assist the law were chary about meddling with him. Since the Georgetown murder, the police had been scouring the country everywhere; but then, Australia is quite a respectable-sized hiding-place, and nothing had been heard of him.

It was late in the afternoon, in the month of October, and I had occasion to visit a distant part of our main paddock fence, some ten miles away from the head-station. This fence ran parallel to the only track (that is, trail or road) in that part of the country, which was the Port Darwin track, but was some two miles off it. I was alone; and, strange to say, contrary to my wont, had left my revolver behind. I was pacing along easily, admiring the beauty of the evening, and thinking of nothing in particular, when amongst the trees, some hundred yards outside the fence, I observed the glimmering of a fire. Blacks or white men? At least it would not be difficult to see; so putting my horse at the fence, I took the top-rail neatly. This practice of mine—always teaching my horse to jump—was to stand me in good stead yet.

White men at the 'Yellow water-hole'—but what were they doing so far off the track? In another minute I had ridden right in amongst them, and unthinkingly jumped off my horse. In another minute I would have given all I possessed to have been on his back again, and anywhere but in that company. There were three men, and they had neither seen nor heard me approach. One was stooping from the fire in the act of taking a damper from the ashes; and the other two were sitting with their backs against a fallen tree, evidently

enjoying a smoke. However, I stammered out 'Good-evening, mates,' and tried to look as if I were glad at having dropped across them.

Then I experienced a chilling sensation of dismay; for as the two men leaped to their feet, I recognised the notorious M'Donell, as blood-thirsty and unprincipled a wretch as ever lived. There was no mistaking him: the same bill that offered the five hundred pounds reward that would lead to his capture described him too fully. There was the bluish scar right across the left cheek; the cruel, shifty black eyes, and the coarse, animal face. The second man, Smythe—M'Donell's companion in crime—was not an unhandsome man, but still evil-looking. They were both men who would think no more of shooting any one who stood between them and liberty than they would think of crushing a spider. But, suddenly, the third man turned, and I saw who it was—Billie Main. He looked somewhat anxious for a minute when he recognised me; but suddenly his brow cleared and he came forward.

Now, I confess that though Billie bore none of the best of characters—indeed the reverse—I was somewhat relieved at seeing him there. I could not help thinking that there was a something about him, in spite of his unenviable reputation, which hinted at his not being destitute of common humanity. I had a pretty shrewd guess that M'Donell and Smythe, divining I had recognised them, would not care about letting me go back again to civilisation, knowing that the police were somewhere in the neighbourhood. Oh, how foolish I appeared in my own eyes, having come out without my revolver! I was in an awkward fix, truly. I saw the two first-mentioned men slip their hands down towards their revolver pouches. Then M'Donell, looking around to see if I were alone, sang out: 'Hilloa! mister, what the dickens do you mean by riding into a man's camp like this, and making so mighty free?'

But here Billie came to my assistance, for with a ready laugh and shaking me heartily by the hand, he said to M'Donell: 'It's all right, Dan: it's Dick Holmes, one of the boys, and one of the right sort—I'll answer for him. He's head-stockman to old "T. B.," and minds his own business. I'll go bail he'll keep his mouth shut.'

Inwardly I blessed Billie's presence of mind and tact; so seeing that my only chance of being allowed to leave that company was by playing a part and conciliating them, I tied up my horse alongside one of theirs that stood saddled, hard by, and said to M'Donell: 'A nice sort of reception you'd give a man, mate. But I'll forgive you if you give me a drink of tea and a fill of tobacco. I came away without any this morning, and have been riding all day. Ah! that's better'—this to M'Donell, who had indicated the billy alongside the fire, with an inclination of his head. I took a drink of tea and cut a fill of tobacco from the plug that Smythe handed me. Now, hospitality of this nature is as much a sacred rite with the Australians as the breaking of bread is with the people of the East, so I felt somewhat more at my ease.

I could not help admiring Billie's cunning;

for after one glance at me that was full of meaning, he talked as if he had known me for years, and in a way that, had any unenlightened party overheard, would have seriously compromised my character. Of course I saw his drift, which was to impress his comrades with the idea that I was the last man in the world to go talking about their whereabouts. I must confess that his evident anxiety to put me in a good light in their eyes, struck me with a rather unpleasant significance. For desperate men all three, and with the shadow of the gallows resting over two of them, was it likely that they would let me, a comparative stranger, walk right out of their camp, perhaps right into a police one, and 'give them away,' just when they were within some thirty miles of the Northern Territory boundary line, past which the Queensland police might not follow them?

And all the time I could see M'Donell was turning over something in his mind. Only once did I catch the restless glint of those ferret-like, black eyes, and they convinced me that there was little chance of leaving that camp alive, if he only took it into his head that I was not to be trusted. As it was, he and Smythe observed a disconcerting silence, and I replied and talked to Billie in a strain that it is to be hoped I shall never require to adopt again when talking to any one. Let a man's life be at stake, however, and he will do many a thing his conscience condemns. And, after all, I frankly confess to being no hero. It helps to keep me from having any inordinate opinion of myself now, when I think that, had a stranger heard me talking then, he would have thought I was a fit companion for Billie and his mates.

But it would not do to stop in that camp too long, or they might mistake my motives. Besides, I was becoming all the time more nervous on account of the peculiarly sinister manner of M'Donell and Smythe, and was anxious to have it over—such as it might be.

And now the go-go-burra or laughing-jackass had begun his noisy cachinnation, as he does first thing in the morning and just before sundown. Innumerable tree-frogs, and members of the insect world, now that the sun was getting lower and the air became cooler, began to make the Australian forest instinct with strange sounds, the like of which can only be heard in a tropical forest at night-fall. Flocks of screeching parrots and parrakeets, many-hued pigeons, and noisy leather-heads, swooped down to drink at the water-hole as if oblivious of our presence; and the graceful fronds of palms, with their lace-like tracery, became darkly and sharply silhouetted against the gray sky.

It was a strange and significant fancy that struck me just then, that some of their drooping leaves should resemble the nodding plumes on a hearse. It is strange, but true, that in positions of the most imminent danger the most trivial details will impress themselves on one's mind. But it was necessary that I should have daylight to leap back over the fence again, so I rose from the ground on which I had seated myself. I do not deny that it cost me an effort even to take this urgent step. It was no mere presentiment, but a pal-

pable sense of imminent and impending danger that possessed me now.

'Well, mates, time I was going,' I said. 'By the way, if you want a "fifty" of flour, we can let you have it. Billie can come along with me, and I'll slip it out to him. No one need know who gets it. If you're going into the Territory, you may find it useful.'

Billie jumped at the idea; but the other two silenced him. 'They did not require it,' they said. 'In fact, they were nearer the station than they cared about.'

I walked towards my horse. Now, I think there is no more disagreeable sensation than to turn your back to a man and think that he is meditating putting a bullet into you. You dare not look round in case you may precipitate the action; and you feel a cold, creepy sensation running down your spine, as if some one were pouring cold water down your back. It is a horrible thing to think that you may be launched into eternity at any moment without preparation. My fingers were twitching nervously as I untied the reins from the tree, and prepared to mount. The three men had drawn together; but I could not look at them. How utterly at their mercy I was then! Just as I put my left foot into the stirrup, there was a sudden movement—an imprecation—the 'ping' of a pistol. 'Zip!'—a bullet buried itself in the bark of a tree close to my head, and M'Donell exclaimed: 'Curse you, Billie, you've spoiled the shot!'

I sprang into the saddle, just in time to see Billie endeavouring to prevent M'Donell from firing again. 'Hold hard, my hearty!' cried the latter. To lie well forward on my horse, and dig my heels well into his flanks, was the work of a second. Like a bolt shot from a crossbow, 'Eclipse' sprang forward and dashed away through the scrub.

*Ping! ping! ping!*—something like a red-hot needle being thrust through my left arm, and a shot that made the blood spurt from the neck of my poor horse. A narrow shave, truly! I was now running some hundred yards from the fence and parallel to it. In another minute I heard the dull, quick thud of a horse's hoofs behind me. Looking back, I saw M'Donell, hatless, evil-looking, and with a revolver in his right hand, tearing after me, mounted on the horse I had seen tied up in the camp. I knew now that he meant to get close up alongside me so as to make sure work of both me and 'Eclipse.'

Oh, if I could only have had a weapon of some sort in my hand to have faced that fiend! But strategy was my only hope. 'Eclipse' was a jumper, and nothing more. I knew it was only a question of time till M'Donell was alongside.

It was a mad, wild ride. Trees and bushes flew past at express speed. Like a man who has been snatched from the jaws of death by drowning, I can still recall distinctly every soul-harrowing, every complex, pertinent, and trivial thought that coursed through my brain just then. I can remember speculating on the theories of the Greek philosopher regarding the soul after death; even wondering if the hands at the station would find my

lifeless body, provided M'Donell did not burn it. I can remember thinking that this neck-or-nothing ride of mine resembled one I had read of in some old German legend, or Tam o' Shanter's by the waters of Doon. But the Scottish farmer's gray mare had a good hard road to stretch her limbs on, while poor 'Eclipse' had to dash and dodge through treacherous forest country. I looked once over my shoulder, and saw the ugly face of M'Donell with a wicked grin upon it. He was gaining upon me at every stride, and there was a deadly glitter in his cold, black eyes—no mercy there. Another hundred yards, and then his horse would be close upon mine. Now for a supreme effort.

Quick as thought I pulled 'Eclipse' over to the right, and M'Donell shot past with a curse. Now for the fence. I bent low, and shouted to my horse: it was neck or nothing, life or death. M'Donell had wheeled and was close upon me. Would he follow, or would he shoot? My heart was in my mouth, but 'Eclipse' took the top-rail in that waning light like a bird—and cleared it. Bravo, 'Eclipse!'

*Clatter—c-r-rash!*

I looked back. M'Donell's horse had jumped foul of the top-rail, and striking it, pitched wildly, rolling over and over again with its rider. There was an explosion: M'Donell had shot himself with his own revolver in the fall, and lay like a bundle of rags on the ground. When I picked him up, he was stone-dead—gone to answer for his crimes before a higher tribunal than any man could arraign him at.

I rode to the station, and found the troopers there. Hurrying back we surprised Smythe, who had followed up and discovered his dead mate. He was too much stunned and taken aback to make much of a resistance, and in two minutes the cold, gleaming handcuffs were on his wrists. But Billie had fled the camp; doubtless apprehensive of M'Donell's anger for his interference on my behalf. I confess to having been glad of this. Poor Billie! he was meant for better things; he was at least not one of those on whom a kindly meant action is thrown away.

#### SONNET.

OLD thoughts, old memories of days gone by,  
Lift their dead faces from the shroud of years,  
And crowd my path, to-night—I know not why!—  
Pleading, with ceaseless voices, in mine ears,  
For recognition and remembrance. Chill,  
Chill too, and bitter is the wintry blast;  
And yet, methinks, upon it lingers still  
The fragrant breath of summer nights long past  
Hoarse is the murmur of the river too;  
Yet in its voice is echoed o'er and o'er  
The old sweet song we heard long, long ago,  
That harvest night when, ling'ring by the shore,  
Beneath the sheen of holy stars we stood,  
Nor dreamt of winter winds or tempests rude.

M. C. C.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,  
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 621.—VOL. XII.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1895.

PRICE 1½d.

## THE RISING OF THE BRASS MEN.

It was nine o'clock, one sultry evening early in the present year, and had therefore been dark some two and a half hours, as a solitary white man patrolled the clearing surrounding the factory at the mouth of the Nun River. To the rear and on both sides lay the great African forest, in most places a horrible quagmire of putrid mud and slime, out of which, supported on their high arched roots, and with branches growing down and again taking root in the mire, rose the mangrove trees. In other parts where the ground lay firmer grew lofty cotton-woods, with an almost impenetrable mass of thorny bushes and creepers plaited round their bases. On the remaining side flowed the Nun River, the principal of the Niger's manifold mouths, here about a mile wide, and dividing the two dense forests. On either bank for hundreds of miles stretched the mangrove swamps, the trees growing out of fathomless mud, intersected by muddy creeks winding like tunnels under the interlacing branches.

Over river and forest hung a white mist, heavy with the smell of rotting leaves and exhalations of the swamps, which no white man may breathe uninjured, and which to many brings ruined constitutions or swift death from malarial fever. After the fierce heat of the day, the white man shivered a little as the clammy mist soaked through his clothing, and lighted a cigar as some feeble attempt to counteract the probable dose of fever. Listening sharply, he passed along the strip of fetid mud which formed the river bank, and found the black sentinels at their posts half hidden by the mist and the dripping bushes. Then rapidly returning, he climbed the stone staircase rising to the factory, which, as is necessary along this coast, was supported some twenty feet from the ground, to raise it a little above the worst of the miasma (for here, if a white man sleep on the ground-level, he shall surely die), and entered the brightly lighted room. At

the table sat two men, another Englishman and a young French officer, both haggard and with the fever-smitten look of this blighted land; but while the Englishman appeared anxious and ill at ease, his companion, with the *insouciance* of his nation, sat smiling and careless. They had sufficient to justify any anxiety; for weeks past the Nimbi negroes, incensed at the attempt of the British Company to charge them a duty on their trade, had threatened to come down and kill the white men and burn the factory; but by the self-sufficiency and contempt of every native nation, which England has so often dearly paid for, the warning had been slighted until now, when most of the black troops were away, and only some few remained with three Europeans, the blow was to fall.

All day strange canoes had been seen coming down the river to disappear among the mangrove swamps, and the few river men who worked among the Krooboys round the factory, by that singular means which all natives have of transmitting news faster than it can be carried by any mail-canoe or steam-launch, were whispering that a fleet of large canoes and at least nine hundred men from the Brass River, another deltaic arm of the Niger, would that night wipe out every man around the factory and utterly destroy it. In front of the factory a small redoubt was hastily made out of salt-bags, and a machine gun mounted in it; the few black troops were supplied with as much ball cartridge as they could carry; and when night fell with the suddenness of the tropics, all waited with anxious hearts for what might befall. Besides the three Europeans, there were some two to three hundred coloured hands around the factory, clerks from Sierra Leone and Lagos, and the ever-cheerful and generally to be depended on Kroo labourers. These were, however, in the same peril as the whites, as one negro tribe hates another with a deadly hatred; and the river men, who form powerful nations and possess cities of forty thousand

inhabitants, are a cruel and vindictive race, and allow no interlopers in their dominions. The only one at ease among them was the black printer, who had been to the Brass city, where he had friends and relations, and where he assured his envious listeners he would be treated as an honoured guest.

Hour after hour passed slowly, the fireflies flashed and sparkled in the wet grass, and no sound was to be heard except the rapid rush of the ebb-tide and the croaking of frogs in the swamps. The moon rose and the mist grew lighter, showing on the one side patches of the gleaming river, and on the other the dark wall of the forest. One by one the natives, with the happy carelessness of the negro, dropped off to sleep; but above, the three Europeans kept close watch on the veranda, taking turn about to see that the outlying sentries were awake at their posts. So the night crept on until in his gay manner the Frenchman began to abuse the Brass men for keeping them waiting. 'Don't be impatient, Daddy,' his companion said; 'if they come, the brutes will be here an hour after midnight.' Then as the time was drawing near, the lamp in the room was turned low, spare rifles taken from the rack and laid on the table, besides a supply of opened cartridge packets, and then with rifle in hand the three sat quietly in the shadow on the veranda.

'Listen,' said the doctor; and up the river they could plainly hear the 'chunk, chunk' of paddles. In another moment there was a loud report from a good-sized gun in the bows of a canoe, and then with howls and shouts the Brass men rushed upon the factory from the bush and river simultaneously. With their sharply filed matchets the factory Krooboy made as brave a stand as they could, but they were outnumbered six to one, and the Brass men were armed with guns. Ball or shot they rarely use, but prefer a handful of broken cast-iron potleg, which at close quarters makes a ghastly wound. In a few minutes the black labourers were mostly killed, and the remnant broke and fled for the salt shed. Here they were met by another company of their enemies, and were taken between the two. It was an indiscriminate slaughter. Many were unarmed, and those who had weapons had no chance against numbers. After a few minutes there was not a Krooboy left standing, excepting those who saved their lives by a timely flight into the bush.

Then the fiendishness of the river men found an outlet. In front of the salt shed grew a large tree. On either side of the trunk stood a huge negro with a matchet. His companions, dragging such as were not killed outright to their feet, hurled them against the tree; and as they did so, the two matchets came down, shearing through skull or neck, and the victim fell a mangled corpse at the roots of the tree. One after another were so killed, many with the negro's apparent carelessness of death, and the others with fearful shrieks. When all were killed, and only a pool of blood and a ghastly heap lay at the foot of the tree, a rush was made for the clerks' quarters; and in spite of a feeble revolver fire, an entrance was made, several were killed on the spot, and

the rest tied hand and foot and hurled through the windows.

Then the united body moved towards the Europeans' house, a grotesque procession, most of them dripping with blood from their own or their victims' wounds, all tall, strongly made men, with their hair knitted up into many fantastic plaits, many armed with guns, some with matchets, and some with the horrible African spears with barbed edges and sharp hooks. As they came, the two or three black soldiers left pointed and fired the Nordenfelt gun from the salt-bag redoubt. After the flash of the gun and a yell which told of the result, the whole force with a wild rush swept up to the house and over the redoubt. Bravely standing to their post, the two black soldiers struggled with the gun; but the discharge had jammed the breech-block, and it was useless.

Stabbed and horribly mutilated, they fell at their post, while the savage mob swept round to the stone stairs leading to the veranda. Up the first two or three steps they swept, a disordered crowd, firing their long guns indiscriminately wherever the crush would allow them to move an arm. Then the three white men appeared at the head of the stairway standing in the shadow, while the blacks below were in the bright moonlight. They were not soldiers taught to shoot with a wooden, mechanical movement, but sportsmen who knew their weapon, balance, and pull off; and as the repeating-rifles flashed and flashed, the lower steps became a shambles, savage after savage fell, blocking the way for his followers, until they turned tail and bolted for cover. Then the defenders dropped back against the wall and hurriedly reloaded their magazines. In a few moments the attack began again, this time the Brass men coming on in a thinner body. Still, not one gained more than a few steps before he fell back on the writhing heap below. It was too hot to last; no one could stand against the repeating-rifle in such hands, and again the crowd broke and fled.

This time a few only remained in front of the factory, firing as fast as they could reload their guns at the veranda, where they supposed the garrison to lie. The rest went round to the rear of the building and underneath, and commenced to shoot through the wooden floors from below and through the building from side to side; while others, dragging up a good-sized cast-iron gun from one of the war canoes, fired large shot and handfuls of stones through floor and walls, while the little garrison lay down in the deepest shadow they could find. For a long time the fusilade continued steadily, while the white men, unable to reply, crouched anxiously in their shelter. Then it ceased, except a few dropping shots, and the cries and groans from the compound, mixed with wild howls of delight, told that the Brass men were killing their prisoners and looting the stores.

Slowly the time passed, until after the usual brief African dawn the sun rose, and the three Europeans looking round, saw the ghastly heap at the foot of the stairway, where still some one moved an arm from time to time or moaned faintly; all around them the wooden sides of the houses were torn and riddled with

shot. The worst was that, in the clear light, they could not stand at the stairhead, but had to retreat into the room facing it. By-and-by the blacks again gathered in front of the house and moved towards the stairs; but after a few moments' quick firing, during which a number of them fell, they retired, leaving the Europeans still unhurt, but with less than a dozen cartridges left. It was then suggested that three should be put on one side, so that at the last they should not fall into the hands of their enemies alive. Here the Frenchman interposed, saying that in any case they could only die, and that it were better to fire every single shot, and no one knew what might happen at the very latest moment.

So they stood with parched mouths and throats, and smoke-grimed faces, waiting the end, till the boom of a gun rang out, followed by the deep tone of a steam-whistle and the R.M.S. *Bathurst* slowly steamed round the point close inshore. In a few moments the negroes were in full flight. Away they went, dragging with them bales and boxes, wounded comrades and prisoners; and ten minutes after the arrival of the steamer, a fleet of large canoes in full flight were all that remained, and the plucky defence of the factory came to an end.

The poor prisoners, however, fared worse. They were carried away two days' journey through the rivers and creeks, nailed to the bottom of the canoes through hands, feet, and arms; and on reaching the town of Nimbi, were killed and eaten: the printer, in spite of his reliance on his friends there, suffering the same fate, after untold agony from heat and thirst, lying for two days in the fierce glare of the African sun, with the rusty nails eating into his flesh.

The last scene of the tragedy was enacted when Her Majesty's gunboats went up the river and burned the town.

## AN ELECTRIC SPARK.\*

### CHAPTER XXXIII.—IN THE LION'S MOUTH.

'No, Mr Wynyan, certainly not.—By the way, you have assured me that you were the late Mr Dalton's trusted assistant, and helped him in this invention.'

'I may claim, sir, to having been the inventor.'

'Very well, then,' said the gentleman addressed, as he sat back in his chair in the well-furnished, sombre room in one of the Government buildings; 'we will take it that you are the inventor.'

'May I ask whom I am addressing?' said Wynyan.

'Of course. I am the Under-secretary, and the communications made to your firm have—of course, inspired by my chief—come from me, in whose hands the settlement of this business has been placed. I have endeavoured to show you, Mr Wynyan, that my department is inspired by no inimical feeling; there is no desire for persecution, but we have a duty to perform.'

'Naturally, sir.'

'After certain communications with your late principal, it was decided that it was the duty of the Government to take up the invention offered to them, and they did so in a frank spirit, paying handsomely with the money for whose proper disbursement they are answerable to the State. Of course, as soon as we find that we have been—there I must use a strong term—swindled, we are bound to act. You grant that?'

'Of course, sir.'

'You grant, then,' said the Under-secretary with a smile, 'that we have been—swindled?'

'Certainly.'

'And that it is our duty to proceed against the firm in some form or other, for, when we enter into a matter like this, we become commercial, and must act accordingly. If your firm had bought an engine of another firm, and it did not prove to be what was represented when you parted with your money, I presume that you would commence an action against the people who had defrauded you?'

'Certainly, sir,' said Wynyan firmly. 'I do not join issue with you in the matter. I merely come here and place the question before you as it stands. It is a repetition, perhaps, of a great deal that I said to you at my last interview.'

'Pray go on, Mr Wynyan. We have no wish to be unjust. You will find us amenable.'

'Then, sir, let me assure you that my late principal, Mr Dalton, was a man of the most sterling honesty of character.'

'So we were informed.'

'Everything he promised would have been done; but either before or subsequent to his death, the idea of the invention was stolen, and sold to this foreign Government.'

'By whom?'

Wynyan was silent.

'Give me the names of the party or parties.'

'I cannot, sir. Of course I have my suspicions, but I cannot make the charge upon so weak a basis.'

'Give me the name, and our legal advisers shall settle whether they will investigate the matter, and bring it home.'

'No, sir,' said Wynyan firmly. 'I cannot expose a man who may be innocent, to the trouble that this proceeding would entail.'

'Very well, Mr Wynyan; then perhaps it would be better for our interview to come to a close.'

'No, sir,' said the engineer sturdily; 'hear me out, if you please. That invention was like the breath of life to me for years. I worked at it as hard as man could work. Again and again I thought I had achieved success, but always there was some little thing to necessitate a reconstruction.'

'I suppose so,' said the Under-secretary, smiling. 'Mechanism is a troublesome thing—even the construction of a cabinet. Well, Mr Wynyan?'

'At last, sir, I was able to show Mr Dalton that the final difficulty had been surmounted.'

'And we bought every right in the ingenious idea, and it has proved worthless.'

'How, sir?' said Wynyan warmly.

'How? My good sir, it is no longer a secret.'

\* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.



The idea has been sold to a foreign Government, and we have no guarantee that the new buyers may not sell it to a dozen more powers. It was the fact of its being unique that made it worth our while to buy.

'It is still unique, sir.'

'Ah, you said something of this kind the last time you were here. Prove your words.'

'Easily enough, sir. Metaphorically, that invention turns upon one point or pin. If that pin is absent, the whole thing falls to pieces.'

'Carry out your metaphor, sir. What is that point or pin—money?'

'No, sir: my mind. I tell you plainly and simply, that the purchase made by that foreign Government is absolutely worthless unless they purchase me as well.'

'And our purchase would have been absolutely worthless unless we purchased you,' said the Under-secretary, with a slight curl of the lip.

'Absolutely, sir.'

'Ah, then now we understand each other, Mr Wynyan. I am glad you have spoken out. Continue, sir. What is your price?'

Wynyan leaped to his feet, and his face flushed up.

'What do you take me for, sir?' he cried.

'Pray be calm, Mr Wynyan,' said the Under-secretary quietly. 'I take you for a business man; that is all.'

'A poor one, I am afraid, sir. You misunderstand me quite.'

'Then what do you mean?'

'This, sir. I would give everything to carry out Mr Dalton's invention to perfection, so that his bargain might be all that he wished.'

'But you ask some payment for this, sir?'

'Payment!' cried Wynyan scornfully. 'Would it not be payment enough for me to be able to prove that my detractors are obliged to humble themselves before me? To prove that I was slandered when I was accused of this base theft—to show that my dear old friend was an honourable gentleman—that I, whom he trusted, was worthy of that trust. Sir, I beg, I implore of you to stop all investigation, to let me go and finish the work, and prove to you that what I say—is correct.'

'That you are one with some personal end to serve, an enthusiast, or an honest man.'

'Put it in that way, if you like, sir,' said Wynyan coldly; 'will you trust me?'

'I am only a public servant, Mr Wynyan, bound to report all this to my chief and a committee. I must tell you, too, that this is not a private matter: Governments cannot afford to have bowels of compassion.'

'But it is for the public a national benefit.'

'Perhaps! But before we go further, Mr Wynyan, let me ask you a question. You have given me some reasons why you wish to work out this business; but to my mind they are insufficient. You have some far stronger motive than this moral revenge upon your enemies, whoever they may be. Come, sir, confess.'

Wynyan darted an indignant look at the speaker, as he once more rose.

'I have done all I can, sir,' he said. 'Once more I tell you that the sale is valueless, as time will prove. You will not trust me?'

'Answer my question, Mr Wynyan. You have a stronger motive than any that I have heard?'

'Yes,' said Wynyan, 'I have.'

The Under-secretary touched a bell to indicate that the interview was at an end, but Wynyan stood looking at him interrogatively.

'I can say no more, Mr Wynyan,' was the answer to his mute question. 'Everything which has passed will be laid before my chief. As soon as possible you shall hear the result.'

## OUR BUTTER SUPPLY.

THE boast of Australian shippers of butter, that in a few years they would not only capture a large portion of our trade in that indispensable commodity, but drive Denmark out of the field, has not been as yet fulfilled. But that the advent of our colonial cousins on the scene has effected a revolution in the trade cannot be disputed; while the manufacturers of substitutes have strong reason to regret the day when the perfection of refrigerator accommodation on the steamers plying from the South Pacific rendered it possible for butter to be landed here from the Antipodes practically as fresh as when it left the creameries on the other side. The table given below will show how the old world and the new compete for our custom in this respect, and it will be gathered therefrom that Australasia has more than doubled her export during the past three years. This has not been brought about without a certain amount of disaster to those concerned, and the season for colonial butter just closed will long be remembered by the trade as the worst on record.

In the days before Victoria entered on the business of butter-shipping, it was the rule that the winter months afforded the best time of the year for the butter-shippers on the Continent and farmers at home to get good prices for their dairy produce, as production was at its minimum, and demand was invariably at the heels of supply. But steam and the cold chamber altered the whole aspect of affairs when the Victorian Government granted its bonus on butter shipped; and as it is summer there when it is winter here, prices rapidly dropped on the market, until the winter became the cheapest period. The working classes—indeed, all sections of the population—have benefited largely by the intense competition. Formerly it was impossible ever to get pure butter at a shilling a pound. There was certainly sold at the price a certain article bearing a strong resemblance to the product of the churn, but stearine entered largely into its composition, and the frequent prosecutions following on public analyses caused people to shun the low-priced article.

To Australia we owe the appearance of pure butter at a shilling a pound, which the poor have been able to purchase all through the trying winter of 1894-95; while during the spring and summer unprecedented prices have

been reached from the same cause, butter being retailed everywhere at tenpence a pound, while in some poor districts it has been vended at eightpence—a Midland firm, more enterprising than careful of its neighbouring traders' necessity of getting a 'living profit,' actually, at the worst period of depression in the wholesale market, selling pure butter at sixpence a pound. This has been rendered possible by the abnormally low currencies ruling on the wholesale market, where butter has sold as low as thirty-five shillings a hundredweight, very good butter being often procurable between sixty and eighty shillings. Denmark, as we have said, has not been driven from the field—having, in fact, increased her output—but she has had to be content with much lower prices, and this season her butter has sold for less than ever before. Her enormous trade with us has been built up by upright trading and the scrupulous vigilance of the authorities, the laws against adulteration being very severe, every package shipped at Copenhagen being subjected to rigid scrutiny to ascertain its purity. Thus Danish butter has come to be a synonym with the trade and the public for a pure article, and the Committee which controls the quotations at Copenhagen has been able to get a high price for the farmers of Denmark, because there was no such guarantee elsewhere. Here comes the proof of the sound business principles animating colonial shippers from their first entering on the enterprise. Government inspection has accompanied the bonus, and merchants here have ascertained that Australian butter is as pure as the Danish product. Thus the trade has been helped to magnify so considerably in such a short time.

But it is one thing to make a trade, another to keep up prices. It was easy for Denmark to do so in the old days, with no competitors worth speaking of; but with so many rivals in the field it is now practically impossible. France has lost a large portion of our trade, mainly because of the sophistication which her reckless shippers have indulged in, and she is not likely to recover the ground lost. But there are rivals to Denmark and Australia nearer home. The secret of the foreigners' success on our markets is the lack of uniformity which has always prevailed with dairy farmers in this country. Grocers know that, however pure and intrinsically good butter from English dairies may be, it is not likely to be the same in appearance and texture two weeks running; and as this results in the housewife raising a complaint that the butter is not of the same quality as previously supplied, grocers prefer, even in country districts, to go to the merchant selling foreign butter, who will agree to give it them the same in appearance week after week throughout the year. The solitary system of production in vogue in England is responsible for this, while the system practised in Denmark and the colonies of working on a co-operative plan—all the farmers in a district bringing their milk to a central factory or creamery, and receiving their share of the net results—is conducive to the production of butter of uniform quality. Lessons travel slowly in England, and the failure of a factory, erected on the Danish model in Wales a little while back,

to pay its projectors, is a proof of the inertness of farmers where their own interests are concerned.

But in Ireland—whence one hears so much of distress, but seldom of success—absolutely gigantic strides have been made of late years, and with a soil and climate exceptionally fitted for the dairy industry, a trade has grown up of such proportions as to form no mean antagonism to Denmark. Many factories and creameries are in existence in Ireland now, turning out thousands of pounds of splendid butter, and Denmark has been made to feel the touch of the competition, having been entirely supplanted in some districts. It has been the rule for Danish butter to be at the top of the quotations, and when it was quoted at one hundred and forty-five shillings a hundredweight, as it was only three or four years ago, Ireland could not get within fifteen or twenty shillings of the quotation. But now the quality of her butter is so far recognised that it is always within a few shillings of its rival, while a short time ago the quotations were level for Danish and Irish in Liverpool. This is a department of our trade which we can only hope will largely increase, to the benefit of the sister kingdom, and it is certain that, now it has gone forward, it will not stop. Germany and Holland and the United States have dropped into the rear as factors in the situation, and France is following suit, though the decreases in shipment from these countries combined are fully made up for by increase of exports from the South Pacific; while in other directions besides Denmark and Australasia, efforts are being made to get a portion of the immense trade, which takes more than ten millions sterling a year out of the country.

In the days when Denmark was not the power in the trade it is now, and when competition over twelve thousand miles of ocean was not dreamt of, Canada had a fair portion of the butter trade then existing. But when the people there thought they could do just as they liked, and sent across stuff which was good enough when nothing else could be got, it was, of course, refused here as soon as we had so many sources of supply to turn to where a good article could be obtained. Shippers in Montreal have blinded themselves to the change that has come over the trade, and have persisted in placing butter bought cheap in the summer in cold storage, to await the advent of better prices, and have then shipped it when the bloom has disappeared and all its connection with the pastures of the Dominion has been effaced. The natural result has been that merchants here have refused to buy it save as a substitute for train-oil, and the trade has dwindled to miserable proportions. Now—as it would seem, too late—they have awakened to a sense of the big mistake they have been making, and shipments are coming forward in cool chambers, whence they are transferred from railway refrigerator cars. On all of the new supply a bonus of a cent a pound is paid by the province of Quebec, the Government being responsible for the railway and steamship arrangements. This has to be fresh-made creamery butter, and the design is to re-establish

Canada's credit on our markets. Should the return be in proportion to the outlay, other provinces will no doubt follow the lead, and Canada once again become prominent in our returns.

Whatever profit the Dominion may reap from the venture, it is clear that consumers here must benefit by another accession to the ranks of those now catering for our tables. They may certainly look for a continuance of low prices, for to this result everything seems to point, especially as the Australian season opened this year much earlier than usual, the first arrival of the 1895-6 make having been some time ago sold on the market. One other thing, too, consumers have to congratulate themselves upon—the removal, through the cheapness of butter, of temptation on the part of vendors to

adulterate. The introduction of margarine has been a great boon to the poor when sold as such, but consumers always rather prefer the genuine article; and the era of low prices which is now on us has caused such a falling off in the demand for the substitute, that whereas in the first eight months of 1893 we imported 832,976 cwt. of margarine from abroad, the amount entering this year to the end of August has only been 597,423 cwt.; Holland, our chief source of supply, having lost custom to the extent of 157,603 cwt. in that period. In the table which follows, the chief sources of our butter supply are enumerated, but in 'other countries' lie concealed many centres near and remote whence demand might at any moment draw increased supplies.

COUNTRIES.	8 months, 1893. cwt.	8 months, 1894. cwt.	8 months, 1895. cwt.	8 months, 1893. Value.	8 months, 1894. Value.	8 months, 1895. Value.
Sweden .....	185,099	176,158	203,785	£1,001,407	£937,082	£1,075,028
Denmark .....	649,779	762,774	791,037	3,568,301	4,027,374	3,893,845
Germany .....	132,149	111,257	92,537	656,102	567,802	461,612
Holland .....	94,838	104,556	128,687	489,425	516,041	618,377
France .....	319,575	267,442	296,940	1,806,485	1,490,521	1,580,791
Australasia .....	101,095	203,760	245,940	519,792	999,696	1,090,428
Canada .....	13,232	2,908	8,353	57,123	11,624	32,002
United States .....	19,793	26,936	19,371	89,652	113,477	75,202
Other countries .....	77,216	99,281	129,318	393,995	489,931	634,047
Total .....	1,592,776	1,755,072	1,915,968	£8,582,282	£9,153,548	£9,461,332

## PROOF POSITIVE.

### CHAPTER III.

It was my eight-and-thirtieth birthday, the sixth of June, and I was crossing the fields outside the old cathedral city. I had been to see an out-lying patient of my employer's—a bed-ridden old woman, of as little importance in the world as myself, and I was now returning. The sun was high, and I had walked swiftly. I was glad to sit down in the shade of a broad elm near an old-fashioned country stile, for rest and coolness.

The city was so sleepy that no railroad came within two miles of it, but as I sat, I heard the puffing and screaming of a distant train. It stopped at the country station and went on again, sounding fainter and fainter, until it left the wide fields altogether silent. I must have fallen into a day-dream, and have allowed time to speed by me without counting, for it was the footstep of a passenger from that train which startled me (as it seemed) a mere minute after the noise of the engine had died away. A man vaulted the stile, and seeing me there, paused to assure himself of the way. A foreign accent struck my ear with a sense of odd familiarity. I looked up and recognised Dupré.

'Alwayne?' he said. The question declared itself in his look as plainly as in his voice. 'Is it Alwayne?' Before I could reply, he had seized my hand and held it strongly in both his own.

'My poor, dear Alwayne! My poor, poor,

dear, dear fellow! I have been hunting you for half a year.'

I drew my hand from his grasp and faced him.

'This is not the greeting you gave me the right to expect from you,' I said.

'Ah no!' he answered. 'But you are proved to be innocent. And how shall I speak to you? How shall I ask your pardon?'

'As for that,' I told him, 'you may spare yourself the trouble. My innocence never should have needed proof to a man who knew me as well as you did. I vow to Heaven that I would have taken the word of no man in the world against you in such a case. There are men in the world who are not born to such a baseness as I stood accused of, and I am one of them.'

'Alwayne!' he said. 'Alwayne! Listen to reason. The missing money has been found. And where do you think? In the safe, in the room in which you slept on that unhappy night!'

He put this with such an air of conviction, that, although I had half turned to leave him, I paused and asked savagely, 'What of that?'

'What of that? It is as clear as day. You had seen the safe in the upper room. You had observed to the dear old Professor that the money was not secure there because the safe had no lock. You had noticed that the other safe in the room below closed with a snap. You went to sleep, dreamed of danger, got up in your sleep, took away the money for safety, locked it up, and had forgotten all about it in the morning.'

'Rubbish!' I answered. 'I never walked in my sleep in my life.'

'How do you know that?' he retorted. 'You know only, at the most, that you have never been told so. Come, my dear Alwayne, the facts are proven. There is no question of your intent. There is no doubt as to how the thing happened. And Miss Gordon, let me tell you, is more heartbroken since the money was found and returned to her, than even when the terrible truth seemed first to have been forced upon her. She saw you, you remember.'

'What she saw,' I answered wearily, but with unshaken certainty—'what she saw, I cannot tell, but me she did not see.'

'But the Professor saw you too. How should they both be mistaken? You carried a lighted candle, which you left upon the floor of the landing outside the room. You were seen clearly.'

I stood half confounded, and the fields, trees, and hedges seemed to spin about me. But for Dupré's hand I should have fallen, and for a second or two I felt precisely as I had done at the moment when we two last parted. My terror of a possible recurrence of what had happened then, served, I think, to distract my mind from the thought which oppressed it.

'You are better now,' said Dupré.

'It was not I,' I persisted.

'Well,' said Dupré, 'I have proof positive, and I will convince you. But I am going to the "Green Dragon" hotel here, and if you are well enough to walk, I will tell you something by the way.'

'I am well enough,' I answered brusquely. Seven or eight years ago I had been prosperous and honoured. Now, what was I? A human hack, blasted in repute, shattered, ruined. I can forgive myself for my disdain and bitterness.

'Well,' he said, accommodating his steps to mine, which were not so elastic as they had been half an hour before, 'I shall tell you how the money came to be found.'

'My good sir,' I responded, 'I have not the slightest interest in the matter.'

'Ah, but you will have, by-and-by,' he said. 'The old house was being pulled down, and a contractor had bought the material. When the safe was turned over, the cash-box within it rattled, and the safe being unlocked, the money was found. The contractor was an honest fellow, and was well paid for honesty, you may be sure. But more than the money was found.'

Here, again, he spoke with so marked an emphasis, that, though I would willingly have said good-bye to him and the whole question, I felt constrained to speak.

'What else was found?'

'That proof positive I spoke of,' he responded, and I lapsed into silence. 'You shall see it for yourself,' he went on, 'when we come to the hotel. But in the meantime, I have something else to tell you. I am not here alone. I chose to walk across the fields, because I wanted to arrange in my own mind how I should tell you everything when we met. My companions have been driven by the main road to the hotel, and though they have a mile farther to travel, they will be there before us. I am married, Alwayne, since we saw each other last, and my wife is with me.'

I said nothing, and had indeed nothing to say. I had been indifferent to everything for years, and the nerves of interest, once dulled by such an experience as mine, are slow to feel again.

'I have another companion on my journey, Alwayne, the saddest, gentlest, and most suffering creature under the blue sky. You have suffered—suffered horribly, degradingly, undeservedly. But, Alwayne, she has suffered too. You must not look to find her what she was.'

The nerves of feeling were wide awake upon a sudden. I felt my heart beat, and the colour alter on my cheek. I made no pretence of not understanding him.

'You have done no charity to either of us in bringing Miss Gordon here,' I said. 'It was her want of faith in me which has made my life what it is. It is through her that an innocent man has walked the world in shame.'

'She has suffered, Alwayne! She has suffered!'

'And I have suffered!'

'But you have had the consolation of your own honour all along.'

'A consolation, truly!' I answered. And indeed it has maddened me a thousand times, as it would madden any man who had my history, to see that stale and foolish fallacy held up for comfort. The man unjustly hated and despised has in his breast a wound that never rankled in a rogue's.

'You will see her, Alwayne?'

'No!' I answered, the more vehemently that all my heart went out to her.

'Come,' he said, linking his arm in mine. 'You do not yet believe that you were really seen. Now, if I prove that to your own satisfaction—if I force you to believe against yourself, that no hand but your own removed that cash-box, will you change your mind?'

'There is no evidence in the world which would make me credit it. What I know, I know.'

'Wait till I show you my evidence,' said Dupré. 'If you are convinced, will you consent to meet her?'

'If I am convinced,' I answered, 'yes!'

From that moment we walked on in silence, and I guided him to the old-fashioned hotel. He gave his name there, and a waiter led him at once to a private sitting-room. There he left me for a mere instant, returning with a despatch-box in his hand. He set this upon the table in the centre of the apartment, and opened it deliberately, revealing a black pad and a white pad.

'Before Miss Gordon went to rest on that memorable night,' he said, 'she wrote a letter to you—a happy, girlish letter. I have it here'—tapping his breast—'and I will show it to you in a moment. But first, will you lay the finger-tips of your right hand on this blackened pad? So. A gentle pressure. Now transfer them to the white sheet. So. Now take this monocle and examine that impression and compare it with this.'

He took a sheet of paper from his breast-pocket, and handed it to me. I read the words, 'Always, always, always, your own Kathryn,' and below the signature, I saw the clearly

defined marks of four finger-tips. In a lightning flash, the memory of these blackened sheets of paper the Professor had been using for the skeleton leaves came back to me, and I set the marks made so long ago side by side with those so newly made. They were identical, a sign-manual no hand could forge. Each finger had its own delicate spiral pattern, and no other hand than mine in all the world could have left these two impressions.

'That little note,' said Dupré, tapping it as I held it in a shaking hand, 'was laid away in the cash-box until the morning. There was the something more which was found in the safe when it was opened. There was a sheet of newly prepared carbon paper on the table in Miss Gordon's room. You were seen to lay your hand upon it for a moment, as if to steady yourself.'

I sat down, feigning to compare the marks still further, but I saw nothing.

'They are alike,' I said at last, but Dupré had gone, without my notice.

I heard the rustle of a woman's dress, and turned. Kathryn stood there—how altered—how pale and troubled! She held her hands appealingly to me, and called me by my name.

'What can I say?' she asked me. 'I broke your heart to break my own.'

The tears in her beautiful eyes brimmed over, and I drew her to my heart.

## A GOSSIP ABOUT PIANISTS.

By J. CUTHBERT HADDEN.

OF a couple of pianists; for we will talk only of great gods—of Rubinstein and of Bülow, both of whom have passed to their rest within the last few years. We have many pianists in these days, but we have no pianist with a personality that stands out like that of the two virtuosi just named. The modern school of technique has removed entirely the old difficulties of the keyboard, and the result has been a shoal of players who have captured the public with as much ease as a stage beauty captures the pit and the dress circle. It is true that other things besides talent have had to do with the making of some recent reputations. The pianist has been described as a pet of society, a man with a Polish name, who wins his first success through his photograph. But that is not the only way in which he may win success. He may win it, as Samson won his strength, by cultivating a superabundance of head-covering; for there is undoubtedly something in the remark of a cynical American, that 'people are a darned sight more interested in the colour of Paderewski's hair than they are in his tone colour.' He may win it, again, by a weird face; by a trick of posing at his instrument and making-believe to play divinely when he is only playing like a school-girl. He may win it, further, as Liszt used to say, by getting himself well watered in the newspapers; by ingeniously circulating a report of a deep-rooted

mysterious grief; by never openly taking anything more solid in the way of nourishment than seltzer and cigarettes. Above all, he may win it if he only have that indefinable 'something' which has an inexplicable attraction for the weaker sex. All this is not to say that the pianist may make a reputation without talent; but talent is too often at the bottom and humbug at the top. With Rubinstein and Bülow it was all talent and no humbug; and we propose now to look for a little at these giants of the keyboard, and to look at them in a phase of their careers which has been somewhat unaccountably neglected by those who write for the general reader.

Standing together and alone in the highest rank of pianoforte virtuosi, no two men could in outward aspect have been more unlike than Liszt and Rubinstein. This was especially noticeable when, as sometimes happened, the two were seen together. Tall, stately, dandified, in light kid gloves, Liszt, with his cascade of white hair falling well over his shoulders, presented a curious contrast to the carelessly dressed Rubinstein with the lion-like head, set on broad, well-shaped shoulders, the tremendous brow, and the protruding cheek-bones. 'Little nose and much hair,' was Rubinstein's own description of himself, and the description was literally correct. He had a strong Beethovenish cast of feature, which was often remarked; and there is an authentic story of his being mistaken at an English provincial railway station for the late Charles Bradlaugh, who was expected to arrive by the same train. This, by the way, was a curious incident. On becoming aware of the mistake that was being made, Rubinstein entered thoroughly into the fun of the situation, and, being an excellent Biblical scholar, he improved the occasion by addressing his 'admirers' in terms which left them in some confusion as to Mr Bradlaugh's consistency. Rubinstein wore his jet-black hair like the mane of a lion. On one occasion he landed at a friend's house in Liverpool after having been for some time in Ireland, where he had allowed his locks to grow to inordinate length. He was persuaded to visit the hairdresser, who, of course, asked him whether he would have much taken off. On his replying in the negative, the operator ventured the remark: 'I would really advise you to have a good lot taken off, unless you wish to pass for a German fiddler!' Rubinstein laughed heartily at the sally, and Charles Keene having heard of it, the incident was presently immortalised in *Punch*. As a matter of fact, no musician was ever less of an exquisite than Rubinstein. He had no affectations, unless it were that curious disarray of the necktie seen in most of the photographs. He wore black broadcloth with a nap on it of the kind that parsons used to wear fifty years ago; and he would allow himself to become so shabby that railway guards often asked him to show his ticket before permitting him to enter a first-class carriage. He always wore a soft felt hat, and the more battered and

disreputable it became, the fonder he seemed to grow of it. One can imagine the elegant Liszt being ashamed to be seen in his company—and indeed there is a doubtful story of the one having fled from the other in order to save his dignity.

A long and a bitter struggle he had, this Anton Rubinstein, before he secured his fame and his fortune. He used to delight in showing his friends the portrait of an old man who once bought all the tickets that *were* bought for one of his juvenile recitals. And he had even a better story than this. At Nijni-Novgorod, when he was only thirteen, he gave a concert which attracted an audience of only one. Brilliantly the little fellow played for two hours, but not the slightest applause was forthcoming. Then he stopped and addressed his audience politely, asking if his playing did not deserve a little encouragement. The dilettante leaned forward to catch the words addressed to him, and the young pianist was stupefied to find that his only listener was as deaf as a post! This singular person used to frequent the concerts to conceal his infirmity.

Nor does this exhaust the tale of Rubinstein's troubles. In Vienna, whither as a youth of seventeen he had gone to make his way in the world, he lived in a garret, and gave lessons for so little that he was often in the direst need of bread. He had brought with him a dozen letters of introduction to prominent people from the Russian ambassador and his wife in Berlin. He made his calls and left a number of his letters, then waited for replies and invitations. None came. After five or six letters had met this response of absolute silence, he resolved to find the reason, and so opened one of the missives. And this was what he read: 'MY DEAR COUNTESS—To the position which we occupy is attached the tedious duty of patronising and recommending our various compatriots, in order to satisfy their oftentimes clamorous requests. We therefore recommend to you the bearer of this, one Rubinstein.' The riddle was solved, and Rubinstein was still in want of bread. Liszt was in Vienna at the time. In Paris, some years before, he had heard the youthful prodigy give a recital, had kissed him, and proclaimed him 'the heir of my playing.' Now he invited him to dinner. 'It was a most welcome invitation,' said Rubinstein in after years, 'since the pangs of hunger had been gnawing me for several days. I cannot tell you,' he added, 'what I went through, but such is the fate of an artist: he must suffer to be anything.'

Rubinstein was in Berlin when the Revolution of 1848 broke out, and it became necessary for him to return to Moscow. He had, of course, to cross the Russian frontier, and, not knowing that a pass was necessary, he did not provide himself with one. He carried a huge trunkful of musical manuscripts with him, but the frontier police did not understand his hieroglyphics, and confiscated the papers as seditious matter! Expostulation and entreaty proved alike unavailing. The police declined to believe the supposed revolutionist, and although, by playing the piano, he convinced them that he was a musician, they sent him to prison all the same. It was found afterwards that the precious manuscripts

had been sold to various greengrocers and buttermen!

Rubinstein was a great traveller. There was scarcely a country on the face of the globe that he had not visited, and scarcely an important city that he had not played in. His single visit to America in 1872 was perhaps the most fruitful of incident. In Boston his very clothes were rent by enthusiastic admirers in search of souvenirs. Women rushed on the platform and embraced him, and the entire audience literally yelled: 'Come back again! come back again!' In New York he made a tremendous sensation. One evening somebody brought to him on the platform a silver wreath on a white satin cushion, but he only looked cynically at the gift, and gave his leonine head a meaning shake. He was, however, very 'cranky' on this American tour. To begin with, he did not like the people calling his recitals 'shows.' 'Just as if my concerts were menageries,' he would say indignantly. Then he was disgusted with the huge poster portraits of himself which stared at him from every hoarding and from every shop window. It was not solely because they were bad portraits, but because he disliked being looked upon as a curiosity or a phenomenon. One consolation, however, came to him. In his travels out West he arrived at a place where Henry Ward Beecher was announced to lecture, and when he saw the preacher's portraits he cheered up immensely: they were far worse than his own! It was in New York that a recital almost failed because some one had dared to put side by side with one of his solos in the programme a couple of Strauss waltzes. That was enough. Rubinstein sat down calmly, and absolutely refused to play. The manager—it was just before the concert—implored, argued, entreated, threatened. It was of no avail. Only when a staff of ready assistants had with pen and ink scored out of the programme the offending items, only then did Rubinstein consent to play. After the recital, he said gravely to the director: 'I never regretted so much being a poor man. Had I had the money, I would have paid you the forty thousand dollars forfeit, and gone straight back to Europe.' And all on account of poor Strauss! On this tour, Rubinstein gave two hundred concerts at the rate of forty pounds per concert; twenty years later, the terms he demanded were a hundred and fifty pounds per concert.

When in a good humour, Rubinstein was the most genial fellow imaginable; when in a bad humour, he was simply a fiend. He was disappointed at not being recognised as a composer, and his disappointment led to frequent fits of brooding melancholy. Then he would sit smoking his cigarette, and reply only in monosyllables, with his eyes half closed. He was in such a mood one night in the house of the late Mr T. L. Stillie, the Glasgow musical critic. Midnight had long passed, and Rubinstein still remained in his armchair smoking his cigarette. At last Mr Stillie ventured to ask: 'Do you like Beethoven?' Rubinstein took another whiff, and answered quietly: 'Beethoven is good.' After a silence of half an hour, the host asked: 'Do you like Wagner?' Rubinstein, throwing his cigarette away, replied: 'Wagner is not good.' Another

half-hour passed, and Stillie, having exhausted his series of questions, proposed to retire. 'Don't go,' said Rubinstein; 'I like your conversation very much!' And they remained together till three o'clock in the morning without saying anything more than 'Good-night' when they parted.

When he was in such a mood as this, it went pretty hard with Rubinstein's pupils, especially if the student were stupid or stubborn. He has been known to send a young fellow spinning on the floor when he replaced him on the piano stool; and his sarcasm on other occasions would make a man ill for days together. 'Do you hear that note?' he would thunder, as he showed how the tone should be produced. 'That note is worth your whole life—and more.' But he could be kind and gentle too. On one occasion when he heard that an English lady, a perfect stranger to him, had not been able through ill-health to attend his recital, he went to her house next morning and played for her the whole programme. He was a devoted admirer of the fair sex, and was never happier than when paying compliments to a pretty woman. When he was in London the Princess of Wales sent for him, and he met her with the naïve remark that he was delighted to see her looking so lovely. More than that, he proceeded to kiss her hand, and when the Princess withdrew, saying hastily it was not the custom in England, Rubinstein replied blandly, 'With us, it is the law.' Under the spell of his genius hundreds of women threw themselves in his path. 'It is quite strange,' he would say, 'but I love them all, even tenderly, though they do not believe it.' It was absolute torture to him to know that a woman who had once loved him could forsake him for another, and this 'not because I care for the woman, but because I am an egotist.' Of the mental powers of the sex, he had no exalted opinion. Women, he said, go a certain length, defined and definable, and beyond this they never get; but, he added, 'they are adorable, and if deprived of their society, I would hang myself.'

As to Rubinstein's playing, what shall be said? His virtuosity was unique to such an extent, that there was truth even in the remark of the humorist that Rubinstein's wrong notes were better than the right notes of others. There were no difficulties for his fingers: he even invented difficulties hitherto unheard of, for the mere pleasure of conquering them. And his kinds of 'touch' were so varied! He occasionally showed such strength of finger that people would look under the piano to see whether he had not smashed through the keyboard. It was as if he thrashed the piano as an hereditary foe with whom he had to settle an account of long standing. Many an instrument broke down under the trial. Yet Rubinstein could play as delicately and as sweetly as Chopin himself, and if he were accompanying a vocalist, it was sometimes difficult to tell whether the piano or the vocalist was doing the singing. This combination of 'touches' was the more remarkable considering the physical aspect of his fingers, which were short, thick, and blunt, affording no promise of pliancy or of

feathery lightness, but rather the reverse. But Rubinstein himself could give the explanation, and if he did give it, it was in the words of the Greek saying: 'The gods sell to us all good things for labour.'

Twenty years have elapsed since Hans von Bülow first appeared in this country, and the younger generation cannot, of course, remember the extraordinary impression he created among a public accustomed solely to a school of playing remarkable for entire absence of original thought and variety of expression. But the number of eminent pianists who crowded on Bülow's heels lessened greatly the excitement produced by his earlier appearances, and in later years he came to be known better for his eccentricities than for his achievements as an artist. When a pianist told his admirers that he preferred beefsteaks to bouquets, it was more likely that they should remember the saying than the particular way in which he rendered a Beethoven sonata. The Bülow anecdote has in truth become a trifle doubtful in these days, for all the floating musical wit of the time is being fethered upon the eminent pianist. Still, there is a sufficient body of authentic story to serve the wants of the most voracious *raconteur*. There was indeed seldom a concert or a recital of Bülow's from which one might not carry away some amusing reminiscence. In Berlin he was once conducting one of Beethoven's concertos. In the pause before the Dead March, which constitutes the second movement, Bülow, in deference to the funeral music, was seen rapidly to take off his ordinary white gloves and substitute a pair of faultless black kids, which disappeared again as soon as the Dead March was played. He had a fondness for this kind of display. In Berlin, while he was engaged as conductor at one of the opera-houses, the management decided to produce an operetta which he regarded as worthless, and therefore declined to conduct. While the work was being performed, Bülow sat in one of the boxes close to the orchestra, attired in a mourning hat with long black streamers, a lemon and white handkerchief in his hand, according to the German custom at funerals. The whimsicality was presently explained when Bülow confided to one of his friends that the operetta was being buried, and that Herr von Bülow now attended at the obsequies!

While conducting, he was perfectly free and easy, and he would think nothing of stopping to address the audience, or to admonish a lady who persisted in waving her fan out of time with the music. Not long before his death he was conducting a concert in Berlin, when he took it into his head to make a speech about Bismarck, at the close of which he called upon the audience and the band for a 'Hoch.' The audience obliged him with a cheer; but the band did not see the fun of the thing, and remained stoically silent. This was too much for Bülow, who stepped in front of the audience, deliberately took a handkerchief from his pocket, wiped the dust from his shoes, and walked majestically off the platform.

Bülow was magnetically attracted by satirical souls. When he asked a Vienna friend, 'How



do you like the pianist B——?' and received the reply, 'He possesses a technique which overcomes everything easy with the utmost difficulty,' he exclaimed with peals of laughter, 'That's the sort of talk I like.' And that was the sort of talk he indulged in himself. Midway in the seventies, when he conducted in Glasgow, the local musicians and friends of the art gave him a grand banquet. Towards the end of the evening, when everybody was in high spirits, Bülow rose, and in the coolest possible manner administered the following damper: 'Gentlemen, I have the greatest admiration for your concerts and all your musical conductors. I only regret to say that they resemble too much the omnibus conductors. You ask why? Because they are always behind—omnibus conductors behind on the vehicle, musical conductors behind in time.' Nor did he spare even his friends when he was in the sarcastic mood. On a certain occasion he was conducting a concert in Hamburg, and one of the pieces to be performed was Rubinstein's *Ocean Symphony*. What did he do? He sniffed at the score, turned it upside down on the desk, and then throwing it aside, said, 'To conduct music like this, one must have long hair; I have not got it.' This story, by the way, was told to Rubinstein shortly after, and he at once wrote to Bülow. 'I wrote him,' he says, 'that his opinions were never the same two days running, and inasmuch as that which he abused to-day he praised to-morrow, there was still hope for my poor music. Also, if he had taken the trouble to measure my hair, I regretted not having had leisure to measure his ears.'

Agreeable and polite as a rule, Bülow had one rather disconcerting peculiarity, when he met any one to whom for any reason he felt a repugnance. He never noticed the individual, but got away as quickly as he could. At Copenhagen a 'cellist was introduced to him with a possible view to an engagement. The poor man was not only possessed of great artistic talent, but also of an enormous nose. Bülow stared at him for a moment, and then rushed away with the remark: 'No, no! this nose is impossible.' Tenor singers as a body he did not like, probably because of their affectations, and it was this antipathy that led to his witticism that the tenor is not a man, but a disease. He was extremely fond of animals, and when resident in Berlin he very often spent his afternoons at the Zoological Gardens. He was a great circus-goer, but as likely as not he would go to sleep in the middle of the performance. Indeed, like Napoleon, he could sleep almost anywhere and at any time. The Director of the Opera at Rotterdam once invited him to a performance of Nessler's *Rat-catcher of Hamelin*. At the close, when the musician naturally looked for a compliment, Bülow went on the stage, and with a gracious bow said, 'Dear Director, I owe you a most delightful evening: it is a long time since I had so fine a nap.' He was a great ladies' man, and would do anything in reason to please the sex. In society he was extremely agreeable, but he could not sit out long dinners, and would get up in the middle and retire

with a cigarette. Both he and Rubinstein were tremendous smokers, but Rubinstein beat him hollow with something like seventy-five cigarettes a day.

## THE VICAR OF WROCKSLEY.

By JOHN STAFFORD.

HE still lives at Wrocksley, though the cross in the churchyard says he died on a day years ago, and the villagers, who recall that day with head-shaking, say so too. But a life cannot be accounted dead which reverberates on in other lives as the old vicar's does; and the people of Wrocksley, looking into their hearts and seeing the gentle, white-haired presence there, feel that in his own way he lingers yet among them, and they are willing enough to have it so, remembering what he was. It is one of those afterglows which large natures often leave, by which those who knew them in their mortal shining may still find some light to live by. Yet it was hardly of the vicar's seeking, any more than the love was which made such aching, one autumn day, under bodice and vest at Wrocksley; and if indeed he craved anything at the last, more than other guerdon, it was the rest which God had brought him—that, and no more.

So said old Peter, the sexton, whose daughter, Hannah, had been the vicar's housekeeper; and in his walnut visage was the look of a man who knew all he was saying. Others, seeing it, and not sharing the things which his memory held, only shook their heads, thinking of the opinion he had that there were none so happy as those who rested so, and that there were no sleeping-places like those he dug with his own spade. For it was Peter's boast that he had bedded down the people of Wrocksley and covered them up comfortably for half a century or more, and that never a one of them had known ache or pain, or even the edge of a sorrow, unless it was Betty Griggle, who had left a stocking behind her, and was seen sometimes by fearsome folk in her roofless cottage, seeking it. But Peter's heart often pulled against his philosophy, which was a personal growth, born of much grave-digging; and when his thoughts get busy with other days, and he remembers the figure in them, his rheumy eyes take a softer look, and his regrets give a sigh to the breeze, for the vicar's sake, lie he never so still under the cedar-tree. And if Peter pauses in such moments by an old green wicket to gaze down a leafy vista, as if to a Past it led to, it is perhaps because he can recall better there the few happenings which make up our story—if so it may be called, which is little more than a reminiscence, scarce worth the reading, some might say—of an obscure country parson, who lived alone with a dead hope, and found it the best of company, so long as it was 'a sweet sorrow' merely, and not a burden more than a heart could carry.

It was an almost forgotten circumstance at Wrocksley, that years ago, not long after his induction to the living, the vicar and Miss Hawksley, of the manor-house, had been much

together in parochial work; especially during the dark, epidemic time, which had kept Peter so busy, and which, towards its close, almost proved fatal to Miss Hawksley herself. But it was towards her recovery, before health had done all its duty, and when the arm of another was still good to lean on, that she and the vicar would be seen oftenest in company, either in the manor-house garden, or in the long lime avenue which led from it to the wicket by the church. If the trees therein could be made to talk, like those which Dante saw, they might repeat what they heard and saw then of word or glance or subtle play of feature. But because of his mature years, and his uniform kindness to all in his flock, the vicar's name was never seriously linked with that of the young girl; and if the parish had any suspicion at all of a more than pastorly interest in her, they were quite allayed some time later, when at St George's, Hanover Square, Joan Hawksley was made one with that dashing young officer, the Hon. Mr Delmar. For, whatever the effort cost him, it was the vicar who smilingly ordered the ringers to their bells; who with beaming face umpired the sports on the village green; and who laughingly helped old Peter home, when over-much toasting had unsettled his outlook. And when, after the honeymoon, the young people came to Wrocksley for a farewell day or two, before sailing for India, it was the vicar who gave them a welcome beside which Mr Hawksley's was tepid, not to say sullen.

That it should be so, made some wonderment for gossip to play with; for the old yeoman had gone up for the wedding in the blithest of humours, leaving money for the sports, and a dinner at the 'Crown,' with a barrel or two of beer thrown in to give it a Bacchic flow. And now he who had seemed as jovial then as any Silenus, was walking up and down his acres, a moody, haggard man. But the busy tongues soon had the truth to wag with. Mr Hawksley was found one morning a few weeks later lying still in his room, with a pistol in his hand, and wide-open eyes which never winked. It was his way of escaping from the two men in possession. In no long time afterwards the manor-house and all in and about it were brought to the hammer. Instead of a rich man, the beautiful Miss Hawksley had wedded a penniless younger son. Perhaps only the vicar knew that she had not even married for love, but only for her father's sake, to avert this ruin.

A shadow grew to his face, and he became for a time fonder of his retirement than had been his wont. He walked a deal in his garden, as if, like Plato, he could think better there; and sometimes, after sundown, he would cross over from the vicarage and pass through the green wicket to the avenue beyond. He would re-appear in an hour or so, but with paler face, as he paused to look up at the stars, as if wondering at their happy twinkling with that churchyard beneath them and such ruth as his. It was at some such moment, perhaps, that into his darkness certain fireflies of thought came dancing, like runaway stars themselves, to show him a path through the slough.

Wrocksley was already recovering itself. The Saturday night hilarity at the 'Crown' had become less of a sputter; timorous people had ceased to avoid the manor-house; Peter had resumed his humming as he made his beds, or mowed neatness to the grassy places; and now, as the harvest was gathered in, and all saw how rich and good it was, cheerfulness ruled the days, and soon the cheeriest of all was the vicar.

From that time, as if impelled by some inward need for a life of wider relation, he became ceaselessly active in the parish; but always with such tact and delicacy, such tenderness and affection for those both in and out of his flock—for there were some few dissenters at Wrocksley—that the people's regard for him became a sort of communal possession, a joint warming of hearts, felt rather than understood, as they felt the sunbeams without recking of heat-waves. It was not all done at once, nor did Wrocksley ever become, in the years that followed, an ideal village, where no sinning was, or naughtiness of nature. The vicar knew his parish, knew it to be a very human little place, just as he was human, and no better to his own judging than any man of them all, who did his duty, and kept as good as he might, being a son of Adam and no angel.

Yet withal the vicar lived a very lonely life—as lonely as any shepherd on the hillsides, whose flock is his only care, and who is glad to pipe for company, when all was safe, and no lambs were in the pits, or poor ewes in the waters of affliction. The vicar's pipes were the organ-pipes, and young Caleb, the son of Peter, earned odd pennies by blowing breath to them, while the player's long fingers moved lovingly about the worn yellow keys, filling the church with a faint atmosphere of music, which the roosting rooks could barely hear as they swayed overhead in the night wind.

On one such evening, when the sun was behind the hills, and the mists were gray by the river, Peter stood at the bottom of his garden, smoking his pipe, and looking across his dormitory with eyes which had past days in them. The church door was ajar, and slow-moving melodies floated over to the listener, gliding from one key to another in a major and minor chain, as if the vicar were telling musical beads. Peter knew those airs, and whose name it was on the front of the tattered book the player had before him; but it was only rarely he heard them, and now, as he pulled at his shag, old faces shaped in the wreaths of it, and he was living again in times past, with a gentle puffing at the sight of them.

Then, all at once, he saw his own churchyard again, and it was not an idle gaze. A dark figure had just glided in from the lich-gate, and was crouching now over by the palm cross, and Peter was watching her steadily, his heart working faster than usual. She remained quite still; but he could hear something athwart the melody which made him put his pipe away and look as if he had never heard such a sound a thousand times before.

He went slowly up to her, but she did not hear him, though she had ceased weeping and was listening to the organ, her black veil raised,

so that her face was dimly visible. A white, wasted profile was all that he could see, but Peter knew it well. She looked up half dazedly at the sound of her name; then faintly smiling, she caught his hand and kept it while she rose to her feet and made a motion to the church door. Peter, feeling the hint of it, led her thence, and they entered and stood a moment looking up at the gray head of the vicar, who, deep in an *Ave Verum*, played on in his little island of light, unconscious of everything. Peter felt his arm clutched tighter, and a pull back into the shadow of the doorway, where the trembling woman fell on the old fellow's shoulder to weep anew. But starting up suddenly, she almost dragged him away, away to the gate, into the lane, and on to his cottage, into which he had to assist her, so weak was she grown and helpless.

The old organ, as if in a reverie of half-forgotten days, when it floated to the touch of maiden fingers, discoursed a sweetness which it seldom gave to the coarser promptings of man. The saintly figures in the windows seemed to awake and to listen in quaint attitudes; the Virgin gazed more tenderly on her child; the centurion's visage softened as he looked on the kneeling woman; a benignant peace was in the face of the dead Christ. It was but the moon, slow-rising and shining softly through the many-hued figures; and presently the player, seeing his shadow grow to the music-page, lifted his hands from the keys, and the organ, heaving a sigh from its leathern lungs, went back to its sleep.

The vicar descended from the loft with the look of a man who had been dreaming a dream, and was still holding on by the fringe of it. But seeing the boy-face beside him, he smiled, and felt in his pocket for the expected coin, talking, the while, of the lad's pet jack-daw, and of another one of Rheims, which he tells of as they walk together to the lichgate.

A few hours more, and Wrocksley is asleep under the moon, seeming in the yellow sheen only a shadow-village, shaped there from the mists which rest about it. But soon the dawn comes, and its cockcrows ring out, and it rouses grumblingly, yawning, and eye-rubbing into fuller wakefulness. Then it goes forth into the dewy lanes and fields, while the sun mounts higher, drinking up the mist and drying the tears of opening flower-eyes, till all is warm and lovable and fair to see, for it is autumn time, and lush with growth in garden and field. Therefore every one is easy-humoured and cheerful in greeting generally; and it seems ill-fitting that Peter should be so gruff in his rejoinders and heavy of aspect, as he makes his way to the vicar's orchard, scythe in hand. But so he is all day. He cuts his way between the trees, pausing here and there to whet his curved blade, with sometimes an anxious look across to his cottage, and then at the vicarage near him, as thought leaped from one to the other. And when, by-and-by, Hannah brings him a jug of cider, and lingers plying questions, he turns on her almost angrily.

'Never yo' mind, lass, who her be; nor why her came in the manner her did, an' with such sickness on her. Keep yer teeth tight; an' if

vicar tells yer it's a fine day, or the like o' that, say, "Yes, it is," an' let him go his way. D've hear, Hannah? D've hear?'

Hannah hears, but with eyes half frightened, and goes back with her jug, fuller of questions than ever.

So the day wears on; the sun nears the hills, and sets them all ablaze; then the fire dies sullen, and grayness comes and darkness, followed soon by a new dawn eastwards, where the moon mounts in the silence to look again at Wrocksley. It is so still that the vicar's pen creaks like a tortured thing as it travels along, leaving brave words behind it. It is harvest time, and the vicar likes the subject. His lamp yellows as the white light comes stronger from the garden; but pursuing his way he comes to an end at last, and is looking through the sermon, adding neater touches and rounding doubtful periods, when he glances up with a start. A shadow has crossed the papers. It is Peter at the open window, hat in hand.

'Sir, I—'

'Come in, man,' says the vicar heartily. 'You quite startled me.—Is Hannah asleep again?'

'Not as I know of, sir. I came in through the side gate, an'—an' seeing yer in here, I made bold'—

'It is no intrusion, Peter. I have just finished my writing, and am glad to see you.—Anything wrong?'

Peter turns his hat round nervously, looks at the vicar, then out into the garden.

'It's a case o' sickness, sir—a lady as maybe yo'll remember. Her's at my cottage now—Major Delmar's widow, sir.'

Peter shuffles a foot, staring harder than ever at the moonlight.

'Her's bin ailing some time, it seems—ever since she lost her son. He were washed overboard in a storm they had, an' her's never got over the shock it give her. She came back here o' Thursday, an' I saw her, an' she asked me to let her rest awhile. But she got worse, an' I sent for Dr Turrell o' Bilchester. He's just bin again—maybe yo' heard the gig, sir—an' he's given her a draught. Her's asleep now, but that weak, sir, her poor breath would scarce move a candle flame. Her asked me not to tell yer, but she's hardly bin sensible since, an' I think it right you should know, sir, as an old—an old parishioner is back again among us.'

Still Peter looks away, torturing his hat. He can only hear laboured breathing, then a voice which he has never heard before.

'I will go with you to her.'

But the vicar trembles into the chair again; and Peter has to pour out a little wine from a decanter and offer it to him.

'Thank you, Peter. A touch of faintness. This heat is so trying. I am better now. Give me your arm. Ah, now we are right. Not so young as I was, Peter.—Mrs Delmar, you say? And she is back at Wrocksley?—This way, Peter; this way.'

They go out by the hall, where the vicar reaches for his wideawake, telling Hannah to go to bed if she likes, but to leave the side door on the latch. He is stronger now, and

dispenses with Peter's assistance as he walks to the cottage.

Hour after hour the vicar watched, on his knees most of the time, but always with his eyes to the face on the pillow, which is so white among the dark masses of hair, and as still almost as a dead face. Prue, Peter's eldest daughter, dozed fitfully the while in an adjoining room, with little starts now and again, and a sleepy lifting of eyelids, lest she should go off altogether, and so lose hold of duty. But Prue grew heavier, for it had been ironing day, and the sun had been hot as well as the fire, and she had much enjoyed her supper; so that, by-and-by, her head forgot its nodding, and Prue was soundly sleeping.

Her sense of hearing was the first to awake—or seemed to be; for she is not sure now whether the low voices speaking were mere dream-things only, or actual sounds which reached her. But what the few detached words were she would never say; and when Peter first questioned her, and saw the purport of her look, he stooped and kissed her—a rare thing for him to do—and said, 'Right, lass! don't tell even me.' But while the words were still fresh in her brain, and she was standing with a flush half of shame at having yielded so to the comfort of the elbow-chair, she seemed struck by the silence about her, and wondering at it, made her way softly to the other room. She beheld the risen sun shining full on the face of the patient. It was quite still, and the half-shut eyes were glazing under their lashes. One arm was stretched out, showing some of its white roundness, and the hand was in those of the vicar's, as he knelt with his forehead against it, silent and without motion. Prue was turning to go, feeling that was not a sight for her, when he looked up and saw her. He rose to his feet straightway, appearing calm, and his voice was as usual as he crossed the limp hands, remarking that the end had come a few minutes ago, and that she might now shut out the sun. There was no dejection in his face; only a strange light in his eyes, as when sorrow and gladness burn together and are one.

That light was shining still, when three days later he conducted the body to the grave, and stood there in the sunbeams reading the office of the dead; and Peter, seeing it, as he stood, spade in hand, apart from the people, looked down to his clayey boots; but failing to see them, cleared his throat and cuffed Caleb's ear for standing there with his hands in his pockets.

But the vicar was never the same after that; indeed he weakened so that he was ordered a long rest; and for a time Wrocksley was in charge of a *locum tenens*. In the following January the vicar returned, apparently strong again, and for some months appeared to be quite his old self. Towards September, however, he fell away again. His nights became increasingly restless, and Hannah's cookery of lessening account, which seemed to hurt her. She ran over to her home one evening to talk distressedly of it with her father. But Peter said nothing—only turned to Prue, and asked the date of the newspaper beside her. She

told him, and he smoked on as before; till Prue said suddenly: 'Why, this is the day Mrs Delmar died, father!'

'So it is, wench,' said Peter; 'an' I put her to rest a year ago come Tuesday.'

There was more talk between Hannah and Prue; then good-nights, and a mounting of lights to upper windows, which presently darkened again.

Before long there is only one light shining in Wrocksley, and that is from the vicar's bedroom. The moon, creeping higher, can see it beaming steadily hour after hour, like a great yellow eye glaring on to the churchyard. It is as if it saw something there, and cannot look away. The moon hides her face, and a low moaning comes from the trees. The eye glares fiercer in the new darkness, till the cloud has sailed on and the moon peers out again. The dawn comes, and the sun, and long shafts of light shine from between the trees on grinning gargoyles and mullioned window—shifting sun-patches fretted with leaves. But one beam shines full on the figure that lies there in sight of the vicarage window, and the dewdrops glint in the gray hair like gems that have fallen on it. With his face to the ground, and his hands tightly clenching the grass, the vicar lies on, caring nothing for the sunbeam. A robin, perching on the headstone, sings greeting to him; but he pays no heed. An old man stumbles across from the gate and kneels by him, calling his name. There is no answer; and still calling, he turns the face upwards. But the wet features never change, and the pale lips have no word for him. Then Peter stands up and bares his old head.

He was fast asleep, was the Vicar of Wrocksley.

#### OUR SIMIAN COUSINS.

THE differences separating men from simians are happily wide and apparent to everybody; as for the similarities that likewise exist, they are not quite so obvious, and it may be interesting to point out some of the most remarkable of them.

That human beings should be largely covered with short fine hairs which serve no apparent purpose is worth noting in the first place, and it is especially worthy of observation that, as amongst simians, these filaments grow upwards on the forearm and downwards above the elbow. This arrangement of hair on the arms serves with our 'poor relations' a useful purpose, for, crouching on a thick bough, after the manner of their kind, and holding on to another branch at a convenient height, it allows the rain to drain off from their hands and shoulders at their elbow joints, and thus, in a measure, protects them from cold, to which they are highly susceptible.

Like men, the larger apes have no tails, and if they have not lost them, as Lord Monboddoo argued that men had lost theirs, namely, by sitting on them, they have at any rate worn away part of their hairy covering by reclining at the base of trees, rendering visible a black and glossy skin like that of a negro's.

The gorilla walks in a semi-upright position, knees very much bent, using its long arms as crutches. It does not, however, lay the palms of its hands on the ground, as to do so would bring it too much forward on all-fours, but its second finger-joints instead—a habit which has denuded those joints of hair. Now, here comes in a striking coincidence, for, if one holds up the back of his hand to the light, it will be observed that the fine hairs dispersed elsewhere over it are entirely absent from the place indicated.

It is manifest, according to the theory of descent, that the closest resemblances between men and monkeys should occur between the lower races of the former and the highest of the latter, and that this is the fact is certainly indubitable. The negro's profile—his protuberant jaws, retreating forehead, and flat nose—is strangely like that of the ape's. His projecting ears, length of arm, shortness of neck, thickness and shape of skull, lightness and conformation of brain, &c., all point in the same direction. Similarly to apes, the lower races of mankind are unable to oppose their thumbs and fore-fingers with any effect. A writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* tells us how he tested a Bushman in this matter. 'Pinch my finger,' he told him—'pinch much harder,' he urged; but the pressure 'would not have injured a fly.'

Polynesians, Malays, and other inferior races make use of their outstretched great toes in climbing trees, after the manner of monkeys. Children, likewise, can take a strong grip with the great toe, and if a spoon be inserted, they can hold it as firmly with the foot as with the hand.

The arms of monkeys are long and strong, to facilitate their movements in trees; and when the females would escape from their numerous forest foes, they are compelled to use both hands, and thus the young ones must save themselves by clinging to their mothers as best they can. It has been shown by Dr Louis Robinson that in newly-born children this development of arm and strength of grip is absolutely amazing. 'I have now records of upwards of sixty cases,' he states, 'in which the children were under a month old, and in at least half of these the experiment was tried within an hour of birth. In every instance, with only two exceptions, the child was able to hang on to the finger or a small stick by its hands, like an acrobat from a horizontal bar, and sustain the whole weight of its body for at least ten seconds. In twelve cases, in infants under an hour old, half a minute passed before the grasp relaxed; and in three or four, nearly a minute. In order to satisfy some sceptical friends, I had a series of photographs taken of infants clinging to a finger or to a walking-stick. Invariably the thighs are bent nearly at right angles to the body, and in no case did the lower limbs hang down and take the attitude of the erect position. This attitude, and the disproportionately large development of the arms compared with the legs, gave the photographs a striking resemblance to a well-known picture of the celebrated chimpanzee in the Zoo.' This disproportionate strength of arm, which appears to have come down as a kind of relic of days spent in primeval woods, seems,

like other of the facts alluded to, only explicable on the theory of descent.

The way children first walk with their toes pointed inwards has also been observed to be peculiarly monkey-like. Fortunately, as they acquire more the special characteristics of their own race, they outgrow many ways and tricks which render their appellation of 'little monkeys' rather appropriate.

When a monkey has achieved some mischievous trick, the manner it draws back the corners of its mouth and wrinkles its eyelids resembles a human smile very closely; and its habit in alarm of rapidly raising and lowering its eyebrows and forehead may be noticed in a minor degree in some men when much excited. Raising the eyebrows, opening wide the eyes, and showing more or less of the whites, is to be observed as a vestige of this habit in nearly every one when startled or surprised, but perhaps more in women than in men. The pout of the lips in impotent displeasure, as occasionally seen on the faces of children, and even of women—heroines of novels, for instance, are at times described with 'a pout' on their 'pretty lips'—is quite common amongst simians. In Darwin's *Expression of the Emotions* there is a picture of a chimpanzee deprived of its fruit, on whose face a pout is amusingly prominent.

It has been asserted that, in using fire, man differs fundamentally from all the lower animals; but Emin Pasha reports having seen numbers of apes walking in single file, carrying torches, on a night expedition to rob an orchard. Besides man, only apes use implements. They break off branches for clubs, open oysters with stones, and hurl missiles of various kinds with great dexterity.

The deceased chimpanzee 'Sally' gave rise to much reflection by her intelligent ways. Without any difficulty or mistake, she would hand visitors, at their request, any stated number of straws up to at least ten, and, on occasions, she has been known by her keeper to count up to twenty. She knew right from left, would use a spoon, and sip with it until the cup was empty. Some savages there are who are unable to count above three; many cannot enumerate beyond the number of their fingers; and thus it will not be denied that her intelligence was, by comparison, most remarkable.

It was stated by a writer in the *Times* that the death of this ape was hastened by drink. Whether this be true or not, her partiality for alcoholic beverages was well known; and no secret was made of the fact that she was daily indulged with a pint of beer. This predilection for intoxicants constitutes another feature of resemblance between men and monkeys. Mr Muddock, the well-known writer of books of travel, mentions that he has known several simians who were all habitual drunkards, and that his own monkey, 'Baba,' drank itself into delirium tremens. Their love of music is another trait that must not be passed over. They will keep time to fine music by swinging their bodies to and fro and nodding their heads; while, if discordant notes be struck, they will show the most extraordinary excitement, and chatter fiercely.

It is amusing to notice that, even with respect

to the habit of fainting, a weakness usually considered so peculiarly human, we are resembled by simians. Mrs Martin, in her entertaining work on South Africa, speaking of the apes of that region, draws the likeness with striking effect. 'Sarah,' an interesting young female baboon, was sometimes made the victim of rude practical jokes, one of which ended in the grotesque manner referred to. 'She dearly loved sweets,' says Mrs Martin, 'which were often given to her wrapped up in a multitude of papers, one inside the other. It was amusing to watch the patient and deliberate manner in which she would unfold each paper in turn, taking the greatest care never to tear one, and proceeding with all the caution of a good Mohammedan fearful of inadvertently injuring a portion of the Koran. This time, instead of the expected titbit, a dead night-adder was wrapped up and presented. When she unfolded the innermost paper, and the snake slipped out, with a horrid writhe, across her hand, Sarah quietly sank backwards and fainted away, her lips turning perfectly white. By dint of throwing water over her, chafing her hands, and bathing her lips with brandy, she was revived from her swoon, though not without some difficulty.' Truly an ape-like joke!

To a greater or lesser degree, most animals are able to express certain of their desires, feelings, and ideas, by various sounds and cries; but that this power approaches in simians to a kind of articulate speech was in 1892 set forth with much circumstantiality by Mr Garner. This gentleman subsequently went to study the ape language in the wilds of Africa, where, protected in a cage of patent construction, he professed to have been able, by means of phonographs, to acquire the original dialect in its native purity! But he seems not to have verified his claims by results.

Of the two gorillas 'Paul' and 'Virginia,' the Paris correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* remarks: 'It is impossible to look upon these strange caricatures of ourselves without being struck by the very slight structural difference which separates the two. When I entered the show, the young lady gorilla was munching an apple with every sign of satisfaction on her black face, which displayed at times a broad smile, just such as might be seen on many a human countenance of the same colour. Their shyness is very amusing, as they are not yet accustomed to being gazed at by hundreds of visitors. Virginia spends most of her time trying to conceal herself with wisps of straw, the result being that some of it sticks in her hair, giving her the appearance of a black Ophelia.'

The faculty of learning by imitation comes out in apes in a very human way. Dr Tylor mentions how the ape 'Mafuka,' of the Dresden Gardens, discovered the use of the key of her cage, which she would purloin, and hide under her arm; and how, on one occasion, seeing a carpenter at work using a Bradawl, she seized the instrument and bored holes with it through the little table she had her meals on. 'The death of this ape,' says Dr Tylor, 'had an almost human pathos. When her friend the Director of the Gardens came to her, she put her arms round his neck, kissed him three

times, and then lay down on her bed, and giving him her hand, fell into her last sleep.'

The social instinct is largely developed amongst simians, and they will defend their friends and families with the greatest self-devotion. Indeed, in a number of particulars, the lives led by savages are not at all unlike those led by the anthropoids. Certainly the mental organisation of apes is inferior in many important respects to that of even the lowest races of men; but Professor Huxley states that the difference between the highest apes and men is not wider than between the highest and lowest among the anthropoids.

## THE SANDS OF TIME.

### I.

WHEN the leaves are whispering damp and dead  
To the splash of the falling rain,  
When the swallows have twittered good-bye and fled  
Till Summer-time comes again,  
Shall I think as I shut the old year out  
Of what is to come in the new,  
Or leave the future in shadow and doubt  
To dream of the past with you?

### II.

Do you remember an April day,  
The sun on the springing corn,  
And the trees a-tint with the promise of May,  
Do you hear the far-off horn?  
Last Summer's leaves crackled under our feet,  
Or wind-tossed round us flew—  
And now 'tis only in memory sweet  
That I tread through the woods with you.

### III.

Do you remember the hot July?  
All nature gasped for breath,  
While the faithless wind had forgotten to sigh,  
And flower-birth led but to death.  
We stood in the shade by the little gate,  
Together, dear, I and you,  
And we heard the blackbird call to his mate  
When the roses cried out for the dew.

### IV.

Do you remember a favourite horse,  
A soft, warm nose in your hand?  
The silence that came as a matter of course,  
Or the speech that never was planned?  
Do you remember—'tis months ago—  
Or forget that you ever knew?  
Dear, if I know as I think I know,  
I know I am one with you.

### V.

Do you remember the clear, cold night,  
The night that our farewell sped?  
You stood out dark 'gainst a streaming light,  
'Take care of yourself!' you said.  
All over. And yet though Summer be flown,  
Its glories all lost to view,  
I can never be heart-sick and never alone  
When I travel the past with you.

B. M. DANBY.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,  
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 622.—VOL. XII.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1895.

PRICE 1½d.

## A SCOTTISH AUBURN.

By P. ANDERSON GRAHAM.

THE modern tendency of population to mass itself in great towns and forsake the country districts, intensified as it has been during the last few generations, offers one of the most difficult problems to the statesmen of our time. It is unnecessary to dwell on the figures, because the facts are undeniable, and a bulky literature has grown up round them. Any one who wishes to study the subject can hardly do better than begin with the *Journal* of the Statistical Society, before which it was fully discussed about two years ago. The movement is found to pervade the whole world, and Scotland is far from being an exception to the general rule. A glance at the Census Returns for 1891 will show this to be so. The compilers separate the population of each county into towns, villages, and 'rural groups.' In all but two—Stirling and Linlithgow—of the thirty-three counties, the rural groups show a decrease of population. It has been said that no purely London family exists past the third generation, unless reinforced by fresh blood from the provinces, and the statement is more or less applicable to all great towns. The gradual depopulation of the rural districts may be likened to the drying of a river's tributaries—a process that soon or late would destroy the main stream. In time the residue will not be able to produce that 'natural surplus' needed to reinforce industry.

But statistics read in the closet yield but a cold and abstract idea compared to what is gained from personal experience. My own inducement to look them up is probably that which has led many others to do the same. I was born on the Borders, and ever since the district was left for good, have returned to the neighbourhood whenever opportunity served. This produced a curious mixture of pleasure and pain. There is a peculiar delight in revisiting some ancient haunt. The braes whereon one went nutting and bird-nesting, the fields that

have been so often rambled over, the burns in which trout were guddled, seem to extend a friendly and almost human welcome. And it was not here as in the London suburbs, where one year you pitch your tent in what seems a secluded and rustic corner, but in twelve months find the jerry-builder running up villas and shops all round. The country, which luckily has never become a special haunt of the tourist, has annually been growing wilder and greener. This is no mere fancy, but in a matter-of-fact way can be traced to a vast increase of grass-land, and a more picturesque (that is to say, more careless) style of farming. The very footpaths are overgrown with weeds, and a by-lane which at one time was constantly used is now covered with grass.

Population is gradually melting away from the neighbourhood. The mere lapse of time effects many changes saddening in themselves, yet inseparable from the course of human life. At every new visit one misses some of the old familiar faces. This very year three noted characters died all within a short period of each other. Had you asked the minister or any of his decent respectable elders about them, you would, in their lifetime, have heard them described as worthless ne'er-do-weels. One was nominally a tailor, but was celebrated mostly as a poacher and as a great hand at the leister in autumn, when sea-trout and salmon run up our little stream to spawn; the second was a notorious drunkard, of whom there was a legend that he lived three months on nothing but drink—nothing at all events but a single twopenny loaf; the third was noted as a bitter and spiteful village gossip, who kept green the memory of those disagreeable chapters which occur in the early life of many who settle down quietly and soberly afterwards. Little as there seems to regret in the closing of such careers, the village will never again be the same to eyes that had never seen it without their figures. And the little graveyard on the



hill is constantly receiving new inmates, whose departure is a cause of more positive sorrow.

In an ordinary way the old die and the young take their places, the house is emptied and filled again; but this no longer happens in our village. That actual vacancies are left is a fact only too apparent. There are three churches, an Established, a Free, and a United Presbyterian. At one time, easily within living memory, two of these had quite large congregations, and the third a fair one, since the village, although not in itself large, is the centre of a wide agricultural district. I myself remember, when a boy, seeing the crowds come out on Sundays. But to-day there are not enough in all the three churches to fill one of them. A similar state of things has happened in the school. The teacher is one of the most popular men in the neighbourhood. When he came there about fifteen years ago, he got married and settled down, as was imagined, for life in an extremely good country school. No other institution of a similar kind has been started. He draws all the scholars from the places round about, just as he did before, and he is as successful with his pupils as ever. Yet the school is dwindling away. He can give no explanation except what is undoubtedly the true one—that 'the folk are no longer in the country-side.'

The disappearance of the houses amply confirms the tale. In Goldsmith's Auburn we see ruin going to work in its own picturesque style, and in the south-eastern counties of England the same thing is happening to-day. Moss and lichen creep over wall and roofing; the untended roses and honeysuckles form natural festoons about the doorway; poppies, marigolds, and other rank-growing flowers seed in the neglected garden, and give birth to hundreds of new plants that throng up among blueweed and thistle, whose seeds are blown from the adjacent fields—themselves in many cases abandoned to the coarse herbage and wild-flowers that Nature will produce when man is neglectful.

It is not like that in our Scottish Auburn. Those lines of Goldsmith could not be properly applied to it:

Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,  
And the long grass o'ertops thy mouldering wall.

Never at any time was it noted for picturesqueness. In Norfolk and Suffolk, in Wilts or Gloucester, some of the cottages, though inside scarcely fit for respectable pigs to live in, with their damp floors, walls lined with calico (or even old newspapers!), and low roofs, have an appearance that charms the heart of poet or painter, especially on summer evenings, when the old man and his wife—a veritable Baucis and Philemon—may be seen resting under 'the wavy bower' that rose and honeysuckle have woven round the porch. But at their best the

cottages of our village, with bare walls rising up sheer from the road, unadorned by flower or creeper, and with the plain vegetable garden at the back, were unattractive and even forbidding to look at. Nor is decay permitted to add to such beauty as they possess. When a cottage has been tenantless for a few months, just long enough for the village boys, who are a wild pack, to break every pane of glass and smash everything breakable, the house is pulled down and the land tilled. It used to be an easy matter to let the gardens; but as more and more fell vacant, this became more difficult, and now it is usual for the hedges to be pulled down, and both garden and the land on which cottages were built are added to the adjacent fields. If any of the migrated families number a poet among their progeny, he will have excellent material for exercising his craft when, having become laurelled and famous, he returns to the scenes of infancy. We can well imagine how 'the finest feelings of his nature' will be outraged, and his eloquence stimulated by the spectacle of turnips growing or sheep grazing on the very spot where his mother rocked him in his first cradle. It is sad to contemplate the possibility of such a fate for the home of any famous man, yet not a year passes without another plot of ground, another hearth and home, falling back into agricultural land.

The very memory of such houses must in many cases be blotted out. In my childhood the village referred to would have been cruciform had the lines been straight. It consisted of one long continuous street, crossed at the top end by a row of about twenty houses. To-day only one of these is left, and it stands by itself—a field and some cabbage gardens taking up the space once occupied by the others. What was the main street is now broken up into a few isolated groups of houses, or single houses with gaps between. A gardener, rather more enterprising than his neighbours, is now growing strawberries where the old 'smiddy' used to be and the smith lived. The public-house, where many a wild scene was enacted on Saturday nights, when 'drouthy neibors, neibors met' in it, has now given place to a potato-field.

To the eye of a stranger the village looks neater and far pleasanter than it did a generation ago, because naturally the more dilapidated cottages were the first to go, and those left are not only the best, but prettily situated among the fields and gardens. It is only the old inhabitant whose eye beholds in it all the elements of ruin and desolation.

A talk with those that remain shows that the movement is likely to continue. The old may reconcile themselves to country life, but the eyes of the young are all turned to town. Partly, no doubt, this is due to the condition of agriculture. Wherever they can, farmers are changing arable into pasture, and less labour is required for flocks and herds than for cereal crops. The bands of female outworkers in their great sun-bonnets, toiling on the turnips or cornfields, are noticeably smaller than they used to be, and there are few farms on which the number of hinds has not been decreased. But only a very few of our villagers are directly

engaged in agricultural work. Indirectly, however, they are dependent upon it. A notable man used to be wheelwright and carpenter for the neighbourhood. He and his sons had plenty of work at the various farms to which they went and returned in a spring-cart drawn by an old mule. This beast has long been dead, and was succeeded by a pony, still alive, though now in its thirtieth year. Its owner died at a ripe old age, leaving a flourishing business to his children. But so much new machinery has been invented and come into use, that their vocation is now practically extinct, and they depend as much on the land shrewdly acquired by their father as upon dwindling trade. They are a clever, peculiar family of four, all bachelors, whose house is kept by a maiden sister, and round whose kitchen-fire the politics of the day are discussed as keenly (and perhaps as wisely) as in a London club.

The condition of their affairs is typical of that of many others in the village. A universal complaint is that, although the place is eight miles from a railway station, the most important wants of the inhabitants are satisfied from town. No saddler has a shop in the village now, though one flourished in the olden times. The small shopkeepers and cobblers and tailors find it difficult to obtain a scanty livelihood, and are well aware that it would be foolish to depend on their sons doing so, and therefore encourage them to seek their fortunes elsewhere. And a way is paved for the cleverest of them to do so. During a recent stay I noticed a girl of twelve or thirteen diligently conning a book day after day as she 'herded the kye' in a 'loanin.' My private surmise was that she was deriving entertainment from some of those wretched weekly collections of scraps that have been carried into Arcadia, or, what could be no better, was deep in the perusal of that feminine counterpart of the penny dreadful—a cheap love-story. It was an agreeable surprise to find her working at the *De Bello Gallico*. She was, she told me, preparing to compete for a bursary her sister had held before her; and from the way her eyes glistened, it was easy to see that the great advantage connected with it in her estimation was that it would enable her to go to school at Edinburgh. But this is a very welcome kind of migration to town. Would that in all other departments of life there existed a machinery for selecting those most fitted to use their talents and follow out a useful career in the city! It is because the bad and the good, the fit and the unfit, are hurried along by the same torrent that the movement causes so much apprehension.

In the exodus from the country, those are often left behind whose talents should have a wider scope. A few days before encountering the maiden with the cow, I was sea-fishing in an open boat just outside of Poole harbour, off the rugged chalk cliffs of the Dorset coast. The sport was not lively, and naturally I got talking to the boatman, and among other things asked him if it was not rather dull during winter in the village where he lived. 'No,' he answered; 'he did not feel it much, because he was a great reader.' 'And what do you read?'

I asked. 'Just one book,' he replied—'the Algebra.' From subsequent inquiry I learned that by self-teaching he had acquired a really competent knowledge of mathematics, passing into regions where the village schoolmaster could not look at him, and where the parson of the parish was fain to confess he had forgotten his way since he left Cambridge. Evidently the youth had a very fine talent, but for lack of guidance it is serving no purpose except that of helping him to pass away the long winter nights.

Had the village which has been described possessed a unique history, were its decay of a purely exceptional nature, its story would hardly have been worth telling. The main interest arises from the fact that similar changes are taking place all over the kingdom. Moreover, they spring from causes almost identical. Since first beginning to notice the alteration taking place here, I have wandered about a great deal in Rural Britain between the English Channel and the Pentland Firth, and it has always been interesting to ask not only if the same thing was happening, but if from similar causes. And even statistics have ceased to be dry and forbidding when read in the light gained by personal inquiry and experience.

Of course there are very great differences in the various localities. The 'Hodge' of say Essex or Cambridgeshire, with his comparatively poor physique, due to generations of low wages and bad feeding, his lack of ambition and love of slops and beer, is not comparable to the intelligent and robust hinds of Northumberland or Roxburghshire or the Lothians. Any one accustomed to make long walking tours in both countries will admit the truth of the following observation. In any purely agricultural district of Scotland you may travel from ten to fourteen miles without passing a single public-house (and indeed the disappearance of many ancient hostelrys is a conspicuous feature of the last decade); but the poorest and most depressed portions of Essex and Suffolk are still liberally supplied with beer-houses. Grumble as Hodge will about being starved on nine or ten shillings a week, he lays himself open to the retort that he subsists, and has a surplus for ale. It is cheap, vile, and heady, and, one would think, doubly hurtful to those who are ill-nourished. Again, the surroundings are very unlike. The squire and parson, excellently as they may fulfil their duties in some respects, have a pauperising influence. Very characteristic was the comment of the rustic after listening to a fiery orator, who had promised the abolition of landlords and clergy: 'Then who will there be to gi' me my Christmas coals and blankets?' Against the minister and the laird no such charge can be fairly brought.

The charms of country life are fully appreciated only by those who resort to them at moments of leisure. Such as follow rural pursuits for a livelihood find them sordid, toilsome, and repugnant. This feeling has endured through all the centuries, but had to be repressed and held in check in earlier times when obstacles to removal were great and numerous. As soon as travelling was facilitated, and it became an easy matter to shift from one place to another, the

long pent-up desire found expression in action. Thomas Carlyle, a very shrewd observer in his day, was quick to notice it during those periodical visits paid to his native Ecclefechan as long as he had strength enough for the purpose.

Evidence that this is a true explanation is afforded by the curious fact, which the writer has elsewhere been at some pains to prove by figures, that the migration is greatest, not from the districts suffering most from agricultural depression, but from those where the farm-servants are most comfortable. There has, for instance, been in proportion a larger exodus from North Northumberland than from Norfolk. In other words, it is not so much an outcome of distress as of enlightenment and ambition. Those determined to get on in the world are the first to leave.

Explain the matter as one may, however, it has a very grave bearing on the future of the country. Towns could not long exist did not they draw off the surplus population from the rural districts; but to reduce the number of inhabitants is to kill the goose that laid the golden egg. I at any rate am sufficiently old-fashioned to re-echo the sentiment of him who so sweetly sang the decay of that other Auburn:

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,  
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay:  
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade—  
A breath can make them, as a breath has made;  
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,  
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

## AN ELECTRIC SPARK.\*

### CHAPTER XXXIV.—FULL LIGHT.

Two months had passed—two busy months, during which old Hamber had seemed to reign in the principal's chair at Great George Street, for Wynyan was constantly at the works.

Then came one of those mornings which proves the truth of the old proverb, that it never rains but it pours.

Wynyan had been away for a week, utterly exhausted and glad to get down to the seaside for a rest. He had returned from St Leonard's by the first train and made his way to the office, where Hamber received him trembling with excitement, as he placed a large official-looking letter in the engineer's hands.

'Read that first, sir,' cried the old man. 'I should have telegraphed, only your letter this morning said you would be back. A proud day for us—for you, sir!' cried the old man. 'Thank Heaven I have lived to see it!'

'Yes,' said Wynyan gravely, as he doubled up the brief official document, and replaced it in its cover. 'Put this in a large envelope, Mr Hamber, and send it by Gibbs to Miss Dalton.'

'Yes, sir. It will be glorious news for her. Poor child! she has been so anxious. Time

after time she has come to me at Minton Place, to ask how everything was going on. Do you know, Mr Wynyan, sir, that there have been moments when I could feel that poor Mr Dalton's spirit was in her. So quick, so business-like, so exact in taking the point of everything.—I'll send him directly.—But there is another letter, sir, not so pleasant.'

'Brant Dalton's hand,' said Wynyan, frowning. 'What does he say?'

'That I am to see Drummonds at once, and instruct them to telegraph to their agents at Rome for five hundred pounds to be placed to his credit there, and wire to him as soon as the business is done. Am I to do this, sir?'

'I have no authority, Hamber, one way or the other. Do as you have done before: see the lawyers about it, and let them and Miss Dalton decide. You had better see to these things at once. I am going to write a few letters, and I will stay till you return from the solicitors.'

'So very, very glad to see you back, my dear sir,' whispered the old man, and the weak tears were in his eyes as he spoke. But the next minute he was the busy, methodical manager, despatching the great document to South Audley Street prior to hurrying off to the legal advisers of the firm.

It was about six o'clock that evening, just as Wynyan had made up his mind to go to Harley Street and show the doctor how much better he was for the change taken by his advice. He had put on his hat, and was in the act of leaving his chambers, when a telegraph boy came up the stairs, and placed the familiar tinted envelope in his hands.

He tore it open, glanced through it, said huskily, 'No answer,' and stepped back into his room trembling, his pulses beating violently, and a dizzy sensation making everything for a few moments spin round.

He mastered the agitation and read the message again and again.

It was very brief.

'I am in great trouble and perplexity. Mr Longdon is here. Could you come at once.'

R. DALTON.'

Wynyan's pulses began galloping again as he stepped out of his cab at South Audley Street; but once more he mastered his emotion and looked quite pale and calm as he was shown into the library, where Renée sat facing the window, in conversation with Robert Dalton's old legal adviser.

Wynyan saw her face as through a mist, and he was conscious of words passing in greeting; then, as he took a chair, he began to recover himself while the lawyer went on talking, and it seemed to him, as she sat there in her simple black, that her face looked thinner and more care-worn as she listened to the gray, hard, keen-looking old man.

\* Copyright reserved in the United States of America.

'Glad to see you looking so much better, Mr Wynyan,' said the lawyer. 'You seemed quite overdone last time, my dear sir. Too pale now, but stronger. My congratulations, sir, upon the way in which you have got us, sir—us out of a nasty scrape. Meant good business for our firm, Mr Wynyan, but I am very thankful that we did not get it.'

'Then Miss Dalton has shown you the letter from Whitehall?'

'Sent for me at once, sir, but I could not get here till half an hour ago.—And about that other business, Miss Dalton: I understand that you wish me to communicate our opinion to Mr Wynyan?'

'Certainly,' said Rénée.

'Then it is this, Mr Wynyan: Mr Brant Dalton had five hundred pounds sent him about a month ago.'

'I beg pardon,' said Wynyan quickly. 'I have nothing whatever to do with Mr Dalton's affairs.'

'No, sir; but it is Miss Dalton's wish that you should hear this.'

'If you please, Mr Wynyan,' said Rénée quietly.

He bowed, and the lawyer went on.

'Prior to that, Mr Brant Dalton drew one thousand pounds from the firm's bank, he having command of the cheque-book, three days before he started for the Continent; and upon Mr Hamber consulting me upon this point, just as I had had a communication from a Mr Levvinson respecting the abstraction of certain documents by the said Mr Brant Dalton—I say, upon Mr Hamber consulting me, I immediately saw Miss Dalton here and pointed out that it was her duty to send an order by me to the bank that Mr Brant Dalton's signature should be no longer honoured.—That was so, Miss Dalton?'

Rénée bent her head gravely.

'But really, Miss Dalton, you are placing me in a very painful position,' said Wynyan.

'I beg you will hear this out,' she said earnestly, and there was an appealing look in her eyes that sent his blood throbbing once more through his veins, while his temples beat heavily.—'Please go on, Mr Longdon.'

'Then came a cheque drawn for five hundred pounds, which was returned to the bearer, and was followed by a furious letter, to which I advised that no answer should be given; but in opposition to my advice, Miss Dalton ordered that the sum asked for should be remitted to her cousin.'

Wynyan's eyes sought Rénée's, and she was looking at him almost apologetically; but as she met his glance, she just bowed her head, and the lawyer went on.

'Now, sir, we come to a letter received this morning, in which, as if by right, Mr Brant Dalton makes a demand for another five hundred pounds. Upon this Miss Dalton very properly appeals to me as being thoroughly conversant with her late father's affairs, and I tell her that, though unquestioned, Mr Brant Dalton assumed the position of principal, he had no right whatever to do so. Miss Dalton naturally, in her grief, and as he was her near relative, and had been long connected with the firm,

gladly left matters in his hands. But, sir, she is now fully aware that he was guilty of the gross piece of dishonesty which nearly wrecked the firm's credit; that he was bribed by this Mr Levvinson, acting as agent to the Deconcagua Government, and pocketed a very heavy sum of money for the theft.'

'Have you not said enough, Mr Longdon?' said Rénée gently.

'No, my dear madam, not half; but if you wish, I will spare you these unpleasant details, and briefly say to Mr Wynyan here, that Miss Dalton is thoroughly aware of her cousin's baseness, and that though, perhaps, subject to my advice, she may make him some small allowance, she forbids him ever to set foot in the office again; and finally, sir, through me, she asks you to take over entirely the control of this great business, under some partnership arrangement, to be drawn up in her interest and yours by me.'

'No, sir; it is impossible,' said Wynyan, rising, with a feeling that he could not trust himself to stay.

'Excuse me, sir; that is too hasty a decision,' said the lawyer. 'Please remember that Robert Dalton was your friend; that Mr Hamber, with all the spirit, is too old a man to carry on this important concern; lastly, that Miss Dalton is placed in a position which I may call one of complete helplessness. As her adviser, sir, I ask you to take a couple of days to consider the matter over.—And now, my dear madam, I have only just time to catch my train—if you will excuse me.'

Rénée rose, and the old man hurried to the door.

'Later than I thought,' he cried, glancing at his watch. 'In two days, Mr Wynyan, make an ap—'

'Pointment' was cut off by the swinging to of the library door, and directly after the front was heard to close loudly.

For a few moments no word was spoken. Wynyan dared not look at the beautiful appealing face gazing so earnestly in his. Then, with pride and determination getting the mastery, he said: 'Miss Dalton, I set myself to prove to you that I was not the scoundrel you thought, and that I have done. What you propose is impossible!'

Wynyan did not finish his sentence, for with a low moan, Rénée cried:

'I'm sorry—I was half mad—and blind; can you not forgive me— Paul!'

Again he saw as through a mist, but it was clear enough for this: two outstretched hands, two appealing eyes; and he was but a mortal, passionately loving man, as he caught her sobbing to his breast, to hold her tightly there, till she started from him as if it were some sin.

For a voice at the door suddenly seemed to ring out, though the words were only spoken in agitated tones.

'Rénée, my child, you are verging, really, you know.'

And then the doctor spoke, for he, too, had somehow entered the room, as if on purpose to blow his nose with a triumphant, trombone-like blast.

'They've persuaded me to stay dinner, my boy. Of course you are staying too?'

The ladies were hurrying up-stairs, and there was no one to back up the doctor's words; but Paul Wynyan stayed.

THE END.

### THE ANCIENT INCAS.

It is a strange but indubitable fact that it is possible for highly advanced refinement and a primitive type of barbarism to exist side by side, to support each other in a united polity. Such an anomaly is presented in the case of the ancient Incas of Peru, the race dominant in Peru when Europeans first found their way thither. The word Inca, or Ynca, was also specially the title of the monarch, and it would appear of certain princes.

The early history of the Incas or ancient Peruvians is shrouded in oblivion. At the time of the Spanish conquest, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, their empire extended from about the second degree north to the thirty-seventh degree of south latitude, embracing the modern republics of Ecuador, Peru, Bolivia, and Chili. It was never specially suitable for agriculture and communication; but the industry and genius of the natives overcame all impediments. The coast in the main is a series of sandy deserts: the Sierra or region of the Andes contains stupendous chains of mountains, elevated plains, and table-lands, interspersed with warm and fertile valleys and ravines. The people who inhabited it were of rather less than the average height, of a light copper colour, highly civilised, industrious, and of a very contented disposition. They were numerous, and warlike, so far as acquiring neighbouring lands and bringing the people under their sway was concerned. In these characteristics they present a marked contrast to their equally civilised but yet unknown neighbours the Aztecs, in the north, and the Patagonians in the south. The Aztecs were diminutive, almost sufficiently so to earn the name of pygmies; whilst they were most pugilistically inclined, fighting and conquering for the love of war. The Patagonians, on the other hand, were savages in every way, and of immense stature.

The capital of the empire was Cuzco, situated high up among the Cordilleras, but yet enjoying a salubrious climate, owing to its situation in the tropics. According to the tradition of the Incas, this was the spot at which their empire began. It was, as the word Cuzco signifies, the navel of the country. The city was well fortified, naturally and artificially, by a strong fortress on the north, and a spur of the Cordilleras on the east. The city was connected with the four divisions of the empire by four great roads, constructed for military purposes, to enable large bodies of troops to be moved expeditiously from one place to another. These roads are marvels of scientific workmanship, and the remains which to-day may be seen attest their former magnificence of design and construction.

The head of the government was the Inca or king, as the word signifies. He represented

a despotism so thorough that the food of the people could be withheld at his word. The succession descended from father to son unbroken through their whole dynasty, being claimed by the eldest son of the 'boya' or lawful queen, as she was called, in distinction from the king's numerous concubines. It is a noteworthy coincidence of Egyptian and Peruvian custom, although too much importance should not be given to it, that the queen was selected from the sisters of the Inca—the idea of this revolting practice being to keep the heaven-born race (so called) uncontaminated from the world. The heir-apparent was very early given into the charge of the 'amautas' or wise men, who instructed him in all the knowledge they had, and particularly in religious matters, as the Inca was the head of the church. He was carefully trained in military affairs. At the age of sixteen he was examined very rigorously with the young nobles for admission to the order of chivalry. This examination consisted of the performance of athletic exercises, such as running, boxing, fully trying their agility and strength: severe fasts, mimic combats with blunted weapons. This lasted thirty days. At the conclusion, the successful candidates were presented to the sovereign, and had their ears pierced to receive the round ornament denoting their degree of nobility. This ornament was inserted in the gristle of the ear, and so distended it that in some cases it rested on the shoulders. After this, the candidates moved off to the public square to indulge in songs and dances. This ceremonial was called the 'huaracu.'

The Inca represented the Sun, and presided over all important religious festivals. He alone could raise armies and command them; he controlled the imposition of taxes, the making of laws, the appointment and removal of judges. He was the head of everything, and from whom everything flowed.

The nobility were of the same blood as the Inca, but immeasurably below him in dignity: the proudest of them could not come into his presence unless barefooted, and carrying a burden of some sort upon his shoulder, to denote the homage due to the Inca. The common people were as much below the nobility as the nobility were below the king.

Ethnology, philology, architectural remains, and customs have failed to shed much light on the problem as to the origin of the American peoples, civilised or uncivilised: points of resemblance in skull, physique, language, and customs with Asiatic Mongolians, Europeans, North Africans, Andaman Islanders, Borneans, and Polynesians, have been insisted on, and elaborate arguments made to show that America was populated, partly at least, from North-east Asia, Ireland, Wales, Madeira, Egypt, Japan, and elsewhere. It need hardly be said that none of these theories have been proved, and that most of them are untenable and wholly baseless paradoxes. But the general tendency of anthropologists is to assume as most likely that part of the population at least must have come across Behring Strait from Asia. Sir Daniel Wilson's theory was that there were in America three great divisions of race with as many dis-

tinct lines of immigration, the first wave having started from Asia, and reached the South American Continent. Next, an Atlantic Ocean migration occupied the Canaries, Madeira, and the Azores, and so passed to the Antilles and Central America. And thirdly, that after the excess of Asiatic population had spread through the north of Asia, a wave of emigration flowed by way of Behring Strait into North America, thus accounting for the different characteristics of the inhabitants of North and South America. It has, on the other hand, been pointed out that the three races, Incas, Aztecs, and North American Indians, are proved to be connected with each other from the shape and construction of their crania. The skull is distinguished by the presence of an interparietal bone of a more or less triangular form, perfectly distinct the first month after birth, and subsequently united to the occipital, the suture being marked by a furrow which is never obliterated, and which is easily recognised in all the crania.

A point that has been made much of is the similarity of the Inca architecture to that of the Egyptian—the square openings, wider at the bottom than the top, doing duty for arches, and the custom of royal marriages and embalming the dead. Whatever and whenever the origin, it is certainly true that a nation more highly civilised than the Incas preceded and occupied the country before them. But this takes us back to prehistoric times, and we are lost in the mists of tradition.

Let us glance at a few of their civil institutions. The whole of the country was divided into three parts—one for the Sun, one for the Inca, and another for the People. The sizes of the different parts differed in different districts. The lands set apart for the Sun provided means to support the temples and elaborate ceremonial of Peruvian worship, and the numerous priesthood. Those for the Inca supported him in his luxuriously royal state, as also his large household and various demands of the Government. 'The remainder of the lands were divided *per capita* equally among the people.' It is here that the absolute serfdom of the people is so patent. Every Peruvian by law was compelled to marry at a certain age. He was then provided with a dwelling, and a plot of land sufficient to support his wife and himself, an additional portion being granted for every child, double as much for a son as for a daughter. The lands were redivided yearly, being added to or diminished according to the size of the family. The effect of this was to keep the people on the soil, and to prevent them acquiring too much land, and consequently power. The lands were entirely cultivated by the people. First, they tilled the lands of the Sun; next, those of the old, sick, widow, orphan, and soldiers engaged in war; they were then allowed to till their own; and last of all, the lands of the Inca. In like manner, the manufactures and agricultural products were attended to.

The flocks of llama belonged to the Sun and the Inca. It was death to kill one. At certain seasons of the year they were collected from the hills and shorn; large numbers were sent

to supply food for the Court, and to be used at the religious festivals and sacrifices. Male llamas only were killed. The wool belonged to the Inca, and was stored in the Government depositories, and dealt out according as the people's wants required. In this way they were provided with warm clothing. When they had worked up enough wool into clothing for themselves, they were then employed in working up material for the Inca. The distribution of the wool and superintendence of its manufacture was in the hands of officers appointed for the purpose. No one was allowed to be idle. Idleness was a crime, and severely punished. All the mines belonged to the Inca, and were worked for his benefit. The various employments were usually in the hands of a few, and became hereditary; what the father was, that the son became. A great part of the agricultural products was stored in granaries scattered up and down the country, and was dealt out to the people as required. It will thus be seen that there was no chance for a man to become rich, neither could he become poor. The spirit of speculation had no existence there.

Education was monopolised by the Inca and the nobility. The teachers were called 'amauta.' The 'quipu' were the books. The 'quipu' was a small cord from one to two feet long, made of variously coloured threads twisted together. From this other, smaller and thinner cords were hung, forming a fringe; all the cords were different colours. The colours represented objects such as gold, silver; sometimes white signified peace; red, war; but they were chiefly used for calculation. The fringe and cord were tied into a number of knots, which stood for ciphers; and these, used in conjunction with the colours, could be made to represent any amount required. These quipu were also the records by which statistics from all parts of the country, relating to population, trade, military and local affairs, &c., were preserved. They were deposited in the Peruvian 'Somerset House' at Cuzco. In this respect the Peruvians were far behind the Aztecs, who had a system of hieroglyphics, which, although a poor substitute for an alphabet of arbitrary signs, was yet capable of expressing more, and in a clearer manner, than could the quipu. These records were under the charge of the amauta, who taught their pupils from them. This was the way history passed down from generation to generation, and it is easy to understand how an event might become exaggerated and distorted.

The Peruvians were not so advanced in scientific knowledge as their northern neighbours. They divided the year into twelve lunar months, each of which was known by a particular name, and distinguished by its own festival. The year was further divided into weeks; but of what length, whether of seven or more days, is uncertain. They based their calendar upon the lunar year, and corrected it by observations taken with the help of cylindrical columns set up round Cuzco. From these columns they could tell the exact time of the solstices. The time of the equinoxes was obtained from a single column with a circle drawn round it, and a diameter drawn east and west. When

the sun was almost immediately over the column, and the shadow scarcely to be seen, they said, 'The god sat with all his light upon the column.' The year commenced about the 21st of December. Had the conquerors not been possessed of a ruthlessly destructive spirit, the history of the Incas would be as clear as our own. We are indebted for what we do know to the enlightenment of a few noble Spaniards, such as Sarmiento, Ondegardo, and Gomara.

The religion of the Peruvians was the most important of their institutions. The whole fabric of the State rested upon it. They acknowledged a Supreme Being, the Creator and Ruler of the Universe, whom they adored under the name of Pachacamac. So greatly did they venerate this invisible Being, that they studiously refrained from insulting him by making a representation of him in any form. They worshipped him in one temple only, near Lima—the Mecca of that race—and to which pilgrims gathered from all parts of the Peruvian empire. They also worshipped the Sun with the highest adoration: it was emblazoned on all their banners; sacrifices were constantly being offered up from numerous altars; and they regarded it as the founder of the royal line.

Among other objects which they worshipped were the elements—winds, earth, air, mountains, rivers. The images and idols of conquered nations received a place in their mythology, and were duly worshipped. The temples in which these deities were enshrined literally blazed with gold, particularly that of the Sun. This was so situated that the rays of the morning sun shone in at the eastern portal, lighting up the interior, which, being decorated with golden ornaments, sent back such a glorious flood of light, that no surprise can be manifested at the adoration with which these simple-minded people regarded the great luminary. Near to the temple of the Sun, and next in importance, was that of the Moon: all the decorations of this were of silver. The Stars, Thunder, Lightning, Rainbow, each had its respective chapels or temples. Everything in connection with the religious services was of gold or silver. The religious ceremony was very elaborate, consisting of burnt sacrifices and offerings of flowers. The sacrifice of human beings and the practice of cannibalism did not disgrace their ritual, as was the case with the Aztecs.

The number of priests was very great. The high-priest was called the 'Villac Umu,' and was next to the Inca in importance, being, as a rule, one of his brothers. Their duties were to minister in the temples, and to carry on a ritual more complex than that of any other known religion. There were four principal feasts, the most important being the Raymi, held about the time of the summer solstice. The celebration of this feast was preceded by a general fast of three days; and on the fourth, the Inca and all the people in Cuzco, dressed in their brightest and most gorgeous dresses, went to meet the sun at its rising; when it appeared, they broke into shouts of joy. They had among their religious institutions an order known as 'the Virgins of the Sun,' consisting generally of the daughters of the 'curacas' or chieftains. They were confined in convents,

kept from the world, and employed their time in watching the sacred lamp, besides making garments for the Inca and helping to replenish his harem.

## TWO MARKET-DAYS AT CUMMERTHWAITHE.

By SARAH SELINA HAMER.

### CHAPTER I.—IN THE AUTUMN.

THE market-day at Cummerthwaite was almost over; and the upturned carts which lined the streets leading to the Market Square were fast lessening in number, the process of 'yokin' up' being very busily engaged in, with many 'Whoas,' and cries of 'Stand still, there!' to meek-looking mares and shaggy horses that ventured on the faintest of protests against being brought from fodder and stable, once more to be put between shafts.

Burly farmers of the substantial order in more senses than one, emerged from the doors of banks with an air of smiling satisfaction, or with the pursed lips of doubt as to the day's transactions, and made their way down the High Street to the 'Black Bull,' or the 'Craven Heifer,' or 'The George,' in whose yards were tilted their gigs, or dogcarts, or whitechaps, and in whose coffee-rooms many of them would meet their women-folk, laden with baskets or parcels, or both.

It was barely three o'clock, and the September sunlight streamed into the High Street, down the side streets to the right. It caught the brown hair of a young girl walking rapidly along the footpath, and shot golden gleams amongst its tresses, or revealed the same lying cunningly hidden therein. The little white straw hat which the girl wore seemed to be turned by the same medium, for the moment, into glistening ivory, and the combined colouring was so dazzlingly bright, that it flashed into the eyes of a young man, some twenty yards up the street, and himself in the shade.

'Why, there's Dolly!' he exclaimed aloud; and his steps, which had been somewhat leisurely, suddenly became long and vigorous.

He was a well-built young fellow, though not very tall. He had a frank, pleasant face, and his head was crowned with light-brown hair of the tint generally known as tawny; he had also a slight moustache of the same. His dress and whole appearance betokened the well-to-do young farmer.

The girl appeared to be of his own class. She was lady-like, and was dressed with quiet taste. Dolly Wigton had spent three years at the High School in Carlisle, and was by no means the red-armed, uncouth, uncultivated type of farmer's daughter.

The girl knew the step even before the newcomer strode to her side, and the warm colour rose in her fair face. As they clasped hands, it was plainly to be seen that they were very much to each other.

'I didn't know you were in town, Dolly,' said the young man. 'Where have you been putting yourself all day?'

'Oh, shopping part of the time,' said the



girl, 'and I've been across the fields to Moor-gate, to see Jenny and'—

'And Jack?' queried the listener, a tiny frown gathering between his eyes.

'Nothing makes a man so stupid as jealousy,' remarked the girl, with a little laugh. 'Wasn't Jack at the market, George?'

'I daresay he went home to dinner,' said George gloomily.

They had been walking down the street as they talked, and at this juncture there crossed it, almost immediately in front of them, a gray-headed, slightly bent, elderly man.

'There's my father,' exclaimed the girl, half under her breath. 'What a good thing he was looking the other way!'

'Will he never alter, Dolly? And will you never be persuaded to take your own way?' asked George earnestly. 'How long is this to go on? Two years I've waited already.'

The fair face of the girl paled a little, her mouth expressed pain, and the lids quivered over her brown eyes.

'Dear George,' she said tremulously, 'if you are already weary of waiting, there is nothing for it but to say "good-bye." Father is obstinate, I grant you; and I do not see how his hatred of you Irebys is to be overcome; but wonderful things do happen, and—and—if we are faithful to each other, that should help us to be patient.'

'But—when I know,' answered the young man, in a low, troubled voice—'when I know that, week in and week out, Jack Mosedale is to the fore, and that your father is continually singing his praises, how can I go on hoping—that—that you will hold out, Dolly—that you will be—faithful?'

The girl drew herself up slightly, and almost stopped in the street.

'If you cannot trust me, George, then, as I have just said, we had better part—put an end to it entirely.'

'Oh, Dolly darling, forgive me,' cried George. 'I haven't the patience that you have; and our way seems so hedged in that it drives me wild. But as for parting, that would be a hundred times worse. Never mention that again, I pray you, as you love me. You do love me, Dolly? Say it again, and I will never doubt you more.'

The girl lifted her soft brown eyes to his. There was really no need for words, but she obediently murmured them. And the next minute, with a strong firm handclasp, they parted; for they had reached the corner of the 'Black Bull,' within whose archway Dolly's father had disappeared, and whence he might any moment be looking out for her.

The clattering of hoofs on the cobble-paved yard of the inn greeted Dolly's ears as she entered it, and as she expected, she found the bay mare being put into the dogcart, and her father standing by.

'Thou's put off till t' last minute, lass,' he said, a little gruffly, but not unkindly. 'I've just been inside, to look for thee. I was thinkin' I should have to send t' bellman round.'

'Oh, I'm not lost yet, father,' said Dolly. 'I'll go in and inquire about my parcels, and then I shall be quite ready.'

In five minutes more they had emerged from the archway of the 'Black Bull,' and were bowling along the road towards the farm of Greyfell, Plumdale.

'How didst thou find them all at Moor-gate?' asked Farmer Wigton by-and-by, turning his weather-beaten face towards his daughter.

'Much as usual, father,' said Dolly. 'Jenny will never be better, I fear.' (Jenny Mosedale was a chronic invalid.)

'You saw Jack, I suppose?' The tone was significant and suggestive, and so was the accompanying look.

'Yes,' said Dolly, a little drily, 'I saw Jack; he overtook me as I went. He had finished his business early.'

The old farmer chuckled with evident enjoyment. 'Finished his business early, had he?' he said. 'It must ha'e come to a very sudden conclusion, then; for when I saw him at nearly twelve he'd nearly all his cows on his hands, and one-half his sheep.'

Dolly looked straight before her between the hedgerows and said nothing.

The farmer chuckled again, and took a sly glance at Dolly.

'The young rascal caught sight o' somebody, an' left his stock to old Ike to sell, I'll wager—that was finishing his business early. Good for Jack—very good!'

Something at this juncture went wrong with the harness, and Farmer Wigton, with a strong expletive about the ostler at the 'Black Bull,' drew rein and jumped down to rectify it. In the silence which ensued, the rumbling sound of light wheels could be heard almost immediately behind.

'George's gig,' said Dolly to herself. 'I hope—I do hope he will not overtake us; father cannot endure to be passed by anybody—much less by him.'

Dolly need not have feared. It was too much pleasure for George to catch an occasional glimpse, over the stubble-fields and hedgerows, of a gleam of brown gold and ivory, for him to think of passing.

But just as he was stepping back into his dogcart, Farmer Wigton caught sight of the gig. His sight was long, and he knew its occupant, though he was nearly a furlong away. Something like an oath escaped him, and he gave Dumpling such a lash as sent her, startled and quivering, into an excited gallop.

'Father!' expostulated Dolly.

'Hold hard,' said the farmer, for the conveyance was swinging to and fro perilously; 'she'll get over it by-and-by. I caught a sight o' George Ireby, an' it was like a red rag to a bull! Whoa, whoa—softly, softly, Dumpling—that'll do, lass—that'll do.'

Dolly said nothing until the mare had settled down into her ordinary pace. Then she screwed up her courage. She recollected George Ireby's face in the High Street of Cummertwhait, and his words about himself and her being 'hedged in.' They were true words, and the hedge was mostly made up of prejudice, the most difficult of hedges to penetrate. But another attempt must be made. It was a long time since she had ventured upon such. For two years—ever since, spite of premonitions of failure, George

had manfully asked her father for permission to woo and wed her: he had been strictly forbidden the house, or to seek or even speak to her elsewhere. Between George's dead father and Dolly's, whose farms adjoined, though their houses were nearly two miles apart, there had existed a long-standing feud. Its origin was unknown to the young folks; but that it had some core of exceeding bitterness to Daniel Wigton could not be doubted. And around it, in succeeding years, had grown quarrels about trespassing cattle, supposed over-reaching in the markets, and other offences, always to hand when readily seized upon.

'I call it very unjust, father—very unjust,' said Dolly. 'What has George Ireby ever done, that you should speak of him in that manner?'

'It's not for a lass to be questionin' her father,' said Daniel Wigton savagely; 'an' I'll not have thee standin' up for George Ireby. He's nothin' to thee, an' never will be.'

'He's everything to me, father—except you.'

Dolly's tone was low and troubled; but it was unmistakably firm.

Father and daughter looked at each other. The duel was becoming close. They had both strong wills.

'I am a year over twenty-one,' continued Dolly. 'Any time within the last twelve months, I could have left you and married George. There's no law in the land could have hindered me. I love him, father, and would have done it, but I could not bear to act so contrary to your will. I have hoped and hoped that you would come to see in time that I could not change about George, and that you cared enough about me to wish me to be happy. But it seems as if'—

Several times before this, Farmer Wigton had essayed to stop the flow of his daughter's words; and now he succeeded by dint of the superior strength of his lungs.

'A deal thou cares about makin' thy father happy,' he almost shouted. 'Thou has one o' the best homes i' Cumberland, an' to please thy mother I sent thee to one o' the best schools. An' away fro' us, nothin' 'ould serve thee, but thou must scrape acquaintance wi' the son o' thy father's enemy. But if I'd ha'e known he was about there o' market-days, it's not once thou'd ha'e gone back again to board i' Car'ile. Thy mother's lyin' i' the kirkyard,' he went on, in a slightly softened voice, 'an' I have but thee. I could ha'e done to ha'e kept thee endway; but as lasses will be lasses, an' lads will be lads, an' I reckon sweetheartin' 'll go on till Doomsday, why, I've told thee over an' over again, thou could ha'e Jack Mosedale, as 'ould give his head for thee. He'd come to Greyfell, an' we could all be happy together, if thou'd only say the word.'

Daniel Wigton's voice had dropped almost into one of pleading by this time.

For a moment Dolly said nothing. It might have been thought she was yielding. But it was not so; she was making up her mind whether or not to say a certain thing.

The dale was narrowing; the sun was now below their present horizon. They had crossed the little river which ran through it, but its

wimpling over its stony bed could be heard on their right. They had long since passed the turning to Whiterigg, George Ireby's place, and there was no longer the faintest sound of his gig-wheels. A blackbird whistled, a sheep far up the hillside bleated, and the soft lowing of kine told of the homestead which they were approaching.

'Father,' said Dolly softly, breaking the almost solemn silence, 'you have just mentioned my mother. Shall I tell you what she said to me on her death-bed? I don't know why she said it—she told me not to ask her.'

A subtle change came over the rugged face beside Dolly's, and Daniel Wigton gripped the reins with a slightly convulsive movement.

'What was it?' he asked huskily.

'She said,' responded Dolly, after another slight impressive pause—'she said—and it was the day before she died, when you were off to Cumberthwaite—"Whatever you do, Dolly, never, never," she said, "marry a man that you do not love—nor—nor"—'

Dolly paused; she saw that, for some cause, her father was painfully affected. She had said enough for her purpose. Why go on?

'There was something more: go on. Never tell half a tale,' said the farmer, with painful grimness.

'Well, she said,' concluded Dolly, "'nor never, never marry any man, however much you love him, if you are not really quite sure that he loves you.'"

A queer guttural sound escaped the farmer; and could Dolly have seen his face, she would have been considerably startled. But he had almost let fall the reins, and he bent well forward to grasp them, and also turned his head away. He said never a word until Dimpling was mounting the slope to the farm-house, whose white walls and glistening windows now smiled welcome upon the home-comers. Then Daniel Wigton opened his lips; but his voice, even when he did so, sounded to Dolly strange and unfamiliar:

'There's no manner o' doubt about Jack Mosedale carin' for thee, Dolly,' he said; 'but as thy heart doesn't set that way, I'll never ask thee to marry him again. That's t' compact o' my side; an' now on thine: thou must never ask me again to let thee wed George Ireby. To that I'll never consent as long as I live. Thou understands, Dolly?'

'Yes,' said Dolly; 'but I don't promise. It takes two to make a compact.'

'Well, it'll make no difference,' said the farmer angrily, as he jumped out of the dogcart.

#### CHAPTER II.—IN THE WINTER.

Nearly a week had passed since the great snow-storm. It had come on during the night after the last market, and had continued most of the following day. It lay thick on the level lands and unfenced crofts, but where dyke, or hedge, or bank had made resistance to the wind, there great drifts had gathered two and three and four yards deep. It was terrible work driving in Plumdale. The farmers' men, in some parts of it where the

drifts were deepest, had been set to work to cut a road through them.

Dolly Wigton begged her father to forgo the weekly market for once; but habit is second nature, and to miss Cumberthwaite on a Friday would have seemed like breaking up the constitution of things. Indeed, with the contrariness of a man, and an obstinate one to boot, the more Dolly pleaded, the more business the farmer found he had to do there. True, little or no stock could be taken, but he had accounts to draw, and to go to the bank, and there was 'that stack of wheat that Miller Crosthwaite was to make up his mind about,' and a hundred things that Dolly knew nothing of. And so to Cumberthwaite Daniel Wigton went. In the High Street, during the morning, he well-nigh met George Ireby face to face; but, rather than do so, he stepped so suddenly off the foot-path, and with his nose so high in the air, that he narrowly escaped coming to grief on a snow-heap at the curb. George instinctively sprang to his assistance, but Daniel Wigton, by a superhuman effort, not only regained his balance, but flung his would-be helper off. 'I can do without your help, young man,' he said ungratefully and almost brutally.

George's blood tingled, but he restrained himself. Farmer Wigton was an elderly man, and—he was Dolly's father. 'I am glad you are all right,' he said gravely; and thereupon he went his way.

He would hardly own it, even to himself, but there were slight stirrings of shame at his own conduct, in Daniel Wigton's breast.

The yoking up was done very early that day in Cumberthwaite; and there was much buttoning of topcoats and arranging of immense mufflers and rugs, and great striking of arms across the chest, preparatory to setting off home.

'The shortest journey, the most to be envied to-night,' said the landlord of the 'Black Bull' to the wife of his bosom, in the snuggerly behind the bar. 'I shouldn't like Wigton's drive up Plumdale; for if we don't have more snow, and a lot too, before he gets to Greyfell, my name's not Jabez Ball.'

Mrs Ball stooped to the blazing fire and complacently rubbed her hands—it had been a good day for business.

'You generally know the weather, Jabez,' she said.

The landlord was not wrong this time, at any rate. Within half-an-hour of leaving the little town, Daniel Wigton, amongst others, was enveloped in a bewildering, driving, whirling downfall of snow. It drove under even his huge umbrella; it got between the folds of his muffler and his neck; it blew into his eyes and half blinded him, making driving straight most difficult.

Though not yet four o'clock, it was almost dark. Later there would be a moon; but it was doubtful if a ray of it could penetrate the snow-clouds. The farmer had had the precaution to light his lamps, and long yellow gleams they cast upon the white snow on either hand.

At a turn in the road, just past the opening to Whiterigg, a more blinding swirl of snow than ever, swept in the faces of man and beast.

It was more than Dumpling could stand. She suddenly swerved, the left wheel of the dogcart was caught on a block of the cut snow, and over it went, its occupant being thrown violently out upon the hard snow-blocks.

Some ten minutes later, George Ireby, returning too from the market at Cumberthwaite, and about to take the turn to Whiterigg from the main road in the dale, saw a dim light ahead of him, which he noticed, to his surprise, did not seem to move. He drew up to make quite sure, and then, much to his own mare's indignation, and spite of her protests, he drove on to ascertain the meaning of it. We know of course what he found. The light was that of the uppermost lamp, which, fortunately, had not been extinguished. Farmer Wigton was lying speechless, insensible, evidently seriously hurt.

What was to be done? He was yet two miles from home, and even if George could get him there, he would be so much farther from medical help. A moment's thought decided the young man. He would take the farmer to Whiterigg, where they were only ten minutes' drive from a doctor.

But Dolly's father at Whiterigg! His own father's enemy at Whiterigg! The very thought of it brought a strange smile at the irony of fate.

But even this plan could not be carried out without help. It was the work of a few minutes to place the prostrate man on the cushions of the dogcart and gig, and cover him with the rugs; to write a few hasty lines to Dolly telling her what had happened, and that he would fetch her later if the weather were fit, and if not, then in the morning; to release the trammelled Dumpling, fasten the missive to his harness, and send him off home, and then to mount his gig and go to Whiterigg for help and a stretcher.

It was more than a week after this night of storm, and the bright morning sunshine was turning the frozen snow-crystals into pearls and diamonds, and deepening the red of the breast of a little robin singing cheerily on the broad stone sill of the mullioned window of his bedroom at Whiterigg, when Daniel Wigton first opened conscious eyes upon his surroundings. And evidently even now his vision was not quite clear, neither was his speech or intellect. 'Mary!' he exclaimed feebly, looking towards a little rounded figure seated near him.

The figure turned a face towards the speaker which must once have been very pretty; even now it was soft in contour, and had a delicate pink colour in the cheeks. The woman's expression was one of surprise, and she waited, not quite sure that she had heard aright. 'Mary!' again said the invalid; 'Mary Renwick!'

A smile of comprehension stole into the little woman's face. 'I'm Ellen Renwick, not Mary,' she said, bending over the invalid and taking his hand. 'You will hardly know me. I was only a little girl when you used to come to Gilsdale to—see Mary. People do say I have grown very like her—more so, as I have got older—that is the strangest part of it. But alas! Mary has long been gone from us.'

'To be sure—to be sure. What am I thinking of?' said the farmer confusedly. 'But I do not understand things. Where am I?' and he looked round wondering.

'You shall know that by-and-by,' said Ellen Renwick gently. 'You had better not talk any more now. You had an accident, and you have been very ill, and are very weak. See, you must let me feed you with this,' producing some invalid's food; 'it will strengthen you.'

'Where—where's Dolly?' was the next wondering question.

'She has been up with you most of the night, and is lying down now. I will fetch her when you have had a sleep.'

Farmer Wigton's weakness was as yet greater than his curiosity; but the satisfaction he seemed to derive in gazing at the sweet peach-like face of Ellen Renwick, half-withered as it was, was greater than either. He looked at nothing else, until sleep overpowered him.

A face looked in at the doorway by-and-by—it was Dolly's. Aunt Renwick (she was George's aunt) put her finger on her lips, rose, and on tiptoe joined Dolly at the door. She drew her into her own room, an adjoining one.

'Your father is conscious at last, and has been asking for you, Dolly. I am so glad. He has gone to sleep now.'

'I am thankful,' said Dolly. 'Does he know he is at Whiterigg?'

'Not yet. I thought it best not to tell him until he is stronger.'

'Oh, auntie—you have made me call you so, and George wished it too—do tell me, if you know, what it is that makes my father so bitter against the Irebys—I mean, what was the beginning of it?'

Aunt Renwick hesitated, then she looked again at Dolly's imploring face, and answered:

'Perhaps you ought to know; it was this way. Your father loved my sister Mary heart and soul; and she was half-won, and would have been wholly so, I believe, had not Edward Ireby appeared on the scene. He had a more taking way with him, and he won the day. Now you know why your father always hated George's father.'

'But my father must have got over his disappointment. He married my mother,' said Dolly. But even as the words left her lips, she remembered her mother's dying words, and for the first time understood them. Her mother had never wholly had her father's heart. 'Will he ever forgive? Will he ever consent for me to marry George?' asked Dolly sadly.

Aunt Renwick kissed her, and bade her hope for the best.

'When he is stronger, I shall plead for you both,' she said. 'I may have some influence. He thinks I am like Mary.'

'Some influence' indeed!

'Why, Aunt Ellen,' said George Ireby, six weeks later, when, his broken ribs united, and his brain healed of the concussion, Farmer Wigton had been taken home, and Dolly had gone with him to get ready for her wedding, and George had just returned from seeing them both safely to Greyfell—'my good angel must have been in the ascendant

when he suggested the sending for you to Whiterigg. Mr Wigton tells me it is all your doing. You must be a witch to have exercised such a spell over the old man.'

'I shall not allow you to call him an old man, George Ireby,' said Aunt Renwick, dimpling, and actually blushing. 'He is only sixty, and quite hale and hearty; at least he will be, when he has quite got over his accident. And'—

'Well?' queried George, looking round wonderingly at his little aunt, when she paused, evidently in some confusion.

'Well—I thought I wouldn't tell you until he had gone away; but it had to be a bargain; he wouldn't consent on any other terms.'

'A bargain?' said George, an idea for the first time beginning to dawn upon him.

'Yes,' said Ellen Renwick; 'Daniel Wigton would not let Dolly come to Whiterigg unless I would consent to go to Greyfell. So I had to do it, you see—on your account.'

'You dear old auntie!' cried George with enthusiasm. 'But—it's not entirely because of Dolly and me? Do tell me that?'

'Well—not entirely,' admitted Aunt Renwick, blushing more deeply. 'You see, he thinks I am like your mother, George, and I believe he loves me. And I always wondered, even as a child, that my sister Mary should have chosen your father in preference. I think he was badly used, and I am going to try to make it up to him, you see.'

And I may say, in conclusion, that such has been the case. And if there be a happier home in all Cumberland than that at Whiterigg, it is to be found at Greyfell; and Farmer Wigton as well as George Ireby blesses the day when Dumpling turned over the dogcart, that snowy market-day at Cummerthwaite.

## THE MONTH:

### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

AN interesting side-light on the recent war in the East was afforded by Lord Armstrong's speech at the annual meeting of the great Elswick Company at Newcastle-on-Tyne, of which he is the founder and head. From Elswick came most of the war material used by the Japanese, from the elaborately constructed quick-firing guns to the ammunition which fed them. 'The prediction,' said Lord Armstrong, 'which had been commonly expressed, that, however efficacious the refined and elaborate mechanisms of modern artillery might prove in experimental practice, they would be found disappointing under the exciting and rough usage of actual war, has been completely falsified, and the possibility of a return to simpler and less scientific constructions has been put entirely out of the question.' The speaker then proceeded to point out that the victories of the Japanese were in great measure due to their wise forethought in arming their ships with quick-firing guns—one such gun in reality representing a battery of several guns of the

old type, while at the same time their range and penetrative power were unsurpassed. The carriages as well as the guns deserved mention, for they were utterly different to the rough wooden carriages which were in vogue not long ago, which required ten or fifteen men to handle them. Modern guns of ten to twelve tons weight can now be trained and elevated by a single hand, and although these wondrous gun carriages must be regarded as highly finished scientific instruments, no single one was disabled in the late war except by a direct hit.

It has long been the practice on our warships to move and load heavy guns by means of hydraulic or steam power. Heavy turrets have also been turned by the same agency, the touch of a lever bringing into noiseless movement a stupendous mass of metal. About eighteen months ago, however, the *Barfleur* was fitted with electric motors to perform the same duties, and orders were given that the gear was to be frequently worked and its behaviour closely observed. The report as to the working of this new application of electricity recently received from the Mediterranean was so satisfactory in every respect that two more battleships, the *Centurion* and the *Renown*, are to be furnished with electric gear for working their guns. The compactness of electrical fittings, when compared with that pertaining to hydraulic or steam gear, is not the least of its advantages on shipboard, where the question of space must ever be such a vital one.

Dairy-farmers are reviving an old grievance when they complain of the system which obtains of marking railway milk churns by barn gallons. This means a loss to the farmer of one imperial gallon on every churn of milk sold. One of the largest farmers in Berkshire contends that as he sends away twenty-six churns of milk daily, the loss amounts in his case to more than three hundred pounds per annum. He proposes that milk should be sold in the churn by weight, each empty churn to weigh fifty-six pounds, and to contain one and a half hundredweight of milk. He proceeds to say that 'if anything is done to alter the present system of marking churns, I hope it will be more in favour of the farmer than the result of the Railway Rates Commission, when the cost of returning the churns empty was taken off the buyer and put upon the farmer.'

A new hydraulic-propelled steam-lifeboat, which has been named the *President Van Heel*, has recently been built by Messrs Thornycroft of Chiswick for the South Holland Lifeboat Association. The trials of this remarkable boat in the North Sea have given great satisfaction to her purchasers, a speed of nine and a half knots having been attained. A remarkable feature of the trials was the remarkable quickness with which the boat can be brought to a standstill when proceeding at full speed ahead—namely, seven seconds. Another valuable property possessed by this new life-saving vessel is her towing-power, the dead-pull measured by the dynamometer being twenty-two hundred-weight, which would enable her to take in tow a vessel of about 250 tons burden, or would permit of two or three ordinary lifeboats being towed out to the scene of a wreck. Too often

has it happened that the ordinary lifeboat cannot move against wind or tide, without the aid of a tug to carry her on her mission of mercy. The new boat is independent of such help, and we trust that we shall in time have vessels of the same type at the lifeboat stations of Britain.

A scientific investigation was recently undertaken by the Imperial German Health Bureau to inquire into the suitability of the use of aluminium for cooking utensils. They proved that this metal is entirely free from communicating to food any poisonous salt such as is given off by copper, tin, or lead. To make sure that no injurious effects need be feared if aluminium be taken into the system, two physicians, aged respectively twenty-six and thirty-five, volunteered to act as subjects. To each of these was administered daily with their lunch about fifteen grains of aluminium tartrate, for the period of one month. By the end of that time neither had lost flesh or appetite, nor felt the slightest discomfort.

For cooking purposes this metal seems to be peculiarly adapted, seeing it is a splendid conductor and retainer of heat, while it has also the advantage of being non-poisonous and non-corroding. A new departure in aluminium cooking utensils has been made within the last few months by Messrs Bowen & Co., of the Phoenix Foundry, Clerkenwell, London, who have, after many failures, succeeded at last in casting them in pure aluminium. This permits of their being made of any desired thickness, a most important point in cooking utensils, which, if too thin, tend to scorch the food. Copper sheets are now about 6d. per pound, and aluminium ingots are 1s. 6d. But as aluminium is three and one-third times lighter than copper, bulk for bulk, aluminium is now the cheaper metal; and the above firm are now turning out their cast and polished aluminium utensils at prices under that of corresponding copper utensils. Aluminium has a very high coefficient of contraction, and this stood in the way of casting large and comparatively thin hollow-ware articles—they were very liable to rend in the cooling. A twelve-inch stew-pan contracts about a quarter of an inch, and the internal core had to be so constructed that, when the molten aluminium round it began to cool and shrink, the core also diminished in size and prevented the hot metal (which at a high temperature is weak) from cracking. These utensils are afterwards chilled, and this adds considerably to their strength.

The recent report of the evidence given before the Select Committee on Food-products Adulteration is not pleasant to read. The report is issued in the form of a blue-book, and as that kind of literature does not reach the public or private library, but is mostly stored away on undisturbed shelves, it may be as well to give a few items the wider publicity which they undoubtedly deserve. Margarine, which used to be made from beef fat, is largely contributed to by the knackers' yard; and in Paris the dogs and cats which are found floating in the Seine, and even rats from the sewers, are pressed into the service. Cheap butter is often simply margarine, and according to one witness the

fraud is winked at by the inspectors. Much of the bacon sold comes over here in the soft wet state from Chicago; 'and there are a certain number of people both in England and Ireland who dry it and get it up so that it resembles best English and best Irish, and in a good many cases it is sold as that.' Cheese is sophisticated, and other articles of daily consumption are doctored in various ways, until one wearies of the horrid details. The dishonest trader has evidently greatly benefited by the laxity of administration during the past few years, a period of almost suspended legislation, so far as practical matters are concerned.

One of the finest examples of twelfth-century monastic building is Kirkstall Abbey, near Leeds, which was purchased six years ago and generously presented to the Mayor and Corporation of that town by Colonel North. It at once became evident that the ruins would require careful examination and repair before the abbey was thrown open to the public; and when the ivy was removed from the old walls, the extent of the necessary repairs was found to be far greater than anticipated. In many cases the walls were literally crumbling to dust, and parts had to be rebuilt, and fresh stones and mortar inserted in other places, under the directions of the well-known architect and antiquary, Mr J. T. Micklethwaite. The grounds round the abbey have been ornamentally laid out, and at last the beautiful place has been formally presented to the public use. Colonel North paid £10,000 for this handsome present to Leeds, where he was born; and the necessary repairs and laying out of the grounds have brought the total cost up to £23,000.

Some recent disastrous collisions in fogs at sea has drawn attention to the question whether commanders rightly understand what they ought to do when in the vicinity of a vessel which can be heard by her whistle, but is quite invisible. Admiral Colomb, in a letter to the *Times*, has shown that there need really be no misunderstanding about the matter, and points out that it is the erroneous principle at the bottom of the existing rules which has led to recent collisions. He maintains that certain old principles which have fallen into desuetude should be revived without delay. The old custom of the sea, which was never interfered with until 1840, gave one of the two ships in a fog an absolute right to go on her way, while it absolutely compelled the other to fall behind—that is, if they were originally steering for the same point. The rule by which this is established is, that the ship which hears a fog-signal to her left goes on, while the ship which hears it to her right steers in the direction in which she first hears the signal. She is assured that 'the ship that sounded would move out of that line, and as she heard the sound passing away to her left, she would resume her original course.' But although this rule is so simple that a landsman can easily comprehend it, it has been superseded by one which counsels both ships to get away from each other as quickly as they can, and they too often find, in trying to do so, that they come into perilous contact.

Captain S. L. Hinde, who for many years

has lived and travelled in that vast region of Equatorial Africa known as the Congo basin, recently read before the Camera Club, London, a paper on 'Cannibals and their Customs,' which was a very interesting exposition of the modern aspect of a most repulsive characteristic of savage humanity. Nearly all the tribes in the Congo basin either are or have been cannibals, and among some of them, Captain Hinde tells us, the practice is on the increase. Since the entry of Europeans into the country there have naturally been greater facilities for travelling, and races who were not originally cannibals have been brought into contact with their more degraded fellows, and have learned to eat human flesh. 'In the night following a battle, or the storming of a town, these human wolves disposed of all the dead, and thus saved us, no doubt, from many an epidemic.' Captain Hinde further remarks upon the custom of smoking meat to make it keep, a practice which would be most useful to the traveller; but he adds that 'we could not, however, buy smoked meat in the markets, it being impossible to be sure that it was not human flesh.'

The Royal Photographic Society has recently held its fortieth annual exhibition in London, and it is agreed on all hands that the work shown marks great improvement. The custom of exhibiting as pictures frames containing a dozen or more very ordinary portraits such as one can see in the show-case of any photographer has happily ceased, and in other ways the objectionable advertisement feature has disappeared. There is no doubt that the old society has been stirred from its lethargy by the advent of a rival exhibition, which, under the name of the Photographic Salon, has this year opened its doors for the third time. In the Salon nothing but what is artistic in treatment is exhibited. Technical excellence, process, apparatus, and everything else is ignored; the picture is the thing, and the more it approaches in appearance to a sepia drawing or a mezzotint, the more acceptable it appears to be. The Salon is having a good influence on photographic art generally, but like all new movements it has its weaknesses and eccentricities.

The long-talked-of and once attempted piercing of the Isthmus of Panama in order to form a connecting link between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans is a topic which has once more been revived. Mr A. C. Colquhoun recently addressed the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce on the subject of the position and prospects of the Nicaraguan Canal, which he considers the best of the various inter-oceanic projects which have been mooted. Assuming that this proposed waterway is commenced next year, Mr Colquhoun estimated that in 1905 there would be seven million tons of goods passing through it. The benefits of such a canal would be enormous, and England would share in it by increased facilities for trade with south-western China, which will some day offer the finest possible market for English goods. The canal would also bring Japan, China, Australasia, and part of Malaysia nearer to the Atlantic cities of the United States than they are now to England; and America would therefore benefit to a greater degree than Europe. It will probably

be difficult to obtain the necessary capital to start this important undertaking, in view of the disastrous collapse of the Panama Canal Scheme so lately as 1889-91.

A new machine for breaking up refractory material has been introduced by Messrs Easton, Anderson, & Gooldeen of Erith under the name of the 'Niagara' Pulveriser. The essential parts of this machine consist of a heavy roller moving on the inside of and in the opposite direction to a revolving cylinder. The speed is slow compared with that of other machines of a similar character, being only forty revolutions a minute, and this circumstance, coupled with its peculiar construction, guards it from excessive wear and tear. The roller is so pivoted in its bearings that it will ride over and only partly break up an unusually hard fragment of quartz, and this will happen again and again until the piece is completely pulverised. The powdered matter is drawn away from the roller by means of a fan, whose speed regulates the fineness of the product obtained. The 'Niagara' will pulverise minerals, or corn, cork, bark, &c.; and for mining purposes it has the one great advantage, that it requires no water. It is less costly to fix and repair than the stamps so largely used for mining purposes, and a machine absorbing twelve horse-power will reduce two tons of hard quartz in one hour.

The Post-office represents the willing horse upon which every one seems bent upon laying additional burdens. The last proposal in this direction is that the carriage of agricultural produce should be undertaken by this Government department, so that fruit and vegetables could be delivered at our houses with the morning mails. We fear that the scheme is impracticable, but as some genius may arise who will be able to put it some day into workable shape, we gladly give the matter mention. We have had an abundant harvest. Trees were bowed down with their weight of fruit, and vegetables were decaying for want of cheap carriage rates; at the same time the price of both in our cities and towns was exorbitant. One correspondent in advocating this new postal scheme, writes thus: 'Penny postage was at one time deemed an absurdity. It needs no defence now, and I should not be surprised if, in the course of a few years, a sack of potatoes or a hundredweight of fruit was delivered anywhere between John o' Groat's and the Land's End for the natty sum of sixpence.'

### ON THE LECTERN.

LECTERNS, or reading-desks, came into use at an early date; there is frequent mention of them in ancient writings, and representations of them in ancient vignettes. They were placed in the centre of choirs in large ecclesiastical buildings as early as the seventh century, and the choristers were arranged in rows on the right and left of them. They are of various forms; but the eagle is introduced in a very large number. With outspread wings, and mounted on a stem at a convenient height for a reader, this grand bird, from an early date, was made to serve the purpose of supporting

the framework on which the large and heavy volumes used in the services were placed. There was, probably, some reference, in the thoughts of those who first used them, to the fact that the eagle soared to the most elevated regions, and therefore, in a fanciful way, would be likely to carry the words of the readers or choristers nearer to heaven than they might otherwise ascend. In some instances the inclined framework on the back of the bird was made to accommodate two books, one above the other, and furnished with movable brackets to light the reader. Frequently the eagle is represented standing on an orb, and sometimes on a dragon, and the base of the stem on which it is placed is often raised on lions. A more simple form, without the introduction of the eagle, consists of an inclined book-board raised to a convenient height on a stem. Next to this are examples that have two slanting book-boards which meet at their upper edges like a roof; and there are others with clever groupings of four desks or book-boards. These are generally made of oak or some other hard wood. They nearly all turn on pivots; and some of them are enriched with much carving. Sometimes the eagle is of wood, and the framework of iron. In the handsomest examples base, stem, bird, and book-board are of polished brass.

Besides the lecterns used in the services, there may still be seen others in old churches on which volumes of homilies and commentaries are chained. Old inventories mention many more. An inventory of the church goods of All Saints' Church, Hereford, for instance, dated 1619, tells us of 'The paraphrase of Erasmus chayned to a deske,' and 'Jewell's workes chayned to a deske.' A little later on in the churchwardens' books belonging to the same church there is mention of 'one wainscott deske in the chancell,' which was doubtless a lectern. In the following century (1766) there is another side-light upon the same subject in another entry, 'two candlesticks for the reading-desk.' There are still books chained to a desk in Horncastle Church; and there is one, a tattered volume of homilies, with a chestnut-hued cover, in Alnwick Church. In the vestry of All Saints' Church, Hereford, there is a library, consisting of 286 volumes, all chained to the shelves on which they are placed. In Grantham Church, too, there is a library in chains; and about forty volumes are chained in Turton Church, Lancashire. Kettering Church has two books chained by the covers to a long reading-desk.

Over and above this plan of chaining their books with iron chains, our predecessors had a contrivance for keeping them open that we have also discarded, or have retained only in the modified form of book-marks. The narrow strip of silk, or braid, that we place between the pages of a book, they fastened to the top-most edge of the lectern, and made the ends heavy with leaden weights. When they wished to keep a book open they brought two of these strips down from the ridge of the lectern, one over each page, which prevented all motion of the leaves. When not in use they were allowed to hang down. There are many vignettes in



ancient MS. Bibles and other writings showing lecterns with these contrivances attached to them, and the leaden weights of a disc-like form depending from them. The well-known French antiquary, M. Viollet-le-Duc, gives five examples of them from ancient writings preserved in French libraries in his *Dictionnaire Raisonné du Mobilier Français de l'Époque Carlovingienne à la Renaissance*. One of them shows these ancient book-marks attached to the lower side of a desk on which a scribe is writing, and they are passed up over the book or writing, and over the top edge of the lectern, and allowed to depend from its upper side, instead of the lower one, as in other examples; and there is another instance given in which the weights are fastened to the side, in which case they would be merely lifted and placed upon any sheet that was required to be kept in position.

Both Oxford and Cambridge have interesting specimens of ancient brass eagles in their college chapels. The county of Norfolk, too, is rich in them; Southampton has two, one of which is very fine, and supported on four lions; Bristol has two, one in St Mary Redcliffe, and the other in St Mary-le-Port; Southwell Minster has a grand example which is said to have belonged to Newstead Abbey; and there are others to be met with here and there, as at Campden in Gloucestershire, Huish Champflower in Somersetshire, Salisbury, and Croydon. There is an example of a wooden eagle in Winchester Cathedral; another in All Saints' Church, Monksilver, Somersetshire; and another in Exeter, in St Thomas's Church. There are a few examples of ancient brass lecterns without eagles. An oaken lectern, with four desks, in St Martin's Church, Deptling, Kent, is very richly carved. And other oaken examples may be seen in other churches in the same county, as well as in Surrey and Cheshire especially. There is a very early one in Holy Cross Church, Bury, Huntingdonshire.

There is an interesting brass eagle in Long Sutton Church, Lincolnshire. It stands only two inches short of six feet in height, and its base rests on three lions. There are bold mouldings at intervals up its stem, which is surmounted by a ball or orb rather less than a foot in diameter; and on this ball stands the bird, with beak slightly open and wings outspread, sturdy, prim, and square, though made to revolve upon the stem just below its standing-place. There is a richly sculptured porch to this church with a chamber over it, a stone stair leading up to it, and with a stone-groined roof, and various other features of interest, yet this quaint item holds our remembrance after some of them are forgotten.

One of the three superb old churches in Coventry has a fine brass lectern. This edifice, the proud possessor of one of the 'three tall spires' for which the city is celebrated, is pervaded with special charm, as it retains most of the touches given to it when first built. Like its two grand comrades, Trinity Church is light, lofty, and spacious; and like them it is full of memories of the industrious citizens who made Coventry a place of note in former times.

## PREPARING FOR PUBLICATION.

### DR ROBERT CHAMBERS'S LIFE AND WORKS OF ROBERT BURNS.

REVISED AND PARTIALLY RE-WRITTEN BY

WILLIAM WALLACE, M.A.,

AUTHOR OF 'SCOTLAND YESTERDAY,' &c.

Illustrated with Etchings and Photogravures from Original Drawings by C. MARTIN HARDIE, R.S.A.; W. D. MACKAY, R.S.A.; R. B. NISBET, A.R.S.A.; G. O. REID, A.R.S.A.; and G. PIRIE, a New Photogravure of Nasmyth's Portrait; and an Engraving of Beugo's Portrait.

In Four Volumes, crown 8vo, price 7s. 6d. each. Also an impression, limited to 250 copies, on hand-made paper, numbered and signed by the Publishers, the illustrations on India paper, proofs before letters, price 63s. nett for the four vols.

THE Publishers have pleasure in announcing an entirely new edition of what they believe to be the standard and authoritative work on Robert Burns. When in 1851 Dr Robert Chambers published the *Life and Works of Robert Burns*, the four volumes were at once recognised as bringing order out of chaos, as placing the poet's career in a true light, and as establishing the text on a sound basis. In spite of the voluminous literature on Burns that has since appeared, Dr Chambers's work has not been deposed from its place of authority. Mr Leslie Stephen, speaking of the lives of Burns, in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, says 'Chambers's contains the only thorough investigation of facts.'

Dr Chambers had accumulated much material which, for reasons that the lapse of time has deprived of force, he was unable fully to utilise. Since the publication of his work, also, some facts have been discovered that throw light on Burns, both as a man and a poet.

In view of this, it appears to the Publishers that the time has come for a new and revised edition of the original work; and the revision has been entrusted to Mr WILLIAM WALLACE, known to all who love the name of Burns as an enthusiastic and yet critical student of the national poet. No trouble has been spared to secure and present the true reading of all the poems; to elucidate difficulties by notes and explanations; to give a full marginal glossary of Scots words likely to puzzle the English reader; to make the edition more complete, by the addition of poems, verses, and songs not included by Dr Chambers; and to incorporate all new biographical and historical facts. As in the original work, the poems, the biography, and the letters are so combined and arranged as to show their relation to one another, to present a view of contemporary social life in Scotland, and to illustrate the circumstances in which Burns lived his life, and wrote his immortal poems. The concluding chapter will give a full and critical estimate of both life and work.

In a series of original drawings, several representative Scottish artists of the day sympathetically interpret Burns's world, the Scotland of a hundred years ago.

It is hoped that the final volume of this new edition will be issued prior to the centenary of the poet's death in July 1896.

W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED,  
EDINBURGH AND LONDON.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,  
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 623.—VOL. XII. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1895.

PRICE 1½d.

## THE FINGER OF HANKIN.

BY C. J. CUTCLIFFE HYNE,

AUTHOR OF 'THE RECIPE FOR DIAMONDS;' 'HONOUR OF THIEVES,' &c.

### CHAPTER I.

HE was called William Edward Hankin Seale, and by giving him the name of Hankin, his godfathers and godmothers considered that they had provided him with brilliant prospects. Wherefore they economised, and forbore to add the usual christening-mug and silver feeding-tackle. In after years William Edward Seale had it constantly repeated to him that there was a man called Hankin who lived on a place called the West Coast of Africa, where he had amassed wealth, and was still amassing.

In his school-days William Edward Seale said little about the vague Hankin. He learned that West Africa was a considerable distance from Charterhouse in miles; that the climate was hot, through some connection which it had with a thing called the equator, upon which the sun apparently travelled as a bead does upon a wire; and that the Coast produced gold-dust, ivory, and monkeys. Afterwards he got hold of *The Cruise of the Midge*, and added to this list of products, slaves, fever, sunstroke, and picturesque fighting. He pictured Hankin as a king of countless negroes, who owned a long black schooner for nefarious purposes, and who went out for rides on his own private elephant and ate cocoa-nuts free of cost. He rather envied the old gentleman, but he did not swagger about him then. Later, however, he did both.

He went from Charterhouse to a bank in London, where he laboured easily, but acquired no unwieldy prosperity. He lived slightly beyond his income, but kept the leeway in check by waving Hankin before the eyes of his duns. He pointed out that the West Coast was notoriously unhealthy, and that Hankin could

not live much longer. He was generous in the matter of interest too. He said that when he put on a black tie for Hankin, they would see that there was nothing mean about him when he came to pay for accommodation. So he lived on; and the rumours of Hankin provided him gratis with dances and theatre paper; and dinners and Sunday river-parties were bestowed upon him by people who had marriageable daughters. 'It's no use your asking me to pay for anything,' he would say cheerfully. 'I've barely a sixpence beyond my salary—at present.'

Occasionally he came across some man who had been in the colonial service or in a trading house on the West Coast, and asked about his connection, who, he stated, was some sort of a nineteenth cousin. But none of the Coasters ever knew about Hankin, or (what is perhaps more accurate) they never said they knew. So, as far as William Edward Seale was concerned, Hankin remained vague and nebulous; but Seale never lost faith in his riches and dutiful cousinly affection (as bespoken by the afore-mentioned godparents); and calculated on the approaching windfall with certainty and sweet delight.

It was the coming of Captain Charteris with Nancy that gave him his first definite idea of Hankin. Charteris wired from Liverpool to ask for an interview, and was invited to come up and dine at the club and talk matters over there. Charteris came, and enjoyed his meal, as most men do after a course of Coast and steamer fare; but he talked whilst he was eating, and what he said did woful damage to Seale's appetite. Afterwards they went to

a quiet corner of the billiard-room for coffee and cognac; and between whiffs of a good cigar, Charteris went on with his tale:

'We aren't mighty particular out there as a general rule, y' know, but that was a bit too blackguardly and low for anything. They kicked him out of the service, of course; and they told him that if he didn't clear out of the colony one-time, they'd prosecute him to boot, and he'd get sent home to do five years for an absolute cert. So he cleared; and went to Lagos.'

'But he was very rich at that time, wasn't he?' Seale asked.

'Rich? He owned the finest assortment of debts of any man in Accra. They had to pay his steamer-fare to get him away. I don't believe the old scamp ever did have a cent beyond his pay, but he'd a knack of hinting that he was a millionaire, and people sometimes believed him. He blarneyed himself into a trading house in Lagos on the strength of swaggering about money, which of course he hadn't got, and he might have worked himself back into a comfortable position if he had only chosen to keep straight. But that was not his way. He hung on there for a couple of years till he'd got his fingers well into the pie, and then one fine day he pulled out all the plums that were available and skipped by the British-African boat to Grand Canary. He'd about a thousand pounds all told in his pocket when he landed at Las Palmas, and on the strength of it he married that pretty little woman I was telling you about, who died when Nancy was born.'

'After which he took the child back to the Coast again, and brought her up like a savage!'

'No, he didn't; and that's about the only good point I ever heard the old ruffian accused of. He left her in Grand Canary, farmed her out (don't you call it?) in a village just outside Las Palmas, and went back again to the Coast to find money for the up-keep of her. It was a pretty plucky thing to do, because several gaols were waiting for him anxiously, and he'd dirtied his ticket so thoroughly up and down, that no white man would touch him with the end of a swizzle-stick. What he did was to steam down-coast to Lagos Roads, change over to the branch-boat and get across the bar, and then slip away from her by native canoe. He didn't land on the island at all. He went off over the lagoon, and then on, right up to the back of the Egba country. There was a hot war on then with the Yorubas, and it was about nine to one he got knocked on the head and chopped; but somehow the old scamp slipped through, and then he started in to collect rubber. He got a mud-and-grass hut built, and lived on native chop, and must have had a pretty tough time of it at first, because all the roads were blocked, and he could neither get "trade" up-country nor send his rubber down. But after a bit, things went better with him. He got his rubber carried down to Lagos, contrived to lay hold of a few domestic slaves to do his work, and was able to send remittances to the woman who farmed Nancy outside Las Palmas. If he'd stuck to what he'd made

then, he might have lived pretty comfortably, because trade-gin makes tolerable cocktails when you're used to it, and up in that part of the bush you can always get chickens and mutton if you care to pay. But he didn't do that: he stuck to the cheap native chop; and when he had fever he grudged himself pills and quinine: it took him all he knew to scrape up eighty pounds a year for Nancy.'

'Oh, my hat!' said Seale; 'and I thought that man was a millionaire!'

'I wish,' said Charteris, 'you could have seen him when I did. I was up at the back of the Egba country with a Commission, and we picked up the wood-smoke of his cooking one day in the dusk. We had missed the village we were trying for, and had no fancy for collecting fever by squatting out in the bush. So we pushed on and came upon a few chimbeques in a clearing. A thing that called itself a white man was in one of them, and that was Hankin. He was down with black-water fever, and when the doctor had done a turn with him, I went in to stand my watch. He wasn't an inviting spectacle, and if you knew what black-water fever is—which you don't—you'd understand why. But he was a white man, or had been white once, and out there one feels a sort of kinship to one's colour. So I sat by the poor devil and heard his yarn; and when he asked me a bit of a favour, I couldn't very well refuse it, because, you see, he asked when he was in the very act of pegging out. He wanted me to pick up this youngster of his as I was going home, and hand her over to you.'

'But why to me of all people?'

'Hankin said,' replied the other stolidly, 'that he knew you thought you'd some claim on him, and that therefore he considered he'd a claim on you. I said I didn't see the force of his argument. He said that was his palaver, and would I do what I was asked, or have a very nasty taste left on my conscience by refusing? So of course I was forced to say "Yes," and there was an end of the matter. The Houssas buried him at sunrise, and we marched on.'

'But what on earth am I to do with the brat? I'm making a poor enough show of keeping myself. I had—er—expectations once, but they haven't come off, and I'm more largely dipped than I care to think about. I'm only a poor brute of a bank clerk with half-nothing a year by way of pay. It strikes me you've done somebody a pretty mean turn.'

'How could I help myself?' said Charteris with a shrug. 'I didn't know you from Adam, and Hankin shoved the job on to me at a peculiar time. You haven't seen a man die the way he did, in a bush hut, with no one round but savages, or else you'd understand. I can quite imagine it's an unpleasant surprise to you; but you know—you needn't take over the youngster.'

'What?' said Seale quickly; 'you'll keep her on yourself?'

Captain Charteris laughed harshly. 'I shall drag out my own leave here in England mostly on tick, and then get back to the Coast again.'

Man, I haven't thirty pounds in the world. I couldn't afford to be saddled with a dog. I suppose it comes to this: we shall both repudiate her.'

'And the result will be?'

'Workhouse, I suppose.'

'What a ghastly thing to think about!'

'My dear sir, we can gather comfort from knowing it's no fault of ours. It's a case of "sins of the fathers." Hankin shouldn't have been a blackguard; or if he was, he shouldn't have married; or if he did marry, he shouldn't have allowed Nancy to step out into the world. If he's any sense of decency left, Hankin will be gnashing his teeth this very minute at the thought of the mischief he's brought about.'

Seale hit the table in front of him so that the cigar ashes jumped. 'This is a horrible business anyway,' he said, 'but it's got to be put an end to. The more we think over it, the worse it gets. You and I have no legal responsibility; so we'll just hand over this calamitous brat to the police, and shuffle clear of the whole matter. Where have you stowed her?'

'At the "Metropole." We'll go there one-time if you like.'

'Yes,' said Seale, and strode noisily out of the room.

## CHAPTER II.

They exchanged only one remark on the way across. 'She's a taking little beggar,' said Charteris, 'though I don't think she cares much for me.' Upon which Seale broke out against him with sudden violence and profanity, and insisted on the subject being dropped. And after that they marched down Northumberland Avenue in silence.

'It's right up at the top,' said Charteris, as they walked into the hall of the hotel. 'I economised in the matter of rooms. So we may as well go up by the lift. Shall I tell the porter to have a four-wheeler ready in five minutes?'

'Oh, do anything you like,' said Seale. 'No, you needn't bother about that now, though. There are cabs always ready. Here, come along: there's a lift just going up.'

Two minutes later Captain Charteris opened a door and showed Seale a pretty child of six asleep in a deep arm-chair. She woke as they came into the room, nodded to Charteris, and stared at his companion critically. For once in his life Seale was tongue-tied before a lady. He somehow or other felt unutterably mean, though (as he carefully explained to himself) there was no just cause for this feeling. And as an effect, all initiatory small-talk left him. There was a long silence in the room, and it was the child who just broke it. 'You must be the gentleman,' said she to Seale, 'who is going to take care of me?'

'No,' he answered sullenly, 'I am not.'

'Oh,' said Nancy, leaning back in her chair again, 'I am sorry for that.'

Seale could not help asking 'Why?'

'Because,' came the answer, 'I like you. I like you better than him,' she added, with a nod across at her steamer escort.

'This is gratifying,' said Charteris. 'But I am afraid, young lady, that it is a rather useless avowal. Now we've come to take you out for a drive somewhere. So suppose you put on your hat and jacket.'

'Can't,' said Nancy cheerfully. 'I've not begun to dress myself yet. I'm not growed up enough for that. But you,' she said, with a nod at Seale, 'can put on my things for me if you like. They're all lying there on that sofa. Shoes first.'

'Oh, look here,' said Charteris, 'we'd better ring for the stewardess—chambermaid, I mean.'

'No,' said Seale; 'I may as well do what I can for the kid! Hang it man! let me do something. God knows I'm feeling brute enough as it is.'

So with infinite pains and clumsiness he put on Nancy's outdoor raiment, and when he had finished, he stepped back to overlook his handiwork.

'Well?' she said.

'What?' he asked.

'Don't I look nice?'

'Ye-es, I suppose you do. Yes, distinctly you do.'

'Then what are you waiting for?'

'I don't understand.'

'The others,' said Nancy judicially, 'when they dressed me, and when I was good, and when I looked nice, always gave me a kiss to finish up.'

Charteris laughed.

Seale turned on him savagely with a 'Drop that?' Then he stooped and took hold of the child's hand and said, 'Come on.'

'Kiss first,' said Nancy. 'I've been good.'

Shamefacedly Seale pecked at her with his mouth, and Charteris laughed again. 'I wouldn't do it,' said Charteris, 'if I were you. That sort of thing leaves a nasty taste afterwards—when you remember she is rigged in workhouse uniform, you know.'

Seale kissed the child again, this time more scientifically. 'Now, look here,' he said: 'we'll just drop that foolishness, please, for always. If you think I'm going to let this jolly little beggar go to the parish pauper shop, you're badly mistaken. What will become of her in the end, I'm hanged if I know; but for the present, and until something turns up, I'm going to take her off to my own rooms; and I guess my landlady and I'll dry-nurse her between us. We shall probably make a poor enough job of it, because funds are very scarce; but I guess we're about the only opening Nancy has before her at present.—Come along, Nancy, and we'll drive off in a rubber-tyred hansom to my palatial chambers.'

'I say,' said Charteris, as they were going back along the corridors, 'you're rather a good sort, you know.'

Seale turned upon him with a sudden glow of passion. 'I'm about the most unlucky brute in London this minute,' he cried, 'and if there's one man I ought to hate, that's you. You've landed me in an infernal mess, and there's no getting out of it. You knew what she was; you'd seen her; and I don't think you did the fair thing not telling me beforehand. Of course,

I thought that, being Hankin's kid, she'd be—well, just fit for the workhouse. How was I to know that she was like this?'

'You're a bit unreasonable.'

'I'm not going to argue with you,' said Seale. 'The thing's done, and I've got no use for you any further.'

'I don't quite take your meaning.'

'Well, it's this, Captain Charteris: what little I've seen of you will last me the rest of my time. You may say good-bye to Nancy if you like, but you needn't bother to shake hands with me.'

### THE SHOE-BLACKS OF PARNASSUS.

By H. LASCARIS.

THERE is nothing sensational in the Parnassus of which I propose giving a short account, unless it be in the rapidity of its rise, and the widespread field of its activity. The 'Parnassus' of Athens is a literary association, holding its meetings in a magnificent building, where subscription balls, lectures, and concerts are given for the benefit of the evening classes held there for shoe-blacks, and other waifs and strays. The whole working of this establishment and its admirable results are so wonderful, that an inquiry into its modest origin and gradual development should be interesting.

The late antiquary, Mr Lambros, was well known all over Europe for his splendid numismatic collection. He had five sons, all of whom are now leading members of Greek society as physicians, professors, and antiquaries. One of them, Mr Spiridion Lambros, is now completing for Cambridge his catalogue of the manuscripts in the various monasteries of Mount Athos. With such a learned father, it was but natural that the sons should feel attracted towards books and study. The four youngest brothers early conceived the plan of forming themselves into a literary club, 'with power to add to their number.' This association was kept a profound secret at first, even from their eldest brother. With the enthusiasm peculiar to their age, they styled their club the 'Parnassus.' One of the brothers was appointed honorary secretary, and the report of the club's first meeting is written in a baby hand, but quite legible: 'The first meeting of this club, consisting of four members, took place on Sunday the 9th day of October 1865, at 11.40 A.M. At this meeting it was suggested that the committee should buy a box of envelopes for the use of the club. The suggestion was agreed to by all the members. The meeting broke up at 12 o'clock.'

These mysterious meetings used to take place in the housemaid's room, which was safe from intruders, being on the basement. The young members read papers on history, literature, &c. By degrees the little fellows disclosed their secret to a few of their friends, including the eldest Master Lambros, who all joined the club. Most of these have since become celebrated all over Greece, and many of them are known throughout Europe. As the number of the members increased, it became necessary to hire a room for the meetings of the club. Mount Lycabettus was considered quite outside Athens at that period, and a room was

therefore hired there for a few drachmas a month. In order to keep down the expenses of the society, it was agreed that the members should take it in turns to sweep and clean this room, and that letters relative to the meetings of the club should be delivered by the members themselves.

When they took possession of their new quarters, it was felt that every one ought to contribute something to the club pocket. Money was carefully saved up for this purpose, and we find several entries of books, photographs, and small articles of furniture. Master Koromilas, who is now the editor of a successful daily paper, contributed a lamp. This gift seems to have been the source of much animated discussion on the part of the members; all those whose turn it was *not* to trim the lamp giving it an excellent character.

Soon after the removal of the club to new premises, it seems that the elder boys had persuaded Dionysius Lambros to retire, as they felt it was humiliating to have in their midst a member still in petticoats, they having all reached the dignity of knickerbockers. Mr D. Lambros is a well-known antiquary and numismatic collector. In fairness to him as well as to the club, it must be added that he was re-admitted a few years afterwards.

It was not long before the club appointed a committee chosen from its midst for awarding prizes to the best written essays and poems. Although these meetings had been held with enough mystery to satisfy even a Nihilist, a gentleman with a white beard found his way there one evening—no less a person than Mr Dragounis, the editor of the *Pandora*, who gave the boys a capital notice in his magazine. This article led several youths to join the 'Parnassus.'

It is amusing to compare the income and expenditure of a few drachmas a month with that of 1894-95—namely: Expenses, 33,625 dr.; receipts, 34,269 (that is, as the drachma equals a franc, £1385). As these juvenile members grew up, they one by one became university students, but one and all remained true to their club, which is now the most important literary association in Greece, and still continues to award prizes for the best literary composition of the year.

While they were yet young and obscure, one cold winter's night the poet Basiliades and one or two other members, including Mr M. Lambros, were walking home from their club, when they came upon a little figure crouching beneath the porch of a church, and nearly frozen to death. Presently they came upon another, and then another, in the same plight. This made a great impression upon them, and remembering their own comfortable homes, they wondered whether anything could be done to improve these poor children's lot.

At the very next meeting Mr Basiliades spoke of the pain he had felt at sight of all these forlorn children growing up in ignorance of every law human and divine, in the midst of a society of which they would, no doubt, one day become the curse, while a little kindness and a helping hand held out to them in time might convert their lot into a happy one, and make them useful to themselves and to

others. The young poet's enthusiasm was contagious. It was at once agreed that the club should be opened to these children, and that the members should undertake to teach them reading and writing and arithmetic, and endeavour to instil into their hearts the first principles of religion and morality.

Such is the simple and unostentatious origin of one of the most useful philanthropical institutions of Greece. The newspapers soon published leading articles on these evening classes, which made many in and out of Greece take an interest in so novel an undertaking, and subscriptions and even legacies now came freely from Greeks all over Europe. Two years after this school had been established, its founders could already rely on a sum of 10,059 francs per annum, and the 'Parnassus' of Athens began to be copied in many provincial towns of Greece.

To fully appreciate the usefulness of such an institution, it must be borne in mind that Greece had only recently risen from bondage, and that even schools for rich men's sons were few and far apart in Athens. No one had ever thought of teaching the lower classes. The country was poor, and books were a luxury even among the rich. So eager were the little street arabs to avail themselves of these evening classes that the zealous, if somewhat inexperienced, teaching of the members was soon found insufficient for the daily increasing number of the pupils, and it was superseded by that of professional masters; but it has remained an inviolable rule that at least one member of the committee must be present every evening during the hours of tuition.

The pupils consist mostly of shoe-blacks, whose work is over by sunset, but many errand-boys, newsboys, and even domestic servants, gladly avail themselves of the excellent teaching of this establishment. It is a curious thing that, with the exception of servants, who come mostly from the islands, the other boys all seem to choose their business according to their birth-place; for every errand-boy comes from Corinth, every shoe-black from Megalopolis, and every newsboy from Gorthinia. This rule is so general that one might search Athens through for a shoe-black from Gorthinia or a newsboy from Megalopolis, without ever finding one.

Before the establishment of these classes, it was usual for a certain set of men to go round to the places mentioned above, and hire boys of their parents for some hundred francs per annum. These boys were brought to Athens, and worked to the utmost by rough masters, who treated them cruelly and fed them shamefully. The 'Parnassus' has taken the greatest pains to abolish this inhuman practice, by writing to the parents of such children and explaining that, even as a speculation, they might make at least five or six times as much by letting their children work on their own account. They also shut their door against boys as long as they remained in bondage. Thanks to the 'Parnassus,' it is now most rare to find a child thus oppressed, and the traders are beginning to find that the business is an unprofitable one.

Such is the good result of this institution

that, whereas only a few years ago the shoe-blacks and errand-boys were considered the most disreputable little fellows in the town, the cap worn by the 'Parnassus' boys is now looked upon as a sufficient security for entrusting the wearer with the most valuable parcels; their honesty has now become proverbial. Masters are now anxious to obtain servants from their ranks.

In order to encourage habits of thrift, the committee has established a savings-bank, where every pupil may bring his earnings once a week, and receive interest thereon at the rate of six per cent. He is free to withdraw all or part of his money whenever he pleases. The interest was originally paid out of the club's funds, but when the depositors grew so numerous that it was no longer possible to do this, Mr M. Lambros, general secretary and ex-member for Arta, generously came forward and offered to be their banker. As the money passing through the 'Parnassus' savings-bank is about twenty thousand francs per annum, and he loses about twenty per cent. by the arrangement, this was a very kind offer.

Although the 'Parnassus' has now removed to one of the most spacious buildings in Athens, the applications for admission to its evening classes are so numerous that it is necessary to refuse many applicants. The number of pupils now amounts to one thousand three hundred and thirty-five. They are all gratuitously provided with books and writing materials. Besides the members' subscription, presents, and bequests, the 'Parnassus' now receives a small government subvention, and an allowance from the city of Athens. Its funds are also increased by means of the annual subscription ball, and the lectures that are given in the upper part of the building. Last year a novel experiment was made in these rooms. Mr Polites, Mr Lambros, Mr Talacosto, and other well-known professors and literary men, gave a course of lectures for ladies on history, poetry, &c., and a course of religious lectures was given during Lent. These were attended by the *élite*, including the Queen and the Princesses Sophie and Marie. This experiment proved so successful, that the lectures for ladies will probably become a regular institution at the 'Parnassus.'

The literary club itself is divided into four departments: (1) Fine arts and literature; (2) law and political science; (3) philosophy and archæology; (4) physics. The debates and the papers read at these meetings are published in the club's yearly pamphlet.

Not content with their teaching among the poor, the 'Parnassus' commenced a fresh undertaking last year—that of assisting released prisoners. It has been proposed also to start an economical kitchen, where 'Parnassus' boys may have a good dinner for a few pence. Mr M. Lambros has explained that their object was not to form philosophers or literary men, but to give the boys a little practical knowledge which would enable them to carry on their trade in a sensible way, and provide them with amusement for their leisure hours. They know of more than five hundred of their former pupils who are settled all over Greece

as agriculturists, mechanics, farmers, and shopkeepers. One of them is managing an important Greek business in Calcutta. In one or two cases of exceptional talent and application, the club has helped the pupils to follow a course of special studies. They received a letter of thanks lately from an old pupil who had been appointed professor of Literature at the university of Athens, and another of their old pupils has become manager of the 'Parnassus' of Pyrgos.

All Athens rejoiced a short time since when a little 'Parnassian,' who was selling lottery tickets for the Archæological Society, happened to keep one on his own account, and to win the first prize, consisting of twenty thousand drachmas. Lambros himself assisted the boy to get the money and to place it at the bank. On being asked what he would do with the money, he calmly replied that he hoped there would be enough for all he was intending to do. 'In the first place,' said he, 'I am bound to give a thousand drachmas to my pal, for when I was going to the drawing, he asked me what I should give him if I got the first prize, and I said a thousand drachmas. Then I am bound to improve our village church, for when my father gave me his blessing before I started for Athens, he said he hoped God would help me to grow a good man, and come back and be useful in our village; so I stopped on the road and went into our little church, and promised God that if He made me get on and come back as my father wanted me to be, I should improve that church and always be good. So of course I shall do that, first of all. Then I must give my sister a dowry: two thousand drachmas will be enough for that. There are not many girls in our village that get so much. I hope the "Parnassus" will let me give two hundred drachmas for a prize for the first boy in my class; and the remainder of the money will go to pay my father's debts, and start a little shop, so that I can keep him, as he is getting rather old for work now.'

The boy carried out all his plans, and the last time the club heard from him, he informed them that, having prospered in his business, he was about to marry, and ended by asking Mr Lambros if he would give away the bride.

## THE FORGED MADONNA.

By R. M. STRONG.

### CHAPTER I.

It was the hour of sunset, and all Florence lay bathed in the full mellow radiance. The long level shafts of light fell warmly and lovingly and with a lingering caress on every turret and tower, every cupola, buttress, pinnacle, and spire; deepening the shadows and forcing up the lights of Brunelleschi's monster dome, and gilding and glorifying the already glorious city with a thousandfold richer loveliness, a quite indescribable splendour peculiar to the place and hour; bringing out the warmth of the soft sienna browns, and the rich purity of the purple grays, or still more delicate dove-colour of the weather-stained marbles of Giotto's famous campanile; sharpening each vein and

shaft, and sparkling from every mullion and capital, and rousing myriads of answering reflections from the glass of window and mosaic, and from the gold of finial or cross. Farther afield were groves of olive-trees and rows on rows of stately, solemn cypress, in sharp contrast to the white walls of some villa or castle nestling in their midst; below, the gently gliding Arno flowed softly, smoothly by; while high above all pulsated the ineffable, lustrous purity of the azure sky, so deep, so soft, so sweet, as surely no other sky was ever yet, or ever well could be.

Away up on the terrace of San Miniato, drinking in the full beauty of the scene, stood a man and woman. Spite of the warmth and sunshine, the man looked careworn and haggard, and was leaning partly on a stout stick he carried, and partly on his wife's supporting arm.

Presently, with a deep irrepressible sigh, he turned to address her: 'Yes, it is indeed a Paradise on earth; but for me it has the hectic loveliness of approaching death. Oh Elsie!' he broke out passionately, 'it is killing me—killing me! and what—what will become of you?' And his eyes sought hers with a hunted, desperate appeal that she found it hard indeed to meet.

And truly, Elsie Maynard, strive to hide it from her husband as she might, was well-nigh desperate. He, Geoffrey Maynard, was an artist; clever, but with his way still to make. In the sudden flush of a fleeting prosperity, the outcome of his first success, he had ventured to link her fate with his, and bring her to Italy to share the struggle with him; and after an all too brief season of happiness almost without alloy, had come the swift menace of poverty's wolf to haunt their humble door. At first he had spent the time studying the gems of the Pitti and Uffizi galleries, until the sudden loss of his expected patron left him stranded and barely able to find the wherewithal to live, however poorly, in their attic home. Still, somehow, live they did: they were well and strong, and, being young and inexperienced, could hope for the better times that were so cruelly long in coming; until as winter passed away, and spring gave place to summer, when the long hot days—none too long for all he found to do—coupled with the hope deferred, the repeated disappointment, that sooner or later eats the stoutest heart away, sapped his overtaxed strength, and now, as he said, the very beauty of the glorious summer sun was killing him, dragging him down, and he must go to some less enervating clime, or surely die. And both knew that to go was impossible. They had nothing, absolutely, beforehand, and only so long as he could work had they been able to keep pace with their sternly reduced expenses; while that very day the brush had fallen from his nerveless hand to warn him that the crisis was fast approaching when, for a time at least, he would have to paint no more.

Vainly had his wife tried to bid him not despair. The words sounded as a mockery from her own hopeless lips, and died away to end in a long silence as they stood there on the old terrace, whither they had gone for a breath of air. And oh! how much greater a mockery it all seemed to the miserable pair, that glori-



ous, pitiless sun, and that scene so wondrous in its fatal beauty. Both were so cruelly helpless, so far from friends or home; while she, poor English girl, what could she do, an alien among strangers, to win for him the means to get away—only to get away—to England—anywhere, where there was not this horrible enervating heat?

'Come, Geoffrey, you are taxing your strength too much. Let us go—home.' And the last word seemed to pain her even to pronounce it, so bitter was its contrast to her latest thought.

'Home—ay, home!' he murmured bitterly. 'Would that we might go—home!' And with that his hand pressed her arm more heavily, and they walked slowly down the hill and across the many-arched bridge over the river, when, feeling somewhat better, nothing would serve but they must turn out of their way and go round by the Piazza del Duomo to rest on Dante's seat and take a nearer view of the glorious cathedral and Giotto's campanile—that bright, smooth, sunny surface of glowing jasper, spiral shafts, and fairy traceries; that serene height of mountain alabaster, coloured like a morning cloud, and chased like a sea shell—whose contemplation, spite of his overpowering anxiety, the artist found inexpressibly soothing.

'There,' he exclaimed at last. 'It has done me good; I feel better now: let us go.' And still leaning on his wife, they passed on together, under those famous Casa Guidi windows, to where, up a side street, they turned presently to enter beneath an archway into an old courtyard.

A strange old-world place, with a curious air of aloofness from the stir of common life; so near, yet so remote, that one would think Death itself almost might have passed it by. With the stone of its arches and mouldings all crumbling, and weather-stained to soft warm browns and tender grays, and, all lichen and creeper crusted as they were, forming the loveliest possible background to the two or three picturesquely attired women grouped lazily about the central fountain, whose musical drip, drip hummed a low undercurrent to the still more musical-spoken words issuing from the soft Tuscan tongues.

Through the arch and across the courtyard crept the artist and his wife, followed by curious but not unkindly eyes; while the idle, gossiping chatter died away to a low murmurous refrain, through which the soft plashing of the falling water defined itself more clearly as the pair passed on to mount the wide stone steps and cross the uneven, irregular mosaic giving access to the spacious entrance-hall, beyond which lay all the home they knew.

'Ah! the poor English!' sighed one dark-eyed handsome woman sympathetically as they disappeared. 'She will not have to help him thus many times more. Soon—unless there is a change—will he be carried down—feet foremost to his long home. Is it not so?' And she turned inquiringly to the rest, who sighed with her their unanimous assent; while said one: 'Never more wilt thou have to sit there, Marietta, dressed in thy best. Truly he has painted thee for the last time.'

'Ah! and what a painter he was!—But what of that? *Che sara sara*. The cruel Death comes to us all, both rich and poor alike!'—this with some complacency, spite of the speaker's sympathy so recently avowed. 'Not that they were any richer than one's self. For they lived—body of Bacchus, how they have lived! So barely, so'—And the full tide of gossip flowed freely on.

Meantime the two had slowly mounted the last flight of stairs and entered their attic room, which was at once studio, sleeping, dining, and reception room. Beyond the easel, a small round table, and a couple of chairs, furniture there was none; while in the farthest, darkest corner, behind a curtain screen, faded indeed, but carefully patched and darned, there stood a miserable apology for a bed.

The husband sank into a chair, struggling hard to get his breath, the while he glanced round the sordid room as though in search of something, finally resting his eyes on a heap of dusty canvases with a gloomy, distraught air.

'No, not one: not a single picture left to sell. And old Tonelli has had them all. And oh! the money he has made! And now, he will not advance one solitary farthing more, though he knows our desperate need. If only we had twenty pounds!—But there, one might as well wish for twenty thousand!'

This he murmured while his wife paused as though half doubtful. She had gone to the cupboard, thinking to fetch the last drop of wine: but no, the bottle was dry; and she stood there, glancing round the bare room, absently twisting her wedding-ring—the last thing of value she possessed—round and round on her finger before suddenly she cried: 'Hush, dear!—here is Tonelli. I hear him coming up the stairs!'

And sure enough, old Tonelli it was; the famous bric-a-brac and picture dealer from the piazza below.

Old Tonelli had just had an idea, an idea that promised money, else would he never have mounted so high.

Two hours before, in his dusky, overcrowded shop, he had been showing a wealthy customer round—one already well and favourably known to him, an American millionaire—who, seized by that *cacoethes carpendi*, that rage for collecting, was making a sort of royal progress through Italy, buying neither wisely perhaps, nor yet too well, whatever took his fancy at the time, for his new brown stone mansion facing Central Park.

Stopping before an easel half turned from the light, he had drawled: 'Say now, Tony, what have you here!' And he essayed to draw the picture round.

'Ah! signor, that is not to sell; that is but to clean and restore. The signor will permit me'—And he wheeled the large studio easel where the light could fall full on the painting, then slipped aside as he added: 'Ah yes! but indeed that is not mine to sell. The more the pity. It is superb, magnificent! a genuine Andrea del Sarto—that!'

'Why, if I know anything about it, that is

the smoke-dried affair they had hung over the altar at that little convent chapel away up on the hills.—But what have you done to it, eh?

'Ah! yes, it is the same. The chapel is being restored, so why not the picture; therefore have they sent it to me.' And the old man carefully removed a speck of dust from the face with a dingy old silk rag.

'And a very tolerable restoration you have made—almost a renaissance, eh? When I saw that thing before, I would not have taken the dingy old panel at a gift: looked no better than a public-house sign; but now—why it's as fresh as—as paint.'

'Yes, signor, that is the perfection of my art, my secret; known only to myself. You talk about painting—pouf! You can find twenty of the artists to paint you such a picture as that, but where is the one to restore it, to bring back the first freshness, the bloom of its youth—but me.' And old Tonelli gazed proudly at his handiwork.

'Myes, it does look something like a picture now; before, it might have been— But who did you say was the artist, eh?'

'Andrea del Sarto, a most splendid example of his later style; painted from his wife, just before he died of the plague in fifteen hundred and—'

'H'm! She don't look much of a plague, though one never knows; but do you mean to say it is three hundred and fifty years old?'

'Yes, it was painted after he came back from France, when he—'

'Scooped the old French king's money; oh! that's all right! I remember now; read all about him in Baedeker, or Vasari, or one of those fellows. And it's a genuine specimen, eh?'

'Perfect, and perhaps the best he ever painted.'

'I never met an example that wasn't. Though now I come to think, I don't believe I've got a Del-Thingamy. Pity those old fellows all painted so much alike; shows a sad lack of invention—imagination. If I've bought one Virgin Mary since I came here, I've bought at least a dozen; and you can't tell one from the other. Still, if it's a genyooine Andrea del—yes, Sarto—why, I'm bound to have one, so I reckon we'd better trade. What's the figure, eh?'

'The figure, Holy Virgin! The figure is the blessed Madonna herself.'

'Oh! come, haven't I seen some thousands of her by this time! Must have been rather gone on having herself painted. But I mean the price.'

'Oh! signor, for the price. I told you the picture is not for sale.'

'Yes, I know you did, but that is a flam, of course; we know all about that. Don't you waste time trying to rig the market. See here, Tony, I'll tell you what I'll do. If that really is an undoubted Del What-you-may-call him? I'll give you two thousand five hundred dollars for it, down on the nail.'

'Ah! but indeed, signor, it is impossible!'

'What! Not enough? You extortionate old— Say three thousand.—No? Great Scott! what an unconscionable— Here, I'll make it

three—five—and that is all I mean to go on that hand.'

'Ah! if only it were mine, but—'

'You stick to that, do you? But even if it belongs to those frowsy old nuns up there, why, four thousand dollars would build them a new chapel, and fresco it all the way round—'

'But not with Del Sartos; they would not part with this, their choicest treasure, for—'

'Double the money; come, what do you say?'

And at this offer the old man's hands were stretched out involuntarily, quivering with greed, while his voice sank to a plaintive whimper. 'Eight thousand dollars! Holy mother of Jesus! What a sum! And I cannot— Ah! but what if I could!' And he stopped suddenly with his mouth agape, as an idea flashed across his subtle scheming brain.

'What! you are coming round? I thought that would fetch you. Say, now, is it a deal?' And the American took out his cheque-book and fluttered the leaves tantalisingly before the other's eager eyes, as he went on: 'Or must I cry off?'

'Eight thousand! Oh! if only I— But there, signor, indeed it is not for sale; I swear it, by the picture itself, I—'

'I'll be shot if I don't think you are only bluffing, after all. But there, I'll go one better; I'll say nine thousand dollars, and nary another cent.'

He waited as the old dealer sank down into a carved oak chair that was fortunately near to receive him, and sat with his hands clutching at his hoary locks, while a curious look of illumination gradually stole into his eyes.

'So! that takes the trick, eh? I thought it would, but—'

'Ah! no, signor, not—not now.' And the old man pushed back the hand that was preparing to write out the cheque. 'Not now,' he repeated; 'but, if I *can*—find the way to—'

'Why, certainly; you'll work the oracle. I can see you mean business, by the way you eye the ticket; better let me make it out.' Here he approached the picture, and as though afraid lest he should walk off with it under his arm, the dealer cried out in an agitated voice, little more than a whisper: 'No, no; not now. I must have a little time to—to—'

'Oh! if there's any hocus-pocus to be done, why, I'm not having any. I—'

But old Tonelli had risen from his seat and walked away; and the American, with a queer look of comprehension as the dealer paced excitedly up and down the shop, quietly proceeded with a sharp penknife to cut an almost imperceptible mark at the right-hand lower corner of the back of the panel on which the picture was painted, before, as the other returned, he asked quietly: 'Wal, made up your mind to trade, eh? because if not, I'm off—I—'

'Yes, yes, signor, if it is at all possible; that is, if it can be—bought, I—but it will take time—a little time. Say in a week from now, I will undertake to deliver this most marvellous masterpiece, if—'

'Look here, Tony, I mean business, if you don't. Ten thousand dollars, and no more "ifs," replied the bidder coolly.

'But yes, signor, and indeed it shall be done.'

And with that, after showing his customer to the door, the wily old fox came back and sat eyeing the picture closely with a curiously absorbed and attentive frown, before in the end he rose and repeated firmly: 'Ten thousand dollars! Body of Bacchus, it must and shall be done!'

### AUCTIONS AND KNOCK-OUTS.

A GOOD deal of pretty and sentimental writing has at different times been indulged in on the subject of auctions. The pathetic spectacle afforded by the rude scattering of the Lares and Penates of many worthy but unfortunate families to the four corners of the world, or, to be more accurate, to the various brokers' shops of London, has often been held up to us as one eminently calculated to enlist our sympathies on behalf of those whom hard fate compels to relinquish their cherished possessions and valued relics, for the sake of the prosaic yet highly necessary purpose of paying their debts. And there is no doubt a great deal of sentiment and pathos, and even romance, to be evolved from the subject; yet one must not forget that, like everything else, it has two sides—that familiar to the outer public, and the other, with which only those engaged in the business are acquainted.

An auctioneer is, legally, considered in the light of an agent between the public who wish to sell, and the larger public who buy, some whether they wish to or not. This definition, however, very inadequately defines his multifarious duties. Those who imagine that to sit in a species of pulpit, and perform mysterious manœuvres with an ivory hammer for a few hours, is the extent of his labour and responsibility, are vastly mistaken. It is not in the rostrum that he passes the most anxious moments. Selling has, by constant repetition, become mere child's-play to him, and he knocks down gems of art and bundles of old clothes with equal indifference. No, it is in the privacy of his office, when interviewing would-be vendors of valuable property, or, still worse, when the sale is an accomplished fact and he must endeavour to soften the dread tidings of a result far contrary to their hopes, that he passes through the most trying ordeal. Then it is that the sublime qualities of patience, meekness, and toleration are called into play. Then it is that he realises the sad truth of Carlyle's famous saying respecting the character of the majority of the British nation, for surely never was any man in any profession so worried and plagued by ignorance as he.

Strange as the assertion may appear, much of this is attributable to what, in the abstract, is a noble and praiseworthy sentiment—friendship. The people who come and drive the poor auctioneer almost distracted are usually the victims of injudicious advice on the part of friends. For instance, a lady bristling with importance desires to see the principal. She has an old picture to sell, that a friend has

declared to be of considerable value, and having been recommended to Messrs Jones & Brown, she wishes for their advice on the subject of offering it for sale by auction. She would not like to give it away, although she has no particular use for it, and would prefer the money; but she understands that it is worth at least twenty pounds. Quite so; would the lady be good enough either to have the picture forwarded, or indicate where it may be seen, and Messrs Jones & Brown will be most happy to advise. Meanwhile, their terms for sale are ten per cent., five per cent. if bought in, and she can, of course, place such reserve on the work of art as she thinks fit. In due course the picture arrives (freight unpaid), and proves to be a poor thing, value about thirty shillings for the sake of the frame. A few days pass and the owner calls again. In his most suave manner, our friend Mr Jones or Mr Brown endeavours to convey to the lady the intelligence. He does not plumply tell her the exact value he places on her masterpiece—the shock would be too great—but delicately hints that the estimate her friend has formed is somewhat excessive, that the subject is not of the kind then popular, and, in fact, any excuse which occurs to his ready wit. Well, what would Mr Jones advise? But Mr Jones desires to avoid any advising whatever. His firm will be happy to offer the painting on the usual terms if the proprietors will duly instruct them as to reserve price. And so eventually the lady leaves the picture for sale, and places on it a reserve of five pounds. Messrs Jones and Brown smile. Their commission is secure at any rate. The day of sale arrives, and the hapless canvas is duly bought in for twenty-five shillings. Early the next morning the office is again invaded by the lady, eager to learn the result. What! Bought in for twenty-five shillings! It is preposterous, infamous. The affair must have been mismanaged entirely. The firm's conduct ought to be shown up, and so on. Of course Mr Jones is extremely sorry, but it is just one of those chances which will occur in the sale-room. The painting had the best possible opportunity; had it been worth more, it would have doubtless brought it. Meanwhile the account stands at one shilling and threepence for commission, and two shillings for carriage, three shillings and threepence altogether. Would the lady take the picture away then, or should it be sent? All this talk and worry and indignation for fifteen pence! And the case is by no means singular or exaggerated.

It is indeed ludicrous to find what excessive values the general public will put on their possessions, particularly in the matter of works of art or virtu, books, curiosities, and so forth. It is impossible to convince them of their error, and even when the sale has proved that their estimate was altogether false, they will attribute the low price to bad cataloguing, mistaken description, or any cause save the true one. I remember a poor lady, far away in the country, writing to a London firm to say that, being anxious to complete the purchase of a small estate adjoining her own farm, she wished to dispose of a very rare and valuable old book in her possession. She gave the title, and had

to be politely informed that the outside value of the precious tome was—five shillings! This case seems improbable, but it is absolutely true nevertheless.

A very curious feature of auction-room life is the system popularly known as the 'knock-out,' a conspiracy really to defeat the ends of the sale, rob the auctioneer of a share of his commission, and the owner of his profit. It is chiefly practised at what are technically known as 'out sales'—that is to say, auctions held at private houses in the suburbs or remote places; but the plan is largely adopted in London rooms, not as one would fancy by the smaller and more insignificant tradesmen, but also amongst the wealthier and important members of the 'second-hand' fraternity. Briefly, the arrangement is this. Certain dealers who are interested in particular lots in a sale, agree not to oppose each other in bidding, but to allow one or more of their circle to purchase these lots, subject of course to outside competition, at the lowest possible price. It thus happens that, the opposition of the best qualified judges being voluntarily withdrawn, the articles in question are knocked down at a very small sum. After the sale, the little gang of conspirators meet at some convenient place, and the property is subjected to a second auction, at which it probably attains its full price, the balance of difference between the sum actually paid and the second amount being divided between the members of the ring.

An example will explain more clearly. There are, we will suppose, in a certain sale, half-a-dozen 'lots' of choice old china. Four first-class dealers in this property attend the auction, call them A, B, C, and D. It is mutually arranged that A shall do the bidding, and the remaining three keep silent. We will suppose, with a view to simplicity, that each of these six lots is worth, to a dealer, four pounds; but as our four friends are probably the only persons in the room who could dispose of such property, and who understand its value, and as they refrain from competing, it is not at all surprising to find that the six lots are bought by A at the rate of ten shillings apiece. So much for the first stage in the plot. The sale being concluded, A, B, C, and D forgather at some obscure public-house where they can have the use of a private room, and then begins the second auction. Lot 1 is offered, and after some competition, is allotted to C for, let us say, three pounds ten shillings. He pays over this sum to A, who acts as auctioneer, and: who, after deducting the ten shillings he has paid for the lot, proceeds to divide the balance of three pounds among the members of the party. Consequently, C gets his piece of china for three pounds ten, and fifteen shillings back into the bargain, while the others each receive a like amount. So with the next lot which D buys for more or less, as the case may be, and in fact the procedure as quoted may serve as an illustration of how the affair is conducted throughout.

It will be seen from this that quite a handsome little amount can be made without any risk or necessity for buying at all. Indeed, attached to every branch of the second-hand

business there is a sort of 'ragged regiment,' consisting of broken-down dealers who have seen better days; younger men who, with a smattering of knowledge, act as jackals to lions of the trade; and still more disreputable and degraded creatures who eke out a miserable existence on charity and such pickings as they can make from the generosity of successful tradesmen. These men never attend the regular sale-rooms. They have no money, therefore cannot buy; in fact, to buy is far from their thoughts. They simply wait about at the 'out sales' for the sake of sharing in the 'dividend,' as the share resulting from the 'knock-out' is termed. The astonishing part is that the big men of the trade not only tolerate them, but actually allow them to participate to some extent in the profits of the day. Not that they take any active part in the proceedings. Many of them indeed never even trouble to inspect the property on which their remuneration depends. Why, then, it may be asked, should established tradesmen with money in their pockets, who really desire to buy, to the best advantage of course, admit to their little conspiracy such worthless individuals as are described? Well, the more respectable are tolerated, because, although they may not have the means of purchasing, they possess what in such business is almost as important as money, namely knowledge, which would enable them to run up the prices to such an extent as to seriously diminish the 'dividend.' As for the others, their claim is chiefly on the compassion, not the cupidity of the clique. They are allowed to make a few shillings for nothing, purely for the sake of old times, or perhaps also with some little regard to the faint possibility of future service. It must not, however, be supposed that the outsiders here described share to the full extent in the profits of the conspiracy. At these out sales it is usual to have two and even three 'settlements,' the first embracing all members of the trade from highest to lowest, the second excluding those of lesser importance, and the third confined to those who, from the fact of their holding the most money, manage, as is usually the case, to make that most more. These few favoured ones it is who not only acquire the choicest items of the sale, but pocket also the biggest share in the nefariously procured profit.

A fertile source of remuneration to the 'ring' is the rich customer who gives commissions to the dealers. Let it be well understood here that, as in everything else, there are honourable exceptions to a fairly general rule. There are plenty of upright tradesmen in all branches of business who will execute orders at auction-sales honestly and to their customers' advantage. There are, on the other hand, many cases such as this. A wealthy collector named, we will say, Brown, sees in an auctioneer's catalogue a rare engraving or some curiosity which he much desires to possess. Money being no object, he tells Smith the dealer to buy it for him, and, if necessary, to go up to fifty pounds. Now, if Smith were to execute this commission in a straightforward manner, presuming he had to give the full limit of fifty pounds, and that his commission were ten per cent., he would receive five pounds for his trouble. But he sees a way

by which he may not only pocket considerably more, but also oblige one or two friends who, at some other time, will return the compliment. Consequently, he informs the three other dealers likely to oppose him that he has a good commission for this particular print; they agree to refrain from bidding, with the result that Smith purchases the lot for five pounds instead of fifty. He takes care to charge his customer the latter amount, and the balance of forty-five pounds is shared amongst the four, while Smith very likely gets his five pounds commission into the bargain. But, it may be asked, suppose the purchaser finds out that the lot only brought five pounds? Why, then, Smith has a ready and genuine explanation to the effect that he was obliged to make an 'arrangement' with other members of the trade, or he would not have procured the gem at all. As a matter of fact, in such a case as this, the individual who gives the order to buy is the least aggrieved of the parties concerned. He was willing to pay fifty pounds to gratify his tastes, consequently has no cause to complain if called upon to write a cheque for that sum. It is the owner who only gets five pounds instead of fifty, and the auctioneer mulcted of his commission, who are really the injured persons.

The query not unnaturally arises, cannot steps be taken to prevent such proceedings? Well, it is a very vexed and difficult question. If certain men choose to remain silent in the auction-room, you cannot very well compel them to bid; and as the rules say, 'the highest bidder to be the purchaser,' there is no help but to knock the lots down, ridiculous as the price offered may be. The only way of effectually checking these conspiracies would seem to be by attacking the decidedly illegal auction at which the goods are subsequently disposed of; but if any steps were taken in this direction, it is highly probable that the astute tradesmen would devise some scheme to legalise their proceedings, by taking out an auctioneer's license for one of their number, for instance.

There seems to be no remedy for the state of affairs at present existing, and intending vendors should remember to protect themselves by always placing a reserve on their property, being also careful to limit their ideas of value as much as possible.

## HIS ADVOCATE.

By GEORGE G. FARQUHAR.

WHAT formed the ostensible pretext for the quarrel is matter about which none care to burden their memories at this late date. Outside any doubt, it had concern with something trivial and foolish enough in itself; but the breath of ruthless war was in the nostrils of the angry brawlers, and the heat of their tongues waxed fierce above any petty warranty. The muster of weather-bronzed fishermen stood placidly at audience, bearing no share in the ado, yet far more keenly expectant of its issue than their stoical demeanour would seem to declare. For they knew the real secret of the jangle now going forward—the true, deep origin

of the bitterness, the fume, the fury, with which the two young smacksmen jerked out their venomous words. Ha! was there not a maid in it? Yes, they knew; and they possessed themselves in patience for the end of it all.

Broad, upstanding fellows they were, these wranglers, with cheeks tanned nigh to the hue of their boat-sails, stalwart of frame, with thews of steel. As they fronted each other there—their brown necks bare, their hats thrust awry upon their foreheads; their faces sullen with truculence and spite—it might readily be conceded that, for strength and mettle, few men in Port St Bede could boast themselves the match of either Oliver Hird or David Brogden. Of the two, perhaps Dave was actually the more incensed, for whereas Oliver but took on a fearless and contemptuous air, Dave's rugged face became distorted with passion; his brows knotted in a heavy scowl; his long narrow teeth, prominent at all times, now set forth in an ugly snarl at once menacing and repulsive. And the beholders understood that the baring of Dave's gums boded rough weather ahead for somebody. Ere long this forecast was put to the touch of proof, the storm bursting suddenly in a thunderclap.

'Hark to him, mates!' Dave cried, glancing sharply round, his voice shrill with rage. 'Hark to him now! Did ye ever hear o' t? Losh, but he's a liar! He's got his tongue twined roun' a dumb lie now, I tell ye!'

The accusation had found utterance; to the minds of the fisher-folk there was but one mode of adjustment when disputes came to this pass.

'Eh, Noah,' chirruped old Yarden, taking the cutty from his lips. 'Did ye hear that? Wah, he gies Oliver the lie, mon!'

'Oh, ay,' replied Noah Masker grimly. 'It can't stop at that. One of 'em's got to be paid for't.'

In the hush that had fallen upon the group—a silence only broken by the lapping of the waves upon the boat-shore—this whispered aside carried far and distinctly. Dave caught at the suggestion greedily.

'Let him break his teeth ower that,' cried he again. 'A lie—a flamin' lie!'

For a moment it seemed as if Oliver would accept the challenge; he stepped forward a pace, his eyes flashing, his nieves clenched. Then he fell back, controlling himself with difficulty, and wheeled about as if to leave the spot.

'Nay, never, Oliver—never!' exclaimed half-a-dozen disgusted onlookers. 'Thee's never goin' to take that fro' him 'bout a word!'

'Deed, but he'll stan' it quiet enow,' put in Dave sneeringly. 'A liar, I says, an' a coward forbye. See ye here!'

With that he strode hastily forward, swung round his arm, and brought the flat of his circling palm full thwack against the left ear of

his rival. For a second's space the marks of the impact hung white upon Oliver's ruddy skin; then his mouth tightened, and a heady rush of blood turned his cheeks to a dull scarlet.

'Ye shall ha'e your will,' said he, in low swift accents. 'I'll fight ye, man—ay, I'll fight ye now!'

A murmur of approval welcomed this note of defiance, and as the combatants stripped for the trial, the throng of bystanders ranged backward, eager to grant free ring and no favour. The sooner the bout was decided the better; and, in their view, it could be settled honourably and finally in no other fashion.

The antagonists stood on guard, their brawny arms stretched out, stern, dogged, vengeful. Warily they eyed each other, on the alert for an opening. At length Dave drove out his great fist, Oliver warding the blow with his right forearm, and returning it furiously upon the other's mouth. The savage buffet stung Dave to madness; it stirred the devil in him. With intent to bring his weight to bear, he lowered his head and rushed afresh upon Oliver, enfolding him in a vice-like hug that knew no relaxing. This way and that they lurched, with interwrought limbs, the pebbles cracking and flying from beneath their heavy sea-boots, their husky gasps forced from them like jets of escaping steam. Down they pitched at last in a struggling heap, rolling and writhing together on the shingle with the frenzy of maniacs.

Suddenly there came a diversion.

'Hoot—tuts; we'll hae none o' that,' ejaculated Tony Yardes, breaking from his place in the ring. 'See ye, lads, see ye at them great teeth o' Dave's!'

As a matter of fact the said teeth could not be seen at all, for they were fixed deep in the fleshy part of Oliver's left hand.

'Nay, nay; we don't hold wi' sich-like,' added Noah authoritatively. 'Fair fight we'll no interfere wi', but we'll stan' no cannibalism! Port St Bede.'

The belligerents were dragged apart, their cut and bruised visages running blood and sweat adown grimy furrows. A precious couple, in all conscience!

Before this, however, the prolonged hubbub near the boats had drawn the regard and curiosity of the shore-biding folk, many of whom, men, women, and youngsters, set off hot-foot to learn the significance of the unwonted brabble. Among the foremost to reach the boats was she on whose account this battle-royal was being waged—Joan, the daughter of 'Ringie' Verity, the cobbler. A jaunty, well-favoured lass she looked in her short merino skirt, blue woollen stockings, and striped bodice—a real bargain, assuredly, at the price of a mere scratch or two. Except for the faint flush that mantled her cheeks when she saw who the combatants were, she evinced no marked interest in what was afoot, but stood on the fringe of the crowd, unremarked, and apparently indifferent. Why should she disquiet herself? In her experience two men never yet laid claim to one woman without the affair being put to the test of the strong arm. This was the spirit of justice which imbued the fathers; this the spirit which

imbued sons and daughters—an atavism, a survival of primitive conscience and conduct. Besides, Joan had perfect faith in the merits of her 'man.' No, there was no call for her to interpose.

But when she heard Tony's shrill cry of indignation, and saw Oliver's gashed hand, and the blood still hanging upon the lips of his enemy, she broke abruptly into the arena—her dark eyes scintillating with new-born fire.

'Shame o' ye!' she exclaimed, confronting Dave with scornful mien. 'Shame o' ye for't, Dave Brogden!'

'Nay, nay, Joan,' Oliver put in, sheepishly. 'There's a pair o' us. I dunno but what I'm more i' fault nor'—'

'Not ye, Oliver. I've heard him threat ye many's the time. Ay, to my face he's threat ye oft. I'd no fear o' which had been t' likelier lad if t' feight had been up an' honest. He's a foul man to do sich wark as this. Gowf, but I'll ha'e nowt but cross talk for him long's I live—never, never! Get ye goan, Dave Brogden—get ye goan!'

While this reproof was in the making, Dave had donned his coat and hat without once lifting his eyes to hers; but at the final outburst he pulled himself straight again.

'Joan,' he said, and his voice quavered out of control. 'I can't speak to ye; ye're a woman. An' forbye that, ye know—how I—how I—' 'Deed, I'll be steppin' now, as ye say. But I ha'e no' done wi' him yet—soul o' me, no! I ha'e no' done wi' him yet!'

Swinging round, he slunk dourly away. The neighbours straggled in his wake, all gabble and chat, tearing the rights and wrongs of the quarrel to rags as they went.

Ten days later, Dave was seized with a quaking dread lest he should be balked of his revenge for all time. The gaunt spectre of Death bade fair to forestall him. Oliver's younger brother had but just escaped from the grip of the disease when Oliver himself was stricken low with diphtheria. Good Dr Marshall's intermitted visits were at once resumed, yet it would seem with less happy results than heretofore. The dire contagion had taken fast hold, and the poor fellow's strength was waning day by day. Although the doctor strove to appear hopeful, his heart was assailed with misgivings.

And outside the house, be the weather what it may, to and fro upon the narrow side-walk prowled the sullen-eyed Dave, restless, implacable, hovering like an insatiate ghoul about the dwelling. He was not to be choused out of all the joys of vengeance, even though he could not compass it with his own hands. Yes, his would be the triumph after all, his the last, longest, and heartiest laugh. Oh, but it was fine to loiter there, with quickened ears listening for the querulous complaints and fevered agonies; almost seeing the frantic fight for air, the painful ebbing away of life. Oh, but it was grand to call up the things now passing within those four walls—well-nigh as sweet as if his own fingers were nipping the windpipe. One thing only damped Dave's satisfaction. Joan had constituted herself joint-nurse with Oliver's mother; day in, day out, she was ever

there—anxious, tearful, loving soul. Dr Marshall gave it as his opinion—the very morning on which he had consulted with the great surgeon from Morperland, when a tracheotomy-tube was inserted in the patient's throat—that if watchful nursing could win back vitality, Oliver was in no danger. Ah, but nursing could not do that—always. No, no; Oliver would die—he *must* die. And afterwards, although Joan might perhaps cry and fret a while, in the end she would dry her eyes, smile, and look about her again. Yes, being a woman, she would do that in the end.

On the first day after the operation, towards dusk, when Dave was of a mind to abandon his ghastly patrol for the nonce and hie homeward for a meal, an orphan cousin of the sick man dashed, hatless and affrighted, from the house.

'Heigh, Tom o' Ezra's,' shouted Dave, as the boy sped past. 'What's amiss? Wheer's thee boun?' i' such a flurry?

'For t' doctor. Oliver's worse—vastly worse!'

'Oh, ay. 'Deed, is he?'

Presently the lad came back, tearing down the cobbled street at a breakneck pace.

'Dr Marshall's no' at home. He's goan ower to Wayne's farm, i' t' Hollow, to 'tend Mrs Wayne. Whatever's to be done?'

Evidently he expected no reply, for he did not halt, but bolted straight into the cottage. Following him, Dave likewise stepped over the door-stone into the kitchen, where Oliver's father had been awaiting his nephew's return.

'Oh dear, deary me!' moaned the old man, when Tom had told him of the doctor's absence. 'I'm feared—I'm sore feared! Ay, but thee send across to t' "Trawlers," Tom, an' ask for t' loan o' Joe Morpheys's galloway. Stir thee, now! Ride ower to t' farm, an' let t' doctor gallop here o' pony back. Mebbe he'll be i' time—mebbe—mebbe. Dear, oh deary me!'

Away the lad scurried once more, his uncle and Dave being left standing there, on the flagged and sanded floor of the living-room.

'It's real good o' ye to call, Dave,' murmured Oliver's father, misjudging the visitor's motives. 'I've caught glint o' ye, off an' on, these two-three days back. It shows a reight feeling after what's come 'tween you an' Oliver; he'd 'a' fain seen ye if ye'd but come forward—deed, he would. An' now I doubt he's too far gane to know ye. Ah, he's badly this day—reight poorly is he. But it'll mebbe be t' last chance—good sakes, I hope no'; but mebbe 'twill—an' if ye've no fear o' being smittled, an' would like to see him, well then, just ye step up aboon wi' me.'

His grizzled head bowed in dole, old Hird unhasped the door in the corner, whence the stairs led up to the bedrooms. The hysterical sobs and lamentations of Oliver's mother struck upon their ears as they ascended.

'T' missus takes on sadly ower it all,' said Hird, in a strained undertone. 'She's driven fair crazed wi' cark an' grievin'. I'll e'en get her to come away for a bit o' rest, poor body; she'd be the better for't, I'm thinkin'. Bide ye here a minute, Dave.'

After some audible demur, Oliver's mother,

clinging to the arm of her guidman, tottered wearily out of the sick-chamber.

'Now ye go in,' whispered her husband, as they passed. 'There's but him an' Joan. Go ye reight in.'

A candle was burning in a flat tin sconce over the chest of drawers; a blue pitcher filled with wall-flowers, sweet-williams and 'stortiums,' taken from the front garden-patch, stood on the ledge below the latticed window. Near the head of the bed, which had been dragged out from the wall, sat Joan—pale, stolid, and apathetic. She looked up when Dave entered, but made no sign and spoke no word, turning her gaze instantly back upon the unconscious form of him whose struggle was with Death.

Nor did Dave attempt to loosen his tongue. He drew up at the bed-foot, twiddling his hat by its rim, swaying the weight of his body, first to one leg, then to the other, yet making no move to quit the room. Truth to tell, he had no such immediate intention. He was there to feast his eyes, and he meant to surfeit them ere he went.

Not long had he to wait for a foretaste of the wild pleasure he promised himself. A convulsive paroxysm shook Oliver like a pennon; his arms tossed backwards and forwards over the coverlet; he gurgled and choked as if he would never more regain his breath. When, in some degree, the seizure had passed off, it left him weak and exhausted, his respiration confined to a series of hard, stridulous gasps that betokened the inevitable end. Minutes were now the measure of his life's span.

And Dave was well contented that it should be so; his narrowed eyes beamed out the satisfaction he felt. Let the doctor come when he pleased now, he would be too late. A mile and a half to Wayne's farm—a mile and a half back! Ah, that was a rare distance, and a horse can't fly. Dave hugged himself at the humour of the notion. Things were shaping well for him—particular well!

In the meantime Joan had risen from her seat and tenderly moistened the parched lips of the sufferer. Then she performed an act which, coming all unexpectedly, struck Dave with amaze and awe. Claspng her hands, the sickly candle-flare lighting her white, uplifted countenance, she sunk on her knees by the bedside.

'Oh, Heavenly Father, have pity on him; have pity on them he is dear to, an' on them he loves. What can he 'a' done deserving so great pain an' punishment? He's the best—the truest— Oh, God, look down i' mercy on this dreadful house, an' spare Oliver for the sake o' them his death will kill. They won't want to live if he's ta'en away. Be merciful—be merciful! Don't let him die! Oh, Lord Jesus, don't—don't let him die!'

In the midst of this wailing appeal, there sounded the rattle of the street-door latch, mingled with the shuffle of slipped feet as old Hird hastened down-stairs to meet the doctor. Apparently, neither Joan nor Dave had heard the outside clatter. The girl's supplication went on unchecked, and Dave still regarded her in curious bewilderment. Her fervour moved him strangely.



'Losh, I can't thole this,' he growled under his breath. 'Like enow, it'll be t' same. Anyways I've a mind to try it. Yes, I'll do't—I'll do't!'

Swiftly he crept to the head of the bed, opposite to where Joan knelt; stooping suddenly, he thrust his face deep down under Oliver's chin. There followed a fierce incatch of his breath, a hollowing of his lean cheeks, and he stood upright again, spluttering blood from his mouth.

Joan sprang up, her eyes outstanding in horror. The deed reminded her hideously of one she had seen Dave perpetrate not many days before. Those great teeth had haunted her dreams ever since. Now, heedless of the presence of Dr Marshall and Oliver's father, who had both entered the room in time to witness Dave's proceedings, she burst out into angry revilings.

'Oh—oh! You black savage—you foul, mad devil!'

'No, no,' interposed the doctor suavely. 'You mistake the lad's object. Look!' pointing to his patient. 'Look! he breathes more freely already.'

It was true. Oliver's breathing was decidedly less laboured and stertorous; the leaden colour, too, was fast fading from his face.

'It was the only thing to do,' added Dr Marshall. 'The membranous growth all but blocked the air-channel, and the obstruction had to be removed somehow to avoid suffocation. I should have had to resort to suction myself—not, however, by means of the mouth. That rough-and-ready method is extremely dangerous and reprehensible. Umph! But I am forgetting myself. Here, my good man, rinse your mouth out at once—thoroughly, mind you, thoroughly. You're a brave fellow, indisputably, with more sense than most.'

'Faith, then, I'm no' claimin' it,' returned Dave glumly. 'I saw t' doctor do that, ower at Morperlan', when my sister's youngest was down wi' diphthery.'

'Ah, yes; I recollect the case. Poor Wharton! He contracted the disease, I believe, and died. Yes—yes. Extremely risky business—extremely so! Now, as to our patient here. We must keep up his strength, and he will pull through all right now—yes, he will pull through.'

Dave picked up his hat from the carpet, where it had fallen.

'We'll see ye again, by-an'-by, Dave?' exclaimed old Hird, gratitude in his tones. 'Ye'll call in i' t' morn, mebbe, all bein' well?'

'Nay; I'm boun' to Morperlan' first thing. I've shipped as mate o' the *Swallow*, an' she sails wi' t' tide to-morn 't' neet. Port St Bede 'll see nowt o' me fro' this day on.'

He turned towards the door.

'Dave,' murmured Joan softly, 'I'm grieved—sore grieved ower what I said to ye but now.'

'Oh, ay, lass; ne'er dwell on't. I couldn' bide to see ye fret so, an' no' help ye when I could.' With a quick, impatient gesture, he added: 'But ye're all wrang i' your notions. I did nout for him—nor wouldn'. I'd ha'e watched him choke there wi' gladness i' my

heart, for I hated him—ay, I hate him now! 'Twas no' to ease his pain. Ech, no! But 'twas just for pity o' thee, Joan—'twas just to comfort thee!'

### VANISHED GOLD MINES.

AN interesting chapter in the history of gold and silver mining which still remains to be written is that relating to lost mines—that is, mines of fabulous richness, once discovered by some lonely prospector, and then lost by some fateful incident or chain of accidents. In every gold and silver bearing district stories of these marvellous 'finds' are current, and West Australia, the latest gold-field of all, is not without its crop. There is no inherent improbability about the better-known mine myths, if we may so term them, because in a wild country where there are practically no landmarks, it is by no means a difficult matter for an uneducated man, with his tremendous secret to keep, to make a mistake as to his location. Besides, the happy discoverer may die on or near the spot where he struck his bonanza, and his fate remain unknown even after his bleached bones have been found in the wilderness years after. Or again, like Amos Albright, he may die after imparting his secret to his dear ones on his death-bed; and from an inaccurate or insufficient description, they may never be able to reach the mine and avail themselves of the riches there hidden.

The Rocky Mountains and the Sierras are especially rich in mythical mines, and any man who may find himself in one of the many camps still to be met with in those wild, and for the most part untrodden regions, will be regaled at the saloon bar with enough stories to fill a book. The 'Lost Cabin' mine is a good specimen of the kind of thing we have in mind. One day, forty years ago, three men named 'Kit' Carson, James Kinney, and a half-breed Blackfoot came into Fort Randal, on the Missouri River, with a bagful of nuggets and a story of gold deposits of incredible richness in Cabin Creek, a branch of the north fork of the Cheyenne River, just west of what is now the Montana boundary line. Both were old mountain men, and Carson enjoyed a great reputation as a guide; which lent some additional colour to the story. Everybody went crazy. No white man was supposed to have been within five hundred miles of the place, and indeed men were (at that time) being cut off by Indians within five miles of the fort. Carson and Kinney went on a week's 'speer,' and soon gambled away their gold, but showed no disposition to take a party to the new Eldorado. The United States officers at the fort discredited the whole thing, and dissuaded the crowd from following it up; but men started out, and none returned. Presumably, the Indians saw the last of them. The red-skins, no doubt, knew of the existence of gold there, and of course wanted for several reasons to keep the whites out, and they did effectually for thirty years. A thousand lives and a mountain of treasure were spent in seeking for the Lost Cabin, but in vain; and it was only quite

recently that other gold discoveries were made along the same creek. In the light of this fact, were the men lying? If they were, how did they become possessed of such a treasure as they unquestionably had with them?

The story of the lost 'Lake of the Golden Bar' in Alaska is one of the strangest ever narrated. There is an expedition even now on foot to look for it. In August 1884, three adventurers, named Hamilton Galt, Charles Ulrich, and Walter Stanford, went tramping north from Butte, Montana, and at the end of eight weeks found themselves near the Yukon River, on the eastern slope of the St Elias Range in Alaska. There were well-watered valleys, where game was abundant, and traces of gold were found everywhere on the 'bars' and shores of the streams. The sun was shining gloriously, when suddenly a small lake came into view. In the words of Galt himself: 'Its rays struck with a slanting flood upon the bar, and scintillated in a thousand golden slivers directly across the water into the dazzled eyes of the thunder-struck men.' There were bad Indians roaming round, but what cared they now? All three yelled with delirium. They threw down their rifles and swam for the bar—a small island in the lake, thirty feet from the bank. The first nugget weighed six pounds, and was almost pure gold. This was Galt's catch. Stanford, whose nickname was 'Ole,' gathered up nuggets and scooped up 'dust' as fast as he could transfer the stuff from the ground to his pockets. But it remained for Ulrich to make the biggest 'find.' He had landed a little lower down. In walking through the shallows towards the shore, he struck his foot against a sharp rock, as he thought. But as he lifted it out of the water, there was disclosed a nugget of almost pure gold, estimated at fifty pounds, or not much less than that figure in weight.

For forty days these men worked as no coal-heaver in the world ever worked, and 'cached' gold valued at about ten thousand pounds sterling, in addition to the two nuggets found on the first landing. They experienced great difficulty in ferrying it across the water between the bar and the shore, and this occupied much of their time, and prevented them from gathering more gold. Besides, they needed food, and hunting claimed a goodly part of their time. They took turns at providing food for the camp. Their idea was to gather enough gold in the cache to make them all rich, before the actual cold weather set in, and then to go south and to return again with a proper equipment. Just as preparations had been made for this move, a large body of Indians attacked the 'prospectors,' killed 'Ole,' and burned their hut; the two others got separated, and had to leave most of their treasure behind them and pick their way south as best they could. Ulrich, it turned out afterwards, contrived to reach Fort Wrangel penniless. Galt, who was afraid to go near the camp because of the Indians, kept in the neighbourhood for two days, and then commenced his lonely tramp back. There was no sun to point him right. The long winter nights had commenced. It became colder and colder: the thermometer ranged far below zero. Snow

came in masses and blinding blizzards. 'I wandered on and on,' he says, 'always with the instinct of self-preservation strong within me. I never thought of giving up. Hunger, cold, snow, ice, fever, delirium—nothing mattered; but life—sweet life. I went on this way for weeks. Through that terrible winter of 1884 I wandered in that awful wilderness.' Paralysed, bleeding from wounds on the body, head, and face, frozen, the sight of one eye nearly gone, attenuated to the mere shadow of a man, he at last came to a human habitation on March 25, 1885, about twenty miles from 'Bonner's Ferry.'

The latter part of this story sounds rather weak, but it is certain that Galt had one thousand pounds' worth of gold in his belt when he came to 'Jim' Edwards' place at Bonner's Ferry, and he is going again to the 'Lost Bar' lake to find the gold which is his and Ulrich's. It is pretty generally believed, apart from this particular case, that Alaska is simply teeming with gold, and the United States Government has within the past year despatched a scientific expedition to gauge the extent of the mineral wealth of this far-off and much neglected possession.

The story of the 'White Cement' mine is a curious one. One day a gold-seeker named White came into Horse Head Gulch, California, from Northern New Mexico, and took out of his pack a number of pieces of what looked like hard white clay glittering with specks of metal. Before night it was known in the camp that White's specimens showed one thousand ounces to the ton. The excitement was intense. In the morning a party called on the owner of the specimens, and told him that he must pilot the men to his find. He should have the pick of the claims, and help to work it, but go he must; and on his refusal, was warned that his life would not be worth shucks if he 'stood off' the camp. Then he consented. The trail went down and across the Rockies. It led along rocky trails, up and down canyons, and across mountain crests. On the evening of the third day White said the miners were near to their journey's end. Every one lay down that night expecting to arise a millionaire. In the morning, White was gone, and had left no trace. One-half of the party, after incredible suffering, got back to life and civilisation; and yet, despite their story, one hundred men started back over their trail two days later. Three years after, White reappeared in Salt Lake City with his cement specimens as before, incredibly rich, and again disappeared, and from that time to this, has never been heard of. But men still wear out their lives in seeking this 'Lost Cement' mine.

For many years there has been a legend prevalent in Port Hickson and in the country round about it, that somewhere in the Shawan-gunk Mountains in that vicinity there is a cave or mine containing deposits of wealth in gold and silver; and in spite of long, tedious, and unprofitable searches that have from time to time been made, there are still scores of people who believe fondly in its existence.

The legend of the hidden treasure is, in effect, that years ago—nobody knows how many—an

old Spaniard or an Indian lived somewhere in the Shawangunk Mountains near Port Hickson. This person went by the name of Ninety-nine. Why Ninety-nine, the misty record does not pause to say. But of this thing the legend is positive: Ninety-nine was overpartial to whisky, and it was his favourite pastime when he was drunk to scatter gold pieces about the settlements, to pull a handful of diamonds from one pocket, and a string of pearls from another, and from other parts of his opulent person clusters of rubies and glittering lots of other precious stones, and parade about among the Dutch settlers an animate and inebriate Golconda. No one could ever find where Ninety-nine lived. He never permitted any one to accompany him from the settlements except once, and that was a short time before he disappeared for ever from those merry scenes. The exception was a boy named Benny Depew, and it was when he was in his cups that Ninety-nine took him blindfolded to the mountain and showed him over his treasure-house. Heaped in glittering confusion on the floor were bars of gold and silver, and domes of coin. From every side resplendent jewels glared at him with myriad eyes of fire, while Ninety-nine thrust his hand into a cask, and taking it out and holding it above his head, released what he held within it. A stream of flaming diamonds fell back into the cask. These were some of the things that Benny said he gazed upon in Ninety-nine's cave. But the greedy custodian of all that fabulous wealth permitted him to feast his eyes but a short time. Then he blindfolded Benny again and led him away. When the bandage was a second time removed from his eyes, Benny was standing on the top of one of the highest peaks of the Shawangunk overlooking the Mamakating Valley. Ninety-nine was gone. And he was never seen again. This story has an unmistakable suggestion of the Arabian Nights, but only a few years ago a company was formed with a capital of \$25,000 to search for the lost treasure. Half the capital was paid up. However, the only exhaustive work done was by the treasurer of the company. He did it on the company's treasury. When his work was done, the treasury was exhausted of the \$12,500, and he had gone somewhere. The company turned its attention away from hunting for the lost cave, and went to hunting for the lost treasurer.

The 'Peg Leg' mine in Southern California is the one that has been most sought after. A gold-miner, John G. Smith, known as 'Peg Leg' because of his wooden leg, came into Los Angeles one day in July 1871 with his mules laden with several sacks of gold ore. The rock was assayed by mining experts in the place, and the news quickly spread that Smith had ore that ranged in value from \$450 to \$800 a ton. It was several weeks before Smith could be induced to say a word about where he got his ore. When at last he did open his mouth he refused to say anything more than that it was down across the Colorado desert in the mountain-range in San Diego county, and that until he knew whether this mine was located in the United States or Mexico, he must keep the rest a strict secret to himself. He said that

he had spent five months in the locality of this mine with two half-breed Pima Indians, who had guided him there in payment for his kindness rendered to them in serious illness. He told again and again, and always with rare exactness of detail, the surface indications of his mine, the direction and slant of the gold-bearing ledges, the surrounding geological and mineral conditions and characteristics, and the work he and his Indian assistants had done in determining the quantity of the ore.

One fine day Smith disappeared from Los Angeles, and news came across the country a week or two later from San Bernardino that he had been there and hastily and secretly 'fitted out' for a camp of several months in the mountains and a mule ride across the desert. He had, at the last moment, taken two old mining chums with him and set out in the night. Several years later, dried and mummy-like remains of the two men who accompanied the old man, and the skeletons of the mules and remains of their wagon and mining-tools, were found one hundred miles out on the Colorado desert, but not one trace of Peg Leg. It is improbable that he could have escaped from that spot in the desert on foot.

#### AFTER MANY YEARS.

Throw wide the window; let us stand  
And listen to the Christmas chimes,  
Which rain glad music o'er the land,  
As in the old dear bygone times,  
While life was young, and hope was new,  
And we two dreamt sweet dreams together,  
And thought that summer breezes blew,  
Although 'twas wintry weather.

The path that winds across the moor  
Is white with crisp and glistening snow—  
The path that led me to your door  
One golden Yule-tide long ago;  
When, by the glossy holly tree,  
Where knots of coral berries shone,  
With many a softly uttered plea  
I won you for my own.

Now, Time, which shows but little care  
For maiden charm or manly grace,  
Has left its silver on your hair,  
Its tell-tale furrows on my face;  
And down the pleasant moorland way,  
Amidst the joy-bells' merry din,  
Our laughing children trooped to-day  
To bring the Yule-log in.

Sweet wife, uplift your eyes to mine!  
And tell me—are you happy still?  
My heart has aye been true to thine,  
Through all life's mingled good and ill:  
And in this memory-haunted room,  
Our merry tribe about my knee,  
I vow the years have held no gloom  
Since you kept house with me.

R. MATHESON.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,  
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 624.—VOL. XII. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1895.

PRICE 1½d.

## 'THE LYON IN MOURNING;'

OR REMINISCENCES OF THE '45.

THE brilliant, if futile, effort of Prince Charles Edward Stewart to recover the throne of his fathers has a perennial fascination for lovers of the romantic, and of late there has been quite a recrudescence of interest in 'the '45,' the last of the Stewart Rebellions. It is even whispered, forsooth, that Jacobitism is not really dead, but that 'honest men' are again coming to the front; in proof of which it is pointed out that they can now afford to have their own serial magazine and annual. Certain it is that the incidents of 'the '45' have recently been the theme of much public attention, perhaps owing to the fact that the present year is the ter-jubilee of the unforgettable heroic year. Has there not been a pilgrimage to Glenfinnan to commemorate the raising of the standard? And now we read that the memory of the faithful Flora Macdonald is to be perpetuated by the erection of her statue in the Highland metropolis.

By the fortuitous concurrence of circumstances evidently—for there is no conscious appearance of design—the Scottish History Society marks this same year by the issue of what may justly be called, after the French style, *Memoirs to serve for the History of the Rebellion of 1745*. *The Lyon in Mourning*, edited by Henry Paton, M.A., two of the three volumes of which have just been placed in the hands of the members, is, however, but one of a series of works dealing with the same event of Scottish history which it is providing. But a year or two since, *A List of Persons concerned in the Rebellion of 1745* was presented as the gift of Lord Rosebery to the society. More recently a few additional papers were inserted in its first miscellany volume, and now we have *The Lyon*. Then, on the completion of *The Lyon*, we are promised (1) the 'Journals of John Murray of Broughton,' who

acted as secretary to the Prince, and took an active part in all the negotiations and plots anterior to the actual outbreak of the Rebellion; (2) a 'Selection of the Forfeited Estates Papers,' which are preserved in the General Register House, and which deal with the properties of those who 'went out' with the Prince; and (3) another work which, though not immediately concerned with the '45, has yet a decided bearing upon it—namely, 'The Letter Book of James, second Earl of Ormond,' which illustrates the Jacobite rising of 1719. So that upon this period the Scottish History Society will, in course of time, have thrown much additional light from both sides, and will for this, among other services, merit the gratitude of historical students. And perhaps Lord Rosebery was right in saying at the annual meeting of the society, that if in the nine or ten years of its existence it had done nothing more than reprint *The Lyon in Mourning*, it would have fully justified its existence. Meanwhile the demand for the volume, of which fewer than five hundred copies were printed, has been greater than for any one of the series hitherto, a demand, however, which cannot be supplied, as the book is only printed for members of the society.

*The Lyon in Mourning* is a most interesting and entertaining collection of stories and narratives about Prince Charles, which begin with his leaving France in the disguise of a student of the Scots College in Paris, carry us along with him during his conduct of the Rebellion in Scotland, but deal especially with his adventures after the battle of Culloden. These are thrilling enough, and they are graphically told. They literally bristle with marvellous escapes, both from the elements and his pursuers, who, animated by the hope of earning the large reward of £30,000 sterling offered for his apprehension, dead or alive, relentlessly followed their prey. They tell of his astonishing pluck and endurance in the midst of all his dangers and privations; and then, after

his escape abroad, they continue to inform us about the Prince, for his fortunes are still watched over and chronicled in *The Lyon*. Of these narratives and stories one peculiar interest is that they were obtained for the most part at first hand, from the very persons themselves who were present and participators in the events they narrate; frequently several such persons contributed each an independent account of what took place during his or her attendance on the Prince. In fact, nearly every person who had direct communication with the Prince, especially in his wanderings after Culloden, all his guides and companions among the islands and hills, have been, as it were, seized and brought forward to relate what the Prince was about when in their company, and also to make known their own and others' share in securing his safety.

The collection was the work of the Rev. Robert Forbes, a clergyman of the Episcopal Church of Scotland, who became in 1762 Bishop of Ross and Caithness. The son of Charles Forbes, schoolmaster of Rayne in Aberdeenshire, the bishop was born in the beginning of May 1708, studied at Marischal College, Aberdeen, and in 1735 became incumbent of the Episcopal congregation at Leith. As a rule, the Scottish Episcopalians were attached to the Stewart cause, and when the Rebellion broke out, all of them who could, flocked to render assistance. Bishop Forbes was no exception. Indeed, as 'an he-goat going before the flock,' he proved himself one of the most ardent of Jacobites. On his way, however, with some others, to join the Prince, he was intercepted by the Government troops at St Ninians, near Stirling, and thrown into prison, first in Stirling Castle, and afterwards in Edinburgh. His confinement lasted from September 7, 1745, till May 29 of the following year, by which time the insurrection had been effectually suppressed, so that he had no opportunity of striking the wished-for blow.

But if the sword was denied him, Bishop Forbes took up another weapon, which in his hands proved much more wieldy and successful. Conceiving the idea of becoming the annalist of the campaign, he set to work to gather in from all available and reliable sources information and narratives connected with the Prince and his attempted achievements. The task soon fascinated him. It became his hobby, and next to his clerical duties, it was, from the time he began it, in the end of 1746, the chief labour of his life. He kept at it practically until his dying day; for he was still adding to it in October 1775, and he died in the following month.

For some years he resided with Lady Bruce of Kinross in the Citadel of Leith, probably in the capacity of private chaplain—her ladyship being a member of his congregation, and so noted a Jacobite that her house was twice searched by the military under the belief that the Prince himself was secreted by her—and there he and his hostess received and entertained many of those faithful Highlanders who, proof against the large and tempting reward offered for the betrayal of the Prince, either shared his privations or succoured and assisted him in his necessities; although their doing so

entailed certain ruin upon themselves and their families; generally also their own imprisonment and sometimes death. Among others there came oftener than once Flora Macdonald, who narrated with her own lips the steps she took, in perhaps the most critical moment of all the Prince's wanderings, to convey the Prince from Benbecula to Skye, when both islands were so full of soldiers, and every possible point so closely guarded, that no one could leave or land upon them without being observed. This she did by persuading him to don the attire of an Irish female servant, to whom was given the name of Betty Burke; but the difficulties of Flora's task were greatly increased by the unfeminine bearing and gait of the Prince in his new garb.

Another cherished visitor there was old Donald Macleod of Gualtergill, who piloted the Prince from the mainland to the Isles a few days after the battle of Culloden, the voyage being accomplished during night in a terrific storm of thunder, lightning, and wind, which drove the boat before it the remarkable distance of thirty-two leagues in eight hours, but landed them safely at daylight on the shores of Benbecula. This old 'Palinurus,' as the bishop designated him, kept company with the Prince until his escape with Flora Macdonald, when the exigencies of the case demanded his separation from every one of his former associates, and threw him solitary upon an ever-changing series of guides, not one of whom, as has been already remarked, entertained the thought of betraying him, though continually within reach of and having to pass through the cordons of military stretched in all directions for his capture. Most of those the Prince left were seized immediately after his departure and sent as prisoners to the hulks in the Thames. But Donald by-and-by obtained his liberty, and so highly valued were the services rendered by him to the Prince, that one of the Jacobites in London presented him with a large silver snuff-box, double-gilt inside, shaped as an octagon oval, three inches and three-quarters in length, three inches in breadth, and an inch and a quarter deep. On the lid in relief was represented the eight-oared boat in the tempestuous sea, with its thirteen occupants, including Donald at the helm, and the points of embarking and disembarking in the distance. On the box there were also some suitable inscriptions and other chasing. What can have become of this interesting relic now?

From the lips and pens of such as these Bishop Forbes collected the material he has treasured in *The Lyon in Mourning*, which consists of eight small octavo volumes of manuscript of about two hundred pages, each bound in black leather, with blackened edges, and around the title-page of each volume a deep black border. Some relics which he succeeded in obtaining from his correspondents, such as a piece of the Prince's garter, a piece of the gown he wore as Betty Burke, and of the string of the apron he then had on, fragments of the inside and outside cloth of the waistcoat which the Prince got as part of a Highland dress in exchange for his female attire from Macdonald of Kingsburgh, a small

bit of wood from the eight-oared boat above named, and a shred of one of the lugs of the brogues which the Prince wore as Betty Burke, were all preserved by the bishop on the insides of some of the boards of the volumes; and to these the late Dr Robert Chambers afterwards added a piece of velvet and buff leather from the hilt of the sword which the Prince wore when on the march from Edinburgh into England. He had rested with his troops while crossing Soutra hill near Fala-dam; and being there entertained with refreshments by the sisters of Robert Anderson of Whitburgh, who followed the Prince, he gave to one of the ladies, upon her request for a memento, a cutting from the dressing of his sword-hilt. *The Lyon in Mourning* came into the possession of Dr Robert Chambers, after having been for some time the property of Sir Henry Stewart of Allanton, who had purchased it from the widow of Bishop Forbes, a considerable time after his death. Dr Chambers published a number of the narratives in his *Jacobite Memoirs*, and also utilised the information contained in *The Lyon* in the preparation of his *History of the Rebellion*; and on his death he bequeathed the work to the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, where it now remains. The fact, however, that *The Lyon* has been thus drawn upon already, detracts little or nothing from the freshness of the narratives about the Prince as they come before us in the work itself.

The bishop completed his collection of Rebellion materials practically about 1750, but never could bring himself to think it prudent to print it. So he kept it open, and added additional narratives and incidents from time to time as he received them. In the later part of *The Lyon*, the Rebellion of 1745 gradually recedes from view; but there is that about the conclusion which makes it of no less interest than the former part of the collection, for it consists of excerpts from letters written by Bishop Forbes himself and others with reference to the circumstances of the Prince upon the Continent, for nearly thirty years afterwards, the narrative being only brought to a close by the bishop's death.

## THE FINGER OF HANKIN.

### CHAPTER III.

WHEN a young man of twenty-three deliberately adds to his bachelor household an attractive young lady of six summers, who speaks foreign languages and possesses a history, attention is naturally drawn to the performance. Seale's acquaintances, especially the feminine portion of them, were first curious, and then shocked; and out of sheer justice to Nancy he had to tell one or two of them the true story of Hankin. The news spread through that small fraction of London which knew Seale, and the esteem with which it had previously regarded him changed with a very short prelude. It is no use giving dinners to a young man with no expectations who has deliberately chosen to

cumber himself with a scamp's brat; and if you have daughters, it is a mad thing to ask to your dances a wretched fellow whom it would be the utmost misfortune for your daughter to fall in love with. And so the invitations ceased with brisk unanimity; and as Seale had been accustomed to much going out and about, he had to do it now on his own resources, which of course cost money.

How he managed to keep going for the next seven years is a matter best known to himself and Nancy, who at an early stage was initiated into the art of circumventing the *res angusta domi*, and living at the rate of twice one's income. But there is a certain amount of enjoyment to be derived from sailing close to the wind, and a *camaraderie* grew up between the two of them that was very pleasant in its completeness. At the same time, that he might not accuse himself of hoodwinking youth, Seale used to instil morality as he went along.

'Y'know we're awful blackguards, old lady, having things and not paying for them the way we do,' he would say; 'and I ought to be kicked for showing a kid like you the style it's managed.'

Upon which Nancy would retort: 'All right, Ted, I quite understand. But it's me that's to blame, not you. If there was no one to fritter money over, you'd live on your pay and have a lot left over. So as far as you're concerned, it doesn't count.'

And then after Seale had solemnly assured her that she was completely wrong, and that he (by reason of his seniority) carried the sin of the pair of them on his own shoulders, they would go off to a theatre, or west for dinner, by way of getting rid of the taste of the lecture.

But this style of living, ingenious though it may be, is liable to be brought to an end from the outside; and when the conclusion did finally come, Seale's only matter for surprise was that it had not arrived several years earlier.

'Old lady,' said Seale one day when he had lit up his cigar after dinner, in the big chair beside the fireplace, 'the bank's given me the chuck.'

'Phe-ew!' said Nancy.

'At least they've told me of another billet that's open, and said that if I don't resign nicely and take it with a smile, I shall probably find myself out of a job altogether. The manager seemed to think that my ideas of personal finance were too florid to be quite healthy in a mere bank clerk.'

'Where's the new billet?'

Seale laughed. 'In a place you've heard of before—Lagos. One year on duty and six months' leave, with steamer fare paid home and back. Three hundred a year and allowances to draw all the time.'

'My!' said Nancy, 'what a lot! It's a heap

more than you're getting now. We'll go, eh?'

'You won't, anyway.'

'Why not? Don't we do everything together? I shall come and keep house for you, and save you lots. You can't keep house a bit, Ted.'

'Shall have to. I—— Nancy, come here, old girl.'

Nancy came across the hearthrug, and sat herself upon his knee, and lay back luxuriously.

'Nancy, I've been an awful brute to you. I've kept you here because I liked having you, when you ought to have been away at school with other girls, learning things.'

'I have been learning,' said Nancy stoutly. 'I've had lessons with you nearly every day. I can read, and write, and mend socks, and do accounts, and order a dinner. Isn't that enough?'

'Nowhere near,' said Seale. 'You're growing up, you see. You're thirteen now, and you'll be in long frocks in a year or so, with your hair in a knob, and all the rest of it; and there are things a girl ought to learn that I can't teach; and—well, I'm a pretty bad lot, old lady, and if you go away to a decent school, you'll learn that is so.'

'Ter-waddle,' said Nancy. 'Didn't you saddle yourself with me, and doesn't that prove you to be the best man in the world? 'Tisn't as if I'd never seen any others of the boys. I've met 'em, lots of 'em, and that's why I know what I say's right. And besides, it would never make any difference to me whether you were the biggest sweep on earth, or the biggest angel. You're just my Ted, and that's all I care about.'

'Yes; but Nancy, you couldn't go to the Gold Coast, anyway. You'd lose all your good looks for one thing'——

'Don't care.'

'But I do. I'm proud of them, if you are not. And besides, you'd spoil all the arrangements. This way: you see I get allowance for one only. If you went, there'd be your steamer fare to pay, and an establishment to keep up. And that would run away with all the cash, whereas if I go alone I shall get everything paid, come back with all my screw saved, and then you and I can spend the six months' leave on the jolliest spree imaginable.'

But Nancy did not see it, and said so with point and argument. However, for once in his life Seale was firm. He had a feeling that he would have a much better chance and a much better time of it if he started this new life on the Coast as a bachelor without encumbrances. Still, he did not work openly upon this principle. He said he was leaving Nancy behind, entirely for Nancy's good. But in the end, of course, he got his way.

#### CHAPTER IV.

A B. and A. boat took Seale across the Bay, and after calling at several African ports, brought up to an anchor head-on to a heavy swell in the Lagos Roads. A small branch steamer came out to her from inside the bar,

and Seale tasted the joys of being transhipped in a tossing surf-boat manned by paddling Elmina boys. The branch steamer deposited him at one of the wharfs which jut out from the boulevard of the Marina into the lagoon, and his new chief met him there with a 'rickshaw and a white umbrella.

Knowing that Lagos is a town of negroes, he had somehow or other been prepared to find unlimited bad smells; and because these were entirely absent, the air of the place came to him as a genial surprise. He settled down in two large, cool, whitewashed rooms, and proceeded to enjoy himself.

Being newly landed and full of health, he naturally found the work expected of him ridiculously light; and as he had occasion to put on his dress-clothes every night, and discovered that white men in Lagos are addicted to gorgeous dinners and much hospitality, he told himself with confidence that the Coast had been unjustly maligned, and that he had tumbled into a very snug berth. He retained this ecstatic frame of mind for exactly fourteen days, and then one morning a man came into his office and asked him to dinner for that evening.

'Can't,' said Seale. 'Much obliged all the same. I'm chopping with Anderson to-night. And so by the way are you, although I suppose you've forgotten. He asked us yesterday.'

'You've got to go to Anderson's funeral in two hours' time,' said the other man drily. 'He pegged out with heat apoplexy during the night, just before that tornado came on. Tata; see you at the cemetery. And mind you turn up to dine with me. Seven-thirty, sharp.'

The other man nodded and left, and Seale mopped a very moist brow with his pocket-handkerchief. 'This,' he told himself, 'was the very devil of a climate.' And by way of having the lesson rammed home, he was invited to stand and frizzle in the sun, precisely one week later, whilst the flippant other man was himself being buried.

Seale was consumed with a mild touch of Coast fever that night, and the fear of death gripped him by the heart. He reviewed much of his past life, and was truly sorry that he had not amended his ways earlier, and so avoided coming to Lagos. He laid much solid blame upon Hankin, and told himself that he could dance with calm delight upon Hankin's tomb. Incidentally he remembered Nancy, and tried to carry his resentment along to her; but that did not act. No; it was no fault of Nancy's that he was out in this abominable exile. She was a good little beggar anyhow, and a hot new trouble rose in him when he thought of what must happen to her after he died, as (he was quite sure) must take place within the next few hours.

However, of course, he did not die then; and as an early dose of fever is the very best thing to acclimatise a man, he soon settled down into a very healthy fellow from a Coast point of view. But that early scare had bitten in deeply, and it prevented him from remaining popular with the Lagos community. Where every one is lavishly free-handed, the careful



man who does not keep open house is not called careful merely. They give him an uglier name. And if a man of any obstinacy once overhears himself spoken of as 'that stingy brute,' he is rather apt to act up to the character. Besides, every time the dangers of the place were brought home to him more nearly, either by illness within the marches of his own proper body, or by the news of death amongst the white community, Seale could have screamed aloud in his agony of dread as to what would happen if Nancy were left unprovided for.

Yet torment himself as he would, the fund which he was making for her grew with exasperating slowness. He had to eat and drink to live; and everything was expensive; and the pay and allowances which had seemed dazzling enough at a distance, shrivelled wofully when counted on the spot. Moreover, he had always possessed the unwieldy knack of making two shillings go as far as one, and had never contrived to shake himself adrift from it. And so when the time of his first leave came round, he drew his home-pay and accepted a six months' billet in the bush for extra lucre. He wrote home to tell Nancy that he was so hard-worked that he could not get away—which was scarcely true—and also that he was in brilliant health at the time of writing, which was a solid lie.

His next leave he also tried to miss, but broke down with dysentery, and had to spend a much-grudged two months in Grand Canary to save his life. But he came back to the Coast again with new health, and hammered desperately at the dollar-mill to make up his leeway. He was not liked in Lagos still; but some rumour had got about that there was a reason for his stinginess, and some of the men had got a respect for him—though of course that is a vastly different thing from a liking.

But at the end of four and a half years from his leaving England, Captain Charteris came to him again and put another change into his life, as he had done once before.

Seale had not forgotten his old animosity against the man; and when he first brought his face into the office quite unexpectedly—for Charteris had come into money, and was living at home as a decent English gentleman now—Seale bade him uncivilly enough to get out one-time.

'You must hear my message first,' said Charteris, 'although I'm repeating an old offence.'

'What do you mean?'

'I'm bringing Nancy to you. She's up-stairs, waiting in your house this minute, and I've just come down here to break the news.'

'What! Nancy here! Man, you're either dreaming or drunk.'

'I am neither, although I wish I was both. Sure enough, I've no cause for rejoicing.'

Seale sat at his office desk and passed a finger round inside his shirt collar. 'You'd better explain,' he said.

'Quite so. To begin with, Hankin—or rather his ghost—is interlring again. It seems he once invested money in one of the Coast mines here at Axim. That followed the habit of

most gold-mines by going pop. But they've found magnificent quartz reefs on either side of his property; and so the ground has been valued at ninety thousand pounds; and, what is better still, has been sold for eighty thousand pounds, and paid for. That's Nancy's now, and nothing would suit her but that she must come down here and give you news of it herself.'

'By Jove!' said Seale. Then after a minute he added: 'But what have you come down here for?'

'Because,' said Charteris slowly and quietly—'because I love her.'

'You love Nancy! You! You love that child! But there, I suppose she's grown up. Well, are you going to tell me next that the pair of you are to be married?'

Charteris looked at him queerly. 'Shouldn't you mind,' he asked, 'if I did tell you that?'

'I shouldn't like it. To be candid, I don't care particularly for you, as you know. But I suppose she'll marry some day. I always have pictured that ever since I've been on the Coast, because, you see, she must be provided for some way.'

'But, man! don't you care for her yourself?'

'Care for her!'—Seale gave a mirthless laugh. 'If you knew what I've been doing here all these years, you wouldn't ask that. Of course I care for her.'

'But how?'

'Oh, I've never defined it. Paternally, I suppose, or like a brother. That kid and I were the best of friends.'

'Seale, you're a fool! Kid, you say. She's a woman. She's the loveliest— But I'm not going to talk. You must see for yourself. Only, don't you go up-stairs and make any mistake. She's got no daughter's feelings for you, or sister's; and if you go and break her heart over any nonsense of that kind, I've got it in me to shoot you for your pains. I've had my life ruined for me during these last months by you being in the way, and if hers is to be spoiled too by your blundering, you can understand that I shall want to kill you very badly.'

'Wait a minute,' said Seale unsteadily. 'This has come upon me with so much suddenness that I hardly grasp'

'I have no more to say to you,' said Charteris, and went out into the dazzling sunshine of the Marina, where the shouting negroes were carrying loads over the brick-red dust.

Seale swayed and tottered, then pulled himself together with an effort, and went up the stairs which led to his house above. Nancy knew his footstep and met him at the door, a radiant vision in tropical white. He felt himself tangled by her arms. Her lips were against his ear. 'Oh Ted! my love,' she was saying to him, 'I could not wait away from you any longer. Ted darling, I had to come. Oh! my own love, if you only knew how I had hungered for you, you would have come to me sooner.'

Then Seale's eyes were opened. He did not make the blunder which Charteris had warned him against. He felt no inclination that way. A new feeling towards the girl surged within

him like a draught of hot spirit. 'Sweetheart,' he whispered back to her, 'I never knew you would be like this. If I had known, I could never have kept myself away from you.'

### THE GOLD-MANIA.

IN the getting of gold—the metal—for the purpose of possessing gold—as money—there has always been an element of romance. 'How quickly nature falls into revolt when gold becomes her object!' as Shakespeare says. But if

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,  
The farmer ploughs the manor—

what shall we say of him who pursues a paper-chase of gold-shares in the 'Kaffir Circus?' This same 'Kaffir Circus' is probably the most remarkable evolution in the history of finance since the days of the South Sea Bubble. Lest the comparison be thought invidious, seeing that South Africa has a solid basis of gold-bearing and other productive land, let us hasten to add that the designs of the South Sea Company were originally much more practical and practicable than has been commonly supposed, and that the tremendous inflation of prices during the 'Bubble' time was hardly, if at all, greater than that of gold-shares during the South African 'Boom.' There is material for the philosopher in the fact of the modern madness having occurred in connection with a part of the world to which King Solomon the Wise sent for supplies of gold and 'almug-trees,' for the mysterious Ophir has been located in Mashonaland, and the Queen of Sheba identified with the Sabia districts, which, though not in 'the Randt,' are curiously connected with the rise and progress of the mania.

Let us briefly trace that romantic history, merely mentioning by the way that, even in European history, African gold is no novelty, for the Portuguese brought back gold-dust (and negro slaves) from Cape Bojador four hundred and fifty years ago. The ruins of Mashonaland were discovered in 1864 by Karl Mauch, who also discovered the gold-field of Taté on the Zambesi, of which Livingstone had reported that the natives got gold there by washing, being too lazy to dig for it. When Karl Mauch came back to civilisation, people laughed at his stories of ruined cities in the centre of Africa as travellers' fables, but a number of Australian gold-diggers thought his report of the Taté gold-field good enough to follow up. So about 1867, a band of them went out and set up a small battery on the Taté River for crushing the quartz. This may be called the first serious attempt at gold-mining in South Africa since the days of the lost races who built the cities whose ruins Karl Mauch discovered and which Mr Theodore Bent has described. A Natal company assisted the Taté diggers with supplies, and enough gold was found to justify the flotation of the Limpopo Mining Company in London. This was in 1868, and was practically the foundation of the 'Kaffir Circus,' though its founders knew it not. Sir John Swinburne was the moving spirit of this enterprise, and went out with a lot of expensive

machinery, only to meet with a good deal of disappointment. The diamond discoveries in Griqualand soon drew away the gold-seekers, who found the working expenses too heavy to leave gold-mining profitable, and for a time the Taté fields were deserted. They were taken up again, however, twenty years later by a Kimberley enterprise, out of which developed the Taté Concession and Exploration Company, to whom ex-king Lobengula granted a mining concession over no less than eight hundred thousand square miles of Matabeleland.

Just as the Australians were breaking ground on the Taté, Thomas Baines, the traveller, was making up his mind to test the truth of tales of gold in the far interior, which the Portuguese from Da Gama onwards had received from natives. In 1869 he set forth from Natal with a small expedition, and in 1870 received from Lobengula permission to dig for gold anywhere between the rivers Gwailo and Ganyona. Some seventeen years later this same concession was repeated to Mr Rudd, and became the basis from which sprang the great Chartered Company of British South Africa.

In the course of his journey, Baines camped on the site of the present city of Johannesburg, without having the least idea of the wealth beneath him, and intent only upon that he hoped to find farther inland. On the map which he prepared of this journey is marked the 'farm of H. Hartley, pioneer of the gold-fields,' in the Witwatersrandt district. Hartley was known to the Boers as 'Oude Baas,' and was a famous elephant-hunter, but as ignorant as Baines himself that he was dwelling on the top of a gold-reef. And it was not in the Witwatersrandt, foremost as it now is, that the African gold boom began.

While the Taté diggers were pursuing their work and Baines his explorations, a Natalian named Button went, with an experienced Californian miner named Sutherland, to prospect for gold in the north-east of the Transvaal. They found it near Lydenburg, and companies were rapidly formed in Natal to work it. Such big nuggets were sent down, that men hurried up, until soon there were some fifteen hundred actively at work on the Lydenburg field. The operations were fairly profitable, but the outbreak of the Zulu war, and then the Boer war, put an end to them for some years.

And now we come to one of the most romantic chapters in the golden history of South Africa, a history which was marked by hard and disheartening days what time the lucky diamond-seekers at Kimberley were swilling champagne as if it were water, out of pewter beer-pots. There is more attraction for adventurers, however, in gold-seeking than in diamond-mining, for gold can be valued and realised at once, whereas diamonds may not be diamonds after all, and may be spoilt, lost, or stolen, before they can find a purchaser.

It is to be noted that much as the Transvaal Republic has benefited from gold-mining, the Boers were at first much averse to it, and threw all the obstacles they could in the way of the miners. And it was this attitude of the Boers, especially towards the Lydenburg pioneers, that led to the next development.

One of the tributaries of the Crocodile River (which flows into Delagoa Bay) is the Kaap River, called also the River of the Little Crocodile, which waters a wide deep valley into which projects the spur of a hill which the Dutch pioneers called De Kaap (the cape). Beyond this cape-like spur the hills rise to a height of three thousand feet, and carry a wide plateau covered with innumerable boulders of fantastic shape—the Duivel's Kantoor. The mists gather in the valley and dash themselves against De Kaap like surf upon a headland; and the face of the hills is broken with caves and galleries as if by the action of the sea, but really by the action of the weather. Upon the high-lying plateau of the Duivel's Kantoor were a number of farms, the chief of which was held by one G. P. Moodie.

One day a Natal trader named Tom McLaughlin had occasion to cross this plateau in the course of a long trek, and he picked up with curiosity some of the bits of quartz he passed, or kicked aside, on the way. On reaching Natal he showed these to an old Australian miner, who instantly started up-country and found more. The place was rich in gold, and machinery was as quickly as possible got up from Natal, on to Moodie's farm. On this farm was found the famous Pioneer Reef, and Moodie, who at one time would gladly have parted with his farm for a few hundreds, sold his holding to a Natal company for something like a quarter of a million. Then there was a rush of diggers and prospectors back from the Lydenburg district, and the De Kaap 'boom' set in. The beginning was in 1883, and two years later the whole Kaap valley and Kantoor plateau was declared a public gold-field. Two brothers called Barber came up and formed the centre of a settlement, now the town of Barberton. Every new reef sighted or vein discovered was the signal for launching a new company—not now in Natal only, but also in London, to which the gold-fever began to spread (but was checked again by the De Kaap reverses).

Some fifteen Natalians formed a syndicate to 'exploit' this country on their own account. Some were storekeepers in the colony, some wagon-traders, and some merely waiters on fortune. Only eleven of them had any money, and they supplied the wherewithal for the other four, who were sent up to prospect and dig. After six months of fruitless toil, the money was all done, and word was sent to the four that no more aid could be sent to them. They were 'down on their luck,' when as they returned to camp on what was intended to be their last evening there, one Edwin Bray savagely dug his pick into the rock as they walked gloomily along. But with one swing which he made came a turn in the fortunes of the band, and of the land, for he knocked off a bit of quartz so richly veined with gold as to betoken the existence of something superexcellent in the way of a 'reef.' All now turned on the rock with passionate eagerness, and in a very short time pegged out what was destined to be known as 'Bray's Golden Hole.'

But the syndicate were by this time pretty well cleaned out, and capital was needed to work the reef, and provide machinery, &c. So a

small company was formed in Natal under the name of the Sheba Reef Gold-mining Company, divided into 15,000 shares of £1 each, the capital of £15,000 being equitably allotted among the fifteen members of the syndicate. Upon these shares they raised enough money on loan to pay for the crushing of 200 tons of quartz, which yielded eight ounces of gold to the ton, and at once provided them with working capital. Within a very few months the mine yielded 10,000 ounces of gold, and the original shares of £1 each ran up by leaps and bounds until they were eagerly competed for at £100 each. Within a year, the small share-capital (£15,000) of the original syndicate was worth in the market a million and a half sterling. This wonderful success led to the floating of a vast number of hopeless or bogus enterprises, and worthless properties were landed on the shoulders of the British public at fabulous prices. Yet, surrounded as it was by a crowd of fraudulent imitators, the great Sheba Mine has continued as one of the most wonderfully productive mines in South Africa. Millions have been lost in swindling and impossible undertakings in De Kaap, but the Sheba Mountain, in which was Bray's Golden Hole, has really proved a mountain of gold.

The De Kaap gold-field had sunk again under a cloud of suspicion, by reason of the company-swindling and share-gambling which followed upon the Sheba success, when another startling incident gave a fresh impetus to the golden madness.

Among the settlers in the Transvaal in the later seventies were two brothers called Struben, who had had some experience, though not much success, with the gold-seekers at Lydenburg, and who took up in 1884 the farm of Sterkfontein in the Witwatersrandt district. While attending to the farm they kept their eyes open for gold, and one day one of the brothers came upon gold-bearing conglomerates, which they followed up until they struck the famous 'Confidence Reef.' This remarkable reef at one time yielded as much as a thousand ounces of gold and silver to the ton of ore, and then suddenly gave out, being in reality not a 'reef' but a 'shoot.' There were other prospectors in the district, but none had struck it so rich as the Strubens, who purchased the adjacent farm to their own, and set up a battery to crush quartz, both for themselves and for the other gold-hunters. The farms were worth little in those days, being only suitable for grazing; but when prospectors and company promoters began to appear, first by units, then by tens, and then by hundreds, the Boers put up their prices, and speedily realised for their holdings ten and twenty times what they would have thought fabulous a year or two previously. And it was on one of these farms that the city of Johannesburg was destined to arise as if under a magician's wand, from a collection of huts, in eight years, to a city covering an area three miles by one and a half, with suburbs stretching many miles beyond, with handsome streets and luxurious houses, in the very heart of the desert.

It was one Sunday evening in 1886 that the great 'find' was made which laid the base of the prosperity of the Johannesburg-to-be.

A farm-servant of the brothers Struben went over to visit a friend at a neighbouring farm, and as he trekked homeward in the evening, knocked off a bit of rock, the appearance of which led him to take it home to his employer. It corresponded with what Struben had himself found in another part, and following up both leads, revealed what became famous as the Main Reef, which was traced for miles east and west.

A lot of the 'conglomerate' was sent on to Kimberley to be analysed, and a thoughtful observer of the analysis there came to the conclusion that there must be more good stuff where that came from. So he mounted his horse and rode over to Barberton, where he caught a 'coach' which dropped him on the Rand, as it is now called. There he quietly acquired the Langlaagte farm for a few thousands, which the people on the spot thought was sheer madness on his part. But his name was J. B. Robinson, and he is now known in the 'Kaffir Circus' and elsewhere as one of the 'Gold Kings' of Africa. He gradually purchased other farms, and in a year or two floated the well-known Langlaagte Company with a capital of £450,000, to acquire what had cost him in all about £20,000. In five years this company turned out gold to the value of a million, and paid dividends to the amount of £330,000. The Robinson Company, formed a little later to acquire and work some other lots, in five years produced gold to the value of one and a half million, and paid to its shareholders some £570,000 in dividends. With these discoveries and successful enterprises the name and fame of 'the Rand' were established, and for years the district became the happy hunting-ground of the financiers and company promoters. The Rand, or Witwatersrandt, is the topmost plateau of the High Veldt of the Transvaal, at the watershed of the Limpopo and the Vaal; and on the summit of the plateau is the gold-city of Johannesburg, some five thousand seven hundred feet above the sea.

In the later eighties and earlier nineties the principal feature in Johannesburg was the Stock Exchange, and the main occupation of the inhabitants was the buying and selling of shares in mining companies, many of them bogus, at fabulous prices. The inevitable reaction came, until once-resplendent 'brokers' could hardly raise the price of a 'drink,' though, to be sure, drinks and everything else cost a small fortune. To-day the city is the centre of a great mining industry, and the roar of the 'stamps' is heard all round it, night and day. From a haunt of gamblers and 'wild-catters,' it has grown into a comparatively sedate town of industry, commerce, and finance, and the gold-fever which maddened its populace has been transferred (not wholly, perhaps) to London and Paris. In fact, all Europe has been inoculated with the disease which at one time made Johannesburg a marvel and a reproach.

That disease is a craving for speculation in the shares of gold-mining companies, and the markets in which dealings in these shares are centred is now called the 'Kaffir Circus.' The

fact that South Africa is now producing two and a half million ounces of gold per annum, at a gross profit of about three millions sterling, has fired the imagination and stirred the cupidity of hundreds of thousands of people who have not taken the trouble to inquire what it all means. It took the British public some time to realise that there is gold in South Africa, and for a long time the 'speculative investor' of the stock markets fought shy of African ventures; but when he did go in, he went in with a rush, which has become madder and madder. The climax of madness was reached in the present year.

A small handful of men, a few years ago, dropped into the Rand and acquired properties for, in the aggregate, less than a couple of millions, which in the space of eight years reached a realisable value of two hundred millions at the market quotations for shares. Some of these men are now reputed to be worth ten and twenty millions apiece, but how much of the 'worth' may be actually realisable, and how much exists only on paper or in prospect, one cannot say. The whole gold-mining industry of South Africa is now in the hands of companies, and these companies are 'controlled' by some half-dozen cliques, each of which has its 'king.' It is a very curious business altogether, quite without parallel in the history of human endeavour, and a contrast to the experience of Australia, where combined effort in the way of company-working only came into operation when individual diggers had 'creamed' all the nuggets and fallen upon evil times.

We have seen it stated that there is at the present moment more real financial and technical talent concentrated at Johannesburg than at any other part of the world. This may be so, but assuredly there has been more mad greed and reckless folly concentrated in the 'Kaffir Circus' at home than the world has seen since the South Sea days. Anything African put on the market was taken up with a rush, and the bigger the premium the greater the rush. Besides the gold-mining companies, there are companies for buying and holding real estate, for exploration, for lending, and for a variety of other purposes, including, it is to be feared, the purchase of much that is worthless, and the promotion of a good deal that must be profitless. Even among legitimate enterprises, the manner in which the various cliques have re-bought and re-sold their own companies among their own companies—subdivided, amalgamated, consolidated, and separated—is something quite bewildering. 'Claims' acquired for, say, £6000 have, in the course of these transfers and elaborations, in an incredibly short time reached the capital value of £120,000, or more, almost before a hand's turn was done on them. If a good property adjoins a bad one, the way to get rid of the bad one is to amalgamate it with the good one and float a new company to acquire both at four times the original capital, and so on.

Once the arena of speculation was transferred to London—with ramifications to the provincial exchanges—nothing could satisfy the greed of the speculative public. Large operators and

small gamblers alike seemed to lose their judgment and to swallow in blind faith anything that came out of Africa at any price. Then France caught the infection, and the small French investors, as well as the dabblers on the Paris Bourse, swung round from Egyptian and Spanish securities to African (and afterwards Westralian, though to nothing like the same extent) gold shares. The extent to which France went into these shares during the fever of last summer cannot have been less than 70 millions sterling, and indeed by some has been computed at 100 millions. Yet only two years ago the capitalised value of all the Witwatersrandt companies was under 18 millions. A year later, namely, at the end of 1894, it was 55 millions, though not more than 1½ million had meanwhile been paid in dividends. This year, such has been the inflation that at one time the capitalised value of all the South African companies (including Charterland, &c.) was as high as 300 millions! There has been a set-back since, but the inflation is still enormous, for most of the companies have not yet paid any dividend at all, and it is doubtful if the legitimate profits of all of them together will this year exceed 2½ millions.

The latest estimate of the gold resources of the Witwatersrandt is that, if mining can be prosecuted to a depth of 5000 feet or so, something like £700,000,000 of gold should be obtained within the next fifty years, at a cost of about £500,000,000. This would leave a clear profit of £200,000,000 in fifty years on a capital (taking the mid-October market valuation of the Witwatersrandt group alone) of £150,000,000. This is little more than 2½ per cent., even supposing all the expectations of 'deep-level' mining are realised, although there is no experience to guide. Is the game worth the candle?

## THE FORGED MADONNA.

### CHAPTER II.

It was as Elsie Maynard had said then, and very soon old 'Tonelli stood before them, the desponding, worn-out artist, and his still more hopeless wife. With him came a lad bearing something carefully hidden from sight by a faded green baize wrapper, which, after he had dismissed the bearer, the dealer proceeded to unfold.

'There, there, that will do, Seppo; I shall not want you again: you may go.' Then carefully closing and fastening the door, he turned to the waiting pair.

'Ah! signor, you see this time it is I who come to you. Body of Bacchus! but how I was grieved to'—here the wrapper fell to the ground, disclosing the beautiful Madonna and a duplicate carefully chosen panel—'to—not buy what you last send; but indeed no, it was impossible. But now I have come to give you—a little—commission, a— But what is the matter? You are not well?'

'Oh! it is nothing: I—I am a little tired with my walk, that is all.' For at the magic word 'commission,' the artist's eyes had

brightened, and a faint flush had stolen into his wasted cheeks.

'So—that is well—because'— And the old man glanced doubtfully back at the painter before half to himself he murmured: 'Still, there is none other who can do—just what I require. And you—you must do your very best; must paint as you never did before; as only you can, when you will. And see here'—he turned to the wife, who had remained standing with her hands nervously locked together, trying hard not to show her mingled anxiety and relief—'here is money; go, get wine and food. He will need all his strength to do—but you—you understand—go.' And he pushed her gently from the room, then went back to the waiting man once more.

But the mere prospect of work had been enough to put fresh life and strength into the trembling limbs. Looked at now, he was transformed from the poor heart-broken wretch of the moment before; his eyes sparkled, while the hectic flush deepened on the hollow cheeks, and he half rose from his seat to say: 'Ah! the great Andrea's Madonna; you wish me to copy you that. I have studied it, once before; but—how is this? It is changed—altogether. Is this really the'—

'The great Andrea del Sarto. Of a truth, yes. This is the great original. I myself have cleaned and restored it—have worked a miracle. It is fresh, and almost new. And now, this time, you must paint every line, every detail, every colour, so exact, that were the artist here himself, he would not know which was his own; you—understand.'

And there was a curious intention audible in old 'Tonelli's voice, and a world of meaning in his expressive eye such as startled Maynard for the moment, as the wily one ran on:

'Do this—paint as you alone can—and I—yes, I will give you two hundred English pounds.' And he finished by looking full into the other's eyes.

'Two hundred pounds,' repeated the painter weakly as he sank back in his chair. 'Two hundred'—

'Yes; but mind you, they must be so alike, that no one—not me—not even you—can tell them, the one from the other, apart. Not merely the figure, but every little flaw, mark you, must be exact; you—understand.'

Maynard sat looking back into the cunning eyes as though fascinated by them. It was quite true, he did understand sufficient of what underlay the spoken words to guess that something must be wrong, for never before had the dealer approached him in so strange a fashion; while the very price offered, proved the greatness of the emergency. True, as 'Tonelli had said, he knew of no one who could so exactly do what was required as he, Maynard, could; who had qualified himself by long and patient study, almost, as it would appear, for this very task, but—and a horrid, sickening doubt seized upon and shook him—what if he should have to refuse, after all? What if this offer—which meant to him and his poor wife salvation—what if he could not, dared not, accept it?

And as though in answer to the doubt the old picture-dealer seemed about to speak, pos-

sibly to explain, when back came the wife laden with supplies, and he merely exclaimed with much satisfaction: 'Ah! that is good! excellent! Here—drink this!' as he poured out a large glass of wine.

The wine was not a bad Chianti, and in his weak state the artist quickly felt the reviving influence, and together with the food he swallowed he was soon wonderfully strengthened and refreshed.

'Ah! that is indeed well!' repeated the provider of the feast, entirely pleased with the result. 'Now you are more yourself, and remember, you will have to keep up your strength, for you must work night and day. In five days from now the picture must be finished ready for the frame; when I, Tonelli, I will do the rest.'

'Right, Tony; thy bidding shall be done. But you must have been in luck to find anyone ready to pay so much for a mere copy,' the artist returned, forgetting all his weakness, and his previous doubts, in the prospect of work well paid.

'But I thought I had said this must be no—mere copy. It must be the thing itself.'

'Rather a large order, eh, Tony? However, the price will serve; and he will be a clever judge who shall tell the one from the other; that is, if I know myself, or if'— And before the eloquence of the other's glance the artist suffered a relapse into his previous state of doubt.

'There must be no "ifs." You can do it, if you will; while for me, my task is all the easier since I the first one have so recently restored. Who is to know? It is clean and fresh now—the colours bright, and all that is so much in our favour: for the rest, you have but to use—this.' He pulled out a flask from beneath his vest containing a colourless, syrupy fluid. 'Use no other "medium" save this; mix all your colours with this, and in three days I promise you they shall dry hard and fast as though they had been laid this three hundred years.'

'But'—

'You have not used it before. That is no matter. It is a famous vehicle; trust me. It is my own; as easy to work as any "gilt" or varnish of them all.'

'But why such haste—why must it dry so fast? It may affect the colours, or'—

'Not so: it will merely give them age; for, remember, there is no time to lose. In seven days the picture must be done, and in eight it must be three hundred years old.' And again a glance charged with hidden meaning shot from beneath the shaggy, overhanging brows.

And again the artist felt his heart sink within him; but he would ask no more, for—two hundred pounds meant life and health, and it was a terrible temptation.

Tonelli he knew more as a hard taskmaster than as a dealer in bric-a-brac and works of art—a business in which to be honest is perhaps as difficult as in the most. Possibly, all that could be said for him was that he would be honest—if he could not do better; so that this was no mere commission for a

copy, well understood, and to be accepted as such: he had an uneasy consciousness that the sum offered deepened almost into certainty—but what of that? He was in a corner—was too desperately driven now to stick at trifles; while, after all, he did not, nor need he ever, really know. As for the rest, as he had said, that was Tonelli's own affair. For himself it meant the cup of water to one perishing in a thirsty land—truly was it life to the dying—and he would be a fool—nay, a criminal—for Elsie's sake, to put the chance aside.

Never had he lent himself to such a thing before, and would infinitely have preferred to keep clean hands; but there—the less he thought of it the better. It was merely the ordinary cruelty of life. Nothing ever came in this world just as one would have it. And anyhow, this was his one way out. It did seem a pity, but it might not be so bad, after all. How did the proverb run? *Sempre il mal non vien per nuocere* ('Misfortune does not always come to injure.')

And in his debate he got up and began to pace the room, followed by Tonelli's watchful, crafty eyes.

'You doubt still, Signor Maynardo. Is it that the price is not enough? Shall I go with it to some other?'

'You have said there is no other—can do exactly what you want,' rejoined the artist tartly, but turning towards him all the same.

'Ah! perhaps, but—listen: I will tell you what is between ourselves—what you must never tell again.'

And Maynard listened helplessly, longing, but not daring, to bid him stop and leave him to his pretended ignorance. But no, the old fellow hesitated for a moment, then went on more confidently with his compound of truth and falsehood.

'Supposing that I told you I have a customer ready at a fair—nay, at a good price, if you will, to purchase—this'— And he laid his hand on the picture which he had placed on the artist's own easel.

'But surely, that is not'— began Maynard, then stopped as he suddenly remembered: 'Better not to know—more than he chooses to tell; and, if I am to do—what he asks, as I must—still better to believe—all I can.'

'You are too hasty by far. The picture is not mine. So much you and I both know full well; but'—this slowly and impressively— 'what if the nuns up there were willing to part with their treasure, and fill their treasury at the same time; to let it go—for a price; and always providing the act was not known—and if you paint the—the substitute—who is to know? It is true the colours will be somewhat fresh, but I can see to that; besides, it has been cleaned: I, the famous Tonelli, have restored it.'

'H'm! rather a curious, not to say complete, restoration,' interposed the other, but feeling relieved; for if that was the most, surely he need not hesitate to do what was required. 'And anyhow,' he murmured: '*Se non è vero è ben trovato*.' And with that, what with his weakness and the wine he had swallowed, leaving him scarcely master of his judgment,

he finished by bidding the tempter send him what he needed in the way of brushes and colours, then showed him to the door.

And after the colours arrived, Maynard worked on far into the night. As 'Tonelli had said, if the picture must be ready, there was little time to lose. But towards two o'clock the first excitement died away, and, terribly weary and exhausted, he lay down for an hour or two's sleep, first cautioning Elsie to wake him at five.

At seven she really did so, not finding in her heart to disturb him before. But by then breakfast was laid, and she dared not longer delay; so woke him reluctantly, with an anxious heart: after which he painted steadily on, with short intervals of rest, all through the long summer's day.

He was always a rapid worker, and by night the picture began to show signs of the order that soon was to issue from the seeming chaos: through having studied his subject before, he was able to go more directly to work, brushing in the broader effects with a bold, sure touch, and leaving all detail for the later paintings. To Elsie he remarked later, as she stood by him with his neglected supper:

'Odd I should have been so struck with this particular thing before. Considering what an influence it will have upon my life, one could almost believe there was a fate in these things. Nothing seems ever quite thrown away, or to stand by itself, but always to be part of the great web of life—when one can see the whole, that is; though, in my great despair at the seeming deadlock yesterday, I little thought of what would be the way out.—Rest—no, I can't afford to give up yet. I must make quite sure.'

'But think, dear, how weak you still are! What if you should break down for want of a little care?'

'I must risk that, I suppose, though hope has given me a new strength. Somehow, it is borne in upon me that I shall finish it; and, do you know, Elsie, if there is anything of the kind that hard work and previous study will not explain, I feel almost as though I were inspired. I have never done anything half so good, or worked with greater certainty and ease. The great master himself might be guiding my brush and arranging my palette. I have a sort of instinct for the exact colours that never fails me.'

And really it seemed as though it must be so, as on the fifth night he lay down with the picture so well advanced that, as old 'Tonelli himself observed, there was no longer any fear.

Something else that the old man let fall, however—only a word dropped in his excitement—checked the successful painter's exultation, and set him thinking; and whether from this cause or not—who can say?—but that night he had a dream.

He thought he was once more in the little chapel—perched so high on a projecting spur of the Apennines—kneeling before the flower-decked shrine, while from above there gazed down at him the mild, sad eyes of his own Madonna, full of a terrible reproach. Eyes that

appeared alive and to look out and through the picture as from behind a mask, and that caused his heart to fail him utterly and turn, as Scripture hath it, to water in his breast; so wistfully upbraiding, so tenderly eloquent were they in their expression of a deep and abiding distress. What did they—what could they mean?

For some unexplained reason he kept the knowledge of his dream from his wife. It was no use troubling her—though why she should be affected he would not clearly own—but brooded over it in secret, all the long day; while still the inspiration held, and he painted both rapidly and well, to again fall asleep and have the dream repeated. But this time the whole face appeared alive and still more eloquent with its mute appeal. A silent message that would not be denied, but made itself felt and understood; exactly how he could not well define. And so strong was its influence that it woke him from his uneasy slumber as though an actual voice had called him.

Woke him to an agony of doubt; a silent conflict that lasted all through this, the seventh and last day. And as he still painted moodily and desperately on, under his brush there grew the exact expression borne by the picture of his dream—a true *Mater Dolorosa*, with a face whose haunting loveliness ate into his heart, and set him palpitating and longing for release from this sudden, awful conviction of his sin. For, let him strive to close eyes and ears as he might, he knew now that old 'Tonelli lied, and that, although he might be the instigator, yet was his the real sacrifice.

And as evening came on, and the last touch was given, he sat before his work, unable to meet its ineffable air of condemnation: the conviction strengthened and gripped him as in a vice, letting him know no peace.

So torn and tossed about had been by the throes of his inward debate, that anxious Elsie could not but see that something was seriously wrong, nor yet avoid noticing that he had been able to eat scarcely anything through the day; but she said nothing of her fears, not even when dropping his paint-stained palette and brushes with a low inarticulate cry—almost as of an animal in pain—he fell back in his seat with his hands pressed closely before his smarting, burning eyes.

Still he never spoke, nor even signed an answer to her wild entreaties, her pitiful inquiries, as to what could be the matter—forced from her by his long-continued quietude—until she helped him, finally quite worn out and utterly prostrated, to their wretched pallet of a bed.

So worn out and so utterly prostrated was he as almost immediately to fall into a heavy but uneasy slumber, from which he did not wake until long past noon the following day.

Spite of his long rest, he was pitifully weak and low, could scarcely raise his head from the pillow where it lay; but as Elsie held the cup of strong restorative to his reluctant lips, he tried his best to please her by sipping a little, then pushed the remainder gently aside. He felt as though it choked him, and he was too full of his new resolve to longer postpone telling her of his decision.



'Elsie!' he murmured, while a world of pitying tenderness shone from his eager eyes. 'Oh! how am I to tell you?' he broke off with a groan; while she, full of a sudden fear, reassuringly pressed his hand. Soon he recommenced: 'Oh! my dear, listen to me and have patience. Bear with me, Elsie, for I have been weak, shamefully weak; and in my great desire to save both you and myself, have given way before this terrible temptation, all the more insidious because so subtle; but I know now that I was wrong every way. I have learned the truth in a dream—if dream it really were;' and he glanced half doubtfully at his wife, over whose face had fallen the shadow of a coming trouble, before he went on: 'This picture that I have painted was to be used as a cheat, a fraud—a lie. And oh Elsie! I guessed the truth from the first, but I would not let myself believe. It is no use fighting against it any longer; the truth has prevailed. Spite of myself, the work of my own hands has convinced and convicted me. You have but to look on my Madonna's face to read my condemnation there. You will see it as well as I.'

He paused for breath as his wife sank down by the bedside and rested her burning face against his hand.

'Not only that: she came to me in a dream. For the third time I was in the little chapel, kneeling before the shrine, above which hung the picture—not the true one, but the false one I had painted—and the eyes looked down on me with such an intensity that the reproach burned into my soul; and although I could not bear it, my heart was hardened, and I still refused to understand. But this time I heard a voice which filled my ears with its clear vibrating tone until I shook and trembled, "Whoso shall seek to save his life, shall lose it." And with that my eyes were opened. And oh, Elsie! my poor dear—not even for your sake can this thing be.'

Still she made no answer; only now her tears flowed freely over the fever-wasted hand. Once she moaned slightly, as though in pain, and the sound startled him from his own pre-occupation.

'Oh Elsie! try—try not to make it harder than you can help.'

And at the cry she answered him in a voice all broken by her sobs: 'Oh Geoffrey! it is not that. You—you don't know the worst. It is I who have done this shameful thing, I who—oh! listen, Geoffrey, while I try to make you understand. I too feared the very worst—that there was something wrong about the picture; but—I let you go on; not daring to ask, or object, or say a single word, lest my fears should prove reality, and the work that was to save your life should prove only your dishonour.' She stopped, too much agitated to finish.

'There, there, dear—don't cry. It is late—but not too late. For this wrong—we must let it go no further; and for the rest—we must bear it—as best we may.'

She gave a gasping, shuddering cry before, breaking out afresh, she began: 'Oh! even now you don't know all! But you must—you shall.

Oh Geoffrey! what can I say to help you to forgive me! It was for you alone I did it; but spite of what I knew and feared, I—I wanted to put the deed beyond recall, and—may Heaven forgive me—I—I let the picture go.'

'You—let—the—picture—go!'

'Yes—while you were asleep. It is too late now! 'Tonelli' was here himself last night. He brought the money and took away the'—

But Elsie was interrupted by a deep hollow groan from her husband, and looking up at the sound, she saw him with his white drawn face lying fixed and still against the scarcely whiter pillow.

Plainly the news, together with the terrible strain of the week's overwork, had been too much for his enfeebled frame, and he had fainted; and in a perfect frenzy of alarm she ran to the cupboard for the brandy, which of late she had always kept ready to her hand.

Slowly he opened his eyes, but half vacantly, as though even then the soul had hardly yet come back, while he murmured softly, and more to himself than her: 'No—one may not do evil that good may come. I was wrong—for really, and in my heart, I knew the truth all the time. And this—this is my punishment. One cannot set bounds to one's evil-doing, and say—thus far, and no further will I go. I gave way before temptation, and now, when my eyes were opened, and I would have turned back—it is too late—too late!' And as though echoing another voice: 'He that would save his life shall lose it;' he repeated then, more wildly: 'I have sold my soul to Satan—where—where is the price? We—we must not touch it, Elsie, though, without it, we must starve. No—it will drag me down—down—when I am gone.'

And with that he turned his face to the wall.

#### PARROTS I HAVE KNOWN.

HAVING lived with parrots considerably more than half my life, I have ventured in these pages, out of respect to the sacred memory of the dead, as well as in honour to the living, to set down some short account of the three venerable birds with whom I have been privileged to be on terms of personal friendship. I need hardly premise, having entered upon such a task, that nothing shall be set down that has not actually taken place: I guarantee that in no case shall veracity be sacrificed for the sake of effect; and if occasionally these my feathered friends be found to have expressed themselves in language more plain than polite, this, I feel sure, will be pardoned them.

The first parrot whom it was my privilege to know resided in the house where I was born. He was an extremely handsome bird, and his plumage was always in beautiful condition. He was, moreover, blessed with an exceedingly good temper. It is true that tradition said that in his early days he had been addicted to swearing—a bad habit picked up

during his voyage to this country from his sailor companions—but words of such a character had happily quite faded from his memory by the time when I first made his acquaintance. By that time, indeed, he had got so far as to occasionally become pious, so pious that he had to be removed from the room at the time of family prayers, as he was prone to exclaim 'Let us pray' at inopportune moments, and would occasionally even repeat about half of the Lord's Prayer. The indignity of banishment from the dining-room to the hall on such occasions weighed heavily upon him; he resorted to a mean revenge, which proved so successful that he must often have chuckled over it to himself. One night, in the middle of the evening devotions, the sound of the street door latch being unfastened, caused the hasty exit, amid general alarm, of the family. No one was at the door, but some nights later the alarm was repeated; it became common at prayer time, and it was not until some time afterwards discovered that the prayerful exile had endeavoured by this very successful ruse to draw attention to the indignity of his position.

Parrots are not above availing themselves of artificial means, when they think it necessary, for the proper reproduction of a particular voice or sound. For instance, in order to obtain the resonance of tone required for the successful imitation of the deep voice possessed by the master of the house, this particular bird would invariably put his head into his empty or half-empty seed-tin, a method of voice production he was never known to adopt at any other time, or for the imitation of any other voice or sound. He thus succeeded in producing a very perfect imitation, and his orders (always most peremptorily proclaimed) were occasionally mistaken for those of his master.

On one occasion a friend had arrived unexpectedly from the country, when the family were out of town; only the master of the house was at home, and he was also going away the very evening his friend arrived. The visitor was, however, asked to remain for the night, an offer which he accepted. The following morning, to the disgust of the servant who was engaged in her work, he appeared early upon the scene, inquiring for her master. 'Master went away last night,' she answered. 'Impossible! Why, I heard him call for his hot water and his boots this morning,' cried the astonished guest. 'Oh sir, that was the parrot,' answered the servant.

The bird sometimes uttered words in season. His owner was a clergyman with a curacy at the East End of London. When the rector made his first call, he was shown into a room where for some minutes he and the bird were alone together. On the entrance of the lady of the house, her visitor at once remarked: 'There is no occasion for me to ask your husband's views, as your parrot has just greeted me with the words "No Popery for Polly."' The bird had, perhaps not unnaturally, an ecclesiastical turn of mind; he would constantly exclaim, in a burst of enthusiasm, 'Long life to Canterbury.' The word 'Archbishop' he left out; it was too much for him. At the same time he could be critical, and when dis-

satisfied with the views expressed upon religious questions, would state his opinion warmly. At the time of the great controversy respecting the Maynooth grant, when party spirit ran high, several clergymen met one evening to discuss at the house where the bird lived the burning question of the hour. Polly was covered over, according to custom, after it became dark, and no notice was taken of him. A heated discussion took place, but after a time a slight momentary pause occurred in the conversation, whereupon a stern voice was heard angrily ejaculating from the covered cage, 'Stuff! Pack of nonsense! Rubbish!'

This parrot much enjoyed being placed on the balcony of the portico of the house, where he would remain for hours, much to the amusement of the boys in the street; but from this coign of vantage the cage had to be removed, as he hailed the passing omnibuses, and persisted in calling for cabs.

All the parrots I have known have been accustomed to pass the night in their swings. From this upper or bedroom story the bird one evening fell suddenly down to the floor of the cage. Though he was not in any way injured by the fall, the shock drew from him the exclamation, 'Oh, good gracious!'

A friend living in the neighbourhood used to pass the house as he went to and fro to his daily occupation; he was in the habit of knocking two or three times a day, and, truth to tell, he became rather a bore. One day, when he was giving his usual double knock, Polly exclaimed in a loud and distinct voice, 'There's that Robbins.' It appeared, on inquiry, that the cook, whose duty it was to open the door in the morning, had become exasperated by his repeated visits, and had been accustomed to utter these words when she heard him at the door.

It is, I believe, unwise to feed these birds on hemp seed alone; they certainly should never be given meat of any kind, as all grease is bad for them. Our first bird, however, I must confess, flourished long both on hemp seed and on meat, in utter defiance of any rule of the kind; and I very well remember his angry squall at dinner time, repeated until a bone had been given him to pick. In spite of this diet, his feathers were always in beautiful condition, and up to the day of his death his gray and red plumage was charming to behold.

There was an old factotum in our family who used to sew for us, and who occasionally spent several weeks at a time at the house. She was somewhat of a character, had been married three times, and to distinguish her second dear departed, was in the habit of calling him 'my middle husband;' old maids she naturally did not approve of, remarking that they were the only things not prayed for in the Litany. The old woman was very deaf, and much shouting was needed to make her hear. One day many vain efforts were made to induce her to do a piece of work in a particular way, but she could not or would not see what was wanted, and at last in despair the lady of the house remarked to the nurse, 'Oh, never mind; when she is gone, it must

be altered.' 'Ah,' remarked the parrot, in a loud clear voice, 'there's no fool like an old fool.'

This bird lived with us for about thirteen years, and his death was caused by a cold. He had accompanied us for a summer holiday to a cottage in Surrey, and one day was unwisely hung up in a draught between a door and a window. The cold ended in inflammation of the lungs, and after lingering for nearly a week, he died; his last words—addressed to his mistress—were, 'Kiss me, Emily.' Much grief, I need hardly say, was felt for his loss; he was carried to his grave wrapped in a little flannel gown, and carefully buried under an evergreen at the end of the lawn.

Our second bird had belonged to my grandmother, and after her death spent the last two or three years of its life with us. Our first pet had lived at my grandmother's house for a few weeks before it finally came to ours, and she had grown so attached to it that, when it left her, she purchased a bird of her own. This bird was gray in colour, with a red tail; but while Polly the first was the proud owner of beautiful plumage, Polly the second had acquired the bad habit of picking out his feathers, and the consequent loss of his waistcoat gave him a very shabby appearance. Of course the dealer who sold him declared that this was but a passing disfigurement, and that all would soon be right; so he came on approval, and soon became so great a favourite that he remained permanently, though to his dying day his appearance never improved. Curiously enough, this parrot at no time ever suffered, as might have been expected, from lung disease; like the other, he was a clever talker, but his temper was not of so amiable a character—possibly his want of feathers irritated him—but some of his utterances were much on a par with, and as equally to the point as those of his predecessor. The habit, so noticeable in birds of every description, of remarking the flight of time, was in this one very remarkable. At six o'clock in the evening, as soon as the clock struck, his usual habit was to exclaim, 'Put me to bed;' and if no notice was taken of his request, he uttered unpleasant screams, and on being told to be quiet, would reply, 'Why don't you put me to bed?' The cover having been placed over his cage, he would immediately exclaim, 'Now put little Dicky to bed.' 'Little Dicky' was a canary who lived in a cage which hung above his own. On one occasion, when placed one summer's day at the open window of his home, he much offended an old lady who was passing, by calling out loudly, 'Who are you, you old guy?' She knocked at the door and scolded the servant, insisting that some one had deliberately insulted her.

The parrot had on one morning been given a bath, or, in other words, the garden watering-can had been turned upon him, and was placed in front of the fire to dry. There were two small kittens who also liked the warmth of the fire, and who were sitting one on each side of the cage. The bird walked first to one side, and looking down out of the corner of his eye, inquired, 'Are you a good boy?' Then he sidled across to the other end of his perch

and said to the other kitten, 'And are you a good boy?'

One day two children of our family visited the house, and when alone amused themselves by mischievously pulling up some tulips, which grew in a pot in the room, by the roots, afterwards carefully replacing them. A little later, Polly's master, to whom the plants belonged, came into the room, and immediately exclaimed, 'Oh, look at my tulips; see how they are growing.' Polly at once uttered two words, and only two—the reader will forgive their rudeness, they were so much to the point; they were, 'You ass!' I need hardly say that some time elapsed before the owner of the tulips was made acquainted with all the particulars of what had happened.

Our third parrot was the present of a kind friend in the summer of 1877, having been brought from Africa only a few months previously. Her plumage is the same in colour as were her predecessors. She was, when she first came, evidently a young bird, and has grown since we have had her. In spite of her eighteen years, there is no sign of age about her; she sings, dances, climbs, and whistles with all the vigour of youth, and though perhaps smaller in size than the other two birds, is quite as noisy. In many ways she is, however, very different from them, being, for instance, much more shy in the presence of strangers, before whom she will very rarely talk at all, and is more curious in her habits, taking great fancies to some people, and decided dislikes to others. She has an unpleasant habit of sometimes wishing visitors good-bye when she does not approve of them. She also, if she cannot get what she wants, gives angry whacks and double knocks upon the tin floor of her cage. Nothing appears to delight her more than mischief. She positively revels in it, and to get hold of anything she ought not to have is unmixed joy. Evidently the bird has been at some time very cruelly treated: for many months she was terrified at the sight of a man or a boy, and for years a broomstick was an object of horror to her. Since getting over this fear, she has shown a decided liking for the sweep and the coalman, and the latter has left the house with the bird wishing him pleasantly good-bye and affectionately requesting him to kiss her, which gives rise to the question whether she may have had, in her African past, a kind negro friend. Any one who has ever had opportunities of studying the parrot tribe must have been struck with their extraordinary gift of memory, so long ago observed by Plutarch.

At the early part of her first winter with us she had a severe illness, and at last became so weak that she remained at the bottom of the cage. Frequent doses of brandy-and-water put to her beak in a marrow spoon revived her, as did also the warmth of the fire. Polly seemed greatly to enjoy the alcohol, and for the benefit of birds similarly attacked, I should strongly advise it. It has often since been given to her when she has appeared weak or out of sorts. Rightly or wrongly, we inferred that feeding the bird on hard, unboiled Indian corn was the cause of her illness. On her recovery, from that day to this she has always soaked her

food in the water tin; the success of which led her at one time to soak the stones from the gravel at the bottom of her cage. This experiment, however, she soon gave up. We once, indeed, found a black beetle in soak in her tin, but beyond this she has confined her operations simply to her food-supply. The common idea that parrots simply repeat only what they hear, and in nowise alter their sentences, is certainly erroneous; this bird often varies her remarks, sometimes rather amusingly, calling the cat, 'Tom Puss,' and 'Puss Cat.'

It is very curious to observe the peculiar way in which these birds learn their lessons. When a fresh word is being acquired, at first (though not always) the word is miscalled, and the parrot will constantly repeat it, just like a child practising a lesson, becoming perfect by degrees. Then when quite mastered, the word is put away, as it were, at the back of its memory, to be brought forward when required, two or three years sometimes elapsing before the occasion arises. Some easy words it is found quite useless to endeavour to teach the bird; for instance, for years the words 'Thank you' have been said to her when giving her food, but she never has once uttered them on receiving it. On one occasion, though, on seeing some delicacy being given to the cat, she remarked, in a reproving voice, 'Thank you.' Good-morning and good-night are constantly said at the proper times, but a heavy London fog perplexes her; she hesitates which to say, sometimes ending the matter on a dark morning by remarking, 'Good-night.'

Cats have always been a great attraction to her. One fine fellow, who was a great favourite, by name 'Thomas,' she called beautifully, occasionally slightly altering his name to 'Tom Ass.' He has been in his grave eleven years (and here again the curious power of memory appears at intervals); 'Tommy, Thomas,' and 'Poor old Tom,' are tenderly called, often in the fond tone of those who grieve for the dear departed.

A young kitten succeeded Thomas, by name Peter. In early youth he distinguished himself by various tricks, always to his cost, by walking on the top of the cage when the cover was on, having his paws consequently nipped. One very weak moment he ventured to sit down on the top, dangling his fine tail within the bars. Polly, of course, seized a firm hold of it, with the disastrous consequence that bird, cat, and cage all fell down to the ground together.

Another time, when on the table, the cage was seen to move about five inches, the bird having secured a firm grip of Peter's tail while clinging tight to the perch. Years have, however, in a degree brought wisdom to Peter, who is able to measure his distance within half an inch. Still, in spite of this harsh treatment, the cat appears really attached to the parrot, guarding her from strangers of his own family on summer days, when they are both basking in the sun in their London garden. This is more than ordinary kindness, for when the cat steals, a warning cry of 'Peter!' attracts attention; and once, on Puss jumping on to the kitchen table, Polly immediately exclaimed, 'Peter, you are stealing.'

One peculiarity of the bird, which I do not recollect in the former two, is the power of distinguishing each member of the family individually, calling them by their respective names, and this, whether or not she is covered over, or is in the dark. Having lived within the sound of 'Big Ben' for several years, the parrot is fond of copying him. This she does mostly late in the evenings, when the traffic in the streets is quietest. She booms the note quite correctly, occasionally in the interval between the chimes and the first stroke of the great bell, insinuating perhaps the not unfair idea that 'Big Ben' might hurry up.

Parrots are born whittlers; the tearing up of soft wood is to them a great delight. Perhaps exercise keeps them in health. 'Give the bird something to do,' the attendant at the Zoological Gardens wisely advised, and very excellent advice it was. The bird will often demolish a large stick of firewood in one day, but objects strongly to any person seeing the performance. Unless quite alone in the room, she insists on being secluded from view by her cover, and if any one lifts it up to see what is going on, she directly leaves off work, raises her feathers like a turkey cock, and sometimes has demanded in an angry voice, 'What do you want?' The sticks which she is destroying are always cleverly placed between the bars, sometimes upright, so as to get a purchase upon them.

The bird is fond of counting, but cannot go beyond seven. Often when cribbage is being played, she joins in with her figures. Laughing, too, appears to give her much pleasure. Unlike the other two birds, this one has always been allowed to come out at feeding hours, and spends some time at the top of the cage, where she flaps her wings, and then usually descends and takes a promenade to see what mischief she can find to do, finally going in when the food is ready for her. If kept waiting longer than she thinks right, she will call her attendant by name, saying, 'Come along, here, here.' A favourite remark of hers is, 'It is all the same,' spoken in a reassuring voice. Once when a gentleman was fussing and fuming about some business, she aptly answered, 'Don't bother yourself about it.' Also another day she observed, 'You must prove that.'

Like our first bird, she has had also to be banished during family prayers. For some two years or so she remained silent, and then blossomed out, and began to join in and quote the collect, 'Oh Lord, who hast taught us.'

A few words may not be out of place with regard to the feeding of these birds. They should be given plenty of clean water, clean gravel, and a clean cage. When the perch is scrubbed, it should be dried by the fire. Hemp, canary, and millet seed, mixed together in equal parts, is a very good diet. Chillies and the large whole peppers should about once a week be given. Water-cress, celery, mustard and cress, and lettuce are excellent; any kind of fruit in season is good. Orange peel, to pick to pieces, much interests them. Hard-boiled egg, sponge-cake, boiled rice, and biscuits are good food; while for medicines, palm-oil (about as much as will lie on a shilling) and a little brandy in their water tin appears to answer best. Above

all, keep the birds warm, both in summer and winter; never let them be in a draught, and never, unless you wish to kill them, leave them uncovered at night.

### THE LUFFA.

By Professor CARMODY, F.I.C., F.C.S., Trinidad.

PERSONS who object to the slimy condition that so quickly results from the continued use of soap on the sponge or flesh-glove, formerly held in high estimation as an important part of the furniture of the bath-room, will have already become familiar with the above substitute for these time-honoured requisites. The spelling of the word in English is subject to many unaccountable variations. It may be seen as *Lloophar*, *Loofah*, &c., in the shop windows, but never as *Luffa*, which appears to be the best spelling. The word is derived from *louff*, the Arabic name for *Luffa ægyptiaca*.

It is now thirteen years since the writer made the acquaintance of the Luffa in the establishment of an enterprising Glasgow *coiffeur*, and since that time—to borrow the words of a famous advertisement—‘he has used no other.’ Its chief advantages over the sponge are that it lasts longer, and remains perfectly clean, and free from that objectionable stickiness which characterises the best flesh-gloves and Turkey sponges after a comparatively short period of use. Besides this, its roughness causes that healthy reaction of the skin which, according to hygienists, is so essential to the proper enjoyment of the bath, and which has called into existence such ingenious contrivances as flesh-brushes, Turkish towels, tape-woven towels, and a host of kindred scrubbers. It is quite possible to produce a delightfully warm surface-glow in a cold bath by a small amount of friction with the Luffa; and this is an enormous boon to persons fond of cold bathing and yet subject from their use to such unpleasant consequences as chilled extremities. But its roughness is the chief objection which persons—especially those with tender skins—make to its use. When first used, it certainly feels rough, but the roughness soon disappears. And if plenty of soap is used with it, the most delicate skin will suffer no discomfort from the use of even a new Luffa. There are both coarse and fine kinds, and persons with tender skins would naturally choose the latter, leaving the coarser kinds for the pachyderms who prefer them.

The Luffa is generally supposed to come from Egypt; but I have been told that Japan and India now supply the London market. When I came here about five years ago, I was not a little surprised to find a very similar gourd (*L. acutangula*) growing wild, and used almost exclusively, under the name of ‘vegetable sponges,’ for scrubbing floors. Whether they are indigenous to the island or not, I am unable to say. The seeds may have been imported to this colony, and planted by the East Indian immigrants, who number about seventy thousand of the population. It is certain that they are the principal growers of them, and their houses and hedges may commonly be seen supporting the heavy weight of the twenty

or more gourds which the stem itself would be quite unable to bear. When the pods are young, they are tender, and in this condition are said to be eaten by the Indians.

The Luffa is a climbing plant, and, when supported, may reach a length of thirty feet or more. In appearance it is so very like the cucumber that it might easily be mistaken for the latter. The stem, the leaves, the flower, the fruit, are all very similar. When the green skin of the fruit is removed, the fibrous network is found immediately beneath and adhering to it. The skin cannot be removed in this way without tearing the fibre, and it is therefore usual to soak it in soft water, or in soap and water, until it peels off easily. It is then washed thoroughly, to remove the mucilage in the interior of the gourd, and then exposed to the rain and sunshine to bleach.

Other uses to which this material has been applied are (1) As inner soles for boots, for which purpose it has great advantages over felt; (2) As a shape for ladies’ bonnets or hats, which by the addition of a few flowers can be made to look very pretty; and (3) During a visit to London last summer, the writer saw a substitute for a straw hat for men’s wear made from the Luffa and exposed for sale in a large shop in Cheapside. The lining of the hat bears the information that it is manufactured under the protection of a patent. Other uses will probably be found for this fibre, which grows so easily, and can be prepared with so little trouble.

But while it answers these purposes fairly well, its chief use for the present will be in the bath-room, and here its superior cleanliness must ensure for it increased popularity. The Luffa is now imported into England in such large quantities that the retail price of one twenty inches long is about fourpence, or about one-fifth of the price they were sold at ten years ago. The freight from here would cost more than the wholesale price that would be paid for the goods after their arrival in London: such is the result of the constant influx of large quantities of every purchasable commodity through the agency of the giant ships that now seek for cargo in every part of the habitable world. It gives the public the advantage of being able to obtain a really serviceable article at a nominal price.

### THE VALLEY OF DREAMS.

A LILIED stretch of shadowed water-way,  
Cool and remote, unnoticed by the sun,  
Where even Echo sleepeth, silent aye,  
As if her work were finished, unbegun.

Dream-shadows hide within those depths unstirred,  
Dream-voices haunt the drowsy silence sweet,  
And, like the downward rush of startled bird,  
Falleth remembrance of long-silenced feet.

The noon-day passeth unobserved, and lo!  
Unmarked the night descendeth, starry-crowned;  
But still the silence broodeth here below  
Unbroken ever, yet replete with sound.

LYDIA M. WOOD.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,  
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF  
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 625.—VOL. XII. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1895.

PRICE 1½d.

## PASTIME AND BUSINESS.

POSTERITY will with good reason select as one of the most remarkable features of the social history of the nineteenth century—indeed, of the later half only of the nineteenth century—the extraordinary alliance which was brought about between pastime and business.

In the estimation of not merely our ancestors, but of our predecessors of half a century ago, there could not be the slightest relationship between pastime and business. Not only was the contemporaneous existence of the one with the other deemed incompatible with the proper working of the affairs of life, not merely was it inconceivable that the development of a people's pastimes could be an enormous factor in the wealth and weal of the nation, but the two were regarded as absolutely antagonistic, and the pastime-loving nations of the south were pointed to as instances of the corruption and feebleness which naturally were the fruits of such an inclination. The business man of a by no means remote generation had an actual suspicion and dislike of all pastime which necessitated the occasional encroachment upon the working hours of the week, and the absolute refusal of our grandfathers to tolerate any form of recreation upon the one day of rest served to perpetuate the Puritanical Sabbath which had been created more than two centuries before. A pastime-loving clerk or 'prentice lad was regarded as on the high-road to ruin; and we need only turn back to an old number of the *Gentleman's Magazine* to note how strongly and vehemently employers of labour and fathers of sons who had to make their way in the world declaimed against the evil influence on the young mind of cricket matches.

It is frequently shown that in the departments of discovery and invention there is really nothing new under the sun, and the modern schoolmaster abroad can give us chapter and verse proofs of a pre-knowledge, or, at any rate,

a pre-suspicion in past days of the existence of almost every startling discovery and invention of modern times; but there is not one jot or one tittle of evidence that our forefathers ever had the smallest idea that an enormous proportion of the trade of a nation should become dependent upon the pastimes of that nation.

Pastime of any kind—active pastime, that is—was essentially the property of the young and the wealthy. When a youth left school he was supposed to leave his pastimes behind him, and, as we have said, if he afterwards betrayed a sneaking fondness for them, he was regarded as unfit for the business of the world, which was performed in so grave and ponderous a way as to permit no deviation into frivolous paths. In fact, for ordinary men there were no pastimes. The hours of business over, a man either went straight home, or to his coffee-house or club, with the result that gambling and heavy drinking too often occupied the hours employed by the middle-aged Englishman of to-day in recreating his mind and invigorating his body. As for the young men—well, contemporary social pictures sufficiently inform us as to their method of killing leisure time.

Even the sports of hunting, shooting, fishing, and horse-racing, which were termed generally popular, only occupied the attention of a proportionately very small section of the community, and were not conducted on the principles which make them now such invaluable aids to business and trade. Moreover, our province in this paper is strictly that which comprises pastime as distinguished from what is properly called sport.

It is almost impossible to contemplate without a shudder the result of such a phenomenon as the sudden collapse of one of our seven great national pastimes—cricket, football, rowing, tennis, athletics, cycling, or golf. Half a century ago not one of these was deemed of more than transient interest to anybody above the age of a schoolboy, and still less of being a factor of national prosperity. Even golf, which

has only become well known south of the Tweed within the last few years, must be an enormous contributor to the circulation of money, must be associated with the welfare of thousands of families, and, as in the case of only one other sport (cycling), has actually wrought an appreciable change in the aspect of the country itself, inasmuch as it has rescued from inevitable decay more than one English town, and rendered available for man's use great stretches of land which would otherwise have remained solitary and unprofitable.

This process of the resuscitation of a town by an influence which, not so long ago, was actually regarded as evil, is exceedingly interesting, and, so far as we know, has no parallel at any other period of history. As a rule, when a town begins to sink, no human efforts can restore it. There are watering-places which have lost prestige, and which no royal patronage, no puffing, no local enterprise, no builder's genius has been able to restore to their former glory. There are ports to which, once they have been deserted by the current of commerce, no amount of dock and pier and warehouse building can restore their old importance. In a happy hour some enthusiastic golfer discovers that the land in the neighbourhood of the faded watering-place or the decayed port is admirably adapted to his requirements. A club is formed, the land is rented, local labour is employed in the laying out of the links; the players come down, so do their sisters and wives, and cousins and aunts; houses spring up, the old-world inn blossoms forth as a grand hotel, the local tradesmen have something more to do than to stand sunning themselves at their shop doors—in short, a new flow of life sets in, and the old place once more holds up its head.

Those who remember what Sandwich was before the St George's Club came to utilise the stretches of grass and sand which surround it will appreciate these remarks—as also those who knew New Romney before Littlestone was anything but a geographical speck. But such folks are few, not because it is so long ago, but because places like Sandwich and New Romney were, until five or six years ago, the peculiar property of a few antiquaries and artists. And, be it noted, golf has but recently become a popular pastime in the literal sense of the phrase; till of late it was but the recreation of a comparatively small section of the community.

It is when we consider an essentially popular pastime that the influence upon trade is seen to be the most remarkable. If we take cycling, for instance, we find that not only has it created an industry which must give support to many thousands of workpeople, not only has it done for Coventry what golf has done for Sandwich and New Romney—for when the

ribbon trade left Coventry there was nothing but ruin before it; but it has poured fresh, vigorous blood through what were, before the era of railways, the very arteries and veins of our country—the high-roads and by-roads. Just think what this single act of reviving an old road means. Choose any favourite wheelmen's road and try to remember what it was a quarter of a century ago. Take the Great North Road. Except upon market days, one might have travelled any fifty miles along it between Highgate and York without meeting fifty people. The famous old inns were in the condition of the 'Dolphin's Head, by J. Mellows,' as described by Dickens in his capacity as an uncommercial traveller. Towns which literally lived by the road had drifted into a helplessly somnolent condition, from which no apparent human agency could awaken them, and the stranger thereto was stared at as much as if he had been a Highlander or an Iroquois in full war-paint. The highway itself, being of no particular value to anybody since the Great Northern Railway began to whirl the old patrons of the road along at forty-five miles an hour, was allowed to decay, and in wet seasons or snowy weather was well-nigh impassable.

The rage for wheeling produced a rapid transformation. Station yourself at any point you like, and try to count the machines which pass on a fine Saturday afternoon during the course of an hour, and you will soon abandon the task as hopeless. Then, consider that every rider of every machine spends something during his trip, even if it be but the cost of a temperance drink: consider that a very large number of Saturday riders sleep out and make good meals during their journey; that they are constantly spending something over and above their actual travelling expenses; that the wonderful extension of our acquaintance with our own country resulting from these peaceful invasions of it by the inhabitants, not merely of the Metropolis, but of every city and considerable town in the land, has led to the refurbishing up of such local lions as the castle, or the abbey, or the great Somebody's birthplace, or the waterfall, or the view (the inspection of all of which means the expenditure of money), and an approximate idea may be gained of the influence upon national trade which this pastime alone exercises.

What cycling and golf have done for our inland roads and decayed towns and watering-places, rowing has done for our rivers.

The instance of the Thames naturally presents itself first to the mind. Half a century ago, mention of rowing on the Thames was chiefly associated with the river about Hampton Court, Richmond and Windsor, and faintly with Henley. Above Henley one might rusticate at ease, and not the least charm of such rustication was the simple, homely accommodation afforded by the river-side inn. Men who had rowed from Oxford to London were regarded as having performed a feat; and the number of men who made the river their recreation world during the summer, the number of people who owned river-side houses,



and the number of people who owned house-boats, was very inconsiderable.

Nowadays the Thames runs through a world of toilers whose earnings depend entirely upon the pleasure traffic on the river; and the amount of money taken during an average English summer by boat and oar makers, watermen, loafers, innkeepers, lodging-house keepers, town and village tradesmen, and the Thames Conservancy, in the shape of boat-rents and lock-dues, would amaze the statistician. To this should be added, in a general survey of the development of this particular pastime, the increased value of river-side land, and the money which has found its way into the pockets of landowners and builders.

It is only by recalling the state of things so short a time ago as half a century, that we are able fairly to realise what this one pastime has done for the trade of the country, especially when we consider that what is true of the Thames is true of every river which offers even but moderate facilities for boating.

That most universal of all our English pastimes, lawn-tennis—unknown little more than a quarter of a century ago—has now a claim to rank amongst the first of those which materially influence the trade of the country. If we only consider that nearly every house in Great Britain to which is attached a piece of lawn large enough for the game, has its net and its balls and its rackets, the size of the industry created by the invention of the game can be somewhat appreciated. If we go further, and remember that all through India, and Australia, and Canada, in the farthest East and the remotest West, in the islands of every ocean, in the cities and ports of both coasts of South America, and in every part of Europe whither the Briton resorts, the game is played, and the materials for it are shipped from the old country, the only word applicable to the volume of trade thereby developed is 'enormous.'

We may pass athletic sports without comment, as the remarks applicable to the foregoing pastimes are equally relevant to them, and we come to what may be termed the typically national pastimes of our country—cricket and football. Until the beginning of the present century cricket was essentially the game of the people. When George IV. played the game on the Steyne at Brighthelmston, about the year 1782, that *cachet* was given to it which made Strutt say, in 1834, that 'it is become exceedingly fashionable, being much countenanced by the nobility and gentlemen of fortune;' although it was some years before it became recognised as a national or practically universal pastime. Schoolboys, idle men of means, and the peasantry played, but the great mass of Englishmen, the upper middle class, still stood aloof from it. Even when the counties began to measure strength with each other, it was limited to Kent, Surrey, Sussex, and Hampshire; and it was not until within the last half-century that the midland and northern counties adopted it.

Cricket, as played by many, cannot be accounted an inexpensive pastime. With the exception of golf, indeed, it may be considered the most expensive—it being understood that

this paper deals with pastimes proper, and not with sports like hunting, shooting, and fishing. It is, of course, impossible to calculate the average cost of a cricket season to an individual gentleman, including his paraphernalia, his club subscription, his travelling, luncheon, and incidental expenses; but it may be estimated that the daily cost of a match played, even at but a moderate distance from home, cannot be much less than ten shillings.

We may then form some notion of the powerful influence of cricket upon the national trade: the thousands of gentlemen who are playing north, south, east, and west, certainly one day in every week, and very often more, during five months of the year; the large army of ministers to the game—the manufacturers of cricket materials, the ground men, the hundreds of professionals, the caterers, the large number of men and boys who live somehow by the game. We must remember that cricket is played in every town, and in a very large proportion of the villages of England, at any rate every Saturday during the season; that the Metropolis alone cannot provide sufficient space for its players, and that suburban clubs are ready to pay almost fancy prices for good and convenient grounds. We must remember also that cricket has become a feature of the educational curriculum of every school in England, so that, in a school of five hundred boys, not fifty will be found who do not possess cricket outfits of their own.

Add to all this, that although Australia makes her own cricket materials to some extent, the articles requisite for the game are sent out by home manufacturers to every place where the game is played—in other words, to all parts of the world.

If cricket has but comparatively recently become an universal national pastime, it is an old favourite compared with football. Until well towards the middle of this century, the only football played in England was at some, not all, of the public schools, by the Irishmen in Copenhagen Fields, at some village fairs, and, in accordance with an ancient Shrovetide custom, at such places as Kingston-on-Thames, Chesham-Street, Bishop Auckland, and Chester; and it was played in so simple a fashion, and with such crude materials, that there can hardly be supposed to have been any industry worthy of consideration depending upon it.

Strutt, writing in 1834, says: 'It was formerly much in vogue among the common people of England, though of late years it seems to have fallen into disrepute, and is but little practised.'

About the middle of this century the game spread from the public schools into the upper and middle class world—no doubt carried there by old boys of Tom Brown's type; and after 1870 it developed by amazing strides into being what it now is—not merely the pastime, but the rage of both classes and masses, more especially of the masses.

In itself football is the most inexpensive of pastimes, but more money is put into circulation by a big north country or midland football match than by any but the very biggest cricket matches. Taking the first half-dozen matches played in the north, as recorded in one

Monday morning paper, I added the total of spectators as being fifty thousand, every man of whom had paid for admission to the grounds, very many of whom had travelled long distances to see the matches, and most of whom, it may be believed, spent some money in incidental expenses.

The influence of football upon the traffic of railway companies alone must be enormous. Football may be considered a literally more popular game than cricket for two important reasons. First, it appeals far more to the sympathies and the understanding of non-players than does cricket. Second, the crowd gets a *multum in parvo* for its money—a good deal compressed into a conveniently short space of time. The popularity of cricket, from a spectatorial point of view, is limited to three classes of people—players, old players, and picnickers. Hence, ten thousand is a very big 'gate' for even a first-class county match; whereas every Saturday, in the north or midlands of England, there is tolerably sure to be at any rate one football fixture which draws as many people as have made the record attendance at Kennington Oval on the occasion of an England and Australia cricket match. Distance and cost are no obstacle to the frantically enthusiastic partisans of a north country or midland football club: a cup tie will bring excursion trains laden with people from all parts of the country, and these excursions are, it is hardly necessary to say, very rarely undertaken in an economical spirit.

On the other hand, it must be candidly admitted that, great as are the benefits to trade arising from this football mania, there is great danger of the fulfilment of the fears expressed by the *Gentleman's Magazine* correspondent of 1743 with regard to the popularisation of cricket. North country and midland employers of labour have been driven to recognise the fact that the world of their men from the beginning of September to the beginning of May is the world of football. Rather than miss a good match, these men readily sacrifice a day's pay. Immense sums of money change hands over every game, and the mere fact that the players of nearly all our northern association clubs are imported strangers, stamps the game at once as partaking far more of the character of a business than of a pastime, and a business in which the public has as large an interest as the promoters.

This is certainly not as it should be; the game which actually supplants business in the minds of many hundreds of thousands of a nation's population not only ceases to be a pastime, but must sooner or later bring about an actual catastrophe. The base-ball rage in the United States is occupying very seriously the minds of social economists, who view the strides with which it is advancing, and the essentially commercial character with which it is becoming invested, as likely to exercise an unwholesome influence upon the morals and business aptitude of the rising generation. Business in Spain is absolutely subservient to the bull-ring, the result being that the proportion of the trade of the world shared by Spain is infinitesimal.

But no healthier influence can be brought to bear upon a nation's trade than that of a wholesome, genuine pastime; and as, since the

spread of pastimes, there is no sign that aptitude for business has degenerated, it is a connection upon which we may sincerely congratulate ourselves.

## 'SEVEN-UP' BLAINE'S CONVERSION.

### CHAPTER I.—THE BLAINE-HINGSTON FEUD.

TWENTY years ago, in the north-west corner of Arizona, not very far from the Grand Cañon, there existed the Pueblo de la Santissima Maria de los Uniconwicosowas, a Franciscan mission station—a rather extensive name for a community of some five or six score souls. The *pueblo*—an ugly, three-storeyed adobe building, with its pleasant sunny plaza surrounded by olive-trees—still exists, though the number of its inhabitants has dwindled down to a mere handful of shiftless, spiritless, semi-civilised Indians and half-breeds, whose moral and religious welfare is overlooked—literally overlooked—by a sleepy old Spanish *padre*. Since the discovery of silver in the immediate locality, however, the importance of the *pueblo*—if it ever really had any, which is doubtful—has rapidly faded into comparative insignificance beside the growing popularity of the mining settlement which has sprung up, and that delicious mouthful of a name, 'Pueblo de la Santissima Maria de los Uniconwicosowas,' which it was a positive treat to hear the old *padre* roll his tongue round like a sweet morsel, has been all but completely driven out of the market, so to speak, by the less pretentious one of 'New Denver,' as the embryo city is called.

In some mysterious way, New Denver has escaped the almost universal fate of mining camps blessed with even a moderate slice of luck. In other words, New Denver has never been 'boomed.' Consequently it has never been 'rushed.' At the time of which I wish to speak, which is not many years ago, the place was an incongruous conglomeration of frame-houses, weather-board buildings, and adobe, or sun-dried mud, huts. Most villages with which English readers are familiar impress one with the firm belief that they have either been originally built upon the spot they now occupy, or that by the simple process of natural growth they have sprung from the soil in which their foundations are firmly rooted. There was nothing of this sort of thing about New Denver. Taken as a whole, the camp, town, city, or whatever you would care to denominate it, had every appearance of being a job lot of miscellaneous remnants purchased from a second-hand dealer, transported from a distance, and shot promiscuously in a heap out of the wagon that brought it. An irregular furrow ploughed through the disordered mass, up the natural slope, would account for what by courtesy passed muster for the main street. The population would be about fifteen hundred. Of this number perhaps seventy-five per cent. of the male adults were directly interested in silver-mining; a sprinkling got their living honestly in divers other ways; while the remainder was made up of professional gamblers, sharpers, and loafers of a more or less shady character—chiefly more. The most popular building was

a gaudily painted wooden establishment in the very centre of the settlement, 'The Straight Flush,' *alias* 'Fowler's Saloon'; the costliest, prettiest—the only pretty one, in fact—and the most luxurious was 'Seven-up' Blaine's residence, which stood some five or six hundred yards apart from the others, and near the *pueblo*.

'Seven-up' Blaine was the strongest man in New Denver, both physically and financially. On the one hand, he had been known to fell a bullock with a single blow of his mighty fist; on the other, he 'owned considerable' in the richest mine in the locality, the 'considerable' in this instance representing three-fifths of the whole mine. But Blaine's sudden accession to wealth had been powerless to wean him from the habits he had so long been accustomed to. The possession of his half-million of dollars made no difference in his mode of life, save that it allowed him to shower every form of indulgence that money could procure on his motherless daughter. His ruling passion was divided between his adoration for his girl, Cynthia, and his inveterate love for the highly intellectual pastime of 'seven-up.' He spent his money lavishly on the former, and just as freely did he spend his leisure time at Fowler's Saloon, playing his favourite game with any and sundry who could be prevailed upon to play with him. For the rest, Blaine was a thickset, square-built man of forty-two, who could carry his liquor, curse, and fight with any rough in the Western States; and not only *could*, but occasionally actually *did* take a hand in these innocent forms of recreation, much to pretty Cynthia's sorrow and disgust. Great as was the girl's influence in some directions over her doting parent, it was powerless to entirely eradicate from him those vices which through long usage had become to him a second nature. His disposition was a complex one, in which violent likes and dislikes, often prompted by the most unlikely causes, played no unimportant part; and I need only mention that his whole life from infancy upwards had been spent in mining centres, to indicate the richness and variety of his vocabulary of slang.

One morning a prominent citizen of New Denver, who had known Blaine well in the earlier Californian days, and was, consequently, fairly intimate with his family history, sauntered into Fowler's Saloon, and, ordering a whisky-skin, lounged over to the corner where 'Seven-up,' along with Colonel Jefferson and Kansas Simmonds, was manipulating the inevitable pasteboards.

'Say, Blaine,' he observed casually, when the hand had been played; 'wot was the front name o' that galoot wot struck it rich at Snapper's Flat, an' streaked it back east with his pile? I disremember just now; but warn't it Abner—Abner Hingston?'

The remark had an electrical effect on the man to whom it was addressed. He dropped the cards he was shuffling for a fresh deal, and faced round with a savage gleam in his eye.

'Abner Hingston it was—you kin put yer gum-boots on thet!' he exclaimed hotly; 'an' it jest gravels me like tarnation to hear the durned skunk's name mentioned! 'Twas Abner

Hingston's brother, Pete, ez started the Blaine-Hingston row. That was in '53, along of a leetle argyment consekens of a friendly hand at keerds. Which I hev hearn say ez how ole man Blaine was mighty hefty with the der-ringer, but didn't hev no sorter chance of a show, so to speak, consekens of Hingston drawin' iron an' layin' him out afore he'd time to call his hand. In course I was only an infant then, an' couldn't take a hand nohow in these-yer games, but mam, she got married agen—got hitched up to 'Lish Jacobson. 'Lish tuk up the feud on behalf of the widdler, an' bein' a rustler on the fight, an' likewise the wust son of a thief with a bowie-knife that ever drawed breath, he swore he'd drap a slice o' liver with this-yer Pete Hingston ef so be ez ever he sot eyes on him. Which it would be about ten years arter thet we fetched up at Snapper's Flat with the rush, an' the day arter we got thar, I was down to Potter's Bar with a message for 'Lish, when in meanders Hingston permiscus-like. I knowed him in a minute. "Thet's him!" I whispered to 'Lish. "Thet's the bloomin' shrub wot stretched dad!" 'Lish smoked me instanter, an' went fur his bowie-knife, but Hingston see'd his blind an' straddled it, an' reached for his'n, an' they peeled an' jest went in bald-headed.

'By gosh, my gentle gazelles!' went on Blaine, temporarily forgetting his indignation, and waxing eloquent as the incidents of the scene came vividly back to him; 'you'd jest hev admired to see them two tiger-cats go fur one another! He was a bully boy with a glass eye was 'Lish, an' Pete, he warn't no slouch. It was worth shucks, I kin tell you, to seen 'em skirmishin' round an' layin' fur to git a holt. They was on it like Injuns, an' fit like Apache braves, an' nary a one let up till they both drapped—'Lish with his gullet slit, an' Pete with 'Lish's knife up to the heft in his ribs. I *do* think ez how 'Lish hed the best of it ef you reckoned it up by pints, but, howsoever, *thet* didn't amount to the vally of a yaller pup, fur they'd both passed in their chips. Anyhow, everybody ez see'd it allowed ez how it was the purtiest bit of scientific carving *they* ever seen. The sheriff was thar the hull of the time, so thar warn't no durned nonsense 'bout gittin' the thing settled all on the squar, an' accordin' to law. They h'isted the stiffs on to the counter, an' drummed up a jury thar an' then from amongst the spectators, an' they brought in a verdict of "Died from natural causes," which everybody allowed was the only call a sensible jury could make with sech a hand.

'Wal,' he continued cheerfully, 'when the ole woman heerd ez how 'Lish hed handed in his checks, she was tuk alloverish sudden-like with a pesky bad fit of the shivers. They sed ez how the shock hed acted on a weak heart an' she was a gone coon. Howsoever, afore she throwed up the sponge, she pulled herself together an' motioned me to her, an' she sed, with a guggle in her voice—jest ez she mighter been washin' off tailin's in her innards an' spit her chin-music up through the slush—sez she, "Ed'ard Wilkerson Blaine, thar ain't on'y one Hingston (which it is Abner) an'

on'y one Blaine (which it is you) left to carry on this-yer feud. You're on'y a boy yit, but I want you to promise me thet when you grow up you'll whip this-yer last skunk of a Hingston off the face of the airth. Thar's two of our side been laid out—yer father an' 'Lish—an' on'y one o' them. So, d'yer see, countin' corpses they're one ahead of us, an' it gravels yer pore ole mother to think of it. Remember thet when the time comes fur you to stan' up agen Abner fur the reputashun of the family! Don't let him git the drop on yer, fur then they'll hev scooped the hull pool! Jest waltz in fur all you're worth, an' make honours easy! D'yer savvy [understand]?"—"I reckon I git yer drift, an' I'm on it," I blubbered. Arter thet she kinder caved in, an' turned sorter greenish—yaller—gray, like a alligator sick wi' the janders. Afore sun-up she had checked her trumps to thet bourne from which no feller never streaks it back, ez Parson Hoskins used to say, an' we planted her up on the slope, back of Snapper's Flat, in the sandy sile whar it was purty dry lyin', alongside of whar they'd bunched Pete an' 'Lish inter the same shaft.

'Jest about thet time—mebbe in the fall of the same year, or the spring of the next—this-yer Abner struck a reg'lar jeweller's shop an' hunched it back over the plains with more chips'n a mule could tote; an' I hev hearn tell ez how he 'sot up fur a bang-up swell in New York. I never sot eyes on him since, an' the Hingstons is still one stiff ahead on us. Mebbe I ain't so plaguey tetchy on thet p'int ez the ole woman was, but the last wishes of the departed orter be respected ez sacred, an' I would hev played the hand out ef I hedn't sold a clam. Which I might hev follered his trail down east an' wiped him out thar. Howsomever, it ain't no use buckin' agen Providence. In all them years ez is past, from thet day to when we lit on the lode here, flush times was skurse. Times I was nearly busted—times I was wall-broke an' couldn't raise a red cent nohow. So, d'yer see, thar warn't no help fur it—onless, in course, I'd lit out an' hoofed it all the way across the plains an' the Rockies, which I didn't kinder take to thet idea. Beside, wot with their police-patrols bossin' the percession, an' their onreasonable way of administratin' the law—not to mention their tarnation queer an' onconvenient way of treatin' a boy ez has killed his man in a fa'r fight wuss nor a ornery hoss-thief—it kinder 'peared to me thet the climate o' these-yer Yankee parts wouldn't suit a guileless child o' nature ez was layin' with a gun an' a bowie-knife to settle a family grievance. But, boys, hear me, he went on softly, with a meditative smile rippling gently round the corners of his mouth; 'I ain't forgot the last dyin' legacy of a lovin' parient, an' ef ever Abner Hingston comes out west agen, an' I strike his trail, thar'll be the all-firedest, bulliest merry-Moses of a shindy you ever hearn tell on!'

A short silence ensued, during which 'Seven-up' Blaine was chewing the toothsome cud of anticipatory vengeance and triumph, while his auditors pictured to themselves the sanguinary delights of the half-promised treat. Suddenly

he recollected the circumstances that had led him into this long digression. The smile vanished, and turning to the man who had broached the Hingston theme, he demanded curiously: 'Wot you mean, Phil? Say, this-yer son of a swab of a Abner Hingston ain't hustlin' his stumps round these parts agen, air he?'

'I reckon Abner hez quit hustlin' his stumps round any parts. He's dead.'

'Gosh! You don't say! One stiff ahead on us, an' now Abner hez gone up the flume, an' thar ain't no sorter chance fur me to git even with 'em! The Blaines don't 'pear to hev no luck with this-yer feud!' exclaimed the sole representative of that family, as he cocked one eye to take a long shot at the spittoon, and expectorated. Then he absently coaxed one corner of his tangled beard into his mouth and chewed it thoughtfully.

'You're throwin' up yer keerds afore you know wot you've got in yer hand, Blaine,' broke in Phil. 'Mebbe you never heerd thet soon'z he got back to New York, Abner tuk up with a Brooklyn gal an' spliced her. She died, too, six-an'-twenty year since, in givin' birth to a kid—a boy—an' Abner never married agen. While back he tuk to speculatin' in railroads. Did purty middlin' at fust, till he tuk up the 'Oklahoma an' Saintsville scheme, an' was so dead sartin of it turnin' up trumps thet he went his hull pile on it—an' busted! Thet's wot killed him. Howsomever, thar's this-yer whelp—his son—left yit.'

'Whar the tarnal you hearn all this-yer palaver, Phil?' inquired Blaine with no little astonishment. 'You kem in by the las' night's stage from Quartz Rock, didn't you?—hearn it thar?'

'No.'

'Then, mebbe, you lit on some galoot at Fortyfoot ez had tracked out lately an' brought the news?'

'You're off it agen—an' yit you're on it. I rid alongside this-yer Abner Hingston's son on the stage, blamed ef I didn't! He got off the keers at Quartz Rock an' jined the stage, an' we dumped him down at Fortyfoot. A long-spliced, lanky innercent—looked like'z he might be a college-sharp—with a biled shirt an' a claw-hammer coat; an' his hair parted down the middle an' fixed up in bangs on his forehead like a gal's. When he ketched on thet I knowed his dad way back at Snapper's Flat, he spits out the hull family history ez I've telled it you uns, an' sez ez how he had come out to locate in these-yer parts for a spell; though it do 'pear to me ez how the climate'll be a durned sight too hot for him.'

'Which he won't hev no sorter chance to speak on of gittin' used to it,' deliberately added 'Seven-up,' as he drew his bowie-knife from his boot and tested the edge carefully with his thumb before returning it.

Nobody spoke, but every eye was turned curiously on Blaine. Just then the driver of the stage came in, whip in hand, and called for 'three fingers of the divine fluid.'

'When you haul out the Noah's Ark, Jim?' demanded Blaine.

'They're puttin' the hosses in now,' replied

the driver, gulping down his whisky and turning to the door.

'Then you kin put me in the way-bill fur a outside ez fur as Fortyfoot,' Blaine said.

'Wot! Air you on the slay?' inquired Kansas Simmonds.

'Yes, on the war-path! I've chawed the hull thing over in my mind—put it through the sluices an' piped it off, an' it pans out like this: Wot's this-yer young Hingston doin' browsin' round these parts ef he ain't prospectin' round to git the drop on me? It ain't on-reasonable to s'pose he's inherited his share of the feud, an' hates the name of Blaine like pisen. Mebbe he's jest dyin' fur a fight, an' ef thet's so, I ain't onwillin' to accommodate him every time. But, mebbe he ain't aware ez how Ed'ard Wilkerson Blaine is a citizen of this-yer community, an' ef thet's so, then it's wot I calls a speshul providence to enable a pore, lone orphan to pufform his sacred legacy an' make honours easy.'

'Bust me, Blaine! you ain't a-goin' to murder this-yer young innocent ez mebbe never toted a derringer in his life, an' don't know the difference atween a bowie-knife an' a bull-pup, air you?' interposed Colonel Jefferson.

'You jest hold yer hosses a minit, cun'l. Ez fur ez I savvy, 'cordin' to the law of Arizona thar ain't no sech thing ez murder 'bout wipin' a galoot offen the face of the airth in a family feud—speshully when the other side's a stiff ahead on you. 'Tain't murder; it's justice, an' don't you forgit it. No, cun'l,' he said proudly, drawing himself to his full height, and thrusting out his massive chest; 'I reckon thar ain't no man high-toneder in the mines'n Ed'ard Wilkerson Blaine, an' I don't allow to hold with no murderin' or sech-like pesky low games, but you kin bet yer sweet life this-yer durned skunk of a Hingston'll wrastle his hash in kingdom come afore another daylight! Mebbe I never went to spellin'-school, an' mebbe I couldn't straddle some o' these-yer knotty p'int in book-larnin', but I do know a straight flush when I hev one dealt me, an' I ain't sech a blamed, copper-plated idjet ez to fly in the face of a speshul providence!'

As he finished speaking, Blaine left the saloon and climbed up to the box-seat of the stage, which was by that time on the point of starting. The other passengers were all aboard. Jim cracked his whip, and the huge machine jolted and rattled its way down the street, followed by the gaze of the loungers who had left the bar to group themselves at the door.

Phil was heard to chuckle softly to himself as the stage disappeared down the slope, and the sound of that 'audible smile' attracted attention.

'You ain't been playin' it off on "Seven-up" Blaine, Phil, hev you?' remarked Kansas Simmonds inquiringly.

'No, I ain't,' grinned Phil. 'Howsomever, I guess thar won't be no gore spilled this trip. All I telled him was on the squar', but somehow I didn't jest recollect to tell him thet'—

Here Phil's voice dropped to a serio-comic whisper, which was quite inaudible to all save those to whom it was immediately addressed.

A look of blank, incredible astonishment took possession of the features of the little circle of interested listeners; a look that passed by gentle, imperceptible stages into a beaming smile; a smile that quickly widened into a grin so broad that it went all round, so to speak, and wrapped over, and there was sufficient of the material left over to mend with; a grin that grew and grew until it burst all restraint and culminated in a wild, uncontrollable roar of laughter.

'Great snakes!' gasped Colonel Jefferson, who was the first to recover himself sufficiently to speak. 'Durn me ef this don't lay over anything I ever heearn! Let's liquor, boys! Wot's yer pisen, Phil?'

Blaine's picturesque account of the origin and progress of the feud was, taking into consideration the fact that the narrator was a prejudiced party, fairly accurate. The prime actors in the affair were 'forty-niners' of the most approved stamp—hard workers, hard swearers, hard drinkers, and inveterate gamblers. On the day of the inauguration of the feud they had met in a Sacramento gambling-hell to play euchre. Blaine lost heavily, and for a while bore his reverses with fortitude, only drinking harder and cursing louder, as was becoming to a self-respecting 'forty-niner, until, immediately after a fresh deal, the casual overturning of the table discovered the knave of spades serenely reposing on Hingston's knee, and that card chanced to be the right bower. Perhaps it was pure accident that had put the card there—such things have been known to occur—but Blaine did not seem to see it in that light. In the heat of the instant he acted with a lamentable lack of prudence he would in calmer moments have blushed to own to. He vehemently accused his man of deliberate cheating, without adopting the usual precautionary method, then in almost daily vogue, of shooting him dead first. It was the omission of a mere detail, yet, though he only survived a few minutes, Blaine lived just long enough to regret it.

## A FAMOUS PORCELAIN.

ONE of the most artistic and interesting industries in this country is the manufacture of porcelain in the ancient city of Worcester. There is no special local reason for the establishment of such works there, but Worcester has been noted as the home of the famous porcelain for more than a century. It was in 1751 that Dr Wall, a chemist and artist, completed his experiment in the combination of various elements, and produced a porcelain which was more like the true or natural Chinese porcelain than any ever devised. This was the more remarkable because kaolin had not then been discovered in this country. The inventor set up his factory in Worcester, close to the cathedral, and for a long time he produced his eggshell and Tonquin porcelain in various forms, chiefly, however, those of table services. Transfer-printing was introduced later on, and was executed with much of the artist's spirit by experts who attached themselves

to the Worcester works after the closing of the enamel works at Battersen. It was a remarkable century in its devotion to ceramic art; and it was characteristic of the ruling princes of the Continent that they should patronise lavishly various potteries of more or less repute. Towards the end of the century the first sign of this royal favour was vouchsafed to Worcester. George III. visited the factories, and under the impetus given by his patronage, the wares of the city advanced so much in popularity that in the early part of this century, it is said, there were few noble families which had not in their china closets an elaborate service of Worcester, bearing the family arms and motto in appropriate emblazonment. In 1811, George IV. being then Prince Regent, several splendid services of Worcester porcelain were ordered to equip his table for the new social duties entailed by his regency, and one of these alone cost £4000. In the museums at the Worcester works there are specimens of many beautiful services, designed in accordance with the contemporary ideas of pomp and stateliness. The porcelain artists in those days must have been well versed in heraldry; for their chief duties seem to have been the reproduction of crests and coats-of-arms. Some of the services have interesting stories. There is one of deep royal blue, beautifully decorated, and bearing in the centre an emblematical figure of Hope. The story ran that it was ordered by Nelson for presentation to the Duke of Cumberland, and that the figure of Hope was really a portrait of Lady Hamilton. This, however, was an error: the service was ordered by the Duke himself in the ordinary way, and though Lord Nelson did order a service of Worcester porcelain, he died before it could be completed, and it was afterwards dispersed. Another story attaches to a plate adorned with a picture of a ship in full sail approaching harbour. The Imam of Muscat sent many presents to the Prince Regent, and hinted that he would like a ship of war in return. The English authorities, however, did not see fit to give attention to this request, and sent him instead many beautiful things, including a service of Worcester ware, bearing on each piece a scene showing the royal yacht which bore the gifts, entering the cove of Muscat. When the potentate heard, however, that his dearest wish had been thwarted in this way, he refused to allow the vessel to enter the harbour, and all the presents had to be brought back again. The picture on the plate, therefore, is more imaginative than accurate.

The Worcester porcelain began to develop in fresh directions soon after the Great Exhibition of 1851, which gave an impulse to the efforts of the artists, and the decorative side of the work was brought into a much more prominent position. For instance, the 'Worcester enamels' in the style of those of Limoges, were introduced, and an illustration of this work is to be seen in a pair of remarkable vases, bearing enamel reproductions of Maclise's drawings, founded on the Bayeux tapestries. About this time, too, after several years of experiment, the ivory ware—an idea inspired by the lovely ivory sculptures in the Exhibition—was brought

to perfection. It is a beautiful, creamy, translucent porcelain, singularly fitted for artistic treatment, and it is now the most characteristic of the later developments of the Worcester work. In fact, the art directors of the enterprise will not issue now any new wares in the style of those which found favour at an earlier period, for they know that they would instantly be palmed off on the unwary as the genuine products of the bygone times.

To trace the process of the manufacture, from the mixing of the ingredients to the burning of the last wash in the decorated piece, is very interesting. It is a process freely shown to visitors, and forms one of the principal lions in the sober old town which has lain for so many centuries on the banks of the Severn. The materials are brought from all parts of the world. Kaolin, or china clay, which is the felspar of decomposed granite washed from the rocks, is brought from Cornwall, so is the Cornish or china stone; felspar is brought from Sweden, and though of a rich red, it turns white when burnt; marl and fire-clay come from Broseley, in Shropshire, and Stourbridge; flints are brought from Dieppe; and bones—those of the ox only—come all the way from South America to be calcined and ground down. The grinding is a slow matter; each ingredient is ground separately, in a vat, the bottom of which is a hard stone, whereon other hard stones of great weight revolve slowly. From twelve hours' to ten days' constant treatment by these remorseless mills is required by the various materials, some needing to be ground much longer than others before the requisite fineness is attained. It is essential that all the ingredients should be reduced to a certain standard of grain; and the contents of each vat must pass through a lawn sieve with four thousand meshes to the square inch. When the materials are sufficiently ground to meet this test, they are taken to the 'slip-house,' and mixed together, with the clays, which do not need grinding. A magnet of great strength is in each mixing trough, and draws to itself every particle of iron, which, if allowed to remain in the mixture, would injure the ware very much. When properly mixed, the water is pressed out, and the paste or clay is beaten so that it may obtain consistency. Then it is ready to be made into the many shapes which find popular favour.

The process of manufacture depends on the shape to be obtained. A plain circular teacup may be cast on a potter's wheel of the ancient kind. When it is partly dried in a mould, it is turned on a lathe and trimmed; then the handle, which has been moulded, is affixed with a touch of the 'slip'—the porcelain paste in a state of dilution is the cement used in all such situations—and the piece is ready for the fire. A plate, or saucer, however, is made by flat pressing; a piece of clay like a pancake is laid on the mould, which is set revolving on a wheel; the deft fingers of the workmen press the clay to the proper shape, and it is then dried. But the elaborate ornamental pieces of graceful design are made in moulds, and for this process the clay is used in the thin or 'slip' state. The moulds are pressed together,

the slip is poured into them through a hole in one side, and when the moisture has been absorbed by the plaster moulds sufficiently, the piece is taken out. It is often necessary, in making a large or complicated piece, to have as many as twenty or thirty castings. In moulding a figure, for instance, the legs and arms and hands, even the thumbs in many cases, are cast separately, and with many other parts of the design are laid before a workman, who carefully builds up the complete figure out of the apparent chaos of parts, affixing each piece to the body with a touch of slip. When these wares are complete, they have to be fired for the first time; and they are taken to a kiln, and placed with great care and many precautions in the grim interior. The contraction of the clay under fire is a matter to which the designers must give much study; and the change which takes place during forty hours' fierce firing in the kiln is shown by contrasting an unburnt piece and a piece of 'biscuit' or burnt ware, and marking the shrinkage. Your ware must be calculated to shrink only so much; if it shrink a shade further, the whole process may be spoiled. There is a loss of twenty-five per cent. sometimes in these kilns, in spite of the assiduous care of the workmen. When the biscuit ware has cooled, it is dipped in the glaze, which is a compound of lead and borax and other materials—virtually a sort of glass—and then it is fired for sixteen hours in the 'glost oven.' There is no contraction in this ordeal; but there is a risk none the less from other causes. In fact, there is the danger of injury every time the ware goes to the fire, and as the highly decorated pieces have to go to the kiln many times, it may be inferred that the labour of weeks and even months is sometimes nullified by an untoward accident in the burning.

It is during the process of decoration that the ornate vases and figures make so many trips to the fire. The artist department is a very large and important one. The designers, however, are a class of themselves. They project the idea; it is the business of the artist, in these circumstances, to execute it. The painters are taken into the works as lads and trained for the special service. What you remark chiefly in going through the decorating rooms is the great facility of the artists. You see a man with a plate or vase on which he is outlining a landscape, and you marvel at the rapid, accurate touches with which he does the work. Flowers, birds, and figures they can reproduce with great skill, and many of them are artists not merely in facility but in instinct. They work with metallic colours only. They rely on copper, for instance, to give black and green, on iron to yield red hues, and so on; and the gold work is done with what seems to be a dirty brown paste, but is really pure gold mixed with flux and quicksilver. When the first wash is put on, the piece must be fired, so that the colours shall be burnt into the glaze. Then it returns to the painter, who adds the next touches so far as he can; the firing again follows; the piece is returned to him once more; and so on it goes till the work is complete.

It is therefore a highly technical business, especially as the colours change very much in the fire, and the painter has to work with full knowledge of the chemical processes in every firing. There is one form of the decorative process which is very singular—that is, the piercing work. The artist has the vase in the dried state before the firing, and with a tiny, sharp-pointed knife he cuts out little pieces according to the design in his mind, and produces an extremely beautiful perforated ware, the elaborate pattern and the lacelike delicacy of which almost repel the idea that the work is done by the unaided hand of man. In the colour processes, the work is virtually complete when the dull gold has been burnished; and the porcelain is then ready to be transferred to the showrooms, or exported to America, which is the greatest patron, at present, of Worcester art. America, however, failed to retain one lovely vase no less than four feet high, the largest ever made in the works; it was taken to the Chicago Exhibition and back without accident, and was then sold in England for one thousand pounds. It is important to remember the distinction between 'pottery' and 'porcelain': the porcelain is clay purified by the fire, whereas pottery leaves the oven as it entered it—clay. The purification of the ware is really an illustration of the process which sustains the artistic inspiration of the work. The gross, the vulgar, the mean are eliminated; a standard of beauty is set up, and to it every article must conform. It is to this ideal, sustained by a long succession of artists through a century and a half, that Worcester owes its world-wide reputation as the birthplace of some of the loveliest porcelain ever burnt in a kiln.

## THE FORGED MADONNA.

### CHAPTER III.

WHATEVER mysteries attended the further preparation of the picture were known only to Tonelli. He it was who had fetched it away, and he alone saw it for the next two days, until when quite finished, and he compared the two together, he had an inspiration as to the proposed fraud.

At the outset, as he had told Maynard, he had fully proposed—without consulting the owners, it is perhaps needless to observe—substituting the copy for the original over the altar of 'The Sacred Heart'; but when he saw how exact was the duplicate, nay, while preserving the likeness, how infinitely it surpassed the original in the wonderful tenderness and ineffable, yet undefinably haunting, charm of expression—and by comparison reduced the first to almost the level of commonplace—he was more than satisfied, he waxed enthusiastic in his deep, abiding joy.

'Ah! this—is this inspiration. It is great! I did not know he was half so good!'

And straightway he decided, as the American himself would have phrased it, 'to play it off on the stranger.' If an old judge such as himself could not tell the difference—excepting that the new one was if anything the



finer picture of the two—he felt perfectly safe in letting it go. No one, unless they saw them side by side, could ever tell; nor even then could say which was the original and which the copy.

‘For myself, if I did not know,’ he went on thoughtfully, as he put the last touches to the artist’s signature, which Maynard had neglected to add, ‘I should choose—this, of a certainty.’ And on the next day, Monday, the picture was packed and delivered at the American’s hotel.

‘Cute enough in the main, the Yankee was sufficiently wide awake to know that over pictures he was liable to be done. Hence his device of the private mark. That he had been shown an original in the first instance he had every reason to believe; for he had ascertained that it was not hanging in its place in the little hillside chapel, but had been sent to ‘Tonelli’s—this, too, before hearing the old man’s tale, so that he felt entirely easy as to the result, for: ‘I rather guess the old fraud is bound to do somebody over the operation,’ he pensively observed; ‘but, if I know myself, that somebody shall not be me.’

It so happened that amongst his acquaintance staying at the same hotel was an English doctor, and what he did not know about Art, and those ‘early Florentine fellers,’ was in the Yankee’s eyes ‘hardly worth the knowing.’ So that, when the packing-case arrived, what more natural than that the one should invite the other to inspect and criticise his latest purchase.

The lid was soon unscrewed and removed to reveal the lovely Madonna securely fastened to the back of the case, ready for its long sea-voyage. And together they admired—or rather, the *nil admirari* American remained cool and neutral, while the more impulsive Englishman grew more and more impassioned and enthusiastic; until he too was silenced before the marvellous spell of those wondrously expressive eyes.

‘Wal,’ inquired the New Yorker. ‘Seems as though you had kinder dried up, and been struck dumb, all at once. What is it?’ And he gazed interrogatively at his friend.

‘I—hardly—know,’ came the slow response. —‘But, what a face! And above all, what eyes! They look right down into your inmost soul, and make you repent of every sin you ever contemplated, to say nothing of committed; until you downright are afraid and ashamed to meet them. It is the most marvellous effect I ever saw.’

‘Wal, now you mention it, she does seem kinder sad-like and reproachful. So you think it pretty good, eh?’

‘Good is no name for it. It’s exquisite. You have got hold of a gem, a perfect treasure. Strange, too, how pure and fresh the colours are. It might only have been painted say twenty years, while really it must be’—

‘Oh! that’s only old Humbug’s art. He’s what he calls restored it. Why, when I first came across it up yonder, but for the name, I wouldn’t have taken the thing at a gift. Not that they would have parted with it, by the way; for I tried ‘em with five hundred dollars. But ‘Tonelli must have squared ‘em somehow. And it’s not so bad—eh?’

‘Bad! It’s magnificent! It’s far and away the finest thing you’ve got. Why can’t they paint like that nowadays?’

‘Wal, I reckon I’d allow old Del What’s-his-name? to paint me and my wife, if only he were alive now. Guess I’d make his fortune over there.’ And he nodded vaguely to indicate his native land, while he drew near the picture and passed his hand underneath the frame.

‘Mind you don’t—I was going to say, smear the colours—but of course that is too absurd—though the varnish really is fresh.—But what is wrong—scratched your finger with a nail?’

‘Nail be —. Here, just hold her steady—so, while I take out the screws.’

‘You’d much better leave it alone. It would travel far safer as it is.’

‘Travel be’— But the expletive remained unuttered, for the American had turned the picture round and was closely examining the back, while soon he cried: ‘Jumping Moses! If the durned thing is not a fraud—a forgery, after all!’

‘A forgery!—why, how do you know?’

And the Yankee explained, whereupon the astonished Englishman set to work to examine it again.

‘It certainly is wonderfully clean and fresh, for its age; but do you mean this has been painted since you bought it? Well, all I can say is, if the original is better than this, it must be a masterpiece indeed. While, for the artist who could paint—this’—here he took another long reassuring look before he finished with much emphasis—‘spite of the fraud, nothing in the way of fame is too good!’

Even ‘Tonelli, wily old campaigner that he was, appeared disconcerted and thrown off his balance when confronted by the two friends; and after being duly challenged with his attempted imposition and told how he had been found out, he was ordered to produce the veritable and undoubted original.

All in vain for him to shrug his shoulders and wax voluble and deprecatory; he could neither wriggle nor shuffle out of the inexorable Yankee’s grip, whose threat of appealing to the authorities at the church brought him to his knees, and ended by his producing what he assured them was a very inferior ‘copy’ indeed. Good enough, perhaps, for such a poor place as—that—but—oh!—far far less beautiful than the great Andrea del Sarto itself.

All this, and more, he poured forth with the air of truth itself, as the unmoved American quietly showed him his own mark, and ‘knocked the bottom out of the entire lie;’ while the English doctor said never a word, but stood absorbed by the two pictures before him.

Long, long he gazed and noted every detail: each feature was the same; the likeness too was there. Everything but that haunting, searching, wonderful expression; and after satisfying himself of this, in answer to his friend he exclaimed: ‘Forgery, or no forgery, I don’t care a hang! But if you will take my advice you will stick to the one you’ve got. I would not change it for double the money.’

Whereat it was the Yankee’s turn to ‘wade in;’ which he did with a great appearance of indignation. ‘See here, ‘Tony, I must see this

forger of yours, the man who painted this—this fraud, and—if there's justice to be had in this played-out old country of yours, I'll'—

'But, signor, I protest, I'—

'There, that will do. Take me where I can see him right away, or I'll make you sorry you ever tried to palm off such a'—

But the mere threat was enough. 'Tonelli promptly agreed. Why not—and why not indeed? for how could it injure him? And if any one must suffer—why not the artist take his share? So did he lead the way forthwith to Maynard's sordid attic studio.

Looking painfully wan and still, almost ghastly in her pallor, Mrs Maynard opened the door herself; and seeing the three together, she seemed at once to guess their errand. With a quite unnatural calm and an unconscious dignity, due to the complete absorption of her grief, she motioned them to enter the room, when, without waiting for any one to speak, she fetched a small box from underneath the bed, and in a tone which her stern self-repression made mechanical and hard, she said: 'Here is the money. It is all here; every penny. Take it, and—go.'

'But the Signor Maynardo,' objected 'Tonelli, prompted by a glance from the rest.

With a still more striking gesture she swept aside the faded rag of a curtain, and pointing to the bed where lay her husband, all white and still, she exclaimed: 'Why seek to revile the dead? Can you not leave us in peace?'

All three were startled; even the American was at a loss. But the English doctor was the first to recover from the shock. Professional instinct came to his aid, and he moved quickly and quietly to the bedside, where he laid his finger on the wrist, then his hand on the heart, and looked in vain for any sign of life; while the other two whispered anxiously apart, to be still more startled presently by a cry from the doctor: 'Get me a mirror, quick!' And holding the glass to the unconscious lips, apparently he was satisfied, for more briskly: 'Now then,' he exclaimed again, 'I want brandy, and flannels, and plenty of hot water.—Hush! Not a moment must be lost! He is not dead, and please God, we'll have him round and well in no time!'

'If that's so, doctor, why then, as sure as I'm a living sinner, the forger of this here Madonna shall wake up to find himself famous.'

And both were as good as their words.

## DICE AND DOLASSES.

Few of those who toss the dice in the once favourite game of backgammon, remember that they are playing a game at least three thousand years old, and that the dice they use are of fabulous antiquity. Apollo taught their use to Hermes, who afterwards presided over the game; but these Greek gods probably brought their knowledge from Egypt, where dice, and it is said even loaded ones, have been found in very ancient tombs. They were known also in Babylon and Chaldea, whilst in Rome gaming with dice seems to have been universal. The Roman emperors and the nobles played for high stakes, but even the austere Cato did not

condemn the use of dice as an amusement. The Romans had two sorts of dice, one like those in present use, which were called *tessere*, the numbers upon which were written in Roman numerals; and the other *tali*, which were oblong, and only numbered on four sides. A game somewhat similar to backgammon was played with four tali and fifteen counters on each side; the counters were moved according to the throws of the tali. The best throw was called *venus*, when all four tali presented different numbers; and the worst, four aces, called *canes*. In the tali the deuce and cinque were omitted. A fine specimen of a Roman talus, with markings in double circles, the six being at the end, was found in the old Roman Bath at Bath, and with some dice-boxes may now be seen in the Pump Room in that city. Etruscan tombs have yielded dice, one set of which has become famous. The numbers upon these dice, instead of being the ordinary numerals from one to six, were written in Greek letters. In these Canon Isaac Taylor hoped to find a clue to the lost Etruscan language. The Etruscans, like the Romans, used an alphabet derived from the old Greek one, but their language had no resemblance to Greek, or Latin, or any known tongue; and the few inscriptions they have left, being chiefly monumental, have been puzzles to antiquaries and philologists. The dice upon which Canon Taylor expended much research, would, of course, give the Etruscan numerals up to six; but the difficulty was to ascertain with certainty which of the numbers was denoted by any one of the words. The reconstruction of a language from such very scanty materials is a task of even greater difficulty than Owen's famous reproduction of the moa from a single thigh-bone. Happily, the unexpected discovery of a bilingual inscription on the wrappings of an Egyptian mummy in the museum at Agram will probably greatly facilitate the desired result.

The use of dice is very evidently derived from that universal form of divination, the casting of lots. 'The lot,' says the author of the Book of Proverbs, 'is cast into the lap; but the whole disposing thereof is of the Lord,' and this belief of the Hebrew race is shared by all mankind, whether savage or civilised. The medicine man in South Africa tosses the dolasses of his clients, and prophecies, by the way they fall, in which direction strayed cattle must be sought, or where the thief may be found, or the witch who has caused disease or death. The dolasses used for this purpose among the Kaffirs and Hottentots are not dice, but perhaps the earliest of all divining implements, knuckle-bones, which, under the name of astragali, were used for much the same purpose throughout Europe in Roman times, and are now consigned in a state of survival to the games of children, who still play 'dibs' by tossing knuckle-bones, although without any idea of their ancient use in divination. This game, or one very similar, is illustrated in a terra-cotta group of girls, among the Greek and Roman antiquities in the British Museum. But among the Mashonas a different kind of dolasses are used, somewhat resembling the Roman tali; like them, they are oblong, and consist of four to the set. These are not numbered, but carved in knots and scrolls

of different kinds, one especial pattern being a sort of conventional lizard, consisting of parallel zigzag lines, which perhaps may have some connection with rain, as parallel waved lines were used to symbolise water in Egyptian hieroglyphs, and are still so used among the American Indians. Mr Bent, who describes and figures the dolasses of the Mashonas in his book on *The Ruined Cities of Mashonaland*, says: 'On the evening of the new moon they will seat themselves in a circle, and the village witch-doctor will go round, tossing each man's set of dolasses in the air, and by the way they turn up he will divine the fortune of the owner for the month.'

Three oblong dice, resembling the Roman tali, are used in an old Indian game called *chawar*, being a variant of the still older game known as *pachisi*, which is played with seven cowny-shells. Both these games resemble backgammon, and the latter has been traced by Dr E. B. Tylor to America, where, under the name of *patolli*, it was played by the Mexicans before the conquest, and is still played by some of the North American tribes, beans being used instead of dice. Dr Tylor calls this game, in which the oblong dice, beans, cowny-shells, and perhaps knuckle-bones, sticks, or strips of wood were used, and thrown by hand, lot-backgammon, which he thinks was the most ancient form of the game, afterwards developed into dice-backgammon as at present played.

The Indian *pachisi* and the Mexican *patolli* were both played on mats, upon which was drawn a cross divided into squares. The early Spanish writers all describe the game, the eagerness displayed by the players, and the superstitious ceremonies with which it was commenced. The dice are described as black beans, five or ten in number, marked with little white dots. Gamesters are represented as going about with the mat and stones in a little basket under their arms. They would address these things as though they were living beings, offer incense and food to them, and then, after rubbing them awhile in their hands, calling meanwhile upon the god of dice, would throw them upon the mat, give a great clap, and then look to see the points that had come.

From Mexico this game of *patolli* spread under the same name, but with variations in the number of dice used, and the substances of which they were composed, as far north as the Great Lakes. Sometimes the dice were made of elk-horn cut and polished and blackened on one side, sometimes of peach-stones ground down, sometimes of slips of reed or bits of wood upon which different marks were made in black.

'Lot-backgammon,' says Dr Tylor, 'as represented by tali, *pachisi*, &c., ranges in the Old World from Egypt across Southern Asia to Burma;' and he believes that the Mexicans received it in some way from Asia, perhaps by the drifting of Asiatic vessels to California, and that from Mexico gambling by lots spread among the ruder tribes of the north-west, who do not, however, use the mat.

The American Indians, like the Chinese and other Eastern nations, are great gamblers, and often at their tribal dances enter into competition with those who come to witness the cere-

monies, and win or lose a great portion of their worldly possessions. One of their ancient gambling games was played with marked plum-stones, shaken in a bowl, the numbers of marked stones turning up denoting the winner.

These plum-stones, constituting dice, were much used before the advent of Europeans, but are now almost superseded by cards. One use of them, which seems to have been confined to the Sioux, is described in Yarrow's *Mortuary Customs of the North American Indians* under the name of the 'ghost gamble.'

Upon the death of a wealthy Indian, all his property is divided into small bundles, and at the first feast held in honour of the deceased, an Indian is chosen to represent his ghost. This ghost plays against each of the invited guests singly for the property of the dead, and whoever wins against the ghost takes up a bundle and goes out of the tent, making room for the next player, till the whole of the bundles are disposed of. The plum-stones used are seven in number for women, and eight for men. Two are blackened on one side; two are blackened with spots left in the centre, of the original colour of the stone; two have buffalo heads on one side, and a cross on the reverse; and two represent a crescent on one side, with a long line crossed by six shorter lines on the reverse. Only one of the buffalo heads is used by women. There are six winning throws, and five which entitle to another throw. A bowl appears to be used in throwing the stones.

The use of dice, which we have thus shown to have been universal and very ancient, is now forbidden by law; but an exception is made in the case of the favourite old game of backgammon, in which dice may still be thrown as of old, without fear of legal penalties.

The fascination which games of chance have exercised over gentle and simple is well illustrated in the description by Stow of the entertainment given by Henry Picard, Mayor of London, in 1357, when the kings of France and Scotland being prisoners in England, and the king of Cyprus on a visit to Edward III., the Mayor 'kept his hall against all comers that were willing to play at dice and hazard. The Lady Margaret, his wife, did keepe her chamber to the same intent.' The Mayor having won fifty marks from the king of Cyprus, returned him the money, saying: 'My lord and king, be not aggrieved; for I covet not your gold but your play.'

## REMINISCENCES OF THE UMBEYLA CAMPAIGN.

By W. FORBES MITCHELL,  
Author of *Reminiscences of the Great Mutiny*.

ALTHOUGH it was the most sanguinary of our little border struggles, the Umbeyla Pass campaign of 1863 is very seldom heard of. The recent expedition to Chitral bears a strong resemblance to this expedition for the destruction of the Hindustani colony of Mulkah Sitana, established on the confines of Bunair. The force advanced through much the same country and encountered the very same clans, who

then stubbornly contested our march through the Umbeyla Pass.

From my position as commissariat staff-sergeant, I was actually the first European in the field, and the last out of it. On the 1st October 1863, I was directed to proceed from Nowshera to the northern frontier of Yusufzai with a guard of sixty sepoy for the purpose of collecting provisions and fuel for cooking, for both European and native troops at three given points on that frontier, namely, Nawakilla, Permaulie, and Roostum Bazaar. After I had been about ten days out, I was joined by Captain James Brown of the Royal Engineers. The ostensible cause of our advance was to turn out a colony of Hindustani fanatics who had established themselves in a strongly stockaded fort at Mulkah on one of the spurs of the 'Mahabun,' or great mountain. This colony was composed of the remnant of the followers of a certain adventurer named Syud Ahmed, who had collected a large number of Ghazis from the frontier tribes, and from various parts of India, and at one time ruled over the whole of Peshawur and the Yusufzai plains, until he was slain in battle with the troops of Runjit Singh, at the entrance of the Kaghan Valley.

The followers of Syud Ahmed then settled in Sitana, where they remained till 1857, when they were largely reinforced by the fugitive rebels of the regiments which mutinied in Jhelum, Nowshera, Peshawur, and Hoti Murdan. The Hindu mutineers were obliged to become Wahabi Mohammedans, and, of course, were the most fanatical enemies of the British on the north-west frontier. The whole military colony was maintained by donations from bigoted Mussulmans mostly resident in India. In 1858 Sir Sydney Cotton led an expedition against them as far as the Swat Valley; but this expedition only checked them temporarily. Between 1859 and 1863 they made several raids into British territory, and by the latter date they had become so insolent that it was deemed necessary to put them down and destroy their stronghold at Mulkah Sitana. For this purpose a force was assembled at Nawakilla, Yusufzai, on the 12th October 1863, under the command of Sir Neville Chamberlain, the most experienced frontier officer of his time. The force consisted of the 71st Highland Light Infantry from Nowshera, the 101st Bengal Fusiliers from Rawal Pindi, half a battery of Royal Artillery under Captain Griffin, the Hazara and Peshawur Mountain Train, a squadron of Probyn's famous Horse, part of the corps of Guides from Hoti Murdan, four regiments of Punjab Infantry, one regiment of Goorkhas, and the 32d Bengal Infantry; whilst the 51st Europeans from Rawal Pindi formed the reserve. The total force which advanced numbered at first five thousand six hundred men of all arms.

On the 19th October, General Chamberlain

broke up his camp at Nawakilla, and marched for Roostum Bazaar, and thence advanced on the Chumbla Valley by the Umbeyla Pass. This position the enemy had failed to occupy, having prepared for the advance by the Darun Pass, directly opposite Nawakilla. The Umbeyla Pass proved to be about nine miles long, and the road most intricate and difficult; but the enemy being taken by surprise, the only fighting was by the skirmishers of our force who crowned the heights on both sides of the gorge. The main body of the expedition reached the head of the pass, and occupied it without opposition in one march, but neither the artillery guns nor commissariat stores could be got up until the afternoon of the second day; and it was four days before the tents and baggage were all up. During these four days the tribes had assembled in thousands.

The General in command of the expedition discovered that his force, although the pick of the European and native troops quartered in the Punjab, was far too weak to beat back the foe opposed to it, and at the same time keep communications open with the rear. To advance would have been madness; so, under the circumstances, all that the General could do was to stand his ground and keep open communications through the pass for supplies from the reserve at Roostum Bazaar. The force accordingly took up a position on the crest of the pass, built up breastworks, and stockaded the guns in the best positions for defending the camp. Strong outposts were constructed on both flanks, and also stockaded as far as possible. But after a few days it was found that the most advanced flank posts were commanded by strong positions higher up the hills, from which the enemy kept up a continuous fire with their long matchlocks, causing heavy loss to the advanced pickets. It therefore became necessary to storm these heights, and occupy them with strong pickets of both European and native troops. The farthest advanced post on the left had been nicknamed the 'Eagle's Nest,' and that on the right the 'Crag' picket. But neither of these posts could be supported in case of an attack, nor relieved from the main body in the camp in less than an hour.

The hill Pathans and Hindustani fanatics soon proved that they were no ordinary foe. The first determined attack they made on the Eagle's Nest picket lasted for four hours, and the picket lost half its number in killed and wounded. In many instances the enemy leaped over the breastworks, sword in hand, selling their lives dearly among the British bayonets, or seized the rifles by the muzzles, trying to wrench them from the soldiers. But the flank posts were not the only places on which assaults were made. Several determined attacks were made on the breastwork in front of the camp, the enemy charging up to the very muzzles of

the guns, and cutting down the gunners with their sharp *tulwars*, or stabbing them through with their spears. Lieutenants Fosbery and Battye of the Guides specially distinguished themselves, and their names were in every mouth.

Friday was always a favourite day for an attack. The second Friday after the position was taken up, a most resolute attack was made all along the line, compact bodies of the enemy rushing on with spears, swords, and green standards, shouting 'Allah! Allah! Din! Din!' The sword and spear men were flanked by marksmen who, sheltering themselves behind rocks, fired with well-directed aim, thus covering the advance of the phalanx, till they rushed on to close quarters amongst the British bayonets. My readers must remember that these were still the days of muzzle-loaders, and by a determined rush the enemy could come to close quarters before many rounds could be fired. But there was a clear space of about eighty to a hundred yards in front of the breastwork protecting our camp, which was commanded by two guns; and after four hours' savage fighting the enemy were driven back, leaving three hundred dead and wounded on this exposed part. Our loss was one officer and forty men killed and wounded inside the breastwork. Many of these were cut down by swords, or thrust through with spears. At another point a body of European marksmen had picked off one hundred and eighty of the enemy with a loss of only seven of their own number, whilst many more of the enemy were wounded, although able to retreat. I only give the numbers which were left on the ground when the attack was finally repulsed. Up to this time the British loss was one hundred and thirty of all ranks killed and wounded, including four lieutenants.

About this time news came that the Akhund of Swat, at the head of fifteen thousand men, had joined the enemy. The Akhund was both a spiritual and military leader of great repute amongst the tribes, and an implacable enemy of the British. It was not only reported in the bazaars of the force, but firmly believed by every Mohammedan camp-follower, that his spiritual power was so great that he could turn the British bullets fired against his followers into water, and thereby render them harmless; also that he was miraculously supplied with money for the daily pay of his followers, sufficient for this purpose being found every morning under his private prayer carpet. By this time General Chamberlain had found his force too weak to hold the extended position at the head of the pass, and he arranged to abandon the left, and the pass itself, and to concentrate his force on the right, just under the post called the Crag picket. This necessitated a change of the base of supplies from Roostum Bazaar to Permaulie, a village about sixteen miles more to the south-east. The enemy saw the advantage to the British of holding the post called the Crag picket for the new position, and made a desperate assault. In the attack, many men, both European and native,

were killed and wounded. Amongst the latter was Colonel Keyes, one of the most keen-eyed and experienced officers of the frontier force. He was then in command of 'Coke's Rifles,' so distinguished for their service during the siege of Delhi. After Colonel Keyes was wounded, the command of this famous regiment was given to Lieutenant Fosbery, before mentioned, who was awarded the V.C. for his gallantry in holding the Crag picket with only twenty-five men against ten times that number. This young officer forced the enemy to retire, leaving sixty of their number dead on the field, with three of their famous green standards, around which the Goorkhas held a regular wardance to the tune of their own native pipes, accompanied by the bagpipes of the 71st Highland Light Infantry, with whom the Goorkhas fraternised warmly.

Up to this time the wounded of the enemy left on the field had been carried into the British camp and tended in our hospitals, receiving the same treatment and care as our wounded. But during the severe fighting that took place while the position was being changed, advance pickets were forced in several instances to retire, leaving dead and wounded men behind them, and in every case the wounded were killed, and the bodies of all most shockingly mutilated by the enemy. In one instance, Major Harding, commanding a post, heroically refused to abandon some wounded Goorkhas, and he, with Sergeant J. B. Adams, three men of the 71st, and about a dozen of the 5th Goorkhas, were surrounded and cut off by more than two hundred of the enemy. Although they defended themselves gallantly, darkness set in before they could be reinforced, and the post had to be abandoned till next day. When it was retaken, the bodies of Major Harding, Sergeant Adams, and their comrades, European and Goorkha, were found horribly mutilated—stripped naked, and disembowelled. Their dishonoured remains were found hung up on trees as butchers hang up a slaughtered bullock, with their heads cut off and arranged in front of the bodies. After the mutilated bodies of these men were recovered and carried into camp, an officer of the 71st saw a number of men from his own regiment, the 101st Bengal Fusiliers, with Sikhs and Goorkhas, collected round the tent where the dead were awaiting funeral. He went to see what was the cause of this mixed gathering. He found an old corporal of the 71st standing over the mutilated bodies, with a Bible in his hand, administering a solemn oath to each man, European, Goorkha, and Sikh, as they passed through the tent, that they would give no quarter to the enemy till they could count one hundred dead Pathans for every mutilated corpse. From that date it became an understood thing in the force, both European and native, that no more prisoners were to be taken, and in the fights that ensued many a Pathan and ex-Mutineer paid the penalty, whose life would otherwise have been spared.

To the case of Sergeant J. B. Adams there was a sad sequel. He was a young, powerful man in the prime of life, a thorough soldier, and greatly liked in the regiment, both by officers and men. When the regiment marched

from Nowshera he left a young wife behind him, about to become a mother. She was in the woman's ward of the Station Hospital at Nowshera when the news of her husband's death and mutilation reached the dépôt left there, and an injudicious friend rushed to her with the news in all its ghastly and horrid details. The poor woman was so overcome that she gave birth to a boy, and immediately died. This child was adopted by the 71st, and brought up as the child of the regiment. This incident has been fittingly seized by William Brodie, the Scottish sculptor who designed the monument erected in Glasgow Cathedral to the memory of the officers and men of the 71st Highland Light Infantry who fell in the Yusufzai campaign of 1863.

By the 18th of November the General had changed his military position, his base of operations, and line of communications, but at a heavy cost. Ensign Murray of the 71st, Lieutenant Dougall of the 79th, serving as a volunteer with the 71st, and thirty-five men were killed, and thirty-seven wounded. Amongst the wounded were Lieutenants Oliphant of the 5th Goorkhas, and W. Battye of the Guides, a brother of Quentin Battye, who fell at Delhi with a Latin quotation in his mouth, *Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*. Another brother of the same family, I may mention, fell at Fattahabad during the last Afghan war. A fourth brother, Lieutenant-colonel F. D. Battye, of the Guides, was killed on the Panjkora River, in the Chitral campaign of 1895. During the present generation the family of Battye have nobly upheld the honour and added to the glory of our country. But to match these heavy losses on our side, the enemy had also suffered severely.

Shortly after the arrival of reinforcements, the second great attack was made on the Crag picket by a body of about three thousand men. On the night of the assault, the crag was garrisoned by one hundred and sixty men commanded by Colonel Brownlow, whose experience of hill warfare led him to expect an attack, from the preparations he had seen going on in the enemy's camp; he was therefore prepared and on the alert. As there was no moon during the early part of the night, the enemy managed to advance unseen till they were within eighty yards of the post, when they were espied and met by a well-directed volley. Raising their war-cry of 'Allah! Allah!' the enemy dashed at the breastwork, and in spite of the bayonets of the defenders, breached the wall in many places. By this time, however, two mountain guns, which had been placed in position before dark two hundred and fifty yards in rear of the post, loaded with shell, fired over the heads of our men, and the shells bursting amongst the crowded ranks of the tribesmen advancing to the attack, caused terrible slaughter among them. Although repulsed again and again during the night, the hillmen continually returned to the assault and attempted to carry the post by storm. But Colonel Brownlow and his brave men were never caught napping, and every attack was repulsed. Just before day-break a thick fog enveloped the hills, and the enemy disappeared, and when morning broke

they were believed to have retired. As it turned out, however, they were concealed within a few yards of the breastwork. Colonel Brownlow and his men had been on duty for forty-eight hours, and were completely worn out with fighting and watching, and as soon as daylight came a force was sent from the camp to relieve them. During the relief there was not one of the enemy to be seen, and Colonel Brownlow and his men retired, and shortly afterwards the fog again thickened.

All this time the enemy were lying concealed by the rocks, wrapped in the fog. Suddenly, as the new picket were making themselves comfortable, they were overwhelmed by more than a thousand men. The officer in command was killed, and the men, completely taken by surprise, were borne down by numbers. The post was taken, and the greater part of the garrison were slain; but the fog opportunely lifted, and the fire of the two mountain guns stopped the pursuit of the enemy into the camp after the fugitives of the picket. The European portion of the defeated garrison belonged to the 101st, and Colonel Salisbury at the head of that gallant regiment retook the post at the point of the bayonet, but with heavy loss, the hillmen defending every rock as the redcoats advanced. In the rush of the 101st up the hill, the brave and dashing colonel was knocked down and stunned by a big stone, hurled from above. This caused a moment's halt, and some confusion; but when the men ran to lift him he sprang to his feet without assistance, wiping the blood from his face and shouting: 'Come on, men, I'm all right; my skull may be cracked, but my brains are still in it.' The word passed to the rear that the Colonel was all right, and the men gave a shout and dashed on, and the Crag picket was retaken.

During the time occupied in changing the position, the enemy overpowered one of the advanced posts held by Major Ross and one hundred and forty men of the 14th Ferozepore Sikhs. Two companies of the 71st and one of the 101st were sent to reinforce him, but the enemy also received powerful reinforcements, and during the murderous struggle that took place for the recapture of the breastwork, four European officers were killed.

The third great attempt was made on the 20th of November. The enemy, consisting of the tribesmen from Bajaur, Bunair, and Swat, mustered in great strength and attacked the Crag picket, which was then held by one hundred men of the 101st and one hundred of the 20th Native Infantry. The assault lasted from daybreak till noon, when the enemy, receiving reinforcements, overpowered the garrison, and the post fell for the third time, with the loss of two officers and a large number of men killed. It was owing solely to the determined bravery of Major Delafosse of the 101st, and Major Rogers of the 20th Punjab Infantry, that a single man escaped. These two officers performed prodigies of valour. They rallied the retreating men, and although overpowered, prevented the enemy from rushing the camp till the alarm was given. The picket of two hundred men was overwhelmed by three thousand tribesmen. Many of

the defenders were seized and hurled over the rocks and dashed to pieces below, the hillmen planting their standards all along the ridge.

The 71st had just returned to camp from twenty-four hours' duty at another point, and were getting their dinner, when General Sir Neville Chamberlain himself called on them to fall in. The men left their dinner with the utmost alacrity and fell in, with the pipers playing the gathering as gaily as for an ordinary parade. The two mountain guns shelled the heights and covered the advance. Colonel William Hope, addressing the men, said: 'Men of the 71st, you must follow me and retake the Crag picket.' And as the men were tightening their belts and examining the springs of their bayonets, one could hear the words passing along the rank: 'It's to be hot work, boys, but we must stand by old Pinkie,' the name by which the Colonel was known. In those days the staff-sergeants of regiments were not supplied with revolvers, and I lent my revolver to Sergeant-major John Blackwood, of the 71st, 'Brave Jock Blackwood' the men called him. I had also a famous Damascus tulwar that I had preserved from the plunder of the Begum's kothee of Lucknow, which I also lent to Blackwood for the assault on the Crag picket. I never saw either revolver or sword again, so the country owes me a Dean and Adam's revolver for which I had paid a hundred rupees, and a Damascus blade for which I had refused one thousand; but both did good service in the hands of Blackwood on the 20th November 1863, and saved the lives of Colonel William Hope and General Sir Neville Chamberlain.

In the excitement of the moment, General Chamberlain forgot his position as General commanding, and became once more the dashing *sabreur* who, in years gone by, both in Afghanistan and on the plains of the Punjab, had led many a gallant charge. Placing himself alongside of Colonel Hope, he called out: '71st Highland Light Infantry, I'm proud to have you under my command to-day, and I will go with your colonel.' The men gave a cheer and advanced up the hill without a halt or check. Sir Neville Chamberlain, Colonel Hope, and Sergeant-major Blackwood, in front of all, entered the picket together. Blackwood was a powerful, active man, and an expert swordsman. He shot down five men with the revolver, and cut down as many more with the sharp tulwar, when his left arm was smashed by a bullet through the elbow-joint. Colonel Hope had also an arm broken, and General Chamberlain was shot through the thigh; but as they were closely followed by the other officers and men of the 71st, the lives of all three were saved, and, after a severe contest, the Goorkhas and Sikhs swarming up in support, the enemy were driven from the picket, and in turn many of them were also dashed over the steep rock on the right of the position, and the 71st and Goorkhas once more held the Crag picket.

This was the last great attack which the enemy made. They must have learned that large reinforcements of both European and native troops were hastening to the front.

## ST MONANS, FIFE.

THERE it rests, with its back to the brae,  
The jumbled, zigzag, gray old town;  
Roofs red and brown—roofs purple and gray.  
Blue-dim through reek from the chimneys blown;  
Roofs slanting, triform, jutting, square,  
With skylights yawning wide for air,  
And gables—gables everywhere!

Low in the lap of the land it lies,  
On the knees of the shore serene and gray;  
The earth's green arms about it thrown,  
Its feet on the rocks where the sea-mew flies,  
And ever with mournful monotone,  
Ebbing and flowing the sea-tides sway—  
Ebbing and flowing for ever and aye.

Dark on the sunset's ruddy gold,  
The old church-tower on the western height;  
The sturdy church, six centuries old,  
On the edge of the wave, with the town in sight;  
Where pray the living, where find repose  
The generations whom no man knows.

Boats in the harbour—nets on the brae,  
Sunbrowned fishers upon the pier;  
Women light-ankled, deft-handed, gay,  
Ready to answer with joke or jeer;  
Children who make the old village ring  
With the games they play, the songs they sing.

Oh, here Life steps to a heartsome strain;  
Each for the love of them works for his own;  
And not for any man's single gain,  
For a master's profit to sweat and groan:  
And blithely the sails with a stout 'yo-ho!'  
To the mast-head rise as they outward go.

Come luck, come lack, one deal to each:  
Nor fear nor favour the fisher knows,  
As he sails away from the happy beach,  
When the fish are rife and a fair wind blows;  
And what though a grave in the sea his lot?  
Holds it one hollow where God is not?

Ah! still do I dream of that gray old shore,  
Its murmur of waves, its sheltering calm;  
The hearty speech and the open door,  
And the welcome word that fell like balm—  
Till over my soul in a flood-tide free,  
My long-lost faith flowed back to me;  
Yea, the heart of my youth I found in thee,  
Oh gray St Monans, beside the sea.

J. K. LAWSON.

## \*• TO CONTRIBUTORS.

- 1st. All communications should be addressed to the Editor, 339 High Street, Edinburgh.
- 2d. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
- 3d. To secure their safe return if ineligible, ALL MANUSCRIPTS, whether accompanied by a letter of advice or otherwise, should have the *writer's Name and Address written upon them in FULL*.
- 4th. Poetical contributions should invariably be accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,  
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.



# CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 626.—VOL. XII.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1895.

PRICE 1½d.

## A CENTURY OF BURNS BIOGRAPHY.

By WILLIAM WALLACE.

ON the 21st of July 1896 will be completed that hundred years from the death of Robert Burns which, according to a generally credited, if not absolutely verified tradition, he told his Jean would be required to do justice to his memory. In the March number of the *Monthly Magazine and British Register* for 1797, there appeared the first instalment of the first biography of the poet—the modest beginning of the most extraordinary literature of the 'Memoirs' order which the world has seen, or is likely to see. It was signed 'H,' and came from the pen of Robert Heron, an unfortunate—and according to Allan Cunningham—dissipated 'stickit minister' and hack of letters, who died in 1807, and at the age of forty-three, in the Fever Hospital of St Pancras, to which he had removed from a debtor's cell in Newgate. Heron's biography was anticipated, however, in the same magazine by anonymous 'stanzas' (in reality a poem of great length) to the memory of Robert Burns. These stanzas appeared in the 'original poetry' department of the periodical in January (that January which, had the poet-exciseman lived, would have witnessed his promotion to a supervisorship), in the company, oddly enough, of verses by Charles Lamb, who writes to 'Sara and S. T. C. at Bristol,' complaining that he cannot snatch 'a fleeting holiday, a little week,' to see them, and to

Muse in tears on that mysterious youth,  
Cruelly slighted, who, in evil hour,  
Shap'd his adventurous course to London walls.

There is, indeed, something almost pathetically prophetic in the character both of the poetical and of the prose memorials to the genius of Burns which appeared in the *Monthly Magazine* ninety-nine years ago. Upon the merits of no man have poets been more heartily united and biographers more fatally, if not fiercely, dis-

united. The anonymous writer of January 1797 closes his stanzas thus:

High above thy reptile foes  
Thy tow'ring soul unconquer'd rose—  
Love and the Muse their charms disclose—  
The hags retire;  
And thy expanded bosom glows  
With heav'nly fire.  
Go, Builder of a deathless name!  
Thy Country's glory, and her shame!  
Go, and th' immortal guerdon claim,  
To Genius due;  
Whilst rolling centuries thy fame  
Shall still renew!

Here already we have the spirit, if not the genius, of Wordsworth's noble lines, of the scarcely less eloquent Ode of Mr William Watson, one of the most eminent of living poets, and the silent tears which, according to Edward FitzGerald, were wrung from the late Lord Tennyson by the sudden realisation of the glory of Doonside, and the tragedy of Dumfries. On the other hand, Heron began his biography with a grotesque inaccuracy, and closed it with the first crude statement of the gravest of all the charges that have been made against the character of Burns. He claimed for the poet that he was the product and triumph of the Scottish parochial school system. This was altogether a blunder. If Burns was a triumph of anything except natural genius, he was a triumph of private tuition. Heron further brought his biography to a termination with this extraordinary statement: 'Even in the last feebleness, and amid the last agonies of expiring life, yielding readily to any temptation that offered the semblance of intemperate enjoyment, he died at Dumfries, in the summer of the year 1796, while he was yet three or four years under the age of forty.' It is hardly too much to say that the biographers of Burns, who have followed in the wake of Heron, have devoted more attention to ascertaining how much—or how little—truth there is in this damning declaration, than to the

elucidation of any other disputed incident in the life of the poet.

In this same year, 1797, Heron reprinted his articles in the *Monthly Magazine*, with additions, as a biography of Robert Burns, and under his signature. But immediately after the poet's death, arrangements were made for the publication of an authoritative Memoir. This work was entrusted to Dr James Currie, a Liverpool physician, a great admirer of Burns, and a connection of Mrs Dunlop. Currie had many advantages, including access to original manuscripts of poems and letters, which have been enjoyed by no subsequent biographer. Relatives of Burns, like his brother Gilbert, and surviving friends, like Syme of Ryedale, were understood to have given him all the help in their power. When Currie's *Life* appeared in 1800, it met with an instantaneous success. Few biographies have passed through so many editions as this has done; still fewer have been subjected to such merciless criticism. The weaknesses of Currie's work are, indeed, only too apparent. He is deplorably inaccurate in matters of detail. He took unwarrantable liberties with Burns's letters. He has been proved to have deliberately misdated several of those which, in his last years, the poet addressed to Mrs Dunlop. He listened far too readily to reports bearing unfavourably on the life of a man whom he had never seen. It has been said that Currie was supported by the authority of Burns's physician, Dr Maxwell. This view has, however, been discredited, to say the least, by the fact that while Currie expressly declares that Burns went to the Brow Well in the last months of his life in opposition to the views of his medical attendant, letters published within a comparatively recent period prove that the poet took this step in accordance with the advice of that attendant! But of Dr Currie's good intentions there can be no doubt whatever, and his *Life* is still, within certain limits, authoritative.

It was followed in 1808 by Cromeke's *Reliques*, which, although mainly notable as giving poems by Burns which up to that period had not seen the light, was valuable also for certain biographical passages. One of these—that dealing with the story of Highland Mary—has become part and parcel of imperishable poetical romance. Three years later, Professor Josiah Walker, who knew Burns personally, published a biography by way of preface to Morison's edition of the poems. It contained reminiscences which are still of some interest and even biographical value, in spite of at least one serious mistake in dates which they contained, and of the scarification to which they and their author were subjected at the hands of Professor John Wilson. A reaction now set in against the view of Burns's latest years—that he became intemperate and dissolute—

first given by Heron, and countenanced to a considerable extent by Currie. It became known that men like Findlater, his official superior, and his neighbour, Gray the teacher, indignantly denied these charges, and declared that their friend, although he lived a freely social life, never fell into sottishness. The first-fruits of this reaction was the sympathetic biography which the celebrated ecclesiastic, humourist, and convivialist, the Rev. Hamilton Paul, published along with an edition of the *Poems and Songs* in 1819. This work in turn led up to a much more important work, conceived in a similar spirit. John Gibson Lockhart's *Life*, published in 1828, still holds its own as one of the standard biographies of Burns. As all the world knows, it was the work of Lockhart which called forth the celebrated *Essay of Carlyle*, which is at once one of the great masterpieces of Burns criticism, and the high-water mark of its author's earlier and, as many folk still think, better style.

The publication of Lockhart's *Life* marks a stage—as it closed a generation—of Burns Biography. Lives and editions now poured forth on both sides of the Border with a rapidity almost as extraordinary as the growth of Burns Clubs, and testifying, like that unique phenomenon, to the permanent fascination of the poet's life and personality. They are far too numerous to mention; but the first Aldine edition, published in three volumes in 1839 along with a memoir by Sir Harris Nicolas, merits a word of attention, both for the fresh poems of Burns which were published in it, and also as being the first important work on Burns that was published in England. And it became a fashion with Scottish poets to edit the works of their acknowledged pioneer and master. In 1834 'honest'—but by no means invariably accurate—Allan Cunningham published an edition of Burns in eight volumes, along with a *Life* which derives some weight from the fact that its author was a Dumfriesshire man, and claimed special acquaintance with the last seven years of the poet's life. James Hogg and William Motherwell published an edition of Burns's works in 1836; the fifth volume of this edition is a biography written by James Hogg. Among the other Scottish poets who have tried their hands at editing Burns's works, or writing his life, are Alexander Smith, who prepared the well-known Globe edition of the *Life and Works of Burns* (1868); Principal Shairp of St Andrews, whose monograph on the poet in the 'English Men of Letters' series (1879) raised a controversy which has not yet been forgotten, and is notable as having led Robert Louis Stevenson to write 'Some Aspects of Robert Burns,' which takes rank with Wilson's *Éloge* in the *Land of Burns*, and Carlyle's essay, among the most remarkable criticisms of the poet's character and work; the Rev. George Gilfillan, whose *National*

Burns appeared in 1878-79; Professor Nichol, who in 1882 contributed a biographical and critical essay on Burns to William Scott Douglas's six-volume edition of the Poems and Letters (published by Mr Paterson of Edinburgh), and Mr Andrew Lang, who contributed an Introduction to *Selected Poems of Robert Burns* (1891, Kegan Paul, Trench & Co.).

Meanwhile, the necessity for investigating every incident in Burns's life separately and much more thoroughly than had been done by Currie and Lockhart, had become obvious, and had been emphasised by the publication of the celebrated Clarinda correspondence, first irregularly in 1802, and in a more complete form in 1843. This necessity was seen by no man more than by Robert Chambers, who, always an enthusiastic and painstaking student of Burns, had edited (1838) one of the numerous editions of Currie, and in 1840 had, in conjunction with Professor Wilson, produced *The Land of Burns*, which is still the standard work on Burns topography. Dr Chambers's investigations further led him to the conclusion that of no poet can it be said so absolutely as of Burns that his works form part of his life. The great majority both of his poems and of his letters reflect his moods—his despair, the anxiety and remorse due to his 'thoughtless follies,' his all-embracing love of nature and humanity, the ecstasies on the wings of which he soared above the circumstances of his life. Dr Chambers perceived that to separate the biography of the poet from the poems and letters was to effect an unnatural divorce, as they were portions of one astonishing if not stupendous whole. This connection was strengthened by the researches of another very painstaking student of Burns, William Scott Douglas, which culminated in the famous paper which he read before the Society of Scottish Antiquaries in January 1850, and which rendered it almost certain that Burns's betrothal to Highland Mary was an episode in that other attachment which ended in Jean Armour becoming his wife. Dr Chambers followed up this paper by independent discoveries in Greenock, which proved, among other things, that the Mary Campbell whom all but universally accepted belief has identified with the Highland Lassie of Burns's verse and prose, must, if the story of her relatives can be accepted at all, have been buried in the West Kirkyard of that town immediately after the acquisition of a 'lair' there by her brother-in-law on October 12, 1786. The labours of Dr Chambers, who had been placed in possession of all the information at the disposal of Burns's surviving relatives, and of his youngest sister, Mrs Begg, were crowned especially by the publication in 1851-52 of his *Life of Burns* in four volumes. This work was at once recognised by the public as the authoritative biography of Burns, representing his life as an organic whole, in which letters, poems, and incidents form a 'harmony not understood'—that indeed could not have been understood—by previous editors and biographers.

Nearly half a century has elapsed since Dr Chambers's great work was published. Since then, innumerable editions of Burns's works, and not a few biographies, have been published

in this country, in America, and even on the Continent, where the Burns cult is spreading with marvellous rapidity. Among the most remarkable of these Lives are the highly original 'spiritual' biography of the Rev. Dr Hately Waddell, published in 1869, and the *Life* in two volumes given to the world in 1893 by M. Anguste Angellier, a professor in Lille. M. Angellier's book is a remarkable performance in many ways—well informed, scholarly, and full of enthusiasm. To find a parallel to Burns, he goes not to 'the too didactic Hesiod, nor the precise Theocritus,' but to 'the marvellous verses of Aristophanes.' There 'we find the countryman speaking for himself, loving the earth unphilosophically, simply for the benefit he derives from it, and the labour it asks of him.' But M. Angellier's work is mainly notable for his strenuous, and on the whole wonderfully successful effort to translate Burns into French.

Not only is Burns literature increasing by leaps and bounds, but it is being specialised. For example, the books more or less of a biographical nature which have been written on Highland Mary almost vie in number and in passion with those which have been evoked by the beauty and tragic story of her namesake the Queen of Scots. Nor is it at all an exaggeration to say that the controversial literature which has arisen out of the question whether Burns, when he lived in Edinburgh, was formally installed as Laureate of the Canongate Kilwinning Lodge of Freemasons, is equal in dimensions to the biographies of Currie and Lockhart combined. The process of Burns specialisation has been greatly encouraged by the establishment of Burns Clubs all over the world. A number of these have formed themselves into a Federation with an organ, the *Burns Chronicle*, which, published annually, devotes itself largely to the elucidation of the poet's biography. Some missing links in the chain of that biography, in the form both of poems and letters, have been found in the course of the last forty-three years. Most of these—including some which have never yet seen the light—were recovered by Dr Chambers, who continued to the end of his life an indefatigable collector of all information bearing on his favourite subject. Certain aspects of Burns's life also merit further exploration. The full story of his stay in Irvine has to be related. The whole truth has not been told of the circumstances under which he contemplated exile to Jamaica. The last word has not been said on Highland Mary. Above all things, fresh investigations into the life of Burns in Dumfries tend happily to give him a higher claim, not to the love and admiration—for a higher claim to these he cannot have—but to the respect, of his fellow-countrymen.

The researches of the last forty-three years have left unshaken the vast majority of the statements of fact which Dr Chambers embodied in his biography. But they have further demonstrated the wisdom of the general plan which he adopted. The national feeling of Scotland for Burns has rendered the periodical rectification, elucidation, and consolidation of his biography a sacred duty; and it is in

the performance of this duty that the publishers of Dr Chambers's Life will issue during the next year a revised edition of that work, containing the later discoveries of its author and of other Burns students who have followed in his footsteps.

Is there to be any finality in regard to Burns? Rather, is not such finality more than a century old? 'In this prodigy Will has dung Fate,' wrote, in 1787, Sir Gilbert Elliot, who became the first Earl of Minto, and who belonged to the class of men of action—in all conditions of life—for whom more especially Burns wrote. This was among the first words of Burns criticism. It will be the last.

### 'SEVEN-UP' BLAINE'S CONVERSION.

#### CHAPTER II.—THE END OF THE FEUD.

FORTYFOOT was a kind of reproduction of New Denver on a somewhat smaller scale—less in the number of its inhabitants, less rich in mineral wealth, and, consequently, a little less wicked, but not much. Situated nearly half-way between the more important mining-camp and Quartz Rock, the nearest point of railroad communication with the outer world, and likewise at the junction of two turnpikes, the congested traffic of two mining settlements passed through it, and to this fact 'Hennesey's Hotel,' a rather commodious two-storeyed frame-building, owed its existence.

It was towards the close of the afternoon when Jim, the stage-driver, pulled up his reeking team in front of Hennesey's, and 'Seven-up' Blaine, having climbed down from his seat, stretched himself, and made his way into the bar. During the five-and-twenty-mile journey from New Denver, he had endeavoured to extract further information from Jim concerning young Hingston; but the driver could not, or would not, gratify his curiosity beyond stating that such a person had boarded the coach at Quartz Rock, that he had been set down at Fortyfoot, and, what was of infinitely greater importance, had stood him (Jim) a dollar over and above the usual fare. Jim was no fool, combining, as he did, in his character the estimable virtues of minding his own business and keeping a watchful eye on the main chance.

'Got a galoot of the name of Hingston hanging out in these yer diggin's o' yourn, Hennesey?' Blaine inquired, as he caught the eye of the proprietor, to whom he was well known.

'Hingston—Hingston? Oh, he came in by last night's stage from Quartz Rock. Private room up-stairs, number six, second door on the right. Shall I send for him down, Blaine?'

'No, you don't do no sech thing, Hennesey. You just put up your hand, and I'll chip in on him permiscus-like, for I've a leetle private business to settle with him. Gimme a cocktail fust.'

Blaine did not order the beverage for the purpose of inspiring himself with Dutch courage; he had no need for that. The fact is that, though still the toughest customer in north-west Arizona, he was not quite the man he had once been. A few years of abstinence from physical labour in the mines had tended to the development in him of a slight increase of adipose tissue at the expense of muscular fibre, and he felt that, after the severe jolting he had undergone on the stage, a 'drap o' suthin' would be beneficial, not to stimulate his valour, but to pull him together and steady him for the coming interview, in which he was exceedingly anxious to do justice to his own exceptional abilities, as well as to the memories of the unfortunate 'old man Blaine' and the no less valiant 'Lish Jacobson. He swallowed the liquor, criticised the quality of it in no measured terms, and solemnly mounted the stairs with the echo of his mother's dying words ringing in his ears, while Hennesey watched him from below, wondering what on earth could be the nature of his mission.

At the second door on the right he paused for a moment to make sure that his six-shooter was in his hip-pocket and his knife in his boot. Then he knocked, and in response to a pleasant, cheery voice which bade him 'Come in,' he opened the door and took a few steps into the room. He stopped abruptly as he caught a full sight of the occupant of the apartment, who eyed him curiously from his seat behind the table, where he had evidently been writing when interrupted.

'Whom have I the honour of addressing?' inquired the young man, rising from his chair to the full height of his six-feet odd inches.

Certainly he wore a tailed coat and a white shirt, and certainly he was a long, lean individual, who bore the stamp of a university education on his pale, intellectual face as well as in his polished, gentlemanly ease of manner. So far his appearance tallied with Phil's description; but that scamp had, inadvertently or otherwise, omitted to mention that his garments were sable of hue and sober of cut, and likewise that he wore a stand-up, clerical collar and a white cambric necktie—the unmistakable outward signs and symbols of the ministry.

As Blaine took in these particulars, a sudden change came over his countenance. His jaw dropped, and his eyes dilated in blank, helpless dismay.

'A gospel sharp, by thunder!' he ejaculated, unconsciously aloud, while the minister looked on at his confusion with undisguised amusement.

'I ax yer parding fur intruding, mister,' he blurted out apologetically, as he backed uneasily towards the door to make his exit. 'I reckon I've yanked my ball into the wrong alley this time. 'Pears to have been a mistake somewhar. Guess I'd better prospect the next claim further

on. It ain't a parson I want'er roust out, but a lop-eared thief of the name of Hingston ez Hennesey 'lowed I should find in number six, second door on the right. Howsomever, ez you ain't the greaser I'm after, Hennesey must hev somehow got tangled among the numbers, an' I'll jest prospect round till I strike the right drift.'

With this, 'Seven-up' Blaine, having almost reached the door, was preparing to make a bolt of it, when the minister interposed.

'Stay!' he exclaimed, attempting in vain to assume an appearance of becoming gravity. 'Perhaps, after all, Mr Hennesey may not be guilty of having made the mistake you suspect him of. My name is Hingston—Everard Hingston, of New York; though to what circumstances I am indebted for the honour of this visit I am as yet totally at a loss to understand.'

'Great Scott! You a Hingston?' gasped Blaine, beginning vaguely to comprehend at least a part of the situation.

'My name is Hingston—Everard Hingston, as I previously observed.'

'Abner Hingston's whelp?'

'Abner Hingston was my father, which is, I presume, what you mean.'

'An' a gospel sharp?'

'I am proud to own myself a minister of the gospel.'

'Wal, gol-durn my hide!' And in a state of utterly helpless, dazed perplexity, Blaine dropped into the nearest chair and commenced to mop his face with his crimson bandana.

He was not at bottom a bad-hearted man; not naturally vicious. His eccentricities and failings were not the eccentricities and failings of an individual so much as of a class—the class of roughs of the very roughest type (which now, thank Heaven, is rapidly dying out), among whom his early years had been spent; and the fact that he held human life, under certain circumstances, so cheap, was attributable to the same unwholesome surroundings. Like many of his stamp, though not actually atheistic, he was wholly irreligious, and it was due entirely to outside influence that his daughter Cynthia had not grown up in complete ignorance of even the rudimentary elements of Christian faith. Yet, while utterly apathetic himself to all religious teaching, when brought into immediate contact with a minister or clergyman, he was conscious of a sneaking, vague conviction that, by some unknown code, there was a certain indefinable respect due to the cloth, which it would be a distinct breach of etiquette to overlook. As Blaine had himself professed, there was no man 'high-toneder' (according to his lights) in the mines, and how to conscientiously reconcile his notion of the conventionalities with his murderous design, or, in other words, how to kill young Hingston without offering an indignity to the profession he represented, was the difficult problem he now laboured to solve. The minister stood by in increasing wonderment as Blaine silently wrestled with the mighty question, the perspiration oozing freely from his mahogany face in the agony of indecision. By degrees he seemed to get a better grasp of the difficulties

in his way, and a line of action, which he considered would satisfactorily meet the exigencies of the case, presented itself to him.

'Say, pard,' he began in an explanatory tone, 'you rather got the bulge on me at fust. D'yer see, I reckoned to find a or'nery cuss of a greaser, an' the sight o' them doxology togs, bein' sprung so sudden on yours truly, so to speak, sorter stumped me. Ef you lied been the galoot I'd calkerlated on, I should jest hev waltzed in; but I 'low to know my manners too durned well not to do the c'reck thing, an' seein' ez how you air a gospel sharp, I offers you the fust call.'

'I fear you must think me dreadfully dense, but I must confess that I don't in the least comprehend what you are driving at.'

'You don't tumble, eh?—you don't quite ketch on? Wal, then, in this-er business I'm on, I offers you the ch'ice of weppings—der-ringers or bowies? Give it a name, pard, an' I'm on it!'

Hingston grasped so much of his visitor's meaning as to convince himself that what had up to now struck him as a bit of most diverting comedy was in reality but the prelude to an intended tragedy, and the uncomfortable feeling that the man he had to do with was a dangerous lunatic took possession of him.

'My good friend,' he replied in a conciliatory voice, 'you are evidently labouring under a misapprehension. I have no quarrel with you, neither have I any desire to seek one. Being a minister of religion, I am essentially a man of peace, unaccustomed to the use of either revolvers or knives, and possessing neither.'

'Hennesey'll accommodate you at the bar.'

'But I have no wish to be accommodated in that way. Why you should be anxious, as you seem to be, to engage me in a duel, I am at a loss to understand. Having only arrived in Fortyfoot so late as yesterday, and never, so far as my memory serves me, having met you before, I fail to see what I can possibly have done to offend you. If, however, I have in any way unconsciously given you cause to bear me ill-will, I offer you my heartiest apologies.'

'Cheese it, pard!' exclaimed Blaine impatiently. 'You can't bluff me with no sech palaver ez thet ef you chin it out till the cows come home. Why, a blue jay could see thet blind! You don't try to play it off on me thet you air the blamedest, greenest, chuckle-headedest innercent ez ever liquidated cat-lap, 'cos no Hingston ez I ever heearn tell on ever was. No, you don't ketch me on with thet lead—no indeedy! Seein' ez how you air a parson, an' I've got to cramp down suthin' awful in consekens—which it gravels me like tarnation to hev to do the perlite to a Hingston—let's hev the thing on the squar'. Wot you take this-er corner of Arizona in yer trail fur when it don't lead to nowhar in particler?'

'That is a private matter which I should certainly decline to discuss with a stranger.'

'Which this-er private matter is important family business?'

The minister gave a little start of surprise, and nodded affirmatively.

'Which this-yer family business is not altogether unconnected with a bully ole buzzard of the name of Blaine—Blaine of New Denver?'

At this juncture, Hingston was only one whit less astonished than his visitor had been a little while previously.

'I admit that you may be correct in your surmise,' he confessed. 'Perhaps my business is with Mr Blaine; though how you can possibly have come by your knowledge I am unable to think—unless,' he added thoughtfully, more to himself than to his hearer—'unless, indeed, the man Phil, who sat next me on the stage, has violated his promise?'

'Scuse me; wot Phil promised ain't no funeral o' mine,' returned Blaine blandly, enjoying the other's evident discomfiture. 'You 'low ez you air on the trail o' this-yer Blaine, an' I calkerlate you air hangin' round these-yer parts layin' fur to get the drop on him?'

'I—er—that is, I acknowledge that I—er—had an idea that my appearance would come as a surprise to him,' the minister stammered confusedly. 'However,' collecting himself, 'that can be no concern of yours. You have certainly surprised me into a sort of general admission, but I must decline to discuss the matter further with a stranger. As I said before, my business is with Mr Blaine, and with him alone.'

'I'm Blaine.'

'What! Blaine of New Denver?'

'Blaine of New Denver—Ed'ard Wilkerson Blaine.'

Young Hingston's face turned a shade paler, and he pressed his hand helplessly to his forehead as he recoiled a few steps, almost paralysed by the suddenness of the shock, for the merest suspicion of the real identity of the intruder had never once crossed his mind. The two men stood and stared at each other in silence.

'This is unfortunate—most unfortunate!' gasped the minister in the direst perplexity. 'The circumstances of this encounter are so very different—so *disastrously* different to what I had fondly permitted myself to anticipate would be those of our first meeting.'

'I calkerlate thet is so. Yer best keerd's trumped this time,' put in the other sarcastically.

'Edward Wilkinson Blaine!' Hingston repeated mechanically. 'You—you're quite sure that you—er—are not mistaken?'

'Wal, I reckon I orter know my own name.'

'Edward—Wilkinson—Blaine! Then—then you are Cynthia's father!'

'You 'pear to be slingin' my darter's name about purty free,' observed 'Seven-up,' rising angrily from his seat.

'Mr Blaine,' said the minister earnestly, but not without a great effort, 'you and I must understand each other, the sooner the better. I had expected to make your acquaintance to-morrow. Fate has ordained that we should meet to-day, and I regret, more bitterly than I can tell, that the meeting promises to end unhappily for the cherished hopes I had formed. I was guilty of an error in judgment in allowing myself to be prevailed upon to adopt the course of action I have done.'

'I hev knowed men die in their boots for less mistakes than thet,' remarked Blaine grimly.

'Allowing that it was a mistake, let us get to the root of the matter. Personally—that is, apart from this affair—I think there is nothing to justify you in forming so unfavourable an opinion of me?'

'Wal, it ain't likely I should cotton to Pete Hingston's nevv—Pete Hingston wot blew daylight through ole man Blaine an' likewise laid out 'Lish Jacobson, my step-dad. It ain't likely—skursely!'

The young minister turned a ghastly hue. He reeled like a drunken man, clutching the table for support. The sweat of a great anguish studded his brow.

'This is doubly unfortunate!' he cried sadly, as soon as he could command himself. 'Believe me, I had no idea that you had any interest in this unhappy feud. I have heard my father mention the deplorable circumstances of the quarrel, but the possibility of the Blaines of New Denver being even connected with the Blaines of Snapper's Flat was far too remote to have suggested itself to me.'

'Stow that! Wot you yank my darter Cynthia's name inter this-yer palaver fur?'

'Mr Blaine,' replied the minister bravely, but with a beating heart, 'I won't beat about the bush. I love your daughter sincerely—truly, with that entire, overwhelming devotion a man can offer but to one woman in his lifetime. When you sent Cynthia to Boston two years ago to finish her education and to gain an insight into the fashionable world befitting her position, you must have realised that with her wealth of charms she would speedily have a flock of suitors at her feet. You cannot have been blind to the fact, too, that she was at an age when it was more than probable she might seriously listen to the promptings of her heart in accepting or refusing the homage of her admirers. Cynthia is twenty-one; no longer a fickle, fanciful girl, she is a woman—a beautiful, noble creature, but still a woman, with a woman's nature and a woman's heart. How much or how little you may have heard I do not know. I met her three months ago at the house of the lady who undertook to chaperon her—Mrs Selborne—while I was staying with friends in Boston. The acquaintance quickly ripened, though it was impossible for my love for her to do so, for my heart was wholly, unconditionally hers from the first hour we met. At first I hardly dared to hope that she would ever reciprocate my passion, but love knows no obstacles, and I determined, come what might, that I would win her for my wife. I—'

'Wot! my Cynthia marry a skulkin' tramp of a Hingston, an' help run a doxology-mill? No, by thunder! I'll see her hitched up to Fowler's nigger bar-tender fust!' roared Blaine in a paroxysm of fury, and in the white-heat of his passion he completely forgot those nice points in his code of etiquette which forbade him shooting a minister 'on sight.' His eyes blazed with rage, and his left hand dived under his coat-tail. In a trice the revolver was whipped out and levelled at the young man's head. Blaine's finger tightened on the trigger.

The derringer spoke, short and sharp. The missile sang past the minister's ear, dangerously near, as he instinctively ducked, and found its billet in the lintel of the door leading into the adjoining room.

'Seven-up' Blaine did not empty the second chamber of his weapon on that occasion. Other matters occupied his attention. So far as he could make out in the confusion that followed, some impetuous, irresistible force seemed to have suddenly become unchained in that modest apartment. It was not exactly a thunderbolt, nor yet an earthquake; neither was it a water-spout, nor even a cyclone. In its action and violence it appeared to his muddled faculties to partake of the nature of all four rolled into one. Before the puff of smoke had cleared away, the pistol was jerked out of his grasp and flung out of the window. A pair of long, muscular arms gripped him round the waist with the strength of steel, and hurled him backwards to the floor. Long before he had sufficiently recovered from his astonishment to consider the advisability, or otherwise, of attempting to rise, the minister, with the strength of three men, caught him by the scruff of the neck, jerked him on to his feet, and with a sledge-hammer blow from his iron fist, delivered with admirable precision full between the eyes, knocked him down again.

The Rev. Everard Hingston was stooping over his fallen foe, savagely glorying in that prowess which in feats of strength had placed him far ahead of the other Yale athletes of his year, when, uninvited and unsought, there flashed upon him a text from Ecclesiastes—'Anger resteth in the bosom of fools!' His hand was stayed in the very act of clutching the unfortunate Blaine's collar; the fierce light faded from his clear gray eyes; the brute gave way to the man, and the minister was himself again. His arms fell listlessly to his sides, and a pained look came over him. In the first moments of his victory he drank deep of the waters of Marah. He recognised to the full the bitter degradation of his position, and, flinging himself into his chair, he buried his face in his hands, while the tears of remorse and despair trickled through his fingers. How miserably had he failed in his duty as a chosen minister of the Word! He had disgraced the cloth, and forfeited, not only the respect of others, but his own, by engaging in a brutal fight. How low he had fallen from that high standard of moral courage and Christian courtesy he had set himself to maintain! True, his first actions were excusable on the ground of self-defence, but how easily the Tempter had prevailed upon him to turn aggressor! It was degrading, humiliating, mortifying! Oh the wickedness and the folly of it all! He had defiled his sacred office, and the finger of scorn would be pointed at him; and—he had half-killed Cynthia's father! Instead of healing it, he had widened the breach between himself and Blaine—most probably transformed it into an unbridgable gulf. His cup of bitterness was indeed full to overflowing.

Blaine gradually collected his scattered wits, and, sitting up on the floor, rubbed his eyes as one awakening from a wondrous dream. As

he did so, his gaze rested on a charming picture of rare, ripe, feminine loveliness framed in the doorway communicating with the inner apartment, and he rubbed his eyes harder than ever.

'Pa!'

'Cynthia!' he ejaculated, staggering to his feet, and the next instant the girl was laughing and sobbing hysterically in her father's arms.

'Say, Cynthia,' began Blaine, not unkindly, when the first shock of surprise was over, 'I calkerlate your beau hez jest guv me the warmest welcome I ever hed.'

'Beau, pa!' exclaimed the girl, hiding her crimson blushes on his breast; 'Everard isn't my beau; he's my—my husband!'

'Seven-up' Blaine dropped into a chair as if he had been shot, and out came the crimson bandana once more.

'Wal! ef this-yer ain't a camp-meetin' an' a circus, with a dog-fight chucked in!' he gasped, plying the handkerchief vigorously.

'Oh, it's all my fault, pa—every tiny, little bit of it! I *did* want to give you a *real* surprise!'

'You hev, Cynthia—you hev. Between the two of you, I reckon you've guv me the all-firedest, whoppin'est surprise in tarnation!'

'You see, pa, this is how it was. Everard wanted to write or wire you for your consent to our engagement, but I wouldn't hear of such a thing. So I planned a little surprise party for you. Mrs Selborne was to chaperon me, and we were all three to travel to New Denver together. Then Mrs Selborne was suddenly taken ill, which upset all our plans. A single young lady couldn't travel alone with a young man, you know—not even a minister, and I wouldn't let Everard write and spoil the fun for anything, so I just made him marry me right away—made him, pa—and bring me along for the parental blessing. At first he refused until he had got your sanction—made all sorts of stupid excuses, but I coaxed him into it at last. I positively did, pa! Ain't you ashamed of your daughter? You see, he didn't know you!'

'No, I guess you air 'bout c'reck thar, Cynthia.'

'But I did. I knew that you never denied me anything, that you had confidence in me not to make a fool of myself by doing anything rash, and that it would be all right. Besides, we *should* have got married in any case; we love each other so. We were coming right through to New Denver yesterday, only when we got to Fortyfoot here, I was too tired to go another mile; so we just stopped here for a day's rest, and should have come on by the stage to-morrow. We met Phil on the stage, and though I was wearing a thick veil he recognised me, and we had to take him into our confidence before he would promise not to tell you I was here.'

Before Cynthia could proceed any further, Blaine rose from his seat and walked over to the minister. There was no shade of malice in his eye, no revengeful frown upon his honest face—nothing but a look of the profoundest admiration—as he held out his open hand, and said deliberately:



'Young feller, put it thar! Shake!'

Hingston raised his head in wonderment, and laid his white hand in the other's brown palm.

'Ev'rard Hingston,' Blaine said proudly, shaking his hand long and heartily while he spoke alternately in bursts of admiration to each of the young couple, 'you air the rattiest, bulliest parson I ever come across!—Lor, Cynthy! a Arizona mule ain't in it when yer husband lets out with his knuckles! The man who can lam Ed'ard Wilkerson Blaine till he don't know hisself from a three-year-old corpse is the man I'd jest admire to hev fur a son-in-law! Gosh, Cynthy gal! he jest tooted his horn an' went in on the shoulder an' convarted me inside of three minutes! Most powerful exhorter I ever come across! I'd jest been hevin' the almighty wrastlin' with the sperrit when you kem in you ever heearn tell on!—You air a Hingston, but you air white. I don't keer a continental wot chips you hev or you hevn't, fur I do 'low you kin lick any four greasers in Arizona State, an' thet's the galoot to take keer o' my darter! Put it thar! Shake! You jest come right along to New Denver, an' we'll fix you up the bulliest, bang-up gospel-shop between Los Angeles an' Saint Louis; an' Ed'ard Wilkerson Blaine 'll be head deacon to han' round the sasser in a biled shirt—durned ef I won't!'

And he was, too.

#### THE WATER-GATE OF THE TRANSVAAL.

No commercial event of modern times has so strongly stirred the people of South Africa as the recent opening of the railway from Delagoa Bay to Pretoria, the capital of the South African Republic, better known as the Transvaal. The President of that rising state had set his heart on finding to the sea a way that should be free from English influence, and removed from the fear of English control. No means of securing an entirely independent port on the eastern seaboard existed, and the only possible alternative was to employ the Portuguese port of Lourenço Marques as the desired haven of the Transvaal State.

The making of the railway line was attended with serious difficulties. Southern Africa is, roughly speaking, an inland plateau, with an average height of four thousand feet above the sea. On the western side this plateau rises from the Atlantic in a long and regular slope; on the eastern it springs abruptly from the fringe of low coast-lands which lie between its base and the sea. To cross this coast strip, the native home of the dreaded fever, to trace a path through the rugged and bush-clad spurs which spring multitudinous from the foot of the plateau, to climb the perpendicular face of the tableland itself—these were the problems which confronted the first engineers who essayed the perilous task. Their attempts were at first unsuccessful: after a short section of the line had been completed, political and financial

hindrances brought the work to a standstill, and the Delagoa Bay line came to be regarded in South Africa as an impracticable and hare-brained scheme.

But with the development of the Transvaal Gold-fields, and the immense access of wealth which thereupon found its way into the treasury of the Republic, the idea, shortly before consigned to the limbo of things impossible, was revived. A new company, formed in the Netherlands, took up the abandoned task: one engineering difficulty after the other was overcome; unexampled energy was shown in the construction of the line, and the connection between the capital and the port was made in November of last year, though the formal opening for traffic only took place in July 1895, and was celebrated with exuberant joy by the government at Pretoria.

Whether any sufficient basis for the somewhat effusive self-gratulation of the Transvaal authorities exist or not, the future only can reveal. At present the fact remains, however persistently it may be ignored, that the Republic is still an entirely inland state, and that complications with Portugal, or a European disturbance, may at any moment deprive the Transvaal of her outlet on the Indian Ocean, and compel her to enter the South African family circle, from which she still holds selfishly aloof. It is at least certain that the new line is an important factor in modern South African politics, and is bound to exercise a great influence on the channels of trade. The harbour of Lourenço Marques is, without exception, the safest and most commodious in Africa south of the equator; and the distance from the port to the great gold-mining centres of the Transvaal is less by some hundreds of miles than that from the nearest seaports of Cape Colony or Natal. When it is further remembered that the line runs through immense, and as yet undeveloped, coal-fields, it needs no remarkable perspicuity to discover in which direction the current of trade will be deflected. It may be that a glimpse of the railway route, and the country which it traverses, may give a clearer understanding of the magnitude of the work, and the importance of the results that are likely to follow its completion.

The through train for Delagoa Bay leaves Pretoria once a day. The ironclad cars of the Netherlands Company present a curious, scarcely inviting appearance to the English eye. As a rule they are kept scrupulously clean, but do not err on the side of excessive comfort to the traveller, who may not improbably find the company of the Transvaal Boer more obtrusive than entertaining. The manners of the Boer are painfully primitive: his habits are not of the cleanliest; the fumes of his rank tobacco (and he smokes day and night without ceasing) are objectionably strong. It is curious to

observe the contrasts of his character. He studies his Bible with a superstitious reverence, yet he is cunning and shifty to a degree; the Englishman, and especially the trader, is to him an Amalekite, whom it is right and lawful to deceive. Ignorant and curious as a child, the Boer unites with a simplicity almost infantile an air of confidence which is astonishing: it is the air of those who will tell you that they beat the English at Majuba, and are henceforth the masters of the world.

For more than a hundred miles after leaving Pretoria, the train runs due eastward through open rolling plains, called by the Dutch the Highveld. The scenery is monotonous in the extreme; the climate, cool in summer and sharply cold in winter, is second to none in the world. These vast spaces of land and sky, each almost equally devoid of life, at first repel, then attract, the visitor with a magic of their own. It is a fascination quite different from that of the brilliant, crowded East, drawing men by the sensuous charm of its variegated beauty; but it is as effective and as real. Rarely indeed does the South African colonist, however successful, return to dwell beneath the leaden skies of the north.

The dull appearance of the country is deceptive. The traveller regards it as uninteresting and commonplace; in reality, these endless kopjes and treeless downs conceal beneath their bold exterior immense stores of mineral wealth. Around the rising town of Middelburg, a hundred miles from Pretoria, coal-mines are being opened in a score of places at once: every farm for many miles around is being searched for gold; cobalt is found hard by; great fields of magnetic iron stretch through the hilly country which rises to the north and east. Of these minerals the coal is most easily obtained and at present the most valuable. It is used by the railway, and by the mines at Witwatersrandt: it lies ready to hand in the future development of the iron-fields; and a colossal company has been formed to supply the ocean-steamers which call at Delagoa Bay.

Leaving Middelburg, the line rises steadily through the same unattractive mineral country to Machadodorp, six thousand feet above sea-level. Here, amid scenery which recalls the wild moorlands of Yorkshire and the Westmorland fells, the train begins to descend in steep curves, following the course of a small river, till the edge of the precipice which forms the eastern wall of the plateau is reached. The ordinary metals are now supplemented by a coggod rail, a special engine with toothed wheels is attached, and the cars, clanking and groaning, begin the perilous descent into the tunnel which leads to the valley below. A few moments of darkness, and the traveller emerges into daylight again, still on the same steep incline. But the change that meets his view is wonderful. The eye rested, ere vision was lost in the gloom of the tunnel, on a wild and barren prospect—the foaming river, naked precipices rising sheer into most transparent air, desolate hillsides strewn with boulders and shingle. Emerging, it is to find one's self gliding obliquely down the mountain-side, amid hills clothed to the summit with forest trees and bush and

waving grass; below, a smiling valley stretches far as the eye can see, guarded by hills which rise steeply on every side, as though 'to sentinel enchanted land.'

Half the day the train rushes through the valley, by the side of the hurrying stream, whose clear green waters foam white over reefs and rocks in every bend. Now the rail climbs painfully the steep hillside; now it winds through level meadow-land and over leagues of swamp, where the grass, rank and long, barely conceals the pestilential soil below. Fantastic peaks of unscaled rock peer down upon the track; wooded bluffs and steep cliff-faces, strangely coloured with brown and red, alternate with rolling slopes of yellow grass, above which strange cacti rise erect, grotesque with crowning blossoms of orange and vermilion. Over the whole silent, sun-bathed scene the glamour of El Dorado lies, and the shadow of Death! For gold is hidden in yon gray hills and dim ravines—treasure guarded by dragon more deadly than watched the golden fruit of Hesperides. Fever broods in kloof and forest almost the whole year through, and the enchanting valley through which the railway runs is one huge graveyard, where the hidden and nameless graves of hundreds of victims lie for ever unknown. On the railway construction they perished in crowds: of those unhappy ones who struck into the untrodden hills, and found, not gold, but Death, Heaven only knows the tale.

The finest scenery along the route is met with at Krokodil Poort, where the valley narrows to a gorge, through which the Crocodile River pours its emerald waters in a foaming and resistless stream. It is

A savage place! as holy and enchanted  
As e'er beneath the waning moon was haunted  
By woman wailing for her demon lover.

Above the narrow ravine gray rock-walls tower for hundreds of feet, inaccessible, half-naked precipices showing ghastly through their thin covering of dry and stunted bush. The contrast between the soaring, silent peaks above, and the chafing river below, strikes one keenly: the sense of solitude is almost painful, and is heightened by the hard tones and shining spaces of the midday sky. It is a relief to be out of the gorge and into the bush-clothed plain. Here the trees are of every size and sort, scanty of foliage and bare-limbed. Here and there ghastly 'fever trees' are conspicuous; leprous-looking objects with shimmering crowns of light-green leaves and naked trunks of sulphur-yellow hue. Where these are found, fever is said to be especially deadly.

Crossing the Portuguese frontier, the rail runs for many miles parallel with the broad stream of the Komati River, and then plunges into the dense primeval forest which fringes the coast. Here the sickly and penetrating smell of the malarial swamp is first noticed, and as dusk draws on, a white mist rises from the ground to a height of three or four feet. In the winter months, it is said, the country is fairly healthy: in summer it is a veritable fever den; no one escapes its attack, no one hopes to. Only in extreme or neglected cases does the

disease prove fatal; but the suffering is severe, and the patient is liable to annually recurring attacks for the rest of his days, especially on removing to cooler lands.

The port of Lourenço Marques takes its name from a Portuguese trader who established himself at Delagoa Bay about the year 1625. The town is built on the low-lying land on the left bank of English River, two miles above its debouchment into the bay. The site is ill chosen: patches of unreclaimed swamp are still to be seen on the very borders of the town, which has gradually grown over the fetid and pestiferous marsh in which it was originally planted. Lourenço and his followers were of more stubborn mould than their descendants of to-day: nineteenth-century flesh and blood finds the stench of the undrained swamp intolerable—not to be endured by living creature with the most rudimentary sense of smell. How anybody could choose to live in the midst of the fetid horror, and, still more, to raise a town on its inky, deadly mud, is incomprehensible.

The present town of Lourenço Marques is cleanly enough to the outside view. The narrow streets are straight and level, often shaded by broad-leaved trees and bordered by flat-roofed, low houses, with walls of stucco painted by order of the Camara Municipal, most paternal of civic powers. The owners, however, are free to exercise their own tastes in the way of colour; hence the vistas of the narrow streets present a not unpleasing variety of tints, blue and orange, chocolate and yellow, pink and green. The latter has a startling effect, but is evidently regarded as being in perfect harmony in a country where the very telegraph poles are coloured in a delicate pink shade. The appearance of these gaily ornamented symbols of civilisation as they rise above the reeds of a fever-ridden swamp, or struggle upwards through the tangled bush, has in it somewhat, to say the least, of the incongruous. But incongruity is natural in Portuguese provinces over sea.

The unfortunate selection of the swamp for the site of the town seems inexplicable when it is found that high land rises a quarter of a mile from the river-bank, and stretches far inland. This higher ground, thickly wooded, and covered with short lawn-like grass, is composed of sand, the drift of untold centuries from the bay. The roads in this part of Lourenço Marques are for the most part sandy tracks, where the pedestrian moves with difficulty, the carriage and the jinriksha not at all; but the government is now constructing good and well-metalled roads to replace these natural paths. Numerous villas have been built in this quarter; tasteful gardens alternate with picturesque copses and patches of native bush. Landward, the eye ranges over a boundless expanse of open park-like country, seaward over the sparkling waters of the bay; while the huddled town at the foot of the heights, the spacious river and the shipping, fill up the nearer view. Seen from this point, the natural advantages of Lourenço Marques are apparent to the most casual observation. It possesses a harbour unrivalled on the continent south of the equator. Delagoa Bay itself is almost landlocked, and

sheltered from every breeze that blows except gales from the east, which seldom occur: three navigable rivers flow into it from north, west, and south, while its great expanse is ample enough to afford anchorage for the entire British fleet. English River, on which stands the town, is a mile in width where it enters the bay, and has a depth of water which enables war-ships to anchor within a stone's-throw of the jetty, and ocean-steamers of the largest class to discharge their cargoes directly on the wharves. But these advantages are nullified, to a great extent, by the apathy and incapacity of the Portuguese, who have shown themselves unable to cope with the growing influx of trade. The delays which occur in forwarding are so vexatious that merchants in the Transvaal still prefer the costlier and longer, but more expeditious route through Cape Colony and Natal. In the hands of its present owners Delagoa Bay is a useless and expensive possession, and the obvious advantages of the new railway are to a great extent lost. But if held by a progressive power, Lourenço Marques would develop at once into a first-class port, an invaluable coaling station, and a strategic naval base of the greatest importance. The Power that holds Delagoa Bay will dominate the coast from Cape Point to Guardafui, besides holding the key to the internal trade of the wealthiest part of South Africa. To whom will it fall? The question is one which is daily debated throughout the length and breadth of the South African States, to all of which the question is one of vital interest. It cannot long remain in the feeble hands which hold it now, whose pretence of power is a mockery and a byword even among the native hordes they are supposed to control.

## A STORY IN EMBROIDERY.

By H. MURRAY GILCHRIST.

OLD Jason Eyre was dead, and the furniture of East Lees Hall was to be sold. Since childhood I had been filled with a strong desire to pass through its ancient rooms, where was scarce a single article that had been acquired within the present century; so, on the very first opportunity of inspecting the place, I walked across the low-lying moor and through the beech copse to the terrace garden. There was only an ancient housekeeper left in charge: she was sitting on the lowest of the semicircular stairs, polishing a pewter venison dish. A few tame pigeons fluttered about her feet. Jason had left her a small annuity; after the sale, she was to occupy a cottage in the village. She rose and curtsied in the antiquated fashion. I had met her one afternoon some months before on the moor, where it had been my privilege to disembarass her from the attentions of a bemused tramp who had followed her from the hill-gate. I told her why I had come, and she unlocked the great door.

'If so be ye care to go through by yersel,' she said. 'I dunna mind trustin' ye. Not as

I'd let onybody go, though; but my rheumatics is that bad, an' it's a' up-stairs an' down-stairs.'

So I entered the Hall, which was hung with Flemish tapestry, grotesquely illustrative of the discovery of America. On either side rose a narrow staircase, with spiral oaken balustrades that ended in a gallery. A few pieces of armour stood on pedestals; the huge open hearth was full of the litter of a daw's nest that had tumbled down the chimney. I determined to examine the chambers first; and ascending the stairs, passed from one place to another, and found all furnished alike. There were four-post bedsteads hung with silk damasks, quaint dressing-stands with services of egg-shell porcelain, mats of woven rushes faded to a dull green, mirrors that swung from standards so slender that one feared lest the movement of the heavy glass should snap them asunder.

In a garret stood all kinds of lumber—a broken chamber organ of painted wood, spinning-wheels, rushlight holders, and a pile of canvas hatchments with corners eaten away by the rats. From this place a turnpike staircase wound upwards to a campanile that opened on the leads, whence could be seen an exquisite view of the whole valley, with its scattered hamlets and bright-hued woods, and slow, shallow river. When I had rested there awhile, I went again to the chambers, and finding a side staircase that opened to an anteroom, I descended, and turning the handle of the door at the foot, entered the summer parlour. There was a strange, sweet savour there—an admixture of the perfumes of sandal-wood and cedar and rose-leaves and lavender. It came from the blue bowls that lay on the tables: when I plunged my hand into one, a filmy dust rose and floated up to the pargeted ceiling. It was a room in which you expected a lady in a hoop to step forward with a courteous speech, or a gentleman to offer his enamelled snuff-box. The colouring was warm and subdued, with a delicacy of suggestion that could be found in no modern place: it reminded one somehow of a dainty old French picture.

When I had admired the fine panelling of the walls and the subtle curves of the furniture, my eyes fell on a curious embroidery frame that stood in a corner. Its supports were made of brass, moulded into the shape of the booted leg which is the crest of the Eyre family, and the space usually occupied by the web was empty, save for a tightly rolled piece at the left side. A silver chain was twisted round this; I unfastened it, and found that the needlework, which unrolled as a blind unrolls, was joined again and again, and fully six yards long. It was wrought on a pale, shining silk. Time had yellowed the outermost part, but the remainder was almost as bright as when it left the loom. The colours of the little pictures were fresh and vivid, each represented a scene in the history of some woman, and beneath each I found embroidered in scarlet thread a short explanation. I drew

the frame nearer the window, and in the waning sunlight began to read.

The innermost picture represented a child sitting at the feet of an old man, who played on an instrument not unlike a lute. The work here was very crude, but there was a certain pleasing vigour in the postures. The inscription read: 'Candlemas Day, Anno Domini 1732. I, Diana Eyre, at my mother's wish, have wrought this with my needle. It hath occupied a month, and ever while I have stitched, my grandfather Eyre hath played upon his viol-di-gamba to give me pleasure.—Lord grant me wisdom to direct my ways.'

The next illustration, which was worked below this, showed two girls in a French garden, amidst tall fluted columns and terminal statues (done in silver thread), whence swung from one to another fruitless vines. Beyond the balustrade on which they leaned grew dwarf rose-trees, with flowers vastly disproportionate. Diana's art had progressed; the faces were dainty and charming. 'I was fearful that my success would be small in depicting the loveliness of my most dear friend, Anna Darrandwater; yet, since she is content, 'tis not for me to complain. She had a fairer skin than I: indeed, she is the paragon.' This little idyl of friendship came to naught, for there was no further mention of Anna.

The following picture showed amidst an indistinct crowd of dancers a youth and a girl swaying in the cotillion. Both were masked. She wore a robe of pearl and green; he, a suit of azure embellished with rich laces, in the imitation of which Diana's fancy had excelled. It was possible even to see the doublings of the folds about his wrists. Something in the girl's figure—the same delicate yet vigorous individuality told that it was Diana herself, although the inscription was misleading: 'Old Christmas Day, 1735. This treateth of the escapade of Perilla, who danced fifteen times with one Aristippus at my lady Gantry's masque. Note the divine grace of the youth, the modest ingenuousness of the maid.'

After this was an illustration of a young man, riding on a sorrel horse beside a portly Squire, whose face was preternaturally severe. The brush of a fox was just disappearing in a distant wood; some wearied hounds panted almost within reach. The lover's countenance was singularly handsome, but touched with an expression of hopelessness. 'Thus asked a man for a maid of the lovingest sire in the country. But, alas! he hath a lesser fortune, and the sire will not heed. Yet, dearest one, be not afraid. Wait for her, and she will wait for thee. If love be love of any worth, 'tis lasting.'

Then followed a most charming picture of a coppice in moonlight. It was all wrought in russet and bright gray; and there was no other colour—not even in the faces of the lovers. They were walking hand in hand along a broad glade, at whose end rose a thin, wavering fountain. One could almost hear whispers and the splashing of water. In the nethermost tree a great owl blinked. To the left was a vista, which discovered part of the terrace of East Lees Hall, and the oriel of the summer

parlour. The fabric glistened so that the figures seemed to move—surely they had passed farther down the glade! The inscription ran thus: 'The lover and the maid, half despairing of moving the decision of the proud father, meet by stealth thus, and babble like children. Oh, 'tis exquisite to love, but to a maid who loves 'tis verily more exquisite to be loved! They have vowed to let naught come between them—if need be, to endure till death.'

A little vignette, very spitefully worked, came next. The scene was this same summer parlour, and the girl sat at a small table with her hands clasped, and her face turned away from an elderly suitor who knelt at her feet. His figure was uncouth; his face atrociously ugly, with a bottle-nose and wide-opened lips that showed overlapping teeth and rugged gums. His ears protruded, and his forehead was seamed with wrinkles. Despite its exaggerations, the caricature was not devoid of merit; one could soften its most grotesque features, and see there the commonplace country gentleman. Around it ran the legend: 'Melibœus came a-courting. He hath a fine estate, with two hundred head of deer, a house like a king's palace, so much money that he knows not the amount. Moreover, he hath been wed twice—scarce a year hath passed since his last lady was embalmed. The honour of his hand, the mistress-ship of his mansion, and the possession of all the heirlooms, he offered to the maid; but she refused firmly, and thereby well-nigh broke her father's heart. The lover is away in the South country, striving to make profitable a dilapidated estate which a great-aunt hath bequeathed. He hath sent her for love-tokens such gifts as farm-lads give their wenches—breast-knots of red and blue and white—a silver pin and a paste-brooch. 'Twas her wish that his gifts should be thus plain, for she divined that otherwise he would outspend his fortune.'

There was another spiteful piece. The youth was standing in the street of a spa, bowing amorously to a scanty-fleshed dowager in a sedan, whose shrivelled fingers wafted a kiss. The lover was still comely as ever; but the lady's aspect was abominable as a nightmare. Evidently Diana had felt the pangs of jealousy, for the first part of the writing was full of rancour: 'Thus do men disport themselves when away from those whom they profess to love. See the face of madam! 'Tis indeed no libel. The maid's aunt wrote the whole story from Bath. Madam, spite of her plainness, is well endowed: a fortune of two hundred thousand pounds and a plantation in Barbadoes being hers.' The tone mollified suddenly. 'The lover wrote yesternorn, making light of the story. He loves none but the maid. Out upon all tattlers!'

The next scene was of most lugubrious import. It was done entirely in black silk, and at first the purport was hard to understand. There was a steep cliff, at whose foot (separated from the rock only by a narrow strip of sand) flowed a tempestuous sea, whereon swayed a monstrous boat. On this tiny beach the lover was struggling with three sailors. Despair was imprinted on his face—the despair of a man

who is losing all his happiness at one blow. Beyond the furthestmost wave the sails of a man-of-war were visible. Diana's lettering was broken and rough. 'July, the first day, 1737. This last month hath been all darkness to the maid. Her true lover, walking by night on the shore of the Channel, perchance pondering upon her he loved, is seized by the press-gang and carried out to the king's ship, *The Royal Pennon*. He hath not yet been able to write; each day is she saddened more and more. She doubts if she can live.'

A wreck was worked after this—the breaking-up of an impossible ship on waves so high and perilous as made it miraculous that the timbers had not collapsed long since. The sea was full of leviathans—sharks with jaws big enough to swallow an elephant, crabs like turtles, eels fully a quarter of a mile in length. Here and there men were disappearing; but Diana's courage had failed, and she had not dared to depict her lover's face. 'Terror hath filled the world. News is brought of the loss of the ship. Farewell for ever, hope and joy.'

A full yard of the silk was covered with funeral wreaths and moths and sad flowers. Diana had lost for the while all desire of depicting any part of her life. At last a flight of lich-fowl—ravens, owls, hawks, and the like—hovered above a corpse that lay on a deserted strand. Underneath were the words, 'Love's Obsequies.'

She had grown more bitter; there was a vein of cynical humour in the next illustration. A suite of country swains of all ages, each with his bags of gold and his attendant spaniels, paid court to a woman whose face was shrouded in a loose square of gray silk. I lifted this patch, and discovered that it hid a realistic death's-head! A collection of ghosts followed; they were labelled appropriately with such names as 'Youth's Hope,' 'A Lost Woman's Fancy,' 'The Incubus.'

But when these were passed, I saw the lover clad in palm-leaves and skins, and struggling through a primeval forest where apes gambolled. All Diana's power had returned, and her work was so full of spirit that it was hard to believe she had never beheld this strange country. 'A dream the maid dreamed long afterwards told her that the lover was not drowned, but had reached the shore, and, companionless, sought shelter in the wild forest. Perchance he is not dead. Hope hath been born again within her breast. He is surely dwelling amidst some savage tribe, and praying night and morn for the day of reunion. Until her death the maid will wait, yea, and, if God permit, she will be his through eternity.'

After this came the prettiest of Diana's labours—a copy of a letter, done in golden hair: 'MY SWEET MISTRESS—If Providence favour me so that this, the first word I write in a civilised place, fall into thy hands, thou wilt know that we are destined for each other. That I was pressed for *The Royal Pennon* thou most certainly have heard. Thou lovedst me; I vow that this knowledge hath kept my soul from sinking under terrible tribulations—and thou art still constant. Amongst the Indians, by whom 'twas my fortune to be entertained,

thy vision ever fluttered before me—from day-spring to sunset, sunset to day-spring thou wert with thy poor lover. And now, 'tis within a measurable length of time that we may meet. Each hour, nay, each minute till then seems a year.'

There was a prim study of the lover standing on the quay of a New England town. Rows of many-storeyed houses faced the river; an odd assemblage of negroes and of white folk in the garb of Quakers moved to and fro. A schooner was just ready to sail. 'The lover is coming; the maid at home is amazed with happiness. The gods have blessed him; in his absence he hath heired land and much gold. Even the maid's sire holds him as worthy, and now there is naught in store but peace and gladness. He is coming—he may be here even to-morrow. Oh Heaven, the maid gives thanks to thee that she had strength to live.'

The summer parlour appeared again, with the lovers sitting together on a settle. They were holding each other's hands and gazing into space, far too happy for speech. The Squire had peeped in through a half-open door; only his forehead was visible. 'The maid's father hath oft twitted her upon her meditations. He peered in again and again at the lovers, being desirous of hearing the traveller's wonderful adventures; but ever found them silent, and so at last retired. It is all agreed; in a month the maid is wed and taken to her husband's home in the High-Peak country. The sire entreateth that the story of the courting may be left for a token. 'Twill be hard to part with her sampler, but she may oft ride over on the new white mare, and peruse her work, laughing over its mirth, and weeping glad tears over its mournfulness. But ere 'tis done there is one symbol must be shown.'

It was the last piece—a wedding ring with the posy, 'One Life, one Love.'

## THE MONTH:

### SCIENCE AND ARTS.

ONE of the first newspapers which gave its readers woodcuts in illustration of the text was the *Observer*, and in that paper appeared in the year 1827 a picture of Mr Gurney's new steam-carriage as it appeared in the Regent's Park on Thursday, December 6, of that year. This picture is interesting now that the adoption of mechanical carriages on common roads is so near realisation. But steam is not likely to make much headway against the more modern petroleum engine, which works without any visible outrush of vapour, which has no red-hot cinders to distribute on the road, and which has so many other advantages—that of cheap working not the least. Those who have had an opportunity of travelling in petroleum-driven vehicles tell us that the only drawback is the vibration, and the throbbing of the engine, which works whether the vehicle is moving or stationary. This fault will no doubt be remedied, for the new means of locomotion is attracting

the attention of engineers, and improvements will follow as a matter of course. As a stimulus to such improvement, a leading London paper, *The Engineer*, is offering a prize of one thousand pounds for the best designs for horseless vehicles; and an American paper makes the same announcement.

There is an interesting article in a recent number of the *Kew Bulletin* on the Vanilla of commerce, so much used as a delicate flavouring for confectionery. It is curious to read that it was employed by the Aztecs of Mexico as an ingredient in the manufacture of chocolate, prior to the discovery of America by the Spaniards, and that it was brought to Europe as a perfume, with indigo, cochineal, and cacao ten years before the arrival of tobacco on our shores. The name Vanilla is derived from the Spanish *vaina*, a pod or capsule. Dampier described it as a little cod full of small black seeds, and like the stem of a tobacco leaf. So much so that his men, when they found the dried pods at first, threw them away, 'wondering why the Spaniards should lay up tobacco stems.' Those who desire more information on the subject should refer to an exhaustive paper 'On the production of Vanilla in Europe,' which was read by Professor Morren before the British Association at Newcastle in 1838.

The evolutionary text or maxim, 'No cats, no clover,' has hardly yet passed into the general consciousness. The truth involved in this somewhat mysterious adage is illustrated by a short but interesting paragraph in a recent number of *Notes and Queries*. A contributor was surprised to learn that in a Buckinghamshire parish a new industry had been created some years ago: humble-bees were systematically bought at fourpence a head, and were as systematically collected for sale. On inquiry, it was found that the humble-bees were wanted for export (or transport) to New Zealand. And why? To help to fertilise red clover, which it had in vain been attempted to grow there.

For according to one universally recognised outcome of the Darwinian theory, many English flowers are capable of being fertilised by help of but one kind of insect. Thus common red clover is fertilised by the visits of the humble-bee, whose long proboscis reaches the honey contained at the end of the narrow tube formed by the fused petals of the plant. The hive-bee cannot perform the same service to clover, as its proboscis is too short. For the same reason the native bees of New Zealand failed to fertilise any of the red clover sown there; and so red clover could not be grown in that important colony, though clover was much in demand for New Zealand cattle and sheep. Hence the demand for English humble-bees, which cheerfully entered on their duties when transported to the southern seas.

If the connection between cats and clover is

not yet plain, it will 'spring into the eyes' when it is added that various kinds of mice are the worst enemy of the humble-bee. Hence, in the Darwinian 'House that Jack built,' the cat kills the mice that kill the humble-bees that feed on clover; and if there are too few cats, there are apt to be too many mice and not nearly enough of humble-bees for their important but not always gratefully acknowledged functions.

When the annual close time for salmon commences, which is instituted for the purpose of allowing the fish unmolested access to their spawning-grounds, the poacher comes upon the scene, and for his selfish ends does his best to defeat laws which are framed for the general good of all. The last report of the Inspectors of Fisheries shows that in 1894, five hundred and thirty-three prosecutions were instituted for illegal capture of salmon in various English and Welsh districts, and that convictions were obtained in four-fifths of the cases. It will be therefore seen that the poachers have not all their own way. In Ireland and Scotland, also, a number of convictions were obtained during the same period, but it is known that the number of detections bears a very small proportion to the number of poachers engaged in a very mischievous trade. For it is a trade, and one which could not flourish if there were not unscrupulous dealers to act in collusion with the poachers. These dealers adopt, it is said, such artifices as labelling the poached fish 'Foreign Salmon,' 'Canadian Salmon,' &c., and it is on these men that the chief punishment should fall. A plentiful and cheap supply of salmon would be an immense boon to the country, and this would be best brought about by thorough protection of the fish during the breeding season.

Dr Cook, an American explorer who was a member of the first Peary Expedition, has recently sailed on a voyage of research to Antarctic Seas. His ships are two small sailing-vessels of only one hundred tons each, and the entire party consists of sixteen members, six of whom are scientific men. The expedition is intended to reach, if possible, Erebus and Terror Gulf—seven hundred miles south of Cape Horn, and to disembark there. But should the ice permit, the voyagers will go still farther south, as far indeed as they can, although there is no idea of reaching the pole. When the party land, a wooden storehouse will be built as a base of operations, and if no safe shelter can be found for the two vessels, they will be sent northward to the Falkland Islands, with orders to return when summer comes round once more. In the meantime, during the autumn and winter, the party on shore will occupy themselves in scientific research.

One of the most remarkable features of the great Trans-Siberian Railway is one which, so far as we know, has not been tried or even called for elsewhere, not even by devout Americans, though all merely bodily wants are zealously catered for on the trans-continental lines. The Government of Holy Russia is reported to have arranged for church-carriages in the trains, with free provision for all the elements of a decorous and impressive religious

service. A pope or priest—as it were, a guard or conductor of souls—will also, accordingly, be attached to the trains making the long through journey from the shores of the Baltic to the Amur country on the North Pacific.

The glass used in the manufacture of lenses of all kinds is called Optical Glass, a material which is heavier, whiter, and far more refractive than the material used for common purposes. Up to within recent years the varieties of glass at the disposal of our opticians have been about half a dozen in number, but now, thanks in great measure to German enterprise and research, the list has been considerably increased. New descriptions of glass have made it possible to construct lenses possessing properties which formerly would have been deemed quite beyond achievement, and the most marked improvement has been seen in lenses intended for photographic purposes. One of the most recent of these is known as the 'Cooke' lens, and is manufactured by Messrs Taylor, Taylor, & Hobson of Leicester. Photographers will understand its value when it is stated that, with full aperture, fine definition is secured up to the edges of the plate. It will be of very great service for hand-camera work.

Canada is notoriously a rich land, possessing in its fertile soil, its forests, its animals, its fisheries, and its mines, inexhaustible stores of wealth. Its agricultural and dairy production is enormous. It is known to export coal, gold, copper, iron, antimony, phosphates, salt, and gypsum; but it has not generally been credited with stores of excellent pearls. This would, however, seem to be the case: the *Canadian Gazette*, as quoted in the *Board of Trade Journal* for October last, affirms that the rivers of Quebec province, especially the tributaries of the St Lawrence below Quebec city, 'teem with pearl-bearing shells. Fine stones are very rare, though some are occasionally found of the right colour as large as a good-sized pea, and perfectly round; but the less valuable kinds are very numerous.'

Dr Impey, who is the medical superintendent of the South African Leper Establishment at Robben Island, believes that he has discovered a cure for that horrible disease in its earlier stages, and in order to prosecute inquiries, he is now visiting the various leper stations in Norway, Russia, &c. His treatment consists in exterminating one poison by the introduction of another, and is based on an observation that acute inflammation of the skin in the case of those suffering from the tuberculous form of leprosy had a marked beneficial result. He finds that tuberculous lepers generally live about eight years; but if they are attacked by smallpox, measles, erysipelas, or some other inflammatory infection, they are either cured of their leprosy or the disease is modified, the life of the patient being prolonged. He suggests, therefore, that the parts affected with leprosy should be infected, by operation, with erysipelas; but he admits that success could only be hoped for in cases where the leprosy was only a year or two old. When the internal organs are attacked, nothing can be done. Dr Impey has devoted the whole of his life to the study of leprosy, and it may be hoped that his present



researches will result in some relief to the most pitiable of human beings.

A German scholar has recently published his method of learning foreign languages, and as he has succeeded by his own unaided efforts in learning English, and has also acquired a fair knowledge of French and Spanish, his remarks are certainly worth attention. He commenced by becoming a constant reader of one of the daily papers, at first confining his attention to telegrams emanating from German sources, in which occurred subjects which were familiar to him, and gradually extending his survey of the paper, often having to read a passage twice or thrice before he got at the real meaning. At last he found that he could read English as easily as he could his native language. Then, and not till then, did he take up the study of English grammar, which he did with interest. He points out that the method adopted in our public schools is just the reverse of that which he describes as having been so profitable in his own case, and he regards it as a waste of time, and irksome. He disapproves, too, of the method of allowing children to learn through talking with foreign *bonnes*, 'for the conversation carried on in a nursery must of necessity be a very limited one.'

While the population of Iceland is steadily decreasing by emigration to Manitoba and the United States, the island is being colonised from a new quarter. We all know that the famous work on Iceland by Horrebrow, quoted by Dr Samuel Johnson, contained the memorable short and significant chapter, 'There are no snakes to be met with throughout the whole island.' The statement might heretofore have been extended to all reptiles, but would, it appears, be no longer true. Two doctors, Danish and German, who have gone to Iceland more than once to study the leprosy which is endemic there, took compassion on the sufferers from another affliction—the field-labourers, tormented beyond endurance, in spite of face-masks and hand-coverings, by solid clouds of midges, which the scientific gentlemen conceived to be able to breed in such incredible quantities largely from want of amphibians and other reptiles—unattractive, it may be, but not useless. On a return visit the Danish doctor started with a company of forty Danish frogs, which all died on the voyage. The German doctor was more fortunate, and safely deposited one hundred frogs, caught near Berlin, in a swamp near Reikiavik, wherein they disappeared with joyful croaking, an object of much novel interest to the resident ducks and other water birds.

Electrically propelled pleasure-boats are now becoming so common on the Thames, that they attract little notice from passers-by, and charging stations for supplying energy to their secondary batteries, or accumulators, are now to be found every half-dozen miles from Richmond to Oxford. The latest contribution to this new method of boat-propulsion is the New-Mayne Electric Rudder Motor. This is a rudder of ordinary construction, which is hinged to a metal framework standing out from the stern of the boat. At its lower part it is fashioned like a fish-torpedo, the body of the torpedo

carrying an electric motor which works a propeller at its end. Current is conveyed to the motor from batteries carried under the seats of the boat by means of flexible wires, which at the same time act as rudder lines, for the rudder can be used in the ordinary way, should the electric motor be in action or not. The battery power required is contained in four boxes, each weighing about fifty pounds, and one charge will carry a boat thirty miles approximately. The offices of the syndicate formed for working this invention are at Bridge Street, Westminster.

A Chicago newspaper complains that the custom which prevails of attaching electric wires to the trunks or branches of trees lining the streets has in many cases been found to lead to the destruction of such trees, and that the mischief is most apparent during rainy weather. This points to the inference that the trees die from the effect of the electric current conveyed to them when the leaves are wet, and when they therefore are good conductors of electricity. In some cases the current has been communicated to the tree in consequence of a wire rubbing against the twigs, and thus having its insulating covering removed. It is believed that fresh legislation will be necessary to prevent electric lighting and power companies depending upon trees for the support of their wires.

It may be reasonably said that a public clock which does not keep good time is a mischievous institution, and worse than no clock at all. The authorities of Glasgow having determined that no timepiece in their city should suffer under such a reproach, endeavoured to trace out a means of establishing a number of public clocks which, by the aid of an electric circuit, should synchronise one with another. A suitable system was chosen, and a trial installation has been set up, which, if found to work well, is to be followed by the erection of between two hundred and three hundred electric clocks, which will be placed at the intersection of the principal streets. Many clocks in London and other towns are already connected by electric wire with the principal timekeeper in the country, that at Greenwich Observatory, by which an electric impulse is sent along the wires at stated intervals, and compels the clocks in circuit to keep time; so that there is nothing very new in the idea. Glasgow is, however, showing an example which ought to be followed by every important town and city in the kingdom.

Fresh light is thrown on the Nicaragua Canal scheme by an admirable and exhaustive article in the *Times* from a correspondent who has visited the site of the abandoned Panama Canal, and that of the one it is now proposed to make *à la* Lake Nicaragua. With regard to the old scheme which came to such a disastrous end, the writer considers that only one-third of the work has been actually accomplished, and that the remaining two-thirds, if feasible, would cost more than forty millions sterling. The difficulties are rocky elevations which require tunnelling; a high summit-level requiring a number of locks, for which there is no adequate water-supply; and torrential streams

in the rainy season which altogether defy the skill of the engineers. All these difficulties are absent from the Nicaraguan route, and it is curious that Lesseps did not appreciate this. Lake Nicaragua is more than one hundred and five miles in length, and averages forty miles in breadth, and the writer of the article referred to describes it as the controlling feature of the whole problem. The utilisation of this lake and the San Juan River, which runs from it towards the Atlantic, leaves only about thirty miles of ground to be excavated. The cost of the enterprise is estimated at twenty millions, but the writer prefers, from what he has seen, to place the probable cost at thirty millions.

An interesting antiquarian discovery has recently been made in Stansted Park, near Portsmouth, of what seems to be the remains of a Roman villa. A new road was in progress of formation, and after the workmen had excavated to a depth of two feet, they came upon a tessellated pavement in an admirable state of preservation. The tiles are alternately red and white, and measure two inches square by one inch in thickness. The owner of the place is reluctant to authorise continued exploration, as he fears that further discoveries might result in what is now a quiet rural retreat becoming a show-place for the congregation of holiday-makers.

### I WANT YOU.

I WANT you, in the Springtime sweet and tender,  
To be with me when earth is thrilled and stirred  
With all the gathering mystery of Life—  
To watch with me the birth of bud and bird.

I want you, in the full and radiant Summer,  
To share with me its opulence, mine own;  
In a rose-kingdom there to crown you Queen,  
And kneel before you on your flower-throne.

I want you, in the sad and splendid Autumn,  
To reap with me its harvests—gold and red;  
To watch it light its forest fires, and mourn  
Together o'er things beautiful—but dead.

I want you most of all in Winter dreary,  
That we together may make warmth and light;  
Holding aloft Love's quenchless torch, until  
Its flame illumines all the gloom and night.

I want you—Oh! I want you, now and ever!  
Had I a *million* tongues, they could but cry,  
'I want you.' All the hunger of my life  
Speaks in these words. Am I to live or die?

M. HEDDERWICK BROWNE.

*Volume XII. of the Fifth Series of CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL is now completed, price Nine Shillings. A Title-page and Index, price One Penny, have been prepared, and may be ordered through any bookseller.*

*A cloth case for binding the whole of the numbers for 1895 is also ready. Back numbers to complete sets may be had at all times.*

In the first Part for next year will be given the opening Chapters of a Novel by

SIR WALTER BESANT,

ENTITLED

## THE MASTER CRAFTSMAN.

Also a complete Novelette by E. W. HORNING, together with several short stories and articles of current and original interest.

END OF THE TWELFTH VOLUME

Printed and Published by W. & R. Chambers, Limited,  
47 Paternoster Row, London; and 339 High Street, Edinburgh.

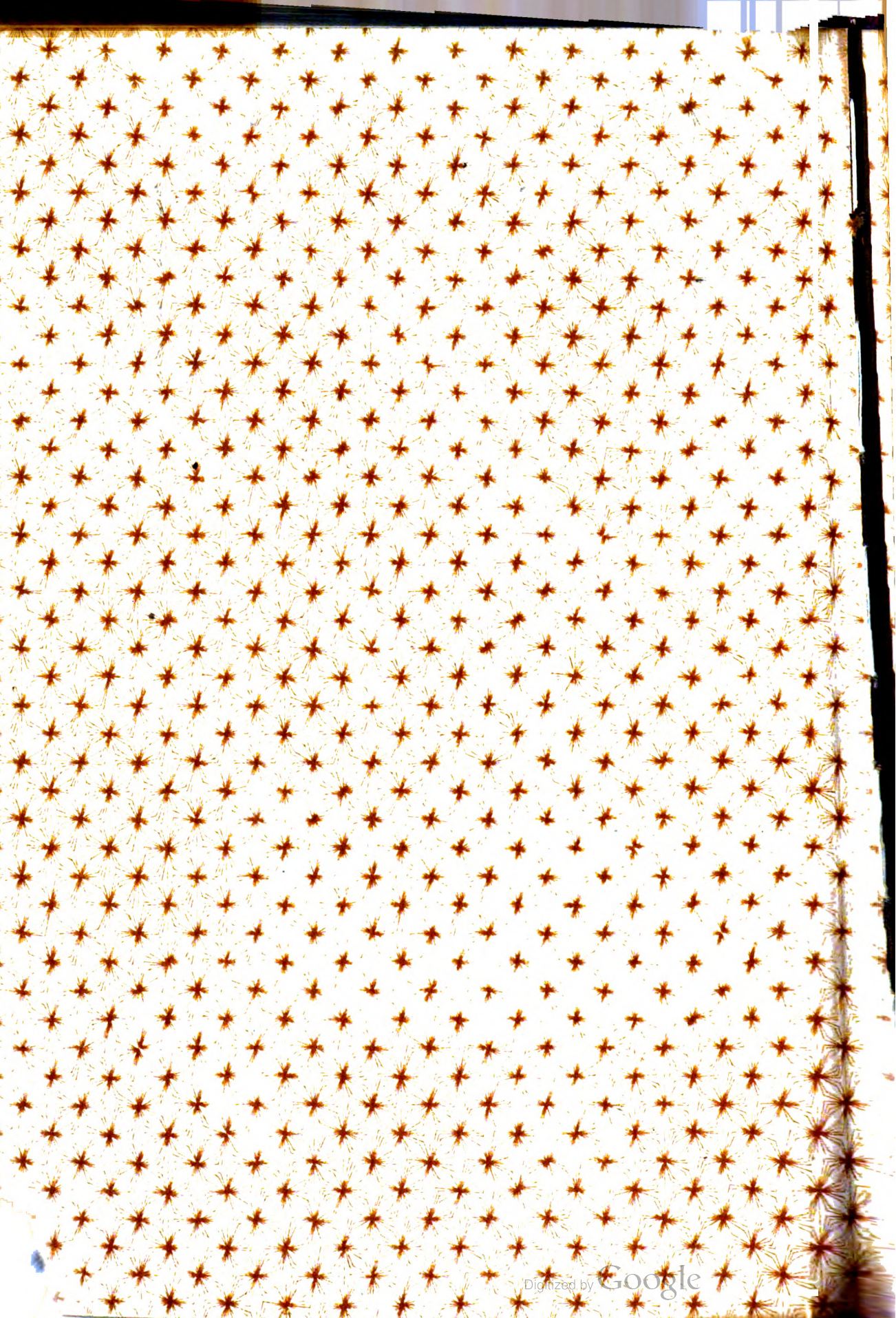
7

7

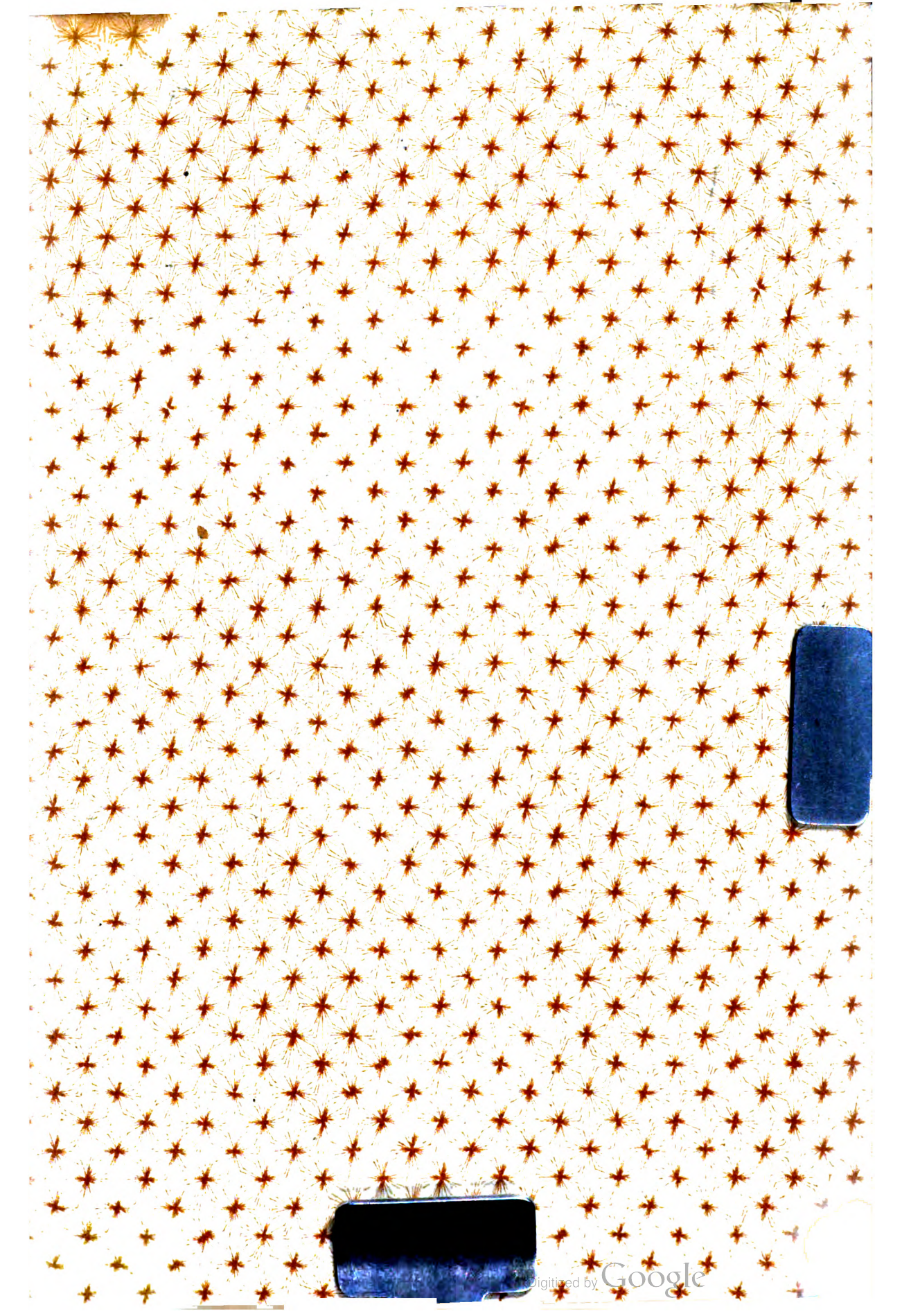














UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA  
wils,per ser.5:v.12

Chamber's journal of popular literature,



3 1951 002 150 699 R